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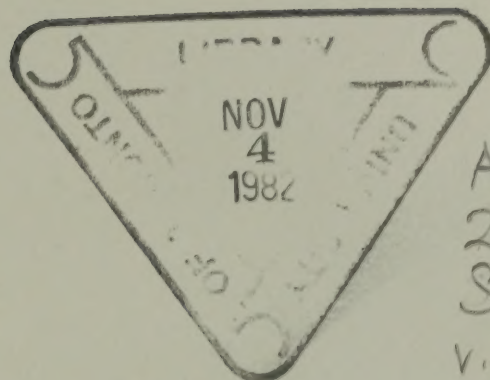






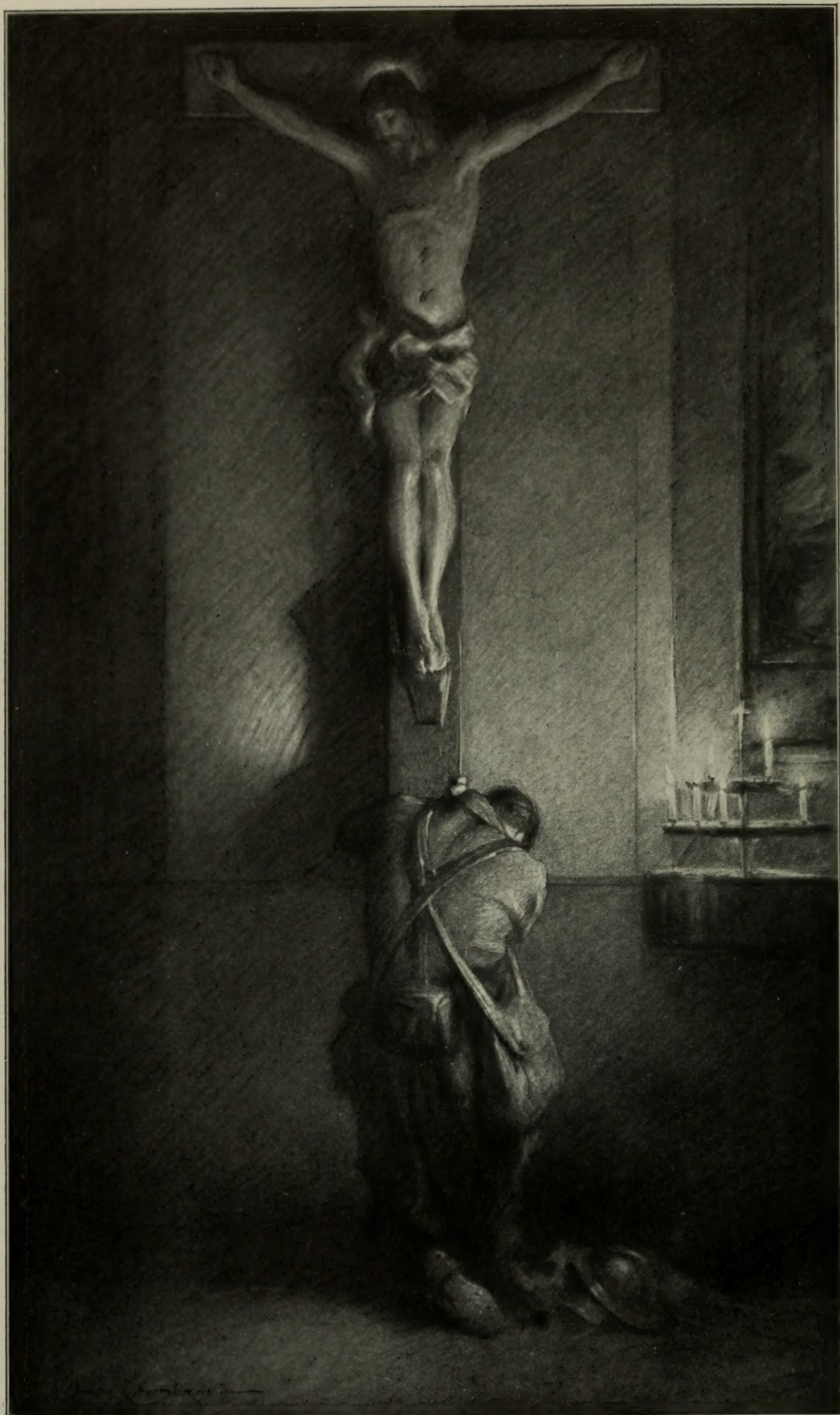


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*Drawn by C. Bosseron Chambers.*

THE RETURN.



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# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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NO. 1

## PLAYING WITH MARY ANDERSON FOR AMERICAN SOLDIERS

BY E. H. SOTHERN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR THIS ARTICLE



IMAGINE that every Y. M. C. A. man, when he puts on his uniform for the first time and contemplates himself in the looking-glass, is aware of two opposing desires—he would look like a soldier, and he would *not* look like a soldier. Here is a suit cut precisely as are cut the martial habiliments; one feels called upon to wear it proudly and at the same time one is conscious that should any person mistake you for a soldier you would feel foolish and something of a masquerader. There is no help, however, for your dilemma. The authorities have decreed that this is the cut of your jib.

I confess that I was a bit perturbed during the first hours of wearing my uniform, but by the time I had reached Liverpool I had grown fairly accustomed to my accoutrements. I was, therefore, walking with unconcern in front of the Adelphi Hotel when some urchins at a street corner regarded me seriously and then shouted: "Boy Scout."

Passers-by glanced at me, and in spite of a philosophical soul I felt resentment at those vulgar boys. Why? In common with all the world, I admire and applaud the Boy Scouts and all their works, and I am ready to believe that any Boy Scout at any moment may have been more usefully employed than was I; and yet this epithet seemed to create an atmosphere of futility and of smallness about me, and I was distinctly disconcerted.

I dare say that those who first wore the

Salvation Army uniform underwent the same sort of experience. Yet this weakness, born of vanity, does not last very long, for it soon becomes clear enough that the military have placed us where we belong, and that the multitude has become accustomed and indifferent.

The King of England walked into the American "Eagle" Hut in London the other day.

At all hours the place is filled with American soldiers and sailors, eating, writing, reading, playing games. The King's visit, of course, created immediate interest among the sons of the free and the brave. One of them approached the monarch and held out his hand.

"Hello, King!" said he.

King George took the proffered paw and exchanged compliments with the soldier-boy.

"Well, what of it?" would say the rookie, should one question him. "He's a man, ain't he? Human, eh?" Thus does the spirit of democracy toss over its shoulder the gewgaw of divine right.

He greets the embarrassed gods, nor fears  
To shake the iron hand of Fate,  
Or match with Destiny for beers.

Shall I demand ceremony when royalty is thus assailed? While the street arab assumed the rôle of critic, the American fulfilled the office of judge. He proclaimed that verdict which illumines the present hour. Whether he was aware of it or not, his greeting was eloquent with the unbarring of gates and the falling of



shackles, the smashing of idols and the liberation of slaves. In his own person he was the symbol of America in this war—"Crusaders fighting for great ideals, immortal ideals, ideals which shall light the way for all men to places where justice is done and men live with lifted heads

The King of England as an enlightened monarch is one with the President; therefore, "Hello, King," and the hand-clasp was surely significant and satisfying.

When Madame de Navarro (whom all the world loves as Mary Anderson) said



Mr. Sothern and American boys at the Eagle Hut in Kingsway.

and emancipated spirits, making it impossible for rulers anywhere to make tools and puppets of those upon whose consent and upon whose powers their own authority and their own very existence depend." Thus President Wilson in his Labor Day message.

to me, "We will play scenes from Macbeth just as we are—you in your Y. M. C. A. uniform and I in my everyday frock," I naturally said: "Yes, we will do it." In the first place, my trip to France had assured me that everything is conceded to the really eager and





Miss Anderson and Mr Sothern at the hospital at Dartford.

competent entertainer, and that these crusaders of ours will permit us, if we go about it earnestly, to

“ . . . much disgrace  
With four or five most vile and ragged foils  
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous.  
The name of Agincourt.”

I, myself, dispensing with all the pomp and panoply and the paraphernalia of the theatre, had come off unwounded, having recited from Hamlet while standing on a table.

“We will do it,” said I.

In the Vale of Evesham there is a private mansion which has been by its owner turned into a hospital. This haven is not far from the home of Mary Anderson, and on a tiny stage erected in the ball-room of this house the entertainment was to be given. The occasion was a sort of country fair to which all charitable folk were bidden from far and near. The convalescent patients, the neighboring gentlefolk, the farmers and their families, the nurses and officers of the hospital made up the audience. The purpose of the festivity was to provide further necessary funds.

Why Macbeth? I can hear you say.

Macbeth! Where the cheerful theme is battle, murder, and sudden death? Why not the light, fantastic toe and the merry jest? Let me tell you that our crusaders are as responsive to a good rendition of a tragedy as they are to the infection of a comic song. Not that they would select tragic adventure as a steady diet. But there is of necessity an abundance of the lighter fare. Most of the bills presented at the camps and hospitals in England are provided by what are called “concert parties,” composed as a rule of a comedian who is an impersonator of amusing character in prose and in verse, a pianist who also sings and accompanies others, a girl violinist and a ballad-singer, male or female. I travelled about with two such companies and they certainly gave great satisfaction. A play, however, or scenes from a play, make an agreeable change. “The Over There Theatre” is wisely sending short plays to France. I hope soon it will be found possible to furnish the same service for England. There are many thousands of our soldiers and sailors in the camps there now, and they are hungry for entertainment by their own country men and women.





Two photographs of Miss Anderson

To come into intimate contact with those who are making  
To have the privilege of offering some small solace

This Macbeth performance which we gave shows that without any scenery whatever, without even a curtain to mark the end of a scene, without the aid of costume or make-up, our regular actors of the theatre, as distinguished from the vaudeville singers and dancers, can find a fruitful field for their services if they are moved to offer them.

The day before the Macbeth performance I went to the beautiful village where Mary Anderson lives, to go through lines and to make a few preparations for the fray. We were to interpret four scenes—that wherein Lady Macbeth receives news of King Duncan's approach, the scene wherein she urges Macbeth to commit the crime, the murder scene itself, and the scene where the Queen walks in her sleep. In this scene the *Doctor* was to be played by Mr. Ben Greet and the *Lady-in-Waiting* by Miss Molly Hare, the daughter of Sir John Hare, the distinguished English actor.

We were all very serious about this performance and the result justified the

amount of anxiety lavished upon it, for the audience was undoubtedly impressed by the tragedy. The occasion was fraught with all sorts of tender and noble associations—the wounded men, the nurses, the doctors, the anxious and sympathetic villagers and neighbors—the eagerness of all those concerned in the success of the venture, whereon the prosperity of the little hospital depended, all these emotions charged the atmosphere and lent an intimate and affectionate grace to the day.

The imposing house was situated on a high hill overlooking a great expanse of beautiful English country which stretched away like one of those photographs taken from an aeroplane. A river shone in the sunlight here and there, the cattle and the tokens of harvest touched the heart with a sense of all that beauty of decency and order for which these maimed soldiers had shed their blood, shed it so gladly and proudly.

It is well to remember that the author





taken at the hospital at Dartford.

the great sacrifice in this War of wars is in itself an inspiration. will be a satisfying memory in days to come.

of "Le Feu," that book which depicts the horror of war more terribly than any volume since Tolstoi's "Sebastopol," writes upon his final page: "If the present war has advanced progress by one step, its miseries and slaughter will count for little."

The beautiful gardens, rich in immemorial trees and revelling in quiet places, were now transformed with gayly decked booths wherein dwelt pretty ladies who would sell you useless things which you are amazed to discover that you so ardently desire. There is an enclosed space where children are exhibiting as "Morris-dancers" (a shilling extra, please). Here are little maids, apple-faced and persuasive, proffering beribboned basket-trays heaped high with flowers; here are refreshment-booths, where the British habit of perpetual eating (which has resulted in the ruling of the waves), may enjoy untrammelled sway, and here, at one end of the great lawn, faced by a multitude of seats, is a small platform decorated with bunting and boasting a roof in case of rain.

To this our party is conducted, and, having disposed ourselves upon chairs, the superintendent of the hospital introduces Sir John Hare. Sir John makes an eloquent appeal on behalf of the wounded men and pays very pretty compliments to Miss Anderson, who, in her turn, cries out to the hearts of all present to help to the utmost.

Since the war began Mary Anderson has returned to the stage now and then in the cause of charity. She played at the Coliseum in London for some weeks and elsewhere in England. These performances have enabled her to give about thirty thousand pounds, or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to various causes. The British have not forgotten her victories of some thirty years ago, and in this audience to-day the love and admiration of those present was bright as the summer sun.

These ceremonies accomplished, we began to consider our tragedy. We examine the stage. Sir John, whose fifty years



of acting and management of London theatres has made him strangely wise, wants to know many details about the properties we are to use. I explain that they consist of the two daggers which Macbeth takes from King Duncan's sleeping grooms, and which Lady Macbeth later carries back, smeared as they are with the King's blood, placing them again by the drugged servitors, "for it must seem their guilt."

Number one: Two daggers, blood-stained.

Number two: A bell, to be sounded before the line. "The bell invites me."

Number three: A letter, to be delivered to Lady Macbeth.

Number four: A saucer of blood, or rather *two* saucers of blood in case one shall be spilled or taken away by some busy, well-meaning person (you see the thousand disasters of laborious years have made me cautious, suspicious, far-seeing, and provident).

And number five—most important

of all: A croquet mallet, the mallet portion swathed in a knitted silk scarf, making the sound dull, distant, ominous, dreadful, and though imminent, remote. With this instrument the knocking at the gate is to be produced. *The knocking at the gate!* That effect during the murder scene which has been the theme of essays innumerable, concerning which and its stupendous influence upon the auditor

Lamb and Hazlitt and the wisest of the wise have pondered and proclaimed.

"That," said Sir John as he walked toward the scene of our endeavor, "that is the supreme moment of the tragedy, the knocking at the gate. As I read over the scene again," said he, "I was thrilled anew by the mere words, 'knocking within.' Now, who," said Sir John, "who is to be intrusted with the knocking at the gate?"

I mentioned a very charming lady in whose discretion and devotion to our enterprise I had ample faith.

"No!" said Sir John. "No! We mustn't risk it; we must take no chances. I will do it myself."

"But you are holding the book," said I; "you are to do the prompting."

"I can hold the mallet in the other hand," said Sir John.

This was beyond question, so the charming lady was whistled down the wind.

"Let us mark the cues for the knocking in the book," said Sir John. "It

grows, it culminates, it becomes the most terrifying thing in the play. How about the bell? What have you got for the bell?"

That, I tell myself, is also a great moment.

Macbeth, about to enter the chamber of his sleeping guest and strike the assassin's blow, hears this prearranged signal. He starts and listens.

## THE EAGLE HUT



Saturday, August 31st, 1918

At 7.30 p.m.,

MARY ANDERSON

and

E. H. SOTHERN

... IN ...

Four Scenes from Shakespeare's Tragedy

OF

## "MACBETH"

I.

The scene wherein Lady Macbeth receives the messenger from her husband.

II.

The scene wherein Lady Macbeth urges Macbeth to commit the crime.

III.

The scene wherein the murder is committed.

IV.

Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene.

### Cast:

Lady Macbeth	...	...	...	MARY ANDERSON
Macbeth	...	...	...	E. H. SOTHERN
The Doctor and The Messenger	} ...	...	...	BEN GREET
A Waiting Woman	...	...	...	MOLLY HARE

The INCIDENTAL MUSIC rendered by

THE MAY JOSEPH TRIO

Programme of the performance at  
Eagle Hut.



"I go and it is done. The bell invites me. Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell that summons thee to Heaven or to Hell."

I had sought for a bell of sombre tone—a *dreadful* bell—but alas! I had not found one. I had begged the nurses of

I explained that we had abandoned our original plan of using two carving-knives, fearful of the modern note thus displayed, and that I had been so fortunate as to enlist the sympathy of the village undertaker, one Mr. Stokes, who was also a wheelwright and a carpenter. From a



The chief gratification in these excursions is the assurance of the pleasure one can give to others.

the hospital for a large dish-cover which would have sufficed at a pinch, but none could be found. I had to be satisfied with a small tap-bell with a sound trifling and insignificant.

"Who is to strike it?" said Sir John.

I mentioned a youth in whom I trusted.

"No!" said Sir John. The scene depends upon this bell. No, I will do it myself."

I felt that Sir John's duties were growing superhuman.

"How about the daggers?" said he.

design of my own Mr. Stokes had made two very formidable daggers of wood, and had covered the blades with some red paint—"gouts of blood" of very terrible aspect. It was part of my plan to auction these daggers off after the performance with the autographs of Mary Anderson and the other players writ upon the blades as a cheerful souvenir of a memorable occasion.

This scheme met with Sir John's approval.

"Where's the blood?" said he. "'My



hands are of your color,' you know. Where's the blood?"

"I have some carmine and two saucers," said I. "A little water and there you are."

"Well, let us see everything," said Sir John.

The actor of experience believes no eyes but his own.

We entered the ball-room and examined the little stage. This had been erected at one end. It was about two feet high, perhaps fourteen feet wide. There were no doors or openings at either side, therefore we had placed two screens, one right and one left. Macbeth, and subsequently Lady Macbeth, would pass behind the right screen to enter King Duncan's chamber. Behind the left screen would sit Sir John on a low stool, with the book of the play in one hand and the croquet-mallet in the other; the bell he would have to place on the floor and tap it with his toe when he got the cue. With the space occupied on each side of the two screens there was left only about eight feet for enacting the play. There was to be no scenery of any kind, nor any curtain. We concluded that the space at our disposal permitted no other thing but one high-backed chair upon the stage. At the rear of the little platform was a door which connected with another room. The platform had reduced the height of this door by two feet, so that if one were not careful and observant one would bang one's head in making an exit.

A large kitchen-table had been placed in this room at the back of the stage and a piece of plank some twelve inches wide connected it, through the doorway, with the stage itself. This left a sort of chasm on either side of the plank two feet deep, a very man-trap for incautious persons. A piece of drapery had been hung along the back wall, divided at the opening of the abbreviated door, which made it still more probable that those using this egress would brain themselves. I undertook to warn my fellow actors of this danger.

We placed the bloody daggers behind the screen right. I mixed the two saucers of blood. I put the bell and the croquet-mallet behind the screen left and Sir John gripped the prompt-book securely.

"We must watch all these things," said he. "You know what people are, how they move things about."

I knew it to my cost and to the detriment of my sanity.

"I will keep an eye on them," said I.

The back room was full of people, some who took part in the programme and others who were possessed with a very affectionate mania for helping everybody. Fiddles were being tuned, voices were being tried, the time of beginning was being discussed.

"The stage is set," I announced. "Sir John, will you get behind the prompt-screen and we will open the doors?"

Out of the sunshine came the convalescents and the nurses, the neighbors, the gentry, at ten shillings and sixpence a seat. They quickly filled the ball-room. There was no attempt to dim the light. The sun streamed through the great windows and flooded the chamber. We had no footlights. We proposed to murder Duncan in the eye of day.

There were some preparatory numbers—songs and music. From the kitchen-table across the piece of plank, stooping under the drapery, the musicians passed to the little stage and played their gracious parts.

Now came the tragedy. Mr. Ben Greet recalled to those present the chief circumstances of the play and retired through the door at the back. A pause. Then Miss Anderson entered. That she held the people in this primitive, unadorned scene without other aid than her countenance and her reading; that she thrilled them and moved them so that they quite forgot where they were—such was the universal verdict of the simpler folk present and of others more sophisticated who had seen this play under far other conditions. So far as the audience was concerned, nothing appeared to mar its appreciation. But for those of us who were, so to speak, behind the scenes, a few ghastly moments shook our nerves. I found that my Y. M. C. A. costume did not in any disastrous degree interfere with my Macbeth. Our generous auditors made all allowances, and that a representative of the Young Men's Christian Association should then and there soak himself in the blood of good King Duncan aroused no apparent resentment nor





King George and Queen Mary at Washington Inn, London.

astonishment. But I had troubles of my own all the same. Every time I went out at that rear door, I smashed my forehead against the top of it.

One of my exits was with Miss Anderson through this same door.

"Only look up clear,  
To alter favor ever is to fear,"

says Lady Macbeth to her doubting lord,

"Leave all the rest to me."

He places his arm about her. She goes out centre and he follows.

We did all this and Lady Macbeth walked with safety over the piece of plank on to the kitchen-table; but I, as Macbeth, put my leg down one of those chasms and disappeared in the floor up to my waist. I pulled myself out, however, and made off. Nobody laughed. I was regarded, I am sure, with respectful sympathy.

In the first scene, where Lady Macbeth reads the letter from her lord, a messenger enters and announces: "The King comes here to-night."

Cries Lady Macbeth:

"Thou'rt mad to say it."

Says the messenger:

"So please you it is true; our Thane is coming;  
One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
Who almost dead for breath had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message."

Lady Macbeth:

"Give him tending,  
He brings great news."  
(*Exit Messenger.*)

That most amiable gentleman who played the messenger had rehearsed this speech with great devotion; but the fury of the scene he had not taken into account, nor the many small distractions, such as the kitchen-table, the piece of plank, the tuning of fiddles, the sunlight, the abbreviated door.

He hit his head on entering and cried in a strange and unrehearsed voice:

— "The King comes here to-night."

Lady Macbeth's tone when she exclaimed:

"Thou'rt mad to say it"



must have unbalanced him, for he read his speech thus:

"So please you it is true. One of our fellows  
Told me about it, who could scarcely  
Speak because he was dead."

This statement, curiously enough, was delivered with so much conviction that no one seemed to doubt its veracity, for the scene proceeded without a sign.

In making his exit, the messenger banged his head again and joined me on the kitchen-table.

"How was I?" said he.

"Splendid!" said I.

"Well, I didn't lose my head," he declared.

This was open to argument, but one is not inclined to split hairs in moments of superlative danger.

I crept behind the screen right to murder Duncan. The bell with tiny voice had properly invited me. I bathed my hands in my saucer of carmine. I grasped my two wooden daggers. Lady Macbeth by this had entered from the back. I steal from the King's room to face her scorn at my fears. She seizes the crimson weapons and returns to place them by the side of the sleeping chamberlains. Overcome by my own terror and at her hardihood, I sink into my seat and hide my face in my arms—and I count four—that is the arrangement, I count four—and Sir John is to count four. Then, after this silence, this deadly pause, *the knocking!* the terrible knocking! That's the cue. I count four.

Well, I did count four. No knocking. I can't say my next line, "Whence is that knocking?" unless there *is* some knocking.

If I make a sound, I spoil the silence. I count four. What's to be done? This is the great moment. How can I start and cry: "Whence is that knocking?" I reflect swiftly like a drowning man, or one about to be hanged. I recall that hoary anecdote of the theatre of the man who stands before a firing-squad in the play. The muskets go "click-click" but will not explode. The man must die, the plot demands it, so he jumps up and shouts: "My God, I've broken my neck!" and falls dead.

I count four and desperately I raise my head. I see Miss Mary Anderson behind her screen making frantic gestures at Sir

John, who sits behind *his* screen with his eye on the book. He pays no attention. I feel I am going down for the third time. It is quite foolish, but I count four.

Lady Macbeth is inspired. She stamps on the floor with her heel behind her screen. I give a great start and stand trembling in the centre of the stage. All is going well, the great moment is here, we are in the middle of it. It is electrifying.

From behind the screen left, in the very eyes of the audience, protrudes the croquet mallet with the knitted silk scarf bound about the end of it.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

I gaze at it fascinated.

"Whence is that knocking?" I cry. "How is't with me when every noise appalls me?"

Deep down within my soul a nameless terror seizes me that the onlookers will laugh. But they don't. The great moment has been achieved. The croquet-mallet is stealthily withdrawn and all is well.

Yes, all is very well! For surely never, in all her victorious course, did Miss Mary Anderson shine more graciously and more nobly than here where she laid all her quality in tribute at the service of these wounded soldiers. And never did Sir John Hare, seated on his little stool behind his screen fulfilling his humble office of prompter and property-man, appear to wear more worthily the laurels of love and reverence which crown him in the evening of his high career.

After the play I sold the two daggers, the product of the undertaker's art, to the highest bidder. They were purchased by a daughter of the house of Glamis who sat in front.

So much appreciation did Miss Mary Anderson receive from this performance that subsequently she repeated it in London and elsewhere; on these occasions at the Eagle Hut in Kingsway, at the Shakespeare Hut in Gower Street, also at a hospital some distance from London, and once for a hospital in her own village we wore the costumes of the time. But at none of these places had we the aid or, one may really say, the interference of scenery. Two chairs and one table were the sole equipment. The onlookers were held by the lines and by the actress.

Please read this clipping from the



*London Referee*, speaking of the efforts of the British Y. M. C. A.

"Among other things, the higher drama is by no means being neglected in the army itself, and for the coming winter an extensive scheme has just been entered upon, under the auspices of the

be made on the 19th inst., with a week at Warminster and visits to London 'huts' to follow. The introductory talk will be in each case by Mr. S. R. Littlewood."

You see, the appreciation of the "common soldier" for this sort of fare is recognized in the British army.



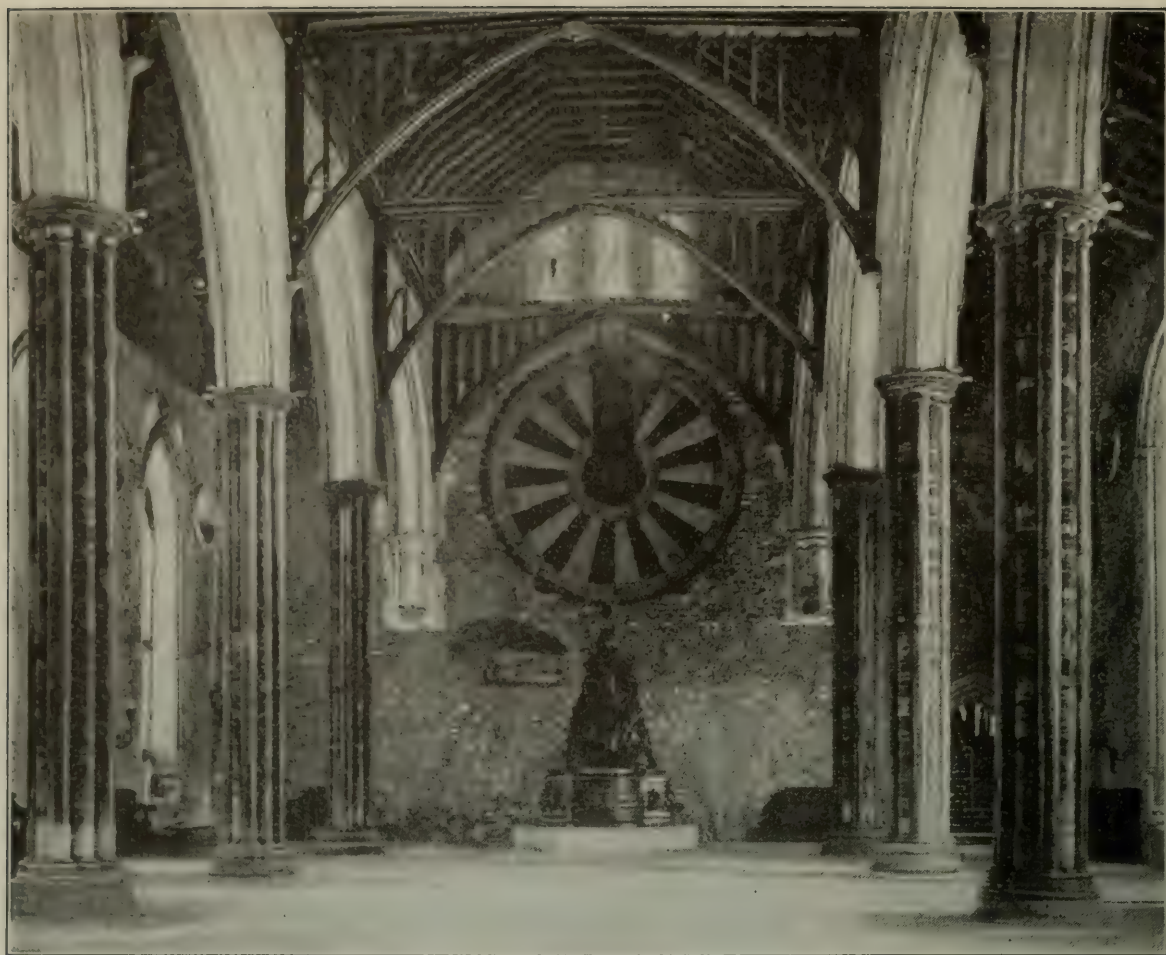
On the wreck of a little stage, the theatre itself having been blown down, reading to a rain-soaked audience in an aero-camp near London.

Y. M. C. A., for costume performances of scenes from Shakespeare with introductory talks before soldier audiences. Mr. Acton Bond has been appointed director, and the first two plays to be chosen are 'Henry VIII' and 'The Merchant of Venice.' Mr. Bond has his company, which includes Mr. Norman V. Norman, already almost complete. A start will

I am going back to England shortly and shall hope to take part in such performances with Miss Anderson again and with Miss Marlowe.

When I reached London last June on my way to France Mr. Ewing, the Y. M. C. A. chief secretary for England, told me that the need for entertainment among the American troops now sta-





The identical Round Table about which sat King Arthur and his knights, where it now hangs upon the wall in the ancient County Hall at Winchester.

tioned in England was very great. At his desire I remained in England and tried to help. Madame Hortense Paulsen, an American, and Mr. Coleman, of Cornell University, are in charge of this work in London. They have had to recruit their forces almost entirely from English men and women who do concert work and parlor entertainment. A few Americans playing in London, notably Miss Lee White and Henry Clay Smith, have given their services, but they have had a hard time getting started. Madame Paulsen has, with Mr. Coleman, worked like a Trojan, not only doing all the office work necessary to such an undertaking but filling an active part as a singer in many of the performances. One must admire her unselfish devotion to this work, which is so important. My trips to many districts in England and in Scotland with two little companies arranged by Madame Paulsen showed me how great is this need and how the American soldiers and sailors want to hear people from their own land. We

had with us, for instance, two American soldiers who had been relieved from active duty that they might give their fellows the benefit of their quality as singers of ragtime songs—Sergeant Doolittle and Private Smith of the 169th Aero Squadron. Smith is a singer and Doolittle a pianist. They were the bright particular stars of this little company. The soldiers could not get enough of them. We went to remote stations, where the sailors or the soldiers had had no sort of entertainment for months, and they almost devoured these two Americans.

Of course the chief gratification in these excursions is the assurance of the pleasure one can give to others. If some of our people who have not yet had this experience could have seen Miss Mary Anderson clad as Lady Macbeth walking in the rain, my large rubbers tied upon her feet, over a sloppy field, from the room where she dressed to the hut which held the stage; or have shared my own experience of climbing out of the window of the Eagle Hut in London in broad day



and, in the trappings of the Thane of Cawdor, to be peered at by a crowd of enthusiastic idlers who yelled "Hooray! Here's a wild man," as I, with chain armor and clanking weapons, sword and buckler, long hair and ferocious mien, crossed an open space and clambered in at another window, so as not to pass through the audience; or have stood with me on the wreck of a little stage—the theatre itself having been blown during the night into an adjoining field—with a forlorn piano and a bass drum, reading to a rain-soaked audience in an aero-camp near London, they would rejoice in some of the minor delights which these endeavors hold forth.

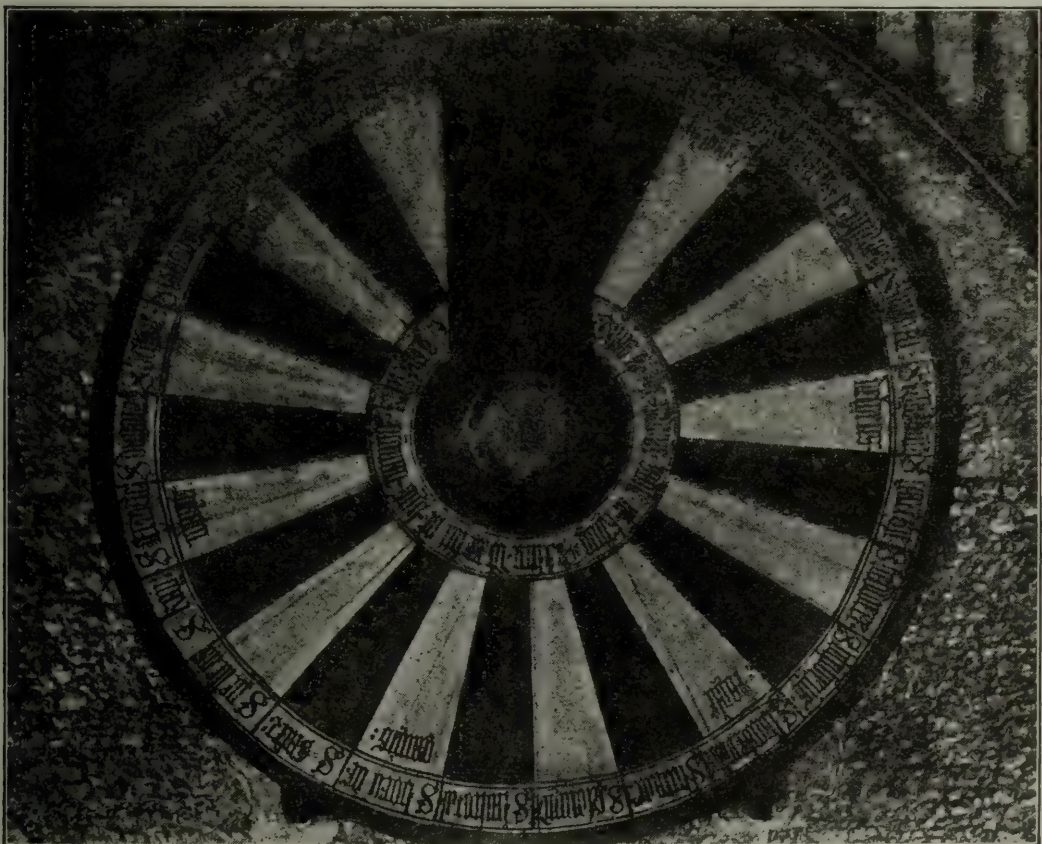
Those in charge of "The Over There Theatre" movement find that most applicants for service want to go to France "to see the war." There appears to be a disinclination to serve in England. The need in England is great, for the troops there have not the excitement of the conflict. Let me beg capable American actors and actresses to offer service to the men who long to greet them in British hospitals and camps.

To come into intimate contact with

those who are making the great sacrifice in this War of wars is in itself an inspiration. To have had the privilege of offering some small solace will be a satisfying memory in days to come; and then think, too, is it nothing to have slept on a bed which once upon a time was occupied by Oliver Cromwell, as I myself did at the ancient inn at Grantham; to have met the great Commoner in one's dreams and to have heard him cry: "Take away this bauble!" To have beheld the identical Round Table about which sat King Arthur and his knights, where it now hangs upon the wall in the ancient County Hall at Winchester? I stood before this board where once upon the "Siege Perilous" sat Sir Galahad and vowed that he would seek the Holy Grail. Some American soldiers listened as the guide declared that the relic we there beheld was regarded as of extreme antiquity so long as seven hundred years ago.

I looked at their strong, clear faces and reflected upon the President's words:

"Crusaders, fighting for great ideals, immortal ideals, ideals which shall light the way for all men."



Some American soldiers listened as the guide declared that the relic we there beheld was regarded as of extreme antiquity so long as seven hundred years ago.





*Painted by F. C. Yohn.*

## THE GERMAN

Under the constant pounding of the Allied guns and the attacks from the air, the columns of artillery, infantry, and trans-





# RETREAT.

port were thrown into almost inextricable confusion, especially at river crossings, where the bridges were bombed constantly.





*Painted by F. C. Yohn.*

#### On the Heels of the Enemy.

The work of the Signal Corps often leads the men into the most exposed positions as they take advantage of any high point of view from which they may observe the movements of the enemy and the effects of artillery fire.



# THE SEED OF THE FAITH

BY EDITH WHARTON

## I



HE blinding June sky of Africa hung over the town. In the doorway of an Arab coffee-house a young man stood listening to the remarks exchanged by the patrons of the establishment, who lay in torpid heaps on the low shelf bordering the room.

The young man's caftan was faded to a dingy brown, but the muslin garment covering it was clean, and so was the turban wound about his shabby fez.

Cleanliness was not the most marked characteristic of the conversation, to which he lent a listless ear. It was no prurient curiosity that fixed his attention on this placid exchange of obscenities; he had lived too long in Morocco for obscenities not to have lost their savor. But he had never quite overcome the fascinated disgust with which he listened, nor the hope that one among the talkers would suddenly reveal some sense of a higher ideal of what, at home, the earnest women he knew used solemnly to call a Purpose. He was sure that, some day, such a sign would come, and then——

Meanwhile, at that hour, there was nothing on earth to do in Eloued but to stand and listen. . .

The bazaar was beginning to fill up. Looking down the vaulted tunnel which led to the coffee-house the young man watched the thickening throng of shoppers and idlers. The fat merchant whose shop faced the end of the tunnel had just ridden up and rolled off his mule, while his black boy unbarred the door of the niche hung with embroidered slippers where the master throned. The young man in the faded caftan, watching the merchant scramble up and sink into his cushions, wondered for the thousandth time what he thought about all day in his dim stifling kennel, and what he did when he was away from it . . . for no length of

residence in that dark land seemed to bring one nearer to finding out what the heathen thought and did when the eye of the Christian was off him.

Suddenly a wave of excitement ran through the crowd. Every head turned in the same direction, and even the camels bent their frowning faces and stretched their necks all one way, as animals do before a storm. A wild hoot had penetrated the bazaar, howling through the long white tunnels and under the reed-woven roofs like a Djinn among dishonored graves. The heart of the young man began to beat.

"It sounds," he thought, "like a motor. . ."

But a motor at Eloued! There was one, every one knew, in the Sultan's Palace. It had been brought there years ago by a foreign Ambassador, as a gift from his sovereign, and was variously reported to be made entirely of aluminum, platinum, or silver. But the parts had never been put together, the body had long been used for breeding silk-worms—a not wholly successful experiment—and the acetylene lamps adorned the Pasha's gardens on state occasions. As for the horn, it had been sent as a gift, with a choice panoply of arms, to the Caïd of the Red Mountain; but as the india-rubber bulb had accidentally been left behind, it was certainly not the Caïd's visit which the present discordant cries announced. . .

"Hullo, you old dromedary! How's the folks up-state?" cried a ringing voice; the awe-struck populace gave way, and a young man in linen duster and motor-cap, slipping under the interwoven necks of the astonished camels, strode down the tunnel with an air of authority and clapped a hand on the dreamer in the doorway.

"Harry Spink!" the other gasped in a startled whisper, and with an intonation as un-African as his friend's. At the same instant he glanced over his shoulder, and his mild lips formed a cautious "'sh."



"Who'd you take me for—Gabby Delys?" asked the newcomer gayly; then, seeing that this topical allusion hung fire: "And what the dickens are you 'hushing' for, anyhow? You don't suppose, do you, that anybody in the bazaar thinks you're a native? D'y'ever look at your chin? Or that Adam's apple running up and down you like a bead on a billiard-marker's wire? See here, Willard Bent. . ."

The young man in the caftan blushed distressfully, not so much at the graphic reference to his looks as at the doubt cast on his disguise.

"I do assure you, Harry, I pick up a great deal of . . . of useful information . . . in this way. . ."

"Oh, get out," said Harry Spink cheerfully. "You believe all that still, do you? What's the good of it all, anyway?"

Willard Bent passed a hand under the other's arm and led him through the coffee-house into an empty room at the back. They sat down on a shelf covered with matting and looked at each other earnestly.

"Don't *you* believe any longer, Harry Spink?" asked Willard Bent.

"Don't have to. I'm travelling for rubber now."

"Oh, merciful heaven! Was that your automobile?"

"Sure."

There was a long silence, during which Bent sat with bowed head gazing on the earthen floor, while the bead in his throat performed its most active gymnastics. At last he lifted his eyes and fixed them on the tight red face of his companion.

"When did your faith fail you?" he asked.

The other considered him humorously. "Why—when I got onto this job, I guess."

Willard Bent rose and held out his hand.

"Good-by. . . I must go. . . If I can be of any use . . . you know where to find me. . ."

"Any use? Say, old man, what's wrong? Are you trying to shake me?" Bent was silent, and Harry Spink continued insidiously: "Ain't you a mite hard on me? I thought the heathen was just what you was laying for?"

Bent smiled mournfully. "There's no use trying to convert a renegade."

"That what I am? Well—all right. But how about the others? Say—let's order a lap of tea and have it out right here."

Bent seemed to hesitate; but at length he rose, put back the matting that screened the inner room, and said a word to the proprietor. Presently a scrofulous boy with gazelle eyes brought a brass tray bearing glasses and pipes of *kif*, gazed earnestly at the stranger in the linen duster, and slid back behind the matting.

"Of course," Bent began, "a good many people know I am a Baptist missionary"—("No?" from Spink, incredulously)—"but in the crowd of the bazaar they don't notice me, and I hear things. . ."

"Golly! I should suppose you did."

"I mean, things that may be useful. You know Mr. Blandhorn's idea. . ."

A tinge of respectful commiseration veiled the easy impudence of the drummer's look. "The old man still here, is he?"

"Oh, yes, of course. He will never leave Eloued."

"And the missus——?"

Bent again lowered his naturally low voice. "She died—a year ago—of the climate. The doctor had warned her; but Mr. Blandhorn felt a call to remain here."

"And she wouldn't leave without him?"

"Oh, *she* felt a call, too . . . among the women. . ."

Spink pondered. "How many years you been here, Willard?"

"Ten next July," the other responded, as if he had added up the weeks and months so often that the reply was always on his lips.

"And the old man?"

"Twenty-five last April. We had planned a celebration . . . before Mrs. Blandhorn died. There was to have been a testimonial offered . . . but, owing to her death, Mr. Blandhorn preferred to devote the sum to our dispensary."

"I see. How much?" said Spink sharply.

"It wouldn't seem much to you. I believe about fifty pesetas. . ."

"Two pesetas a year? Lucky the Society looks after you, ain't it?"



Willard Bent met his ironic glance steadily. "We're not here to trade," he said with dignity.

"No—that's right, too." Spink reddened slightly. "Well, all I meant was—look at here, Willard, we're old friends, even if I did go wrong, as I suppose you'd call it. I was in this thing near on a year myself, and what always tormented me was this: *What does it all amount to?*"

"Amount to?"

"Yes. I mean, what's the results? Supposing you was a fisherman. Well, if you fished a bit of river year after year, and never had a nibble, you'd do one of two things, wouldn't you? Move away—or lie about it. See?"

Bent nodded without speaking. Spink set down his glass and busied himself with the lighting of his long, slender pipe. "Say, this mint-julep feels like old times," he remarked.

Bent continued to gaze frowningly into his untouched glass. At length he swallowed the sweet decoction at a gulp, and turned to his companion.

"I'd never lie . . ." he murmured.

"Well——"

"I'm—I'm still—waiting. . ."

"Waiting——?"

"Yes. The wind bloweth where it listeth. If St. Paul had stopped to count . . . in Corinth, say. As I take it"—he looked long and passionately at the drummer—"as I take it, the thing is to *be* St. Paul."

Harry Spink remained unimpressed. "That's all talk—I heard all that when I was here before. What I want to know is: What's your bag? How many?"

"It's difficult——"

"I see: like the pigs. They run around so!"

Both the young men were silent, Spink pulling at his pipe, the other sitting with bent head, his eyes obstinately fixed on the beaten floor. At length Spink rose and tapped the missionary on the shoulder.

"Say—s'posin' we take a look around Corinth? I got to get onto my job tomorrow, but I'd like to take a turn round the old place first."

Willard Bent rose also. He felt singularly old and tired, and his mind was full of doubt as to what he ought to do. If

he refused to accompany Harry Spink, a former friend and fellow worker, it might *look* like running away from his questions. . .

They went out together.

## II

THE bazaar was seething. It seemed impossible that two more people should penetrate the throng of beggars, pilgrims, traders, slave women, water-sellers, hawkers of dates and sweetmeats, leather-gaitered country-people carrying bunches of hens head downward, jugglers' touts from the market-place, Jews in black caftans and greasy turbans, and scrofulous children reaching up to the high counters to fill their jars and baskets. But every now and then the Arab "Look out!" made the crowd divide and flatten itself against the stalls, and a long line of donkeys loaded with water-barrels or bundles of reeds, a string of musk-scented camels swaying their necks like horizontal question-marks, or a great man perched on a pink-saddled mule and followed by slaves and clients, swept through the narrow passage without other peril to the pedestrians than that of a fresh exchange of vermin.

As the two young men drew back to make way for one of these processions, Willard Bent lifted his head and looked at his friend with a smile. "That's what Mr. Blandhorn says we ought to remember—it's one of his favorite images."

"What is?" asked Harry Spink, following with attentive gaze the movements of a young Jewess whose uncovered face and bright head-dress stood out against a group of muffled Arab women.

Instinctively Willard's voice took on a hortatory roll.

"Why, the way this dense mass of people, so heedless, so preoccupied, is imperceptibly penetrated——"

"By a handful of asses? That's so. But the asses have got some kick in 'em, remember!"

The missionary flushed to the edge of his fez, and his mild eyes grew dim. It was the old story: Harry Spink invariably got the better of him in bandying words—and the interpretation of allegories had never been his strong point. Mr. Blandhorn always managed to make them



sound unanswerable, whereas on his disciple's lips they fell to pieces at a touch. What *was* it that Willard always left out?

A mournful sense of his unworthiness overcame him, and with it the discouraged vision of all the long months and years spent in the struggle with heat and dust and flies and filth and wickedness, the long, lonely years of his youth that would never come back to him. It was the vision he most dreaded, and turning from it he tried to forget himself in watching his friend.

"Golly! The vacuum-cleaner ain't been round since my last visit," Mr. Spink observed, as they slipped in a mass of offal beneath a butcher's stall. "Let's get into another soukh—the flies here beat me."

They turned into another long lane chequered with an interweaving of black reed-shadows. It was the saddlers' quarter, and here an even thicker crowd wriggled and swayed between the cramped stalls hung with bright leather and span-gled ornaments.

"Say! It might be a good idea to import some of this stuff for Fourth of July processions—Knights of Pythias and secret societies' kinder thing," Spink mused, pausing before the brilliant spectacle. At the same moment a lad in an almond-green caftan sidled up and touched his arm.

Willard's face brightened. "Ah, that's little Ahmed—you don't remember him? Surely—the water-carrier's boy. Mrs. Blandhorn saved his mother's life when he was born, and he still comes to prayers. Yes, Ahmed, this is your old friend Mr. Spink."

Ahmed raised prodigious lashes from seraphic eyes and reverently surveyed the face of his old friend. "Me 'member."

"Hullo, old chap . . . why, of course . . . so do I," the drummer beamed. The missionary laid a brotherly hand on the boy's shoulder. It was really providential that Ahmed—whom they hadn't seen at the Mission for more weeks than Willard cared to count—should have "happened by" at that moment: Willard took it as a rebuke to his own doubts.

"You'll be in this evening for prayers, won't you, Ahmed?" he said, as if Ahmed never failed them. "Mr. Spink will be with us."

"Yessir," said Ahmed with unction. He slipped from under Willard's hand, and outflanking the drummer approached him from the farther side.

"Show you Souss boys dance? Down to old Jewess's, Bab-el-Soukh," he breathed angelically.

Willard saw his companion turn from red to a wrathful purple.

"Get out, you young swine, you—do you hear me?"

Ahmed grinned, wavered and vanished, engulfed in the careless crowd. The young men walked on without speaking.

### III

IN the market-place they parted. Willard Bent, after some hesitation, had asked Harry Spink to come to the Mission that evening. "You'd better come to supper—then we can talk quietly afterward. Mr. Blandhorn will want to see you," he suggested; and Mr. Spink had affably acquiesced.

The prayer-meeting was before supper, and Willard would have liked to propose again that his friend should come to that also; but he did not dare. He said to himself that Harry Spink, who had been merely a lay assistant, might have lost the habit of reverence, and that it would be too painful to risk his scandalizing Mr. Blandhorn. But that was only a sham reason; and Willard, with his incorrigible habit of self-exploration, fished up the real one from a lower depth. What he had most feared was that there would be no one at the meeting.

During Mrs. Blandhorn's lifetime there had been no reason for such apprehension: they could always count on a few people. Mrs. Blandhorn, who had studied medicine at Ann Arbor, Michigan, had early gained renown in Eloued by her miraculous healing powers. The dispensary, in those days, had been beset by anxious-eyed women who unwound skinny fig-colored children from their dirty draperies; and there had even been a time when Mr. Blandhorn had appealed to the Society for a young lady missionary to assist his wife. But, for reasons not quite clear to Willard Bent, Mrs. Blandhorn, a thin-lipped, determined little woman, had



energetically opposed the coming of this youthful "Sister," and had declared that their Jewish maid servant, old Myriem, could give her all the aid she needed.

Mr. Blandhorn yielded, as he usually did—as he had yielded, for instance, when one day, in a white inarticulate fury, his wife had banished her godson, little Ahmed (whose life she had saved), and issued orders that he should never show himself again except at prayer-meeting, and accompanied by his father. Mrs. Blandhorn, small, silent and passionate, had always—as Bent made out in his long retrospective musings—ended by having her way in the conflicts that occasionally shook the monotony of life at the Mission. After her death the young man had even suspected, beneath his superior's sincere and vehement sorrow, a lurking sense of relief. Mr. Blandhorn had snuffed the air of freedom, and had been, for the moment, slightly intoxicated by it. But not for long. Very soon his wife's loss made itself felt as a lasting void.

She had been (as Spink would have put it) "the whole show"; had led, inspired, organized her husband's work, held it together, and given it the brave front it presented to the unheeding heathen. Now the heathen had almost entirely fallen away, and the too evident inference was that they had come rather for Mrs. Blandhorn's pills than for her husband's exhortations. Neither of the missionaries had avowed this discovery to the other, but to Willard at least it was implied in all the circumlocutions and evasions of their endless talks.

The young man's situation had been greatly changed by Mrs. Blandhorn's death. His superior had grown touchingly dependent on him. Their conversation, formerly confined to parochial matters, now ranged from abstruse doctrinal problems to the question of how to induce Myriem, who had deplorably "relapsed," to keep the kitchen cleaner and spend less time on the roofs. Bent felt that Mr. Blandhorn needed him at every moment, and that, during any prolonged absence, something vaguely "unfortunate" might happen at the Mission.

"I'm glad Spink has come; it will do him good to see somebody from outside," Willard thought, nervously hoping that

Spink (a good fellow at bottom) would not trouble Mr. Blandhorn by any of his "unsettling" questions.

At the end of a labyrinth of lanes, on the farther side of the Jewish quarter, a wall of heat-cracked clay bore the inscription: "American Evangelical Mission." Underneath a door opened into a court where an old woman in a bright head-dress sat under a fig-tree pounding something in a mortar.

She looked up, and, rising, touched Bent's draperies with her lips. Her small face, withered as a dry medlar, was full of an ancient wisdom: Mrs. Blandhorn had certainly been right in trusting Myriem.

A narrow house-front looked upon the court. Bent climbed the steep stairs to Mr. Blandhorn's study. It was a small room with a few dog-eared books on a set of rough shelves, the table at which Mr. Blandhorn wrote his reports for the Society, and a mattress covered with a bit of faded carpet on which he slept. Near the window stood Mrs. Blandhorn's sewing-machine: it had never been moved since her death.

The missionary was sitting in the middle of the room, in the rocking-chair which had also been his wife's. His large veined hands were clasped about its arms and his head rested against a patchwork cushion tied to the back by a shoe-lace. His mouth was slightly open, and a deep breath, occasionally rising to a whistle, proceeded with rhythmic regularity from his delicately cut nostrils. Even surprised in sleep he was a fine man to look upon; and when, at the sound of Bent's approach, he opened his eyes and pulled himself out of his chair, he became magnificent. He had taken off his turban, and thrown a handkerchief over his head, which was shaved like an Arab's for coolness. His long beard was white, with the smoker's yellow tinge about the lips; but his eyebrows were jet-black, arched and restless. The gray eyes beneath them shed a mild benedictory beam, confirmed by the smile of a mouth that might have seemed weak if the beard had not so nearly concealed it. But the forehead menaced, fulminated or awed with the ever-varying play of the eyebrows. Willard Bent never beheld that forehead without thinking of Sinai.



Mr. Blandhorn brushed some shreds of tobacco from his white djellabah and looked impressively at his assistant.

"The heat is really overwhelming," he said, as if excusing himself. He readjusted his turban, and then asked: "Is everything ready down-stairs?"

Bent assented, and they went down to the long bare room where the prayer-meetings were held. In Mrs. Blandhorn's day it had also served as the dispensary, and a cupboard containing drugs and bandages stood against the wall under the text: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

Myriem, abandoning her mortar, was vaguely "tidying" the Arab tracts and leaflets that lay on the divan against the wall. At one end of the room stood a table covered with a white cloth, with a Bible lying on it; and to the left a sort of pulpit-lectern, from which Mr. Blandhorn addressed his flock. In the doorway squatted Ayoub, a silent gray-headed negro: Bent, on his own arrival at Eloued, ten years earlier, had found him there in the same place and the same attitude. Ayoub was supposed to be a rescued slave from the Soudan, and was shown to visitors as "our first convert." He manifested no interest at the approach of the missionaries, but continued to gaze out into the sun-baked court cut in half by the shadow of the fig-tree.

Mr. Blandhorn, after looking about the empty room as if he were surveying the upturned faces of an attentive congregation, placed himself at the lectern, put on his spectacles, and turned over the pages of his prayer-book. Then he knelt and bowed his head in prayer. His devotions ended, he rose and seated himself in the cane armchair that faced the lectern. Willard Bent sat opposite in another armchair. Mr. Blandhorn leaned back, breathing heavily, and passing his handkerchief over his face and brow. Now and then he drew out his watch, now and then he said: "The heat is really overwhelming."

Myriem had drifted back to her fig-tree, and the sound of the pestle mingled with the drone of flies on the window-pane. Occasionally the curses of a muleteer or the rhythmic chant of a water-carrier broke the silence; once there came

from a neighboring roof the noise of a short catlike squabble ending in female howls; then the afternoon heat laid its leaden hush on all things.

Mr. Blandhorn opened his mouth and slept.

Willard Bent, watching him, thought with wonder and admiration of his past. What had he not seen, what secrets were not hidden in his bosom? By dint of sheer "sticking it out" he had acquired to the younger man a sort of visible sanctity. Twenty-five years of Eloued! He had known the old mad torturing Sultan, he had seen, after the defeat of the rebels, the long line of prisoners staggering in under a torrid sky, chained wrist to wrist, and dragging between them the putrefying bodies of those who had died on the march. He had seen the Great Massacre, when the rivers were red with French blood, and Mr. Blandhorn had hidden an officer's wife and children in the rat-haunted drain under the court; he had known robbery and murder and intrigue, and all the dark maleficence of Africa; and he remained as serene, as confident and guileless, as on the day when he had first set foot on that evil soil, saying to himself (as he had told Willard): "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet."

Willard Bent hated Africa; but it awed and fascinated him. And as he contemplated the splendid old man sleeping opposite him, so mysterious, so childlike and so weak (Mrs. Blandhorn had left him no doubts on that point), the disciple marvelled at the power of the faith which had armed his master with a sort of infantine strength against such dark and manifold perils.

Suddenly a shadow fell in the doorway, and Bent, roused from his dream, saw Harry Spink tiptoeing past the unmoved Ayoub. The drummer paused and looked with astonishment from one of the missionaries to the other. "Say," he asked, "is prayer-meeting over? I thought I'd be round in time."

He spoke seriously, even respectfully; it was plain that he felt flippancy to be out of place. But Bent suspected a lurking malice under his astonishment: he was sure Harry Spink had come to "count heads."



Mr. Blandhorn, wakened by the voice, stood up heavily.

"Harry Spink! Is it possible you are amongst us?"

"Why, yes, sir—I'm amongst. Didn't Willard tell you? I guess Willard Bent's ashamed of me."

Spink, with a laugh, shook Mr. Blandhorn's hand, and glanced about the empty room.

"I'm only here for a day or so—on business. Willard'll explain. But I wanted to come round to meeting—like old times. Sorry it's over."

The missionary looked at him with a grave candor. "It's not over—it has not begun. The overwhelming heat has probably kept away our little flock."

"I see," interpolated Spink.

"But now," continued Mr. Blandhorn with majesty, "that two or three are gathered together in His name, there is no reason why we should wait.—Myriem! Ayoub!"

He took his place behind the lectern and began: "Almighty and merciful Father——"

#### IV

THE night was exceedingly close. Willard Bent, after Spink's departure, had undressed and stretched himself on his camp-bed; but the mosquitoes roared like lions, and lying down made him more wakeful.

"In any Christian country," he mused, "this would mean a thunder-storm and a cool-off. Here it just means months and months more of the same thing." And he thought enviously of Spink, who, in two or three days, his "deal" concluded, would be at sea again, heading for the north.

Bent was honestly distressed at his own state of mind: he had feared that Harry Spink would "unsettle" Mr. Blandhorn, and, instead, it was he himself who had been unsettled. Old slumbering distrusts and doubts, bursting through his surface-apathy, had shot up under the drummer's ironic eye. It was not so much Spink, individually, who had loosened the crust of Bent's indifference; it was the fact of feeling his whole problem suddenly viewed and judged from the outside. At Eloued,

he was aware, nobody, for a long time, had thought much about the missionaries. The French authorities were friendly, the Pasha was tolerant, the American consul at Mogador had always stood by them in any small difficulties. But beyond that they were virtually non-existent. Nobody's view of life was really affected by their presence in the great swarming mysterious city: if they should pack up and leave that night, the story-tellers of the market would not interrupt their tales, or one less bargain be struck in the bazaar. Ayoub would still doze in the door, and old Myriem continue her secret life on the roofs. . .

The roofs were of course forbidden to the missionaries, as they are to men in all Moslem cities. But the Mission-house stood close to the walls, and Mr. Blandhorn's room, across the passage, gave on a small terrace overhanging the court of a caravansary upon which it was no sin to look. Willard wondered if it were any cooler on the terrace.

Some one tapped on his open door, and Mr. Blandhorn, in turban and caftan, entered the room shading a small lamp.

"My dear Willard—can you sleep?"

"No, sir." The young man stumbled to his feet.

"Nor I. The heat is really . . . Shall we seek relief on the terrace?"

Bent followed him, and having extinguished the lamp Mr. Blandhorn led the way out. He dragged a strip of matting to the edge of the parapet, and the two men sat down on it side by side.

There was no moon, but a sky so full of stars that the city was outlined beneath it in great blue-gray masses. The air was motionless, but every now and then a wandering tremor stirred it and died out. Close under the parapet lay the bales and saddle-packs of the caravansary, between vaguer heaps, presumably of sleeping camels. In one corner the star-glitter picked out the shape of a trough brimming with water, and stabbed it with long silver beams. Beyond the court rose the crenellations of the city walls, and above them one palm stood up like a tree of bronze.

"Africa—" sighed Mr. Blandhorn.

Willard Bent started at the secret echo of his own thoughts.



"Yes. Never anything else, sir——"

"Ah——" said the old man.

A tang-tang of stringed instruments, accompanied by the lowing of an earthenware drum, rose exasperatingly through the night. It was the kind of noise that, one knew, had been going on for hours before one began to notice it, and would go on, unchecked and unchanging, for endless hours more: like the heat, like the drought—like Africa.

Willard slapped at a mosquito.

"It's a party at the wool-merchant's, Myriem tells me," Mr. Blandhorn remarked. It really seemed as if, that night, the thoughts of the two men met without the need of words. Willard Bent was aware that, for both, the casual word had called up all the details of the scene: fat merchants in white bunches on their cushions, negresses coming and going with trays of sweets, champagne clandestinely poured, ugly singing-girls yowling, slim boys in petticoats dancing—perhaps little Ahmed among them.

"I went down to the court just now. Ayoub has disappeared," Mr. Blandhorn continued.

"Of course. When I heard in the bazaar that that black caravan was in from the south I knew he'd be off. . ."

Mr. Blandhorn lowered his voice. "Willard—have you reason to think . . . that Ayoub joins in their rites?"

"Myriem has always said he was a Hamatcha, sir. Look at those queer cuts and scars on him. . . It's a much bloodier sect than the Aïssaouas."

Through the nagging throb of the instruments came a sound of human wailing, cadenced, terrible, relentless, carried from a long way off on a lift of the air. Then the air died, and the wailing with it.

"From somewhere near the Potters' Field . . . there's where the caravan is camping," Willard murmured.

The old man made no answer. He sat with his head bowed, his veined hands grasping his knees; he seemed to his disciple to be whispering fragments of Scripture.

"Willard, my son, this is our fault," he said at length.

"What—? Ayoub?"

"Ayoub is a poor ignorant creature, hardly more than an animal. Even when

he witnessed for Jesus I was not very sure the Word reached him. I refer to—to what Harry Spink said this evening. . . It has kept me from sleeping, Willard Bent."

"Yes—I know, sir."

"Harry Spink is a worldly minded man. But he is not a bad man. He did a manly thing when he left us, since he did not feel the call. But we have felt the call, Willard, you and I—and when a man like Spink puts us a question such as he put this evening we ought to be able to answer it. And we ought not to want to avoid answering it."

"You mean when he said: '*What is there in it for Jesus*'?"

"The phrase was irreverent, but the meaning reached me. He meant, I take it: 'What have your long years here profited to Christ?' You understood it so——?"

"Yes. He said to me in the bazaar: '*What's your bag*'?"

Mr. Blandhorn sighed heavily. For a few minutes Willard fancied he had fallen asleep; but he lifted his head and, stretching his hand out, laid it on his disciple's arm.

"The Lord chooses His messengers as it pleaseth Him; I have been awaiting this for a long time." The young man felt his arm strongly grasped. "Willard, you have been much to me all these years; but that is nothing. All that matters is what you are to Christ . . . and the test of that, at this moment, is your willingness to tell me the exact truth, as you see it."

Willard Bent felt as if he were a very tall building, and his heart a lift suddenly dropping down from the roof to the cellar. He stirred nervously, releasing his arm, and cleared his throat; but he made no answer. Mr. Blandhorn went on:

"Willard, this is the day of our accounting—of *my* accounting. What have I done with my twenty-five years in Africa? I might deceive myself as long as my wife lived—I cannot now." He added, after a pause: "Thank heaven *she* never doubted. . ."

The younger man, with an inward shiver, remembered some of Mrs. Blandhorn's confidences. "I suppose that's what marriage is," he mused—"just a fog, like everything else."



Aloud he asked: "Then why should *you* doubt, sir?"

"Because my eyes have been opened——"

"By Harry Spink?" the disciple sneered.

The old man raised his hand. "'Out of the mouths of babes—' But it is not Harry Spink who first set me thinking. He has merely loosened my tongue. He has been the humble instrument compelling me to exact the truth of you."

Again Bent felt his heart dropping down a long dark shaft. He found no words at the bottom of it, and Mr. Blandhorn continued: "The truth and the whole truth, Willard Bent. We have failed—I have failed. We have not reached the souls of these people. Those who still come to us do so from interested motives—or, even if I do some few of them an injustice, if there is in some a blind yearning for the light, is there one among them whose eyes we have really opened?"

Willard Bent sat silent, looking up and down the long years, as if to summon from the depths of memory some single incident that should permit him to say there was.

"You don't answer, my poor young friend. Perhaps you have been clearer-sighted; perhaps you saw long ago that we were not worthy of our hire."

"I never thought that of you, sir!"

"Nor of yourself? For we have been one—or so I believed—in all our hopes and efforts. Have you been satisfied with *your* results?"

Willard saw the dialectical trap, but some roused force in him refused to evade it.

"No, sir—God knows."

"Then I am answered. We have failed: Africa has beaten us. It has always been my way, as you know, Willard, to face the truth squarely," added the old man who had lived so long in dreams; "and now that this truth has been borne in on me, painful as it is, I must act on it . . . act in accordance with its discovery. . ."

He drew a long breath, as if oppressed by the weight of his resolution, and sat silent for a moment, fanning his face with a corner of his white draperies.

"And here too—here too I must have your help, Willard," he began presently, his hand again weighing on the young man's arm. "I will tell you the conclusions I have reached; and you must answer me—as you would answer your Maker."

"Yes, sir."

The old man lowered his voice. "It is our lukewarmness, Willard—it is nothing else. We have not witnessed for Christ as His saints and martyrs witnessed for Him. What have we done to fix the attention of these people, to convince them of our zeal, to overwhelm them with the irresistibility of the Truth? Answer me on your word—what have we done?"

Willard pondered. "But the saints and martyrs . . . were persecuted, sir."

"*Persecuted!* You have spoken the word I wanted."

"But the people here," Willard argued, "don't *want* to persecute anybody. They're not fanatical unless you insult their religion."

Mr. Blandhorn's grasp grew tighter. "Insult their religion! That's it . . . to-night you find just the words. . ."

Willard felt his arm shake with the tremor that passed through the other's body. "The saints and martyrs insulted the religion of the heathen—they spat upon it, Willard—they rushed into the temples and knocked down the idols. They said to the heathen: 'Turn away your faces from all your abominations,' and after the manner of men they fought with the beasts at Ephesus. What is the Church on earth called? The Church Militant! You and I are soldiers of the Cross."

The missionary had risen and stood leaning against the parapet, his right arm lifted as if he spoke from a pulpit. The music at the wool-merchant's had ceased, but now and then, through the midnight silence, there came an echo of ritual howls from the Potter's Field.

Willard was still seated, his head thrown back against the parapet, his eyes raised to Mr. Blandhorn. Following the gesture of the missionary's lifted hand, from which the muslin fell back like the sleeve of a surplice, the young man's gaze was led upward to another white figure, hovering small and remote above their



heads. It was a Muezzin leaning from his airy balcony to drop on the blue-gray masses of the starlit city the cry: "Only Allah is great!"

Mr. Blandhorn saw the white figure too, and stood facing it with motionless raised arm.

"Only Christ is great, only Christ crucified!" he suddenly shouted in Arabic with all the strength of his broad lungs.

The figure paused, and seemed to Willard to bend over, as if peering down in their direction; but a moment later it had moved to the other corner of the balcony, and the cry fell again on the sleeping roofs:

"Allah—Allah—only Allah!"

"Christ — Christ — only Christ crucified!" roared Mr. Blandhorn, exalted with wrath and shaking his fist at the aerial puppet.

The puppet once more paused and peered; then it moved on and vanished behind the flank of the minaret.

The missionary, still towering with lifted arm, dusky-faced in the starlight, seemed to Willard to have grown in majesty and stature. But presently his arm fell and his head sank into his hands. The young man knelt down, hiding his face also, and they prayed in silence, side by side, while from the farther corners of the minaret, more faintly, fell the infidel call.

Willard, his prayer ended, looked up, and saw that the old man's garments were stirred as if by a ripple of air. But the air was quite still, and the disciple perceived that the tremor of the muslin was communicated to it by Mr. Blandhorn's body.

"He's trembling—trembling all over. He's afraid of something. What's he afraid of?" And in the same breath Willard had answered his own question: "He's afraid of what he's made up his mind to do."

## V

Two days later Willard Bent sat in the shade of a ruined tomb outside the Gate of the Graves and watched the people streaming in to Eloued. It was the eve of the feast of the local saint, Sidi Oman, who slept in a corner of the Great

Mosque, under a segment of green-tiled cupola, and was held in deep reverence by the country people, many of whom belonged to the powerful fraternity founded in his name.

The ruin stood on a hillock beyond the outer wall. From where the missionary sat he overlooked the fortified gate and the irregular expanse of the Potter's Field, with its primitive furnaces built into hollows of the ground between ridges shaded by stunted olive-trees. On the farther side of the trail which the pilgrims followed on entering the gate lay a sun-blistered cemetery, where hucksters traded between the crooked gravestones and the humblest caravans camped in a waste of refuse, offal and stripped date-branches. A cloud of dust, perpetually subsiding and gathering again, hid these sordid details from Bent's eyes, but not from his imagination.

"Nowhere in Eloued," he thought with a shudder, "are the flies as fat and blue as they are inside that gate."

But this was a fugitive reflection: his mind was wholly absorbed in what had happened in the last forty-eight hours, and what was likely to happen in the next.

"To think," he mused, "that after ten years I don't really know him! . . . A laborer in the Lord's vineyard—shows how much good I am!"

His thoughts were moody and oppressed with fear. Never, since his first meeting with Mr. Blandhorn, had he pondered so deeply the problem of his superior's character. He tried to deduce from the past some inference as to what Mr. Blandhorn was likely to do next; but, as far as he knew, there was nothing in the old man's previous history resembling the midnight scene on the Mission terrace.

That scene had already had its repercussion.

On the following morning, Willard, drifting as usual about the bazaar, had met a friendly French official, who, taking him aside, had told him there were strange reports abroad—which he hoped Mr. Bent would be able to deny. . . . In short, as it had never been Mr. Blandhorn's policy to offend the native population, or insult their religion, the Administration was confident that . . .

Surprised by Willard's silence, and visi-



bly annoyed at being obliged to pursue the subject, the friendly official, growing graver, had then asked what had really occurred; and, on Willard's replying, had charged him with an earnest recommendation to his superior—a warning, if necessary—that the government would not, under any circumstances, tolerate a repetition. . . . “But I dare say it was the heat?” he concluded; and Willard weakly acquiesced.

He was ashamed now of having done so; yet, after all, how did he know it was *not* the heat? A heavy sanguine man like Mr. Blandhorn would probably never quite accustom himself to the long strain of the African summer. “Or his wife's death—” he had murmured to the sympathetic official, who smiled with relief at the suggestion.

And now he sat overlooking the enigmatic city, and asking himself again what he really knew of his superior. Mr. Blandhorn had come to Eloued as a young man, extremely poor, and dependent on the pittance which the Missionary Society at that time gave to its representatives. To ingratiate himself among the people (the expression was his own), and also to earn a few pesetas, he had worked as a carpenter in the bazaar, first in the soukh of the ploughshares and then in that of the cabinet makers. His skill in carpentry had not been great, for his large eloquent hands were meant to wave from a pulpit, and not to use the adze or the chisel; but he had picked up a little Arabic (Willard always marvelled that it remained so little), and had made many acquaintances—and, as he thought, some converts. At any rate, no one, either then or later, appeared to wish him ill, and during the massacre his house had been respected, and the insurgents had even winked at the aid he had courageously given to the French.

Yes—he had certainly been courageous. There was in him, in spite of his weaknesses and his vacillations, a streak of moral heroism that perhaps only waited its hour. . . . But hitherto his principle had always been that the missionary must win converts by kindness, by tolerance, and by the example of a blameless life.

Could it really be Harry Spink's question that had shaken him in this belief? Or was it the long-accumulated sense of

inefficiency that so often weighed on his disciple? Or was it simply the call—did it just mean that their hour had come?

Shivering a little in spite of the heat, Willard pulled himself together and descended into the city. He had been seized with a sudden desire to know what Mr. Blandhorn was about, and avoiding the crowd he hurried back by circuitous lanes to the Mission. On the way he paused at a certain corner and looked into a court full of the murmur of water. Beyond it was an arcade detached against depths of shadow in which a few lights glimmered. White figures, all facing one way, crouched and touched their foreheads to the tiles, the soles of their bare feet, wet with recent ablutions, turning up as their bodies swayed forward. Willard caught the scowl of a beggar on the threshold, and hurried past the forbidden scene.

He found Mr. Blandhorn in the meeting-room, tying up Ayoub's head.

“I do it awkwardly,” the missionary mumbled, a safety-pin between his teeth. “Alas, my hands are not *hers*.”

“What's he done to himself?” Willard growled; and above the bandaged head Mr. Blandhorn's expressive eyebrows answered.

There was a dark stain on the back of Ayoub's faded shirt, and another on the blue scarf he wore about his head.

“Ugh—it's like cats slinking back after a gutter-fight,” the young man muttered.

Ayoub wound his scarf over the bandages, shambled back to the doorway, and squatted down to watch the fig-tree.

The missionaries looked at each other across the empty room.

“What's the use, sir?” was on Willard's lips; but instead of speaking he threw himself down on the divan. There was to be no prayer-meeting that afternoon, and the two men sat silent, gazing at the back of Ayoub's head. A smell of disinfectants hung in the heavy air. . . .

“Where's Myriem?” Willard asked, to say something.

“I believe she had a ceremony of some sort . . . a family affair. . . .”

“A circumcision, I suppose?”

Mr. Blandhorn did not answer, and Willard was sorry he had made the suggestion. It would simply serve as another reminder of their failure. . . .



He stole a furtive glance at Mr. Blandhorn, nervously wondering if the time had come to speak of the French official's warning. He had put off doing so, half hoping it would not be necessary. The old man seemed so calm, so like his usual self, that it might be wiser to let the matter drop. Perhaps he had already forgotten the scene on the terrace; or perhaps he thought he had sufficiently witnessed for the Lord in shouting his insult to the Muezzin. But Willard did not really believe this: he remembered the tremor that had shaken Mr. Blandhorn after the challenge, and he felt sure it was not a retrospective fear.

"Our friend Spink has been with me," said Mr. Blandhorn suddenly. "He came in soon after you left."

"Ah? I'm sorry I missed him. I thought he'd gone, from his not coming in yesterday."

"No; he leaves to-morrow morning for Mogador." Mr. Blandhorn paused, still absently staring at the back of Ayoub's neck; then he added: "I have asked him to take you with him."

"To take me—Harry Spink? In his automobile?" Willard gasped. His heart began to beat excitedly.

"Yes. You'll enjoy the ride. It's a long time since you've been away, and you're looking a little pulled down."

"You're very kind, sir; so is Harry." He paused. "But I'd rather not."

Mr. Blandhorn, turning slightly, examined him between half-dropped lids.

"I have business for you—with the consul," he said with a certain sternness. "I don't suppose you will object——"

"Oh, of course not." There was another pause. "Could you tell me—give me an idea—of what the business is, sir?"

It was Mr. Blandhorn's turn to appear perturbed. He coughed, passed his hand once or twice over his beard, and again fixed his gaze on Ayoub's inscrutable nape.

"I wish to send a letter to the consul."

"A letter? If it's only a letter, couldn't Spink take it?"

"Undoubtedly. I might also send it by post—if I cared to transmit it in that manner. I presumed," added Mr. Blandhorn with threatening brows, "that you would understand I had my reasons——"

"Oh, in that case, of course, sir——"

Willard hesitated, and then spoke with a rush. "I saw Lieutenant Lourdenay in the bazaar yesterday——" he began.

When he had finished his tale Mr. Blandhorn meditated for a long time in silence. At length he spoke in a calm voice. "And what did you answer, Willard?"

"I—I said I'd tell you——"

"Nothing more?"

"No. Nothing."

"Very well. We'll talk of all this more fully . . . when you get back from Mogador. Remember that Mr. Spink will be here before sunrise. I advised him to get away as early as possible on account of the Feast of Sidi Oman. It's always a poor day for foreigners to be seen about the streets."

## VI

At a quarter before four on the morning of the Feast of Sidi Oman Willard Bent stood waiting at the door of the Mission.

He had taken leave of Mr. Blandhorn the previous night, and stumbled down the dark stairs on bare feet, his bundle under his arm, just as the sky began to whiten around the morning star.

The air was full of a mocking coolness which the first ray of the sun would burn up; and a hush as deceptive lay on the city that was so soon to blaze with religious frenzy. Ayoub lay curled up on his door-step like a dog, and old Myriem, presumably, was still stretched on her mattress on the roof.

What a day for a flight across the desert in Harry's tough little car! And after the hours of heat and dust and glare, how good, at twilight, to see the cool welter of the Atlantic, a spent sun dropping into it, and the rush of the stars. . . Dizzy with the vision, Willard leaned against the door-post with closed eyes.

A subdued hoot aroused him, and he hurried out to the car, which was quivering and growling at the nearest corner. The drummer nodded a welcome, and they began to wind cautiously between sleeping animals and huddled heaps of humanity till they reached the nearest gate.

On the waste-land beyond the walls the people of the caravans were already stirring, and pilgrims from the hills streaming across the palmetto scrub under embla-



zoned banners. As the sun rose the air took on a bright transparency in which distant objects became unnaturally near and vivid, like pebbles seen through clear water: a little turban-shaped tomb far off in the waste looked as lustrous as ivory, and a tiled minaret in an angle of the walls seemed to be carved of turquoise. How Eloued lied to eyes looking back on it at sunrise!

"Something wrong," said Harry Spink, putting on the brake and stopping in the thin shade of a cork-tree. They got out, and Willard leaned against the tree and gazed at the red wall of Eloued. They were already about two miles from the town, and all around them was the wilderness. Spink shoved his head into the bonnet, screwed and greased and hammered, and finally wiped his hands on a black rag and called out: "I thought so— Jump in!"

Willard did not move.

"Hurry up, old man. She's all right, I tell you. It was just the carburetor."

The missionary fumbled under his draperies and pulled out Mr. Blandhorn's letter.

"Will you see that the consul gets this to-morrow?"

"Will I—what the hell's the matter, Willard?" Spink dropped his rag and stared.

"I'm not coming. I never meant to."

The young men exchanged a long look.

"It's no time to leave Mr. Blandhorn—a day like this," Willard continued, moistening his dry lips.

Spink shrugged and sounded a faint whistle. "Queer——!"

"What's queer?"

"He said just the same thing to me about *you*—wanted to get you out of Eloued on account of the goings-on to-day. He said you'd been rather worked up lately about religious matters, and might do something rash that would get you both into trouble."

"Ah——" Willard murmured.

"And I believe you might, you know—you look sorter funny."

Willard laughed.

"Oh, come along," his friend urged, disappointed.

"I'm sorry—I can't. I had to come this far, so that he wouldn't know. But now I've got to go back. Of course what

he told you was just a joke—but I must be there to-day to see that nobody bothers him."

Spink scanned his companion's face with friendly flippant eyes. "Well, I give up— What's the *use*, when he don't want you? Say," he broke off, "what's the truth of that story about the old man's having insulted a marabout in a mosque night before last? It was all over the bazaar——"

Willard felt himself turn pale. "Not a marabout. It was—where did you hear it?" he stammered.

"All over—the way you hear stories in these places."

"Well—it's not true." Willard lifted his bundle from the motor and tucked it under his arm. "I'm sorry, Harry—I've got to go back," he repeated.

"What? The Call, eh?" The sneer died on Spink's lips, and he held out his hand. "I'm sorry, too. So long." He turned the crank of the motor, scrambled into his seat, and called back over his shoulder: "What's the *use*, when he don't want you?"

Willard was already laboring home across the plain.

After struggling along for half an hour in the heavy sand he crawled under the shade of an abandoned well, and sat down to ponder. Two courses were open to him, and he had not yet been able to decide between them. His first impulse was to go straight to the Mission, and to present himself to Mr. Blandhorn. He felt sure, from what Spink had told him, that the old missionary had sent him away purposely, and the fact seemed to confirm his apprehensions. If Mr. Blandhorn wanted him away, it was not through any fear of his imprudence, but to be free from his restraining influence. But what act did the old man contemplate, in which he feared to involve his disciple? And if he were really resolved on some rash measure, might not Willard's unauthorized return merely serve to exasperate his resolve, and hasten whatever action he had planned?

The other step the young man had in mind was to go secretly to the French Administration, and there drop a hint of what he feared. It was the course his sober judgment commended. The echo of Spink's "What's the use?" was in his



ears. It was the expression of his own secret doubt. What *was* the use? If dying could bring any of these darkened souls to the light . . . well, that would have been different. But what least sign was there that it would do anything but rouse their sleeping blood-lust?

Willard was oppressed by the thought that had always lurked beneath his other doubts. They talked, he and Mr. Blandhorn, of the poor ignorant heathen—but were not they themselves equally ignorant in everything that concerned the heathen? What did they know of these people, of their antecedents, the origin of their beliefs and superstitions, the meaning of their habits and passions and precautions? Mr. Blandhorn seemed never to have been troubled by this question, but it had weighed on Willard ever since he had come across a quiet French ethnologist who was studying the tribes of the Middle Atlas. Two or three talks with this traveller—or listenings to him—had shown Willard the extent of his own ignorance. He would have liked to borrow books, to read, to study; but he knew little French and no German, and he felt confusedly that there was in him no soil sufficiently prepared for facts so overwhelmingly new to root in it. . . . And the heat lay on him, and the little semblance of his missionary duties deluded him . . . and he drifted. . . .

As for Mr. Blandhorn, he never read anything but the Scriptures, a volume of his own sermons (printed by subscription, to commemorate his departure for Morocco), and—occasionally—a back number of the missionary journal that arrived at Eloued at long intervals, in thick, mouldy batches. Consequently no doubts disturbed him, and Willard felt the hopelessness of grappling with an ignorance so much deeper and denser than his own. Whichever way his mind turned, it seemed to bring up against the blank wall of Harry Spink's: "What's the use?"

He slipped through the crowds in the congested gateway, and made straight for the Mission. He had decided to go to the French Administration, but he wanted first to find out from the servants what Mr. Blandhorn was doing, and what his state of mind appeared to be.

The Mission door was locked, but Willard was not surprised; he knew the precaution was sometimes taken on feast-days, though seldom so early. He rang, and waited impatiently for Myriem's old face in the crack; but no one came, and below his breath he cursed her with expurgated curses.

"Ayoub—*Ayoub!*" he cried, rattling at the door; but still there was no answer. Ayoub, apparently, was off too. Willard rang the bell again, giving the three long pulls of the "emergency call": it was the summons that always roused Mr. Blandhorn. But no one came.

Willard shook and pounded, and hung on the bell till it tinkled its life out . . . but all in vain. The house was empty: Mr. Blandhorn was evidently out with the others.

Disconcerted by this unexpected discovery, the young man turned and plunged into the red clay purlieus behind the Mission. He entered a mud hut where an emaciated dog, dozing on the threshold, lifted a recognizing lid, and let him by. It was the house of Ahmed's father, the water-carrier, and Willard knew it would be empty at that hour.

A few minutes later there emerged into the crowded streets a young American dressed in a black coat of vaguely clerical cut, with a soft felt hat shading his flushed cheek-bones, and a bead running up and down his nervous throat.

The bazaar was already full of a deep holiday rumor, like the rattle of wind in the palm-tops. The young man in the clerical coat, sharply examined as he passed by hundreds of long Arab eyes, slipped into the lanes behind the soukhs, and by circuitous passages gained the neighborhood of the Great Mosque. His heart was hammering against his black coat, and under the buzz in his brain there boomed out insistently the old question: "What's the use?"

Suddenly, near the fountain that faced one of the doors of the Great Mosque, he saw the figure of a man dressed like himself. The eyes of the two men met across the crowd, and Willard pushed his way to Mr. Blandhorn's side.

"Sir, why did you—why are you—I'm back—I couldn't help it," he gasped out disconnectedly.

He had expected a vehement rebuke;



but the old missionary only smiled on him sadly.

"It was noble of you, Willard . . . I understand. . ." He looked at the young man's coat. "We had the same thought—again—at the same hour." He paused, and drew Willard into the empty passage of a ruined building behind the fountain. "But what's the use—what's the use?" he exclaimed.

The blood rushed to the young man's forehead. "Ah—then you feel it too?"

Mr. Blandhorn continued, grasping his arm: "I've been out—in this dress—ever since you left; I've hung about the doors of the Medersas, I've walked up to the very threshold of the Mosque, I've leaned against the wall of Sidi Oman's shrine; once the police warned me, and I pretended to go away . . . but I came back . . . I pushed up closer . . . I stood in the doorway of the Mosque, and they saw me . . . the people inside saw me . . . and no one touched me . . . I'm too harmless . . . *they don't believe in me!*"

He broke off, and under his struggling eyebrows Willard saw the tears on his old lids.

The young man gathered courage. "But don't you see, sir, that's the reason it's no use? We don't understand them any more than they do us; they know it, and all our witnessing for Christ will make no difference."

Mr. Blandhorn looked at him sternly. "Young man, no Christian has the right to say that."

Willard ignored the rebuke. "Come home, sir, come home . . . it's no use. . ."

"It was because I foresaw you would take this view that I sent you to Mogador. Since I was right," exclaimed Mr. Blandhorn, facing round on him fiercely, "how is it you have disobeyed me and come back?"

Willard was looking at him with new eyes. All his majesty seemed to have fallen from him with his Arab draperies. How short and heavy and weak he looked in his scant European clothes! The coat, tightly strained across the stomach, hung above it in loose wrinkles, and the ill-fitting trousers revealed their wearer's impressive legs as slightly bowed at the knees. This diminution in his physical prestige was strangely moving to his dis-

ciple. What was there left, with that gone—?

"Oh, do come home, sir," the young man groaned. "Of course they don't care what we do—of course—"

"Ah—" cried Mr. Blandhorn, suddenly dashing past him into the open.

The rumor of the crowd had become a sort of roaring chant. Over the thousands of bobbing heads that packed every cranny of the streets leading to the space before the Mosque there ran the mysterious sense of something new, invisible, but already imminent. Then, with the strange Oriental elasticity, the immense throng divided, and a new throng poured through it, headed by riders ritually draped, and overhung with banners that seemed to be lifted and floated aloft on the shouts of innumerable throats. It was the Pasha of Eloued coming to pray at the tomb of Sidi Oman.

Into this mass Mr. Blandhorn plunged and disappeared, while Willard Bent, for an endless minute, hung back in the shelter of the passage, the old "What's the use?" in his ears.

A hand touched his sleeve, and a cracked voice echoed the words.

"What's the use, master?" It was old Myriem, clutching him with scared face and pulling out a limp djellabah from under her holiday shawl.

"I saw you . . . Ahmed's father told me. . ." (How everything was known in the bazaars!) "Here, put this on quick, and slip away. They won't trouble you. . ."

"Oh, but they will—they *shall!*" roared Willard, in a voice unknown to his own ears, as he flung off the old woman's hand and, trampling on the djellabah in his flight, dashed into the crowd at the spot where it had swallowed up his master.

They would—they *should!* No more doubting and weighing and conjecturing! The sight of the weak unwieldy old man, so ignorant, so defenseless and so convinced, disappearing alone into that red furnace of fanaticism, swept from the disciple's mind every thought but the single passion of devotion.

"That he lay down his life for his friend—" If he couldn't bring himself to believe in any other reason for what he



was doing, that one seemed suddenly to be enough. . .

The crowd let him through, still apparently indifferent to his advance. Closer, closer he pushed to the doors of the Mosque, struggling and elbowing through a mass of people so densely jammed that the heat of their breathing was in his face, the rank taste of their bodies on his parched lips—closer, closer, till a last effort of his own thin body, which seemed a mere cage of ribs with a wild heart dashing against it, brought him to the doorway of the Mosque, where Mr. Blandhorn, his head thrown back, his arms crossed on his chest, stood steadily facing the heathen multitude.

As Willard reached his side their glances met, and the old man, glaring out under prophetic brows, whispered, without moving his lips: "Now—*now!*"

Willard took it as a signal to follow, he knew not where or why: at that moment he had no wish to know.

Mr. Blandhorn, without waiting for an answer, had turned, and, doubling on himself, sprung into the great court of the Mosque. Willard breathlessly followed, the glitter of tiles and the blinding sparkle of fountains in his dazzled eyes. . .

The court was almost empty, the few who had been praying having shortened their devotions and joined the Pasha's train, which was skirting the outer walls of the Mosque to reach the shrine of Sidi Oman. Willard was conscious of a moment of detached reconnoitring: once or twice, from the roof of a deserted college to which the government architect had taken him, he had looked down furtively on the forbidden scene, and his sense of direction told him that the black figure speeding across the blazing mirror of tiles was making for the hall where the Koran was expounded to students.

Even now, as he followed, through the impending sense of something dangerous and tremendous, he had the feeling that after all perhaps no one would bother them, that all the effort of will pumped up by his storming heart to his lucid brain might conceivably end in some pitiful anticlimax in the French Administration offices.

"They'll treat us like whipped puppies—" he groaned.

But Mr. Blandhorn had reached the school, had disappeared under its shadowy arcade, and emerged again into the sunlight, clutching a great parchment Koran.

"Ah," thought Willard, "*now——!*"

He found himself standing at the missionary's side, so close that they must have made one black blot against the white-hot quiver of tiles. Mr. Blandhorn lifted up the Book and spoke.

"The God whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you," he cried in halting Arabic.

A deep murmur came from the turbaned figures gathered under the arcade of the Mosque. Swarthy faces lowered, eyes gleamed like agate, teeth blazed under snarling lips; but the group stood motionless, holding back, visibly restrained by the menace of the long arm of the Administration.

"Him declare I unto you—Christ crucified!" cried Mr. Blandhorn.

An old man, detaching himself from the group, advanced across the tiles and laid his hand on the missionary's arm. Willard recognized the delegate of the Cadi.

"You must restore the Book," the delegate said gravely to Mr. Blandhorn, "and leave this court immediately; if not——"

He held out his hand to take the Koran. Mr. Blandhorn, in a flash, dodged the restraining arm, and, with a strange new elasticity of his cumbrous body, rolling and bouncing across the court between the dazed spectators, gained the gateway opening on the market-place behind the Mosque. The centre of the great dusty space was at the moment almost deserted. Mr. Blandhorn sprang forward, the Koran clutched to him, Willard panting at his heels, and the turbaned crowd after them, menacing but still visibly restrained.

In the middle of the square Mr. Blandhorn halted, faced about and lifted the Koran high above his head. Willard, rigid at his side, was obliquely conscious of the gesture, and at the same time aware that the free space about them was rapidly diminishing under the mounting tide of people swarming in from every quarter. The faces closest were no longer the gravely wrathful countenances of the



Mosque, but lean fanatical masks of pilgrims, beggars, wandering "saints" and miracle-makers, and dark tribesmen of the hills careless of their creed but hot to join in the halloo against the hated stranger. Far off in the throng, bobbing like a float on the fierce sea of turbans, Willard saw the round brown face of a native officer frantically fighting his way through. Now and then the face bobbed nearer, and now and then a tug of the tide rolled it back.

Willard felt Mr. Blandhorn's touch on his arm.

"You're with me——?"

"Yes——"

The old man's voice sank and broke. "Say a word to . . . strengthen me . . . I can't find any . . . Willard," he whispered.

Willard's brain was a blank. But against the blank a phrase suddenly flashed out in fire, and he turned and spoke to his master. "*Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth.*"

"Ah——" Mr. Blandhorn, with a gasp, drew himself to his full height and hurled the Koran down at his feet in the dung-strown dust.

"Him, Him declare I unto you—Christ crucified!" he thundered: and to Willard, in a fierce aside: "Now spit!"

Dazed a moment, the young man stood uncertain; then he saw the old missionary draw back a step, bend forward, and deliberately spit upon the sacred pages.

"This . . . is abominable . . ." the disciple thought; and, sucking up the last drop of saliva from his dry throat, he also bent and spat.

"Now trample—*trample!*" commanded Mr. Blandhorn, his arms stretched out, towering black and immense, as if crucified against the flaming sky; and his foot came down on the polluted Book.

Willard, seized with the communicative frenzy, fell on his knees, tearing at the pages, and scattering them about him, smirched and defiled in the dust.

"Spit—spit! Trample—trample! . . . Christ! I see the heavens opened!" shrieked the old missionary, covering his eyes with his hands. But what he said next was lost to his disciple in the rising roar of the mob which had closed in on them. Far off, Willard caught a glimpse

of the native officer's bobbing head, and then of Lieutenant Lourdenay's scared face. But a moment later he had veiled his own face from the sight of the struggle at his side. Mr. Blandhorn had fallen on his knees, and Willard heard him cry out once: "Amy! Amy!" It was his wife's name.

Then the young man was himself borne down, and darkness descended on him. Through it he felt the sting of separate pangs indescribable, melting at last into a general mist of pain. He remembered Stephen, and thought: "Now they're stoning me——" and tried to struggle up and reach out to Mr. Blandhorn. . .

But the market-place seemed suddenly empty, as though the throng of their assailants had been demons of the desert, the thin spirits of evil that dance on the noonday heat. Now the dusk seemed to have dispersed them, and Willard looked up and saw a quiet star above a wall, and heard the cry of the Muezzin dropping down from a near-by minaret: "Allah—Allah—only Allah is great!"

Willard closed his eyes, and in his great weakness felt the tears run down between his lids. A hand wiped them away, and he looked again, and saw the face of Harry Spink stooping over him.

He supposed it was a dream-Spink, and smiled a little, and the dream smiled back.

"Where am I?" Willard wondered to himself; and the dream-Spink answered: "In the hospital, you infernal fool. I got back too late——"

"You came back——?"

"Of course. Lucky I did—! I saw this morning you were off your base."

Willard, for a long time, lay still. Impressions reached him slowly, and he had to deal with them one by one, like a puzzled child.

At length he said: "Mr. Blandhorn——?"

Spink bent his head, and his voice was grave in the twilight.

"They did for him in no time; I guess his heart was weak . . . I don't think he suffered. Anyhow, if he did he wasn't sorry; I know, because I saw his face before they buried him. . . Now you lie still, and I'll get you out of this to-morrow," he commanded, waving a fly-cloth above Willard's sunken head.





Under the cool ilex-trees.—Page 35.

## COMMUTING FROM FRASCATI TO ROME

By Norval Richardson

Secretary of the American Embassy in Rome

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

**T**O the American mind commuting suggests at once a mad dash from the breakfast-table, at which, with one eye always on the clock, one has had time only to scald one's lips on the boiling coffee, cast a fleeting glance of longing at other good things, and run to catch the 8.15 or the 8.23. Italian commuting is conducted in quite a different manner. To begin with, an Italian is never in a hurry—a delightful quality unless one happens to have a business engagement with him; second, his breakfast consists of a simple cup of black coffee which he usually strolls out to obtain at the nearest café; lastly, he is an early riser by nature, and during the summer months gets up with the dawn so that he may feel he has

earned a right to the long siesta which every Italian takes during the heat of the day.

Since the beginning of the War few Romans have cared to go far away from home, but when the parching sirocco begins to blow straight across the Mediterranean, carrying with it clouds of red sand from the Libyan Desert, some change of air becomes necessary. Frascati naturally suggests itself. It is only seventeen miles from Rome and, situated one thousand feet above sea-level, the air is fresh and cool after the heat of Roman mid-summer days. Indeed, this past summer Frascati has solved the problem of "villeggiatura" for many and various kinds of people. The hotels are filled with diplomatists holding themselves in readiness to be called at any moment to the



Quirinal or the Vatican. American and English ladies who live in Rome continue their knitting for the soldiers under the cool ilex-trees; and old patrician families, such as the Aldobrandini, the Lancellotti, the Torlonia, have opened their beautiful villas as the safest and most comfortable solution of where to pass the summer. Indeed, quiet little Frascati, asleep on the western slope of the Alban hills, has suddenly become quite cosmopolitan. For the women the days pass in idleness in the fragrant and historical gardens open to the public; but the men—even in the land of “dolce far niente,”—must attend to their various occupations in Rome. This means that all through the long summer months they commute back and forth from the Eternal City to the Alban Hills. There are two ways of going into town, one by train and the other by tram. The tram is more popular with the commuter, as it is both cheaper and cooler. It is not just an ordinary street-car, but a great two-storied affair which has managed to invest itself with something of Roman dignity.

The first morning that I joined the throng of commuters I rushed, full of American energy, down to the little Piazza from which the tram starts. It was due to leave at eight o'clock, and, though it was only fifteen minutes before that hour, no tram was yet in sight. A group of fellow commuters were seated at little tables outside a café leisurely sipping their black coffee; a number of women and children with large black eyes, carrying odd-looking bundles tied up in newspaper, were sitting on benches under the trees near the tram station. They looked as if they had sat there peacefully for hours and

would continue to do so all day, even if the tram failed to appear. In the middle of the Piazza a hundred or more harvesters, broad-sashed, golden, and muscular, leaned on their scythes waiting for the padrone to arrive and hire them that day in the fields; a procession of wine-



Fragrant and historical gardens.

carts bound for Rome rattled slowly across the square, their brilliant colors, red, blue, yellow, making the sun seem pale in comparison; the bells on the horses rang merrily, the plumes and gay tassels of their harnesses swayed jauntily, and a lupetto—a tiny wolf-dog—perched upon the wine-kegs, barked fiercely at every passer-by, protecting the interests of his master, who was already asleep under the gaudy sun-hood which Michael Angelo designed five hundred years ago. There were no signs anywhere of tense nerves—not a commuter even so much as looked at his watch.

At last the tram arrived and instantly the square became animated. Every one prefers the places on the upper deck—



"l'imperiale"—and as those places are limited a mad scramble ensued. Diplomatic precedence goes to the wall in the rush up the narrow, winding stairs. A bersagliere in his plumed hat jostles a Roman prince; an alert vender of fruit squeezes his basket past the rotund figure of a monsignore; a contadina, her head covered in a bright handkerchief, pushes her way, regardless of every one, greatly hampered in her progress by a flask of red wine she carries under one arm and a sack under the other from which issues a plaintive protest from invisible chickens—gifts she is taking to city relatives. A large Roman matron, encumbered with a valise, almost stops up the passage in her panting efforts to be the first one up the steps. At last every one is settled, though not seated. The prince, the monsignore, and the diplomato, are installed on the red-plush cushions of the first-class compartment below, as befits their dignity; the rest are stowed away on the wooden

benches of the second class. Now an avalanche of newsboys appears, and every one is instantly hanging out of the window buying the morning edition of *Il Messaggero*. This flutter over, the conduttrice, a pretty young woman in a long gray linen duster and jaunty cap, finally tears herself away from what looks like a serious flirtation with the station-master, mounts the platform and blows a blast on a small brass horn hanging about her neck. In response to this mild blast the motorman regretfully throws away his cigarette, takes his place at the steering-gear, and, with a disconcerting lurch, the journey to Rome begins.

Frascati, with its beautiful villas and cool, plashing fountains, is soon left behind. For a while the tram runs along a shady road on the side of the Alban Hills, bordered on either side by slopes which are terraced and covered with silver olive groves. Then, quite suddenly, the tram comes out onto a treeless gallery, and



The gaudy sun-hood which Michael Angelo designed five hundred years ago.—Page 35.



there, a thousand feet below, lies the whole expanse of the Campagna Romana. The sun is now well up over the Sabine Mountains and the air seems filled with a powder of gold. The bare, treeless mountains encircling the Campagna look like giant shells from the sea in their delicate coloring; the sea itself, far off to the west, burns like a thin line of fire which blinds the eye; and Rome, still wrapped in the mists of early morning, seems to shiver and shimmer and draw closer yet about the dome of Saint Peter's.

The first stop is at a "bivio" where connecting lines meet. Here a large number of commuters from the other Castelli Romani elbow their way into the already crowded tram. A priest from Castel Gondolfo, mopping his brow with a bandanna handkerchief, respectfully salutes the Frascati monsignore; a fine-looking young officer in the immaculate gray-green uniform doing his military service at Hannibal's Camp up on Monte Cavo, is affectionately kissed on both cheeks by the prince; a contadina, carrying a pair of hens tied together by the legs and a basket of luscious purple figs, finds that she is not the only one taking presents to city relatives. Although there exists a placard which says sternly "completo," it is never used, or if it is no one pays any attention to it, just as that other equally stern sign, "vietato fumare," appears in Italy to be taken as an invitation to smoke rather than an order not to; and the sign which is now found in all public places—"E vietato ai militari di parlare di qualsiasi cosa, anche lontana, che riguardi la guerra" ("It is forbidden to soldiers to speak of anything which even distantly concerns the war")—impels every one to discuss in a loud voice his special opinion of the war.

The overburdened car now starts off again and the conduttrice begins to distribute the tickets. She does it very well, until, almost the last person, she comes to me. One "andata e ritorno," I say, and slip an extra two soldi into her hand. She gives me a radiant smile, and in her confusion hands me her whole stub of tickets instead of my one round trip. She retires in worse confusion when she realizes what she has done.

Now begins an abrupt descent which

the tram takes at a speed that makes one hold one's breath and pray that the air-brakes may be faithful to their charge. Vineyards rush past the agitated eye, the bamboo poles on which the vines are trained giving the effect of rifles stacked upon a battle-field. Here and there out of the emerald greenness rise the cool, gray walls of a sixteenth-century convent; the solid mass of mortar and brick of a Roman tomb; the lonely tower which in mediæval times must have been impregnable, and from whose top the anxious watcher swept the horizon for the first signs of a pirate sail. And from below the Campagna seems to be rushing up to meet us. Seen from above, it appears to be a vast, level plain, dotted about with modern farmhouses of pink or yellow stucco, set in rich fields of green alfalfa, and bearing upon its expanse the noble arches—now broken and disconnected—of the aqueducts which once brought cool spring water to Rome. The rugged Sabine Mountains shut off the eastern horizon; Monte Soracte, of Horatian fame, rises far to the north like a landlocked Gibraltar; and Rome, still mysterious and vague in the distance, has thrown off her mists and glows like a pearl in the sunlight.

I turn from the rushing landscape to examine my fellow commuters. The thing which strikes me about them is how true to type they have remained through the centuries. In the young soldier across the way I seem to see, except for the difference in uniform, one of the Pretorian Guard. There is the same fulness across the eyes, the same high-bridged nose, the same graceful, strong carriage which must have come straight down to him from the days of the Empire. If he were only wearing his circular winter cape thrown about his shoulders in the very folds of a toga, the resemblance would be complete. The Roman matron next to him!—I have seen her very likeness in one of the busts at the Capitoline Museum. And the young girl near the door!—does she not suggest in every feature and pose one of the Vestal Virgins? Yet how easily they all seem to take to this modern commuting! A sudden thought strikes me. Is commuting, after all, a modern occupation? Was it begun only for the benefit of the in-



habitants of Long Island and New Jersey? My mind wanders over the past until, with a jerk, it stops twenty centuries back. How absurd! Of course, I know now; and here I have been patronizing these modern Romans for taking so easily to commuting! They devised

slaves. Their bare feet speed silently over the smooth lava stones. Inside reclines a handsome Roman patrician—perhaps it is Petronius on the way to his Alban villa. He is reclining on cushions covered with strange silks from the Orient, the skins of wild animals cover his san-



Arches of the Claudian Aqueduct.—Page 40.

it themselves—when Cicero opened his summer school at Tusculum on the hill above Frascati. Did not all the studiously inclined young Romans commute back and forth as their descendants are doing to-day? Indeed, over this very road where the tram is now making its noisy progress, litters were borne. It only takes a little imagination to visualize the scene. Just there, on the climbing Via Tuscolana, you may see, if you look intently, a gorgeous litter, borne with a swaying, soothing motion by dark-skinned Ethiopian

dalled feet, and in his long, tapering fingers is held a roll of parchment. Mark the striking resemblance to the Roman prince sitting next to you in the tram.

Roman Emperors also commuted from their villas in the Campagna to their palaces in the Forum, with slaves to fan with jewelled plumes their royal brows. The business man, being in more haste to reach the city, probably preferred to do his commuting in a chariot drawn by four horses—a sort of forerunner of the “business man’s special,” without, how-



ever, the modern danger of ending in a hospital instead of in an office. But they had no bridge or poker to while away the time, you say? You have forgotten that they had other excellent games which took the place of these. There were tesserae, and tali, and cottabus, recently introduced from Athens; and better still morra, which only required ten fingers on the hands of the players to be enjoyed in any place under all circumstances. Again you object—there were no special editions of the morning papers to while the time when they had lost all their money. You forget the crowd of newsboys awaiting them outside the Porta Appia with their freshly inscribed rolls of papyrus from the popular pens of Sallust, Catullus, or Lucretius. These were quite satisfactory to the Romans, whose tastes were not jaded by twenty-five sheets of sensationalism. Indeed, even to-day, in war time, the daily papers of Rome are modest—rarely more than four sheets, with never a glaring head-line. I have known a paper to apologize to its readers for having added a fifth page on days when four were not sufficient to contain the news.

The tram, safely down the vine-clad slopes, reaches the long, flat Via Tuscolana and dashes across the Campagna. What has from above appeared like a plain, now proves to be a rolling country, with even here and there a deep valley full of shadows. The tram follows the ancient Via Tuscolana just as the commuters' litters did twenty centuries ago; and if one watches along the road one will see groups of contadini sitting under the vine-clad pergolas of wine-shops playing mora, the very game with which Cicero, in those far-off days, passed away the time.

Suddenly a loud pounding is heard on the roof, and the tram stops. Every one springs to his feet. The motorman throws up his hands and lets forth a series of picturesque oaths—"Corpo di Bacco! Che ti possino ammazzare! Madonna!" The conversation of the commuters is animated but less profane. The one word which I catch is "trolley." Evidently this important mechanism has slipped. Every one descends to the ground and watches with keen interest the futile efforts of the conduttrice to put the trolley back on the wire. No one offers to help

her, except with suggestions made in a spirit of raillery which she answers in like coin. The motorman throws himself on the bank by the roadside, leisurely lights a cigarette, and unfolds his copy of *Il Messaggero*. But he is watching the conduttrice out of the tail of his eye. When he sees that her face is crimson with effort, her cap falling over one ear and the trolley still remaining recalcitrant, he gets up, muttering a few imprecations against the inefficiency of women in general, and nonchalantly accomplishes the connection in a moment. The conduttrice, still red and panting, is determined at least to have her woman's privilege of the last word. "You say that women are no good! If this war had been in the hands of women, it would have been finished in one week!" The motorman cuts her short: "In carrozza, signori!" A worse scramble than at Frascati ensues; those who have been standing now hope to get a seat. Indeed, the contadina from the "bivio" manages to slip into the place of the Frascatana contadina. A battle of words begins, accompanied by violent gestures. The rival chickens squawk, the basket of figs rolls unheeded to the floor, the wine pours out of the fiasco as it is waved about to emphasize justice and right. No one interferes and all listen with wide, solemn eyes. Finally the Roman matron squeezes up a bit, makes room for the Frascatana, and the battle subsides. The conduttrice now puts her cap on straight, pats her hair coquettishly, and goes out on to the front platform. "What a seccatura about that trolley! It really wasn't my fault," she says in a conversational tone to the motorman. He turns around for one moment, fixes her with a cold eye, and murmurs, "Che ti possino!" and she retires in haste.

The tram now runs for several miles along a stretch of road which is at times below the level of the Campagna. On either side the embankments are aflame with scarlet poppies, and now and then one catches a fleeting glimpse of far-away blue mountains. Only a few landmarks break the monotony—the crumbling ruins of the Villa Sette Base and here and there a solitary fragment of aqueduct. When the half-way station to Rome is reached one of the most extraordinary views in



the world unfolds itself. Back of you lies the wide sweep of the Campagna, suggesting in its magnificent lines both the mystery of the desert and of the sea. Hemming it in on three sides are the bare, dramatic mountains, changing in color with every cloud that passes over them. To one side rises the mound where the historic Portland vase was found, and directly before you, cutting the Campagna in two parts, stand the huge arches of the Claudian Aqueduct. Through a modern brick span set in the crumbling walls the tram passes, swept gently by the ends of the trailing vines which cover the aqueduct. Once on the other side, an entirely different Campagna greets one. It is more smiling now, more gentle and friendly. Green meadows stretch on either side where flocks of sheep graze. The shepherd, in his goatskin trousers, leans against his staff and calls his fierce Maremma dog to him. The Appian Way, lies just there across the undulating fields, its tombs, its stone pines and flamelike cypresses sharply outlined against the deep blue sky. Beyond, rise the southern walls of Rome, through which the illustrious dead once passed to their last resting-place. Over the top of the walls one has a glimpse of the row of gigantic disciples which ornament the façade of the Lateran; and dominating everything looms the dome of Saint Peter's.

From now on the tram follows the new Appian Way, as important a thoroughfare to-day as the old Appian Way was in the past, for it is the artery which leads to Rome from the Castelli Romani. It is picturesque in its shabby sordidness. Pergolaed wine-shops jostle against modern buildings; small factories are crowded in between a car-barn and a grain-elevator; an unbelievable number of large glass buildings—"moving-picture studios"—line the way. In the midst of all this modern ugliness, the Daziario, the city custom-house, has its office. Here we stop, and an important-looking official with an eagle feather in his cap, makes an inspection of the tram. He obliges every one to get up while he pokes under the seats with an iron rod to see if anything dutiable is concealed there. He levies taxes on the living presents which

the contadine are taking to Rome; and he looks with suspicion at the valise which the Roman matron is carrying. He gives it a few punches, lifts it, and, finding it heavy, asks to have it opened. The Roman matron reluctantly complies and displays to curious, peering eyes an amazing quantity of soiled linen. She is taking it to Rome to be properly laundered, she explains. The washerwomen of Frascati are animals, they tear fine linen to threads on the stones. They are *birbaccione*, all of them! The custom official retires, and in a few moments we are entering Rome through the narrow archway of the Porta San Giovanni. Here, within a stone's throw of the wide, empty Campagna, the houses of the poor crowd closely around the ancient palace of the popes, which, in the days before the exodus to Avignon, used to stand in lonely splendor on the great Piazza. Now the tram tears down the hill, sweeps past Santa Maria Maggiore, and stops at last near one of the most beautiful of modern fountains in the Piazza delle Terme. The journey from Frascati to Rome is supposed to take one hour and, notwithstanding all the casualness of procedure, is usually made on time.

The excitement and jostling to get off the tram is even worse than the impatience the commuters showed on getting in. One would think the lives of each depended upon his being the first to alight. And yet, as soon as all are on the sidewalk, they appear to forget their haste and have nothing whatever to do. The contadina stops and buys a paper of "*noccuolini Americani*" (Roman for "peanuts"); the prince steps leisurely into his waiting Fiat; the rotund monsignore lifts himself heavily into a sombre, closed landau with two rusty horses, which carries him, one fancies, straight to the bronze doors of the Vatican; the Roman matron contents herself with a common cab; and the *bersagliere*, who is met by his sweetheart, perhaps the very one who picked the feathers he is wearing in his hat from her favorite cocks—links his arm in hers and strolls over to a bench beneath the shady trees beside the Baths of Diocletian.





"I walk back to where I can't hear the waves on the beach."—Page 46.

## GUAM—AND EFFIE

By Harriet Welles

Author of "Anchors Aweigh," "Holding Mast," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

**A**RE you an American?  
Then of course you know  
all about our island of  
Guam.  
But if you don't: place  
an equal triangle on the  
Pacific Ocean with one  
point on Honolulu and one point on Yoko-  
hama; the third point will rest—approx-  
imately—on Guam.

Guam is a far-flung, remote sort of  
place, hundreds of miles off the paths of  
freight steamers or the trans-Pacific lin-

ers. Once a month, on the outward-  
bound trip to Manila, the army transport  
stops with the mail, provisions, and the  
shifting officers and men. On the return  
voyage the transport does not stop.

Since the capture of the island by the  
*U. S. S. Charleston* during our war with  
Spain, the governors of Guam have been  
officers of the United States navy. The  
governor lives in the old Spanish "pal-  
ace," but the junior naval officers find  
quarters where they can among the native  
houses in the capital city.



"The seat of the insular government of Guam and the home of 60 per cent of its inhabitants is at Agaña. Agaña is hot and damp and——"

But my preface is too long.

To Guam, on the March transport, came Lieutenant and Mrs. Hugh Meredith, recently married in New York, where Mrs. Meredith, as Effie Steadman, had graced the chorus of a successful musical comedy. The marriage had been a hasty one, following a courtship rendered incitingly difficult by Lieutenant Meredith's duties as aide to an admiral and Effie's conflicting rehearsals, matinees, and evening performances—a courtship with all the feverish, calculated glamour of the restaurants and tea-rooms where it was carried on.

In the end Hugh Meredith—to whom preference by the admiral came as easily as the generous allowance from home—brushed aside the barrier of difficult meetings and married Miss Steadman before a dignitary in the city hall.

The Hugh Meredith surveying the Eden-like trees of Guam from the transport's deck was a considerably sadder and wiser person than the care-free hero of that whirlwind romance!

Events had quickly followed: The generous allowance from home ceased with stunning abruptness; indeed, judging by any approval or enthusiasm of his act from his family—except for one letter from his mother written during her first, white heat of anger—he might have been a kinless orphan! Curiously, too, the admiral suddenly needed an older aide, and the admiral's lively daughter stopped being "*always* at home at tea time." In less than two months life grew to be amazingly chilly to Hugh Meredith. His orders to Guam came as a real boon.

"I'll be glad to go somewhere a long way off," he told Effie, who regarded this new development as a sort of "going on the road," and was neither pleased nor sorry.

"I like to travel, too," agreed Effie. "Since I've gotten rested I've missed the theatre. The days are long when you haven't anything to do. Sometimes when you come home, I can't think of a *thing* to talk about! What sort of a place

is this Guam? I need some new clothes—but, of course——"

"If I'd only saved when I could!" groaned Hugh. "But you won't need new clothes in Guam," he comforted.

And now, from the transport's deck, a limp and seasick Effie viewed, with growing apprehension, her new home. "I'd never have believed *any* place could be so far from every other place and still be on the map," she commented, looking back over the immense, flat Pacific.

"I'm going to make good here, if I work my finger-nails off," said her husband with bitter emphasis. "Every one has fired me out to shift for myself; we'll show them, won't we?"

"They'll need good eyesight," volunteered the wavering Effie; "it looks so *lonesome*," she amended forlornly. A nearer view was not reassuring. Effie lapsed into silence—a silence that deepened after Hugh had enthusiastically greeted an old friend and they were following him through the streets of Agaña.

"I didn't know that you were here, Putnam! Where's Alice?" Hugh asked.

Doctor Putnam's pleasant face clouded. "She's here, but she's been ill ever since our baby was born—dead—two months ago. I'm hoping to get her away as soon as she is able to travel," he said, and added briskly: "When I saw by a wireless message from your transport that you were coming to take Russell's job, I officiously engaged the house they were vacating, for you—with the two Chamorro servants and all. It's the best available, Mrs. Meredith; the Russells left some furniture and decorations, and my wife sent over enough provisions to last you until you get the hang of the native hucksters. She was sorry not to welcome you, but she hasn't seen any one, yet." The doctor paused; then, as Effie did not speak, went on: "The houses are built on stilts because it is cooler and less damp, Mrs. Meredith, and then it gives you a place to keep a pig. You'll never realize what a useful animal a pig is until you see him working, twenty-four hours a day, around the native houses!"

"He's joking, Effie," whispered Hugh, across her uncompromising silence, as they followed the doctor down a narrow street. "This is your mansion," said



Doctor Putnam, running up the steps and opening the door.

"Three rooms—the kitchen is in that detached shed. You'll have to give the

ornaments by a man who had this house five years ago. Russell warned me to tell you not to try to use the gun, Meredith; he told me that he took a shot at a bat



"You'll have to give the house boy an umbrella to carry over your food when it rains——"

house boy an umbrella to carry over your food when it rains——"

Effie, still silent, stood looking about the small bare rooms.

"Russell left you some books—nothing very modern, but you won't mind that when you've been here a little while. Those machetes and that old Chamorro idea of a revolver were hung up there for

once with it, and it not only kicked like a mule, but it back-fired so that he still carries the scars!

"Russell's two Chamorro servants aren't much good, but none of the others are any better. Hope you haven't brought a lot of wedding presents, Mrs. Meredith; the house boys here haven't the least idea of how to treat silver."



"I haven't," vouchsafed Effie grimly.

Doctor Putnam paused awkwardly, then tried a new subject. "Alice heard from your sister last month, Meredith, but she didn't mention you! If she'd only told us that Mrs. Meredith was coming I could have held a better house for you."

"I'm sure this one will do—won't it, Effie? Who else is here besides Alice and you?" asked Hugh hurriedly.

"Major Forde, of the marines—Yes, Pedro!" he called to a boy clad in a jumper of thin material that hung, wide and full, to the hips of his cotton trousers. "They want me at the dispensary," explained Doctor Putnam after questioning him. "Good-by, Mrs. Meredith. About settling with Russell—" His voice trailed off from the road.

Hugh Meredith came slowly back into the room where Effie stood. Outside, from a palm-tree, a rose-colored fruit dove called across the warm stillness a low, insistent, mournful plaint, and, from far away, came the subdued, languorous, answering notes; the heavy air seemed throbbingly full of the bubbling, melancholy sound.

Effie turned. "How long are we to stay here?" she demanded huskily.

"You're worn out by the long sea voyage," her husband evaded. "Guam is beautiful; you'll like it after you get used to it! Come and have a look at the pink dove that is making all that racket—he's some bird——"

"Are the Merediths receiving?" called a voice from outside. "Welcome to our metropolis!" laughed a newcomer from the doorway. "Haven't seen you since Washington, four years ago, Meredith! How are your mother and sister? My regards to them when you write. I *was* surprised when I heard that you were coming here! Please present me to—er—Mrs. Meredith."

Hugh, without enthusiasm, greeted the voluble visitor. "Effie—Major Forde," he said.

"So sorry Mrs. Forde isn't here—but I couldn't ask her to bury herself. Are you from Washington, Mrs. Meredith?" inquired the major.

"No," answered Effie.

"My wife is from New York," vouchsafed Hugh.

"Fine place!" commented the major with hearty approval. "No place like it! You'll find it lonely here unless, of course, you have a hobby. Cards? Embroidery? Piano? Or perhaps you go in for the high-brow stuff?" He looked about. "Books, already!" he observed, and read the titles: "Tennyson! Rossetti! Oh, dear me!" wailed the impressionable major.

"Some books that Russell left," said Hugh.

"Glad they aren't yours!" approved the major. "I'm looking forward to seeing a great deal of the Merediths," he explained. "Mrs. Putnam is very ill—the doctor hopes to take her home soon—so I'm your only link with the past," he explained, and waited.

"You're very kind," agreed Hugh lamely. There was a pause. The major broke it with effusive querulousness.

"Where *have* I met you before, Mrs. Meredith?" he inquired. "Your face is perfectly familiar to me! Haven't I seen you somewhere? You don't, by any chance, play on the violin—or something?"

"Effie sings a little," volunteered Hugh hastily.

The major looked about. "And no piano!" he lamented, rising. "I have to hunt up some old friends on the transport—but, of course, I came to welcome you first! Hope you like me, Mrs. Meredith; you're going to see me early and often," he promised playfully. Hugh went with him to the door. "Don't forget to remember me to your mother and sister," the major reiterated.

"Did he know your people well?" questioned Effie curiously.

Hugh glanced at her. "No," he answered. "I doubt if he ever really met them. Mother and Eleanor wouldn't care for his sort." He hesitated. "Alice Putnam, the doctor's wife, is one of my sister's best friends. You'll like her. She's a great reader. I'm hoping you'll get a love for books here, Effie. You'll be glad always if, instead of playing cards or idling, you take up a regular course of study. It isn't lonely when you're busy. I'll have to be away lots; up to now I've sailed along without effort, but from now on what I get I'll have to earn—" He



paused. "*What is it, Effie?*" questioned Hugh Meredith.

She turned tensely. "The scraping—and that queer moan—what are they?"

He listened. "A palm-leaf against a corner of the house, and the waves on the beach," he laughed.

The fruit dove had flown away; already the swift afternoon sunlight was waning, and bats, on slanting black wings, sailed leisurely across the sky. The Chamorro house boy sauntered into the dining-room and, after a few colloquialisms, announced that dinner would be ready in a half hour. Outside a heavy, dry palm-leaf sawed intermittently against the wall; on the beach the waves broke slowly and spread with a sluggish sibilance on the hot sand. Otherwise it was very still.

The etiquette of all naval stations is the same. New arrivals cause a spasmodic ripple of entertaining, only equalled by the crowding hospitalities proffered when an officer, his wife, and his family move on. At Guam this is regulated by the arrival or departure of transports. Between times the uneventful days march lazily past.

To Effie Meredith they seemed to crawl with increasing slowness. She did not "take" with the card-playing set, and after the first tentative calls they left her to herself. The governor's wife was pursuing a vision of presenting Guam to the world by means of a set of water-color sketches, on which she arduously toiled. She soon discovered that Effie's knowledge of art was negligible.

"I asked her if she didn't consider water-color the most brilliant and satisfactory medium, and she answered that she thought grease-paint best. *Could* she have been attempting to be facetious?" confided the governor's wife to a friend, with growing stiffness. "I can't *quite* understand how that nice Meredith boy happened to marry such a girl. She doesn't know his people—I asked her!" commented the "ranking lady."

Major Forde, more temperamentally devious, had also informed himself on that point. He "stopped in" almost every afternoon and, although Effie did not like him, he was "some one to talk to."

"You don't know Washington, then?"

questioned the major during his third visit; "but some day you will see it most delightfully with Meredith's mother and sister. Charming people, aren't they?"

"I've never seen them," vouchsafed the literal Effie.

"Hm'm," commented the major, and paused. "My wife often writes of them," he added, sipping the lemonade Effie had hesitatingly proffered.

Conversation languished.

"Meredith says that you sing," observed the major, and experimented with a sudden question. "Professional?" he inquired boldly.

"Yes," answered Effie without embarrassment.

The major's "Hm'm" spoke volumes. He glanced around the bare rooms from the small stand, covered with a table napkin and adorned with a pitcher filled with telosma, to the group of native weapons on the wall. "Must be lonely for you here," he said.

"It is," agreed Effie. "I'll be glad when Mrs. Putnam gets better. I'm going to see her, for the first time, to-morrow."

"*Why* is Mrs. Putnam bothering?" wondered the major. The Chamorro boy sauntering in to set the table roused him. "I must be going," he said.

Effie, loitering in the doorway, heard the haunting call of a reed-warbler, ineffably sweet on the quiet evening air. The sea was so calm that the lazy surf made no sound, but against the wall a palm-leaf rasped with indolent persistence.

"I always believed, when I lived in New York, that a house and servants were the finest things in the world. Well, now I've got them!" thought Effie, and saw the golden landscape through a blur of tears.

Hugh came cheerily up the steps. "It's great, isn't it?" he asked enthusiastically. "I'm never too tired to enjoy my walk home. Didn't I see Forde coming away from here? I wouldn't bother much with him, Effie; he isn't worth while. Dinner, Pedro?"

Mrs. Putnam smiled feebly at her visitor and glanced nervously toward the desk, where the corner of an embittered letter from Mrs. Meredith, senior, showed from a pigeonhole. "I'm sorry I've



been such a poor neighbor," she said. "Are you comfortable? Is there anything we can do to help you out? I was so ill when you came that I had to leave all arrangements to the servants."

Effie smiled back. "We have everything going smoothly now. You've been so kind! Whenever anything especially good comes on the table Hugh asks: 'From Mrs. Putnam's?' and it always is from you. You've trained your cook wonderfully!"

Mrs. Putnam laughed. "You should have seen my early struggles," she said. "I've been so thankful that my Quaker grandmother made me learn to cook!"

Effie's face sobered. "I wish I knew how! I can boil potatoes and fry beef-steak—but that isn't cooking. And I can't sew. In New York, or on the road, I had no time, and ready-made things are cheap—the kind I bought," she said.

Mrs. Putnam turned on her pillows. "Tell me—how do you like Guam? What do you do with your days?" she asked kindly.

Effie caught her breath. "Why—nothing—" she answered. "We have breakfast, and I straighten up. Hugh's things are always in order, but I never bothered much, before—just tumbled my clothes in, the quickest way. Now I try to keep them neat."

"But that doesn't fill your day," objected Mrs. Putnam.

"Oh, no! After that I look out of the window, or Major Forde comes to call, or I walk back to where I can't hear the waves on the beach."

"But the sound of the waves is pleasant!" cried Mrs. Putnam. "What should we do, during the hot weather, if we couldn't hear the waves?"

Effie's face hardened. "It's such a lonely sound. I hate it!" she said.

Mrs. Putnam felt unaccountably sorry for her. "Do you read? But you must! Will you get the green book there—yes, please. It's Conrad's 'Victory.' You'll enjoy it. If a person gets interested in books it opens a new world to them. And perhaps, later on when I'm better, I can help you with the cooking and sewing," she promised.

Effie, obedient to a signal from the nurse, rose to go. For a second she stood silently by the bed, then: "I'm so sorry

—that the baby—died—" she said with awkward sincerity.

Mrs. Putnam's eyes filled with tears. "Thank you," she whispered.

Major Forde was waiting in the small parlor when Effie, hugging the book under her arm, came up the steps.

"I knew it!" he exclaimed dramatically. "Literature! And in this heat! Break it to me gently—Shakespeare or Bacon?"

"It's 'Victory'—Mrs. Putnam wanted me to read it," explained Effie.

"Hm'm," mused the major. "Now *why* is *she* bothering?" Aloud he said: "Mrs. Putnam hasn't troubled much with the women here. Oh, I don't mean that she snubs them—she just isn't interested. Perhaps Hugh's sister asked her to be nice to you?" he suggested.

"No," answered Effie. "Hugh's sister doesn't—know me."

"Well, I wondered!" commented the major, and ventured a quick question. "Chorus?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Effie simply. She leaned her head on her hand, brushing away the tiny beads of perspiration.

"Must seem pretty dull to you here—after your gay life," remarked the major.

Effie thought about it. "My life wasn't particularly gay, except that there were lots of girls to talk to and laugh with. We worked hard," she said.

"Where did Meredith come in?" inquired the major.

Effie brightened. "We had such a good time!" she answered almost gayly.

"Don't you have a good time now?" asked Major Forde.

"Yes—but it's—different," answered Effie.

"Hugh doesn't appreciate you? Grown tired?" suggested the major, and added: "Guess you're more *my* sort."

"Oh, no!" she assured him. "I've known lots of men like you—men who ask questions just as you do—they're around every stage door. The girls laugh about them."

Major Forde glanced sharply at her. "You're trying to get even," he accused.

"Oh, no," Effie repeated reflectively, and added: "It's odd—but nearly always the wife of your kind of man doesn't live with him."



Major Forde arose. "Mrs. Forde is a great social favorite in Washington," he announced stiffly. "Her life, her friends, her amusements are outside of the experience of most of the people here."

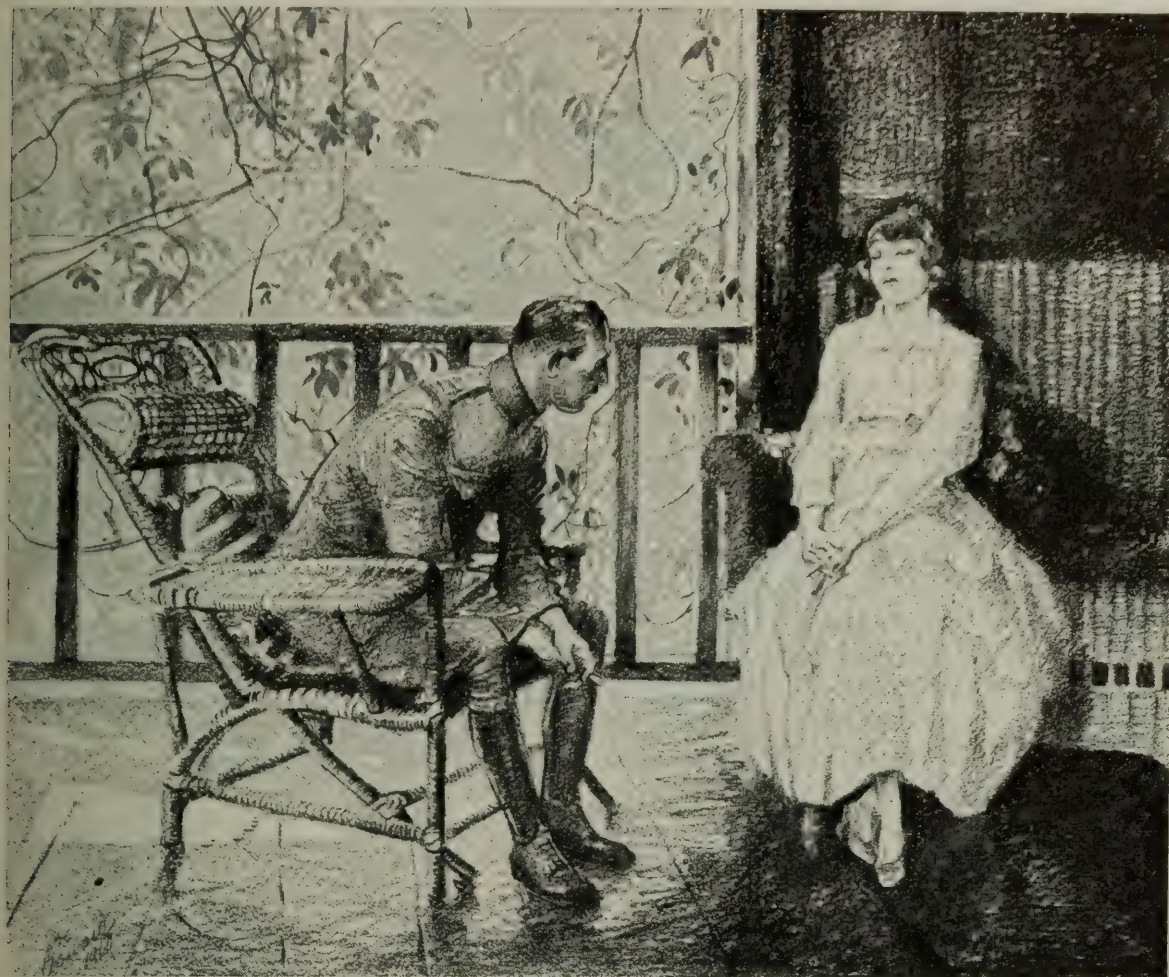
"Does Mrs. Putnam know her?" asked Effie, with amiable formality.

"Mrs. Putnam knows a great many

asked; her face was whiter than when Effie had seen her before, but her voice was as kind.

Effie hesitated. "Yes—some," she answered. "Things happened on that island. They never do here. And it sounded sort of pretty."

"You're stone blind!" Mrs. Putnam



"It'll be lonely for you."—Page 48.

people—Hugh's mother and sister, for instance," commented the major darkly, as he went down the steps.

Effie leaned her aching head on her hands. "Why do I care what he says or what the Merediths *think*?" she wondered.

Below, on the beach, the waves broke languidly; the palm-tree, at the corner of the house, rasped its dry leaves back and forth—back—and—forth.

"Victory" filled some hours of the long days. Effie read painstakingly and, at times, with faint enjoyment.

"Did you like it?" Mrs. Putnam

assured her. "Guam is beautiful, and as for things happening—why each woman here is as busy as a mouse in a waste-paper basket! Which of the officer's wives do you like best?"

"Not any of them," answered Effie slowly. "The older ones are busy, and the younger ones play cards all the time. They're pleasant enough, but I don't know what to talk to them about. I've gone to their houses several times when I was *too* lonely, but they stopped playing cards and seemed to be waiting for me to go; and the last time—yesterday—one of them asked the others how to spell 'bore.' I won't go again," explained Effie.



Mrs. Putnam's voice was incredulous. "They didn't!" she exclaimed, and glanced at her guest, then laid a gentle hand over Effie's tightly interlaced fingers.

"Nothing like that could hurt *us*, could it? Because *we* know that the sort of woman who would say such a thing, or think it clever, is so innately common that *nothing* she said would matter to us," said Mrs. Putnam, and added, as Effie's tense attitude relaxed: "You mustn't judge the navy women by the unfortunate group that happens, at this time, to be at Agaña. You may never encounter anything like it again, although in *any* gathering of women, social or professional, they're never all of one grade. But usually there are enough well-bred gentlewomen to leaven the mixture. Do try to get interested in books! You can't realize what it will mean to you."

Effie ignored the literary suggestion. "I wouldn't mind so much if I didn't realize that if Hugh had married one of his sister's friends these women wouldn't *dare* act so. *I cheapen him*," admitted Effie huskily. "Hugh's mother has never written him—since he married me."

"I've known Hugh's people all my life," said Mrs. Putnam. "Hugh's a great surprise to us these days! I thought his mother had succeeded in spoiling him. She certainly went about it right by giving him too much money and letting him think that having a good time was the only necessary aim in life. But now my husband says Hugh's the hardest worker on the island. That's your influence!"

Effie flushed. "No, it's Hugh himself. But I hate to come between Hugh and his family. I know that you know about us—and Major Forde says——"

"Major Forde can't tell you anything about the Merediths, because he doesn't know them. We disliked him and his climbing wife too much to tolerate them. As for Mrs. Meredith—Hugh is the apple of her eye! Give her time. She'll come around if she thinks you don't need her. I'm surprised that she has held out as long as this. But you must study; better try another book. There's Conrad's 'Youth'—I've read it again and again!"

"Is it about islands?" asked Effie.

"No, it's a story of the sea. You can *hear* the waves!" said Mrs. Putnam.

Effie left the book on the table when she

said good-by and made her way slowly toward her own house. Agaña dreamed heavily in the late sunshine. On the beach acres of seaside daffodils blossomed in prodigal luxuriance; tawny-colored butterflies floated above the convolvulus on wide and leisurely wings; hibiscus bloomed in tireless profusion along the hedges.

"I can't see anything beautiful here," grieved Effie.

As usual, Major Forde waited on the steps.

"I've been at Mrs. Putnam's; she looks very ill," Effie told him.

"Putnam's arranging to take her home on the next transport," answered the omniscient major, and added: "You'll miss her?"

"It'll be lonely for you, especially as Hugh finds it convenient to be away so much," ventured the major after a pause.

Effie flared up. "Don't you dare speak so of Hugh—I won't have it!" she said.

Major Forde smiled. "Why don't you tell the truth?" he asked.

"It *is* the truth. Hugh's away working hard—trying to do his best, so that it will go on his record. He has had so much staff duty that he says no one believes that he can do anything else. He can't do good work and sit around on porches," vouchsafed Effie.

Major Forde flushed. "Men are always 'busy' when they find it convenient," he observed, shoving back his chair. From behind the cushion a folded letter dropped. The major stooped and picked it up. "Your Chamorro boy evidently dusts by putting things out of sight," he commented critically as he rose to go. "I'm rather expecting to get away on the next transport myself," he added.

"How splendid!" cried Effie, with such generous enthusiasm that the major glared affrontedly at her. "Glad you're pleased," he growled. "Hope you'll enjoy the hot weather—it's about due."

After he had gone she came back to the chair by the window and, noticing the letter, picked it up.

"Pedro," she called to the boy, who was yawningly setting the table, "where did this come from?"

"Him fall from capt'n's coat when I take coat to press and pack away—as you tell me," answered Pedro promptly.

Effie smiled, remembering Hugh's



whimsical remark: "Wish the Navy Department would promote me as fast as Pedro does!" and opened the letter. The first words riveted her attention. It commenced, without salutation, "Hugh" and was dated two days after her marriage.

"How could you—*how could you*—do such a thing? After all these years of living among gentle people, surrounded by the things that come from education and refinement, you show an innate commonness (for which I cannot account) by marrying this dreadful creature.

"Do you expect me to present such a daughter-in-law to my friends? Do you expect your sister to welcome such a sister-in-law? (Your old friend, Billy Somers, said to her yesterday: 'Cheer up, Eleanor! Almost every family has some disgraceful members.')

"On one point you may be very certain. *Never*, until you can assure us that the woman you have married has gone permanently out of your life and your future, need you write or plan to see your sister or your heart-broken

"MOTHER."

Effie read the letter three times; then, sitting motionless, stared, unseeing, at the wall in front of her. For once the palm-tree rasped unheeded against the house; the waves on the beach moaned to deaf ears.

Hot weather came early that year, and broke all records. Daylight, and a

molten copper sun, seemed to spring flaming over the misty horizon line long before the glare of the day before had faded from tired eyes. It was a time to test the endurance of the strongest, and Effie had neither the strength nor the logic necessary to face the long days. She slept so lightly that the sound of the sea and the rustle of the palm-tree seemed burned into her consciousness, as the brazen sky

and oily water burned on her sight. She found herself trying to concentrate her attention on the wall, the floor, the table, to hold them by sheer will-power, from swinging and swaying in the glare. She longed for the night, that she might escape from the long hiss of the slow waves, the sawing of the palm-leaves against the house.

And when Hugh was at home he read books!

"Guam's a great place, Effie," he told her; "you'll never have time to study and read as you have here! Dickens, Thackeray, Stevenson—

I never knew before how wonderful Stevenson is! You'd love some of his stories if you'd read them."

"What are they about?" asked Effie.

"All sorts of things! A lot of the best ones are about islands. I'll bring some over."

Effie never opened them.

"You're reading poetry, now," she said one evening, looking over his shoulder.

Hugh glanced up apologetically. "Seems foolish for a man, doesn't it?" he said. "Rossetti, too!"

She read it slowly:



"How could you—*how could you*—do such a thing?"



“‘Nay, why  
Name the dead hours? I mind them well:  
Their ghosts in many darkened doorways dwell  
With desolate eyes to know them by.’”

“It doesn’t rhyme,” said Effie.

Hugh smiled. “I don’t believe he meant it to rhyme—but here! I’ll read some Tennyson that rhymes: ‘The Lady of Shallot.’”

He read it through.

“I like that better,” agreed Effie. “Not the island nor the Sir—the ‘tirralirra’ man. We once had a property-man with coal-black curls. Greasy old thing!”

“Now you try reading one. There’s a dandy called ‘The Lotus Eaters.’”

“What’s it about?” asked Effie.

“Oh, an island something like this. I think of it when I’m walking to the office and see the blue sky running into the blue ocean and the heavy sunshine, and smell the ilang-ilang. Tennyson might have been writing of Guam!”

Effie laid the volume down. “All the books that were ever written are about islands or the sea,” she thought, desperately.

“Hugh,” she ventured, “does Major Forde know your sister well?”

Hugh closed his book. “I should rather guess *not*,” he said. “Nell wouldn’t bother with him for a minute! He likes to pretend to know people—calls women he has met once or twice by their first names—he’s really an awful bounder. I wouldn’t have him here so much, if I were you.”

“I don’t like him—but he’s some one to talk to,” said Effie, and added slowly: “Your mother and sister will never know me, will they?”

Hugh flushed and swallowed hard. “If they won’t they’ll never know me either,” he said. “We’ll work it out together, Effie; only you must read and study while we are here. You’ll be glad, when we get to some livelier place, that you put your time in well while you could.”

“How long will it be before we go to the livelier place? I mean, how long will we be here?”

“About two years—that’s the usual term of duty.”

Effie gasped. Two years! They had been there not quite four months. Twenty more months! Eighty-eight weeks! Six hundred and five days! In the silence the cocoanut-palm sounded like a giant file against the wall; the waves

gave a gloating chuckle as they broke lazily on the sand.

“Doctor and Mrs. Putnam and Major Forde are going on the transport that stops day after to-morrow,” said Effie.

“Good riddance to Forde. The new marine officer is a nice fellow, but his wife is another one of the card sharps.”

Mrs. Putnam and Major Forde, her only bulwarks against the unending days! Effie pressed her hands over her eyes.

Hugh, glancing up, noticed the whiteness of her face. “Aren’t you feeling well, Effie?” he asked anxiously. “You’d better go to bed. I’ll have to be at the office late to-morrow evening, getting out those specifications the governor decided on to-day. He wants them to go on the transport. Don’t wait up for me, will you?”

She shook her head. “I’m going to walk until I get tired, to-morrow—so I’ll feel sleepy,” she said.

Hugh spoke again of her pallor when she poured out his coffee at the breakfast table. “You had better lie low, Effie; it’s going to be a scorching day. The trade wind has dropped; it’s preparing for a typhoon.”

“I’ll stick to the house,” she promised.

After he had gone she moved about putting things to right, straightening the napkin that did duty for a table-cover, rearranging the folds of the curtains, interviewing the sleepy cook and drowsy house boy. It was so hot that the sky, like an inverted copper bowl, was reflected in the still water. Effie looked at the earth wavering feverishly in the heat haze and, going to her bedroom, buried her face in the pillows.

The morning crept by in leaden minutes. After an interminable time she could hear the house boy setting the luncheon table; then Hugh came in, his white uniform wet with perspiration. “Guess I’ll have to take time for a plunge,” he called.

Effie lifted her aching head and shook back her damp hair. “Is it as hot as this all the time?” she asked.

“No, later there’s a rainy season when everything mildews; your shoes grow green whiskers, inside and out, overnight. But cheer up, Effie! To-day breaks all records. You wouldn’t mind so much if you’d read and divert your mind.”

“I haven’t any mind to divert—and it’s too hot to work it if I had,” she answered indifferently.





Agaña dreamed heavily in the late sunshine.—Page 48.

After luncheon she went back to her room and lay, during the long afternoon, with her face turned from the window. Sometimes she dozed, coming back to consciousness with a sharp jerk, like an animal pulled up short by its tethering chain. At dinner time she changed her dress and tried to tidy her hair, but the long red-gold strands clung to her damp neck and wound tightly around her arms with an almost fiendish persistency; roughly she pulled her hand loose, jarring her head and bringing tears to her eyes. "I'd think it was trying to see how miserable it could make me," she fretted childishly.

At dinner even Hugh owned to being tired. "Awful day! I'll be home earlier than I expected, though; we put things through with a bang!"

"Don't have the house boy stay; I'd rather have him asleep at home than in the kitchen. I'll take down that old revolver, then I won't be frightened," said Effie.

"I'd be frightened if I thought you would try to use it," laughed Hugh. "Good-by, dear, I'll be back in a couple of hours."

In her room, after locking the doors and arming herself with the revolver, Effie sat on the floor by a window and, resting her elbows on the sill, looked out into the velvety blackness of the tropical night. It was cooler and the fishing boats were out; the flare of their dry coconut torches blossomed with fitful intensity; deer, plundering gardens on the outskirts of Agaña, barked with impudent recklessness; gecko lizards scurried across



the wall. The big stars seemed so near and bright as to be almost friendly. Effie felt a lessening of the day's fever and tension.

"To-morrow," she thought, "I will begin to take an interest," for in spite of his mother's letter, Hugh talked to her of the future, never intimating that they would not spend the years ahead together.

She would like to discuss his mother's letter with him, but dared not bring the subject up.

"I'm going to begin studying *to-morrow*," vowed Effie. "I may be a 'creature,' but I needn't be an ignorant one! *To-morrow* I'll begin! *To-morrow*——"

A fumbling knock on the front door was repeated. Effie went silently out, revolver in hand. "Who's there?" she called.

"Major Forde, Mrs. Meredith! The transport's sighted, and I didn't know whether I'd have time to say good-by in the morning."

She laughed as she opened the door. "I was all ready!" she said, holding up the pistol.

Major Forde balanced unsteadily in the doorway. "Don't shoot me *now*," he begged. "I'm getting away in the morning! Saw Hugh at the office and thought I'd drop in."

Effie glanced at his flushed face. "Good-by party, I suppose," she commented dryly.

"You suppose correctly," he said, and sat down.

Effie looked at him uneasily and wished that he would go. Hugh would soon be home, and wouldn't like finding the major there.

"Transport's in sight! All aboard! It's a light trip—hardly any one traveling," said Major Forde.

Effie caught her breath.

"Better come along—lots of room," he said.

"How I wish I could!" she cried fervently.

"Come along! Mrs. Putnam's too sick to leave her stateroom; she transfers to a passenger steamer at the first stop, and no one else will know the difference."

Effie stared at him scornfully. "Go with you? Nothing like that!" she said with brutal honesty.

An ugly look came into his face. "I'll see your husband's mother and sister soon. Want to send them any message?"

"When I do I'll send it by some one they know," answered Effie.

He stood up. "I'll be damned at the airs the chorus puts on when it gets a chance! You'd better be grateful when people bother to speak to you——"

He stopped.

Hugh stood in the doorway. "I heard what you said, Forde. Get out—and be quick about it," he said.

The major glared at him; his innate cowardice bade him accept his humiliation and sneak away, but the bravado and pretense of years were second nature. "Fine airs! Fine airs!" he bellowed. "Bringing a chorus girl out here and trying to make decent people think you're married to her! Guess you didn't fool me! Guess you didn't fool any one—don't you *dare strike at me!*" he shrieked, and snatched at the old revolver lying on the table.

Over the noise of the scuffle and the thud of an overturned chair Effie's scream, as she dashed forward, mingled with the sharp report of the revolver.

Then, as the smoke cleared, she tottered and fell, a limp heap, while a slowly spreading stain showed startlingly against the whiteness of her dress.

"Satisfied now, Forde?" asked Hugh, and knelt beside her as two officers, who had heard the explosion, came breathlessly up the steps.

She lived a few hours.

Toward dawn, in that still time when nature seems to hold its breath, she regained consciousness and whispered, "Hugh." Then as he leaned to hear the feeble voice: "Don't cry—better—so," she said.

Dumbly, the lonely soul looked through her heavy eyes. "I read—your mother's—letter. She won't—mind now." Few words and light to lie like an impassable barrier across the years, separating the mother, fiercely mourning her boy, from the man who returned.

Outside the cool wind that ushers in the dawn moved the palm-leaves stealthily against the house; on the beach the slow waves curved into foam. They sounded clearly in the quiet room.

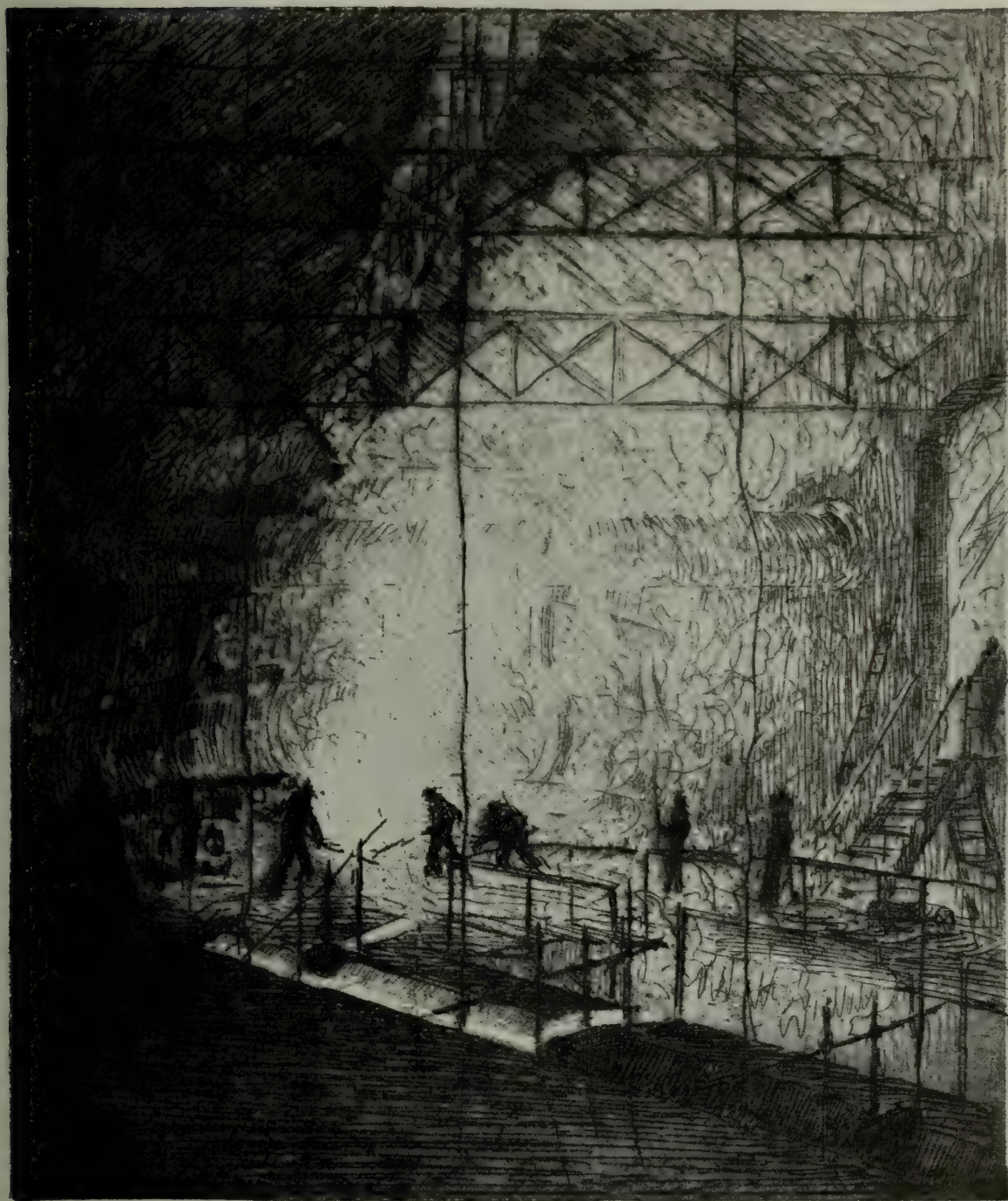
She heard. The feeble ghost of her repulsion flickered for a second in her face. With the last of her strength she whispered: "That tree—and the sound of—the water—*how I—hate them*——"



# SPEEDING UP WORK IN THE IRON AND STEEL MILLS

FOUR ETCHINGS WITH NOTES

BY HERBERT PULLINGER



Tapping the heat.





The molten fall.

## SPEEDING UP WORK IN THE IRON AND STEEL MILLS

### TAPPING THE HEAT

**U**PON permits from the Committee on Public Information and the Bethlehem Steel Company, the artist visited the mills and made the four etchings here shown. They were in turn passed by the national and military censors.

The first picture, "Tapping the heat," as it is called, is a spectacular operation.

A number of men with long iron rods drag away the brick and clay plug which holds the hot mixture back. This is dangerous work, for the onrushing metal moves quickly and the men have to be nimble. The stream is small at first, accompanied by a hissing sound, which increases to a great roar as the opening is made larger and the hot metal rushes out in volume.

Down the main sluiceway it goes,



branching out on either side of a big pit. Smaller outlets carry it over the side into the kettles below. The light and flying sparks increase with the noise, creating wonderful effects. The little black men seem to dance about like gnomes before a great fire.

Of a sudden it is all over—the light dies down, the noise ceases, the hot sluiceways become cooled. A little vapor rises here and there and the smoke trails out through the openings in the roof. The men seem to rest a moment against their long iron bars. One becomes conscious of the smell of damp earth and burnt cinders. The place is dark, uncanny, dead—but the hot metal is already on its way to the front.

#### THE MOLTEN FALL

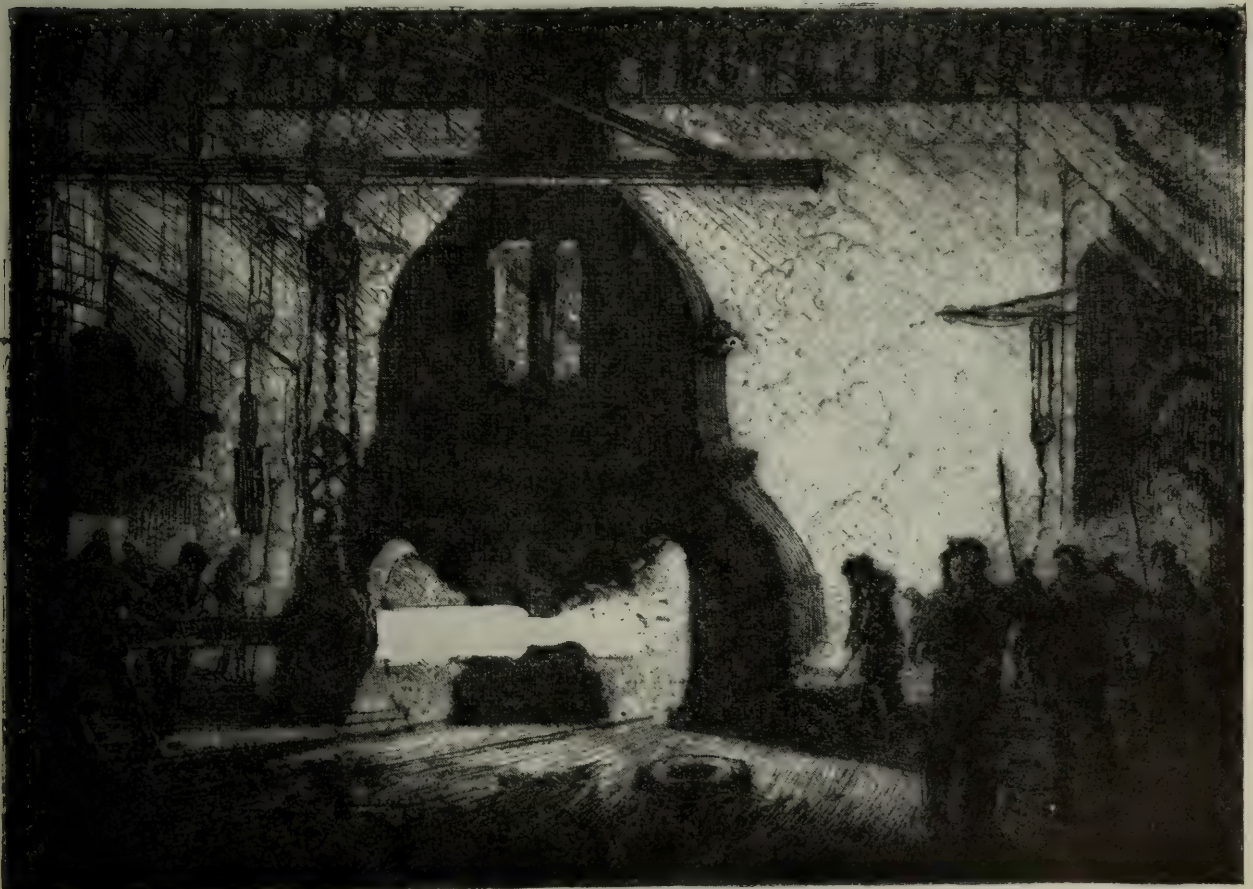
A little engine pulls the train of ladle-cars away, starting the metal on its long journey. Because it has been heated so far above its melting-point in the blast-

furnace, it is possible to carry it a great distance—usually to another part of the plant—where it is emptied into larger ladles or sometimes stored in a huge reservoir and drawn off as required and sent to the Bessemer or the open-hearth furnaces to be converted into steel, after which it is poured into ingots to be forged or rolled.

The flow of the molten iron as it falls heavily into the big ladle is fascinating to watch and is wonderfully light, while the steam and smoke wander aimlessly about the mysterious upper regions of the great building.

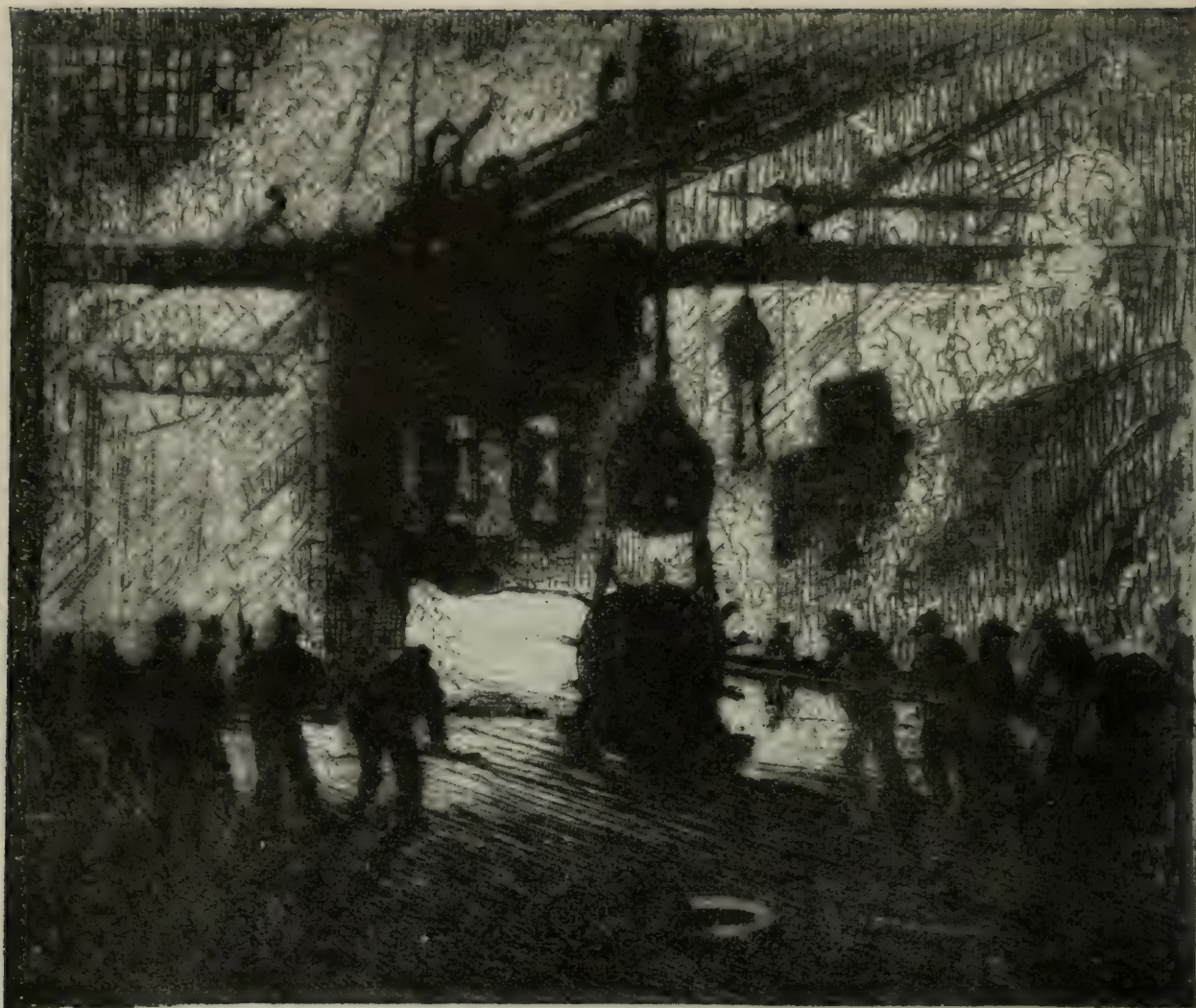
#### THE HAMMER

The staccato notes of a dozen noisy hammers all going at once greet one. Here a brilliant light, there a wonderful glow, flying sparks, and smoke trying to find its way out through the piercing rays of sunlight from the tall windows. Confusion seems to reign, bedlam seems to have broken loose.



The hammer.





The press.

The forging is heated to the desired degree in a heating-furnace conveniently near and is then swung by a crane from the furnace to the hammer. A long, heavy bar is attached to one end of it, along which slide big iron rings for balancing, while the hammer, with terrific force, beats the ingot into the required shape, shaking the foundation and setting one's teeth to chattering—indeed, you feel a bit apprehensive lest the building fall.

#### THE PRESS

The big, drafty building seems quiet and lifeless after the hammer-shop. One wonders at the dearth of activity.

Then suddenly a flare shoots across the building as a big forging, perhaps a gun tube or jacket, is swung from the furnace with a dozen men hanging or riding on the balance-bar. A little carriage is pushed under it, the rings are adjusted on the end of the bar and it is pushed under a powerful hydraulic press which squeezes the hot mass into the shape desired with little or no fuss and no shock at all.

After a while the light dies down, and all is darkened again except for the narrow rays of sunlight streaming through the broken windows high overhead. Bits of steam drift about. The men move around, completing their work. All is quiet, damp, and chilly.





# FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

By Henry Cabot Lodge

Senator from Massachusetts



NOT long since I received a copy of a magazine of which I had never heard before—a reflection, no doubt, upon me and not upon the magazine. It seemed to be a serious and well-edited publication, and turning over the pages I came upon a critical notice of a book, entitled “War Addresses,” which I had lately published. The notice was very kindly in tone, and when for nearly forty years one has been exposed to criticisms in large numbers, both literary and political, one becomes very grateful for kindness, even when it is condescending and too indifferent to its subject to avoid misrepresenting him. My copy of the magazine has gone the way of the endless printed pages which come to a man in public life, but there was one sentence in the notice which secured a place in my memory and subsequently suggested a train of thought which finally finds expression here.

The critic disposed in wholesale fashion of some of the addresses, which may be sufficiently defined as “occasional,” by saying that they were of the usual kind, very well in their way, with skilfully distributed “familiar quotations.” These last words in quotation marks were those which arrested my attention and, as they recurred to me later, lifted from my mind for a moment the burden of sad and anxious thoughts absorbed by the distress of the hour, by the perils and trials besetting my country which threaten those principles of freedom and civilization that alone make life worth having. It was evident that the critic in using the words I have quoted proceeded upon the not uncommon assumption that men in public life or those who are called upon often to speak in public are in the habit of taking down their Bartlett, or some similar collection, and searching through its pages for quotations with which to ornament their utterances, thus violating a funda-

mental rule of architecture, which applies equally to speech, that you may ornament your construction but must never construct your ornament. A universal negative is not only dangerous but is generally impossible, and yet, practically speaking, I doubt if this method of putting quotations into speeches or writings is ever followed by any one. Of course, in saying this I exclude the citation of authorities as in a legal argument or in histories, as well as extracts from an author whose books are the subject of a critical study and examination. My statement is confined to quotations used by a writer or speaker to point a moral or to adorn the expression of his own thought in better words than he can furnish himself. Naturally the thought suggests the quotation, and its rarity or familiarity depends upon the memory and the range of reading of the speaker or writer. As the most familiar words are the most easily remembered and come within the narrowest vocabulary, so the most familiar quotations, as their very name implies, are those most commonly used. But they are not sought for, although they are frequently verified, as they ought always to be, because the old Scotchman was quite right when on his death-bed he whispered to his son: “Always verify your quotations.”

My first impression when I read my critic’s censure was of the erroneous theory upon which it was obviously based, that men searched a dictionary of quotations to find suitable adornments for their writing or their speech. My next was as to how far the implied criticism that I indulged in too many familiar quotations was justified. I rather wondered that my critic, so avowedly an expert in the familiarity of quotations, did not remind me of Steele’s remark that “There is nothing so pedantic as many quotations.” I assume that he knew the sentence, but he probably shrank from it as too “familiar,” and also, perhaps, because he was aware that Steele himself, or Addison



as the case might be, put some familiar classical quotation at the head of every *Taller* and did not hesitate to sprinkle other quotations here and there in the text.

Let me say in answer to the implied criticism that I confess to a fondness, perhaps it is a weakness, for an apt quotation. It seems to me to adorn or light up a sentence provided it is wise or beautiful or humorous as well as fitting. It is a buttress to an argument, it sharpens a point, it adds lustre to a page. If I can express a thought of mine in the language of Shakespeare, the supreme master of English, how much better for my reader or my hearer than to leave him alone with my words, so poor and dim compared to the radiance of the great poet and thinker. Perhaps I too far give way to my fancy in this respect, but I know how much I like the art of quotation in others, and I also feel that if I err I at least sin in good company. There is first of all Sir Walter Scott, unrivalled in quotations which he dearly loved to use. I think he surpassed all others in the art, because when even his wide and curious reading and his tenacious memory failed to give what he desired he made his quotations himself. As Labouchère said of his stories: "They might not be true but they were certainly new, for I made them all myself." There you can find them written at the head of Sir Walter's chapters, appropriate, of course, because devised for that especial purpose and attributed to an "Old Play," an "Old Ballad," or to that fertile and charming author "Anonymous." Think of a novelist who, lacking a quotation to introduce a chapter, scribbled on his manuscript such lines as these:

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!  
To all the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name."

—"ANONYMOUS."

("Old Mortality," chapter XXVI.)\*

Is it any the worse because it became what Scott pretended it to be, a "familiar" quotation, so familiar that hundreds have repeated the splendid words without even knowing their origin? I looked back to the earliest chapters of the novel,

\*The numbering of the chapters in "Old Mortality" varies in different editions. In some editions the quotation cited precedes chap. XXI.

and found the first five garnished with quotations from Burns, Prior, Swift, and Shakespeare, and then memory remaining mute invention steps in and we have lines from our deceptive friend an "Old Ballad." What lover of literature would quarrel with either the real or the invented quotations—they all gleam upon the page and open the coming chapter with a strain of music. Think, too, for a moment of some of the writers who still delight the world and who were much given to quotation, apt, ingenious, and suggestive. Montaigne, Lamb, Hazlitt, Matthew Arnold, Macaulay, Augustine Birrell, Lowell, Emerson, great masters all in the delicate and charming art of quotation, occur at once to one's mind. I do not extend the list, for these are enough to show what a goodly company are those who aptly quote, nor do I include Burton because his book is largely made up of far-fetched and curious extracts from unread folios; nor Sterne because he simply robbed Burton and thus helped himself to produce one of the great books of English literature.

These comforting reflections upon my fellow sinners in a love for quotations led me to the book in which my failing had not escaped my keen-eyed critic, and I determined to see just how serious the failing was in that particular case. I found that in the volume of three hundred and three pages there were thirty-four quotations—very few in the ten speeches, nearly all in the eight occasional addresses. They were divided in origin as follows: Tennyson, four; Shakespeare, Emerson, and Horace, three each; Macaulay, Lowell, Byron, and Wordsworth, two each; Cicero, Franklin, Drinkwater, Keats, the Bible, Patrick Henry, Addison, Rabelais, Whittier, Dickens, Lincoln, Landor, and Browning, one each. To my surprise I also found on examination that only eleven of these quotations were in Bartlett, the largest and best dictionary of quotations I know. This fact indicates that this valuable work of reference was not searched very thoroughly for striking passages which might at various points be worked into my discourse. But the distribution of my quotations shows conclusively the unsoundness of the perhaps common notion that any one who



speaks in public or writes for publication thumbs over a dictionary in order to pluck out some quotable and oft-quoted phrase which he can use to advantage. Had I worked in this way there would not have been four quotations from Tennyson. Not only are Shakespeare and the Bible the books which all English-speaking people quote most readily and naturally, often without knowing that they are quoting, but there are many poets who to me mean far more and are more familiar than Tennyson. There are four quotations from Tennyson, simply because memory found in his poems the lines which fitted and lighted up the thought I was trying to express. And that is the way that quotations for decorative or illuminating purposes find their way into speech or writing. As a proof of the same truth it will be noticed that there is no research visible, for my quotations were all from famous or familiar authors except possibly the stanzas by Mr. Drinkwater, a young English poet not yet as well known as he deserves to be. Still less can they be accused of pedantry, which implies a needless display of learning as well as unsuitability to the time, the place, the subject, or the company. Whatever else may be said of them, the quotations made in my little volume were all appropriate to the subject and all, I think, sufficiently apt. They are certainly not recondite. They are from books which all educated persons may be supposed to have read. Yet I confess I should have liked to have had my critic place the nameless ones for me when he read them, without looking them up, using only his memory for identification. I should be particularly pleased if he would place for me the sentence from Rabelais which was imbedded in my remembrance but which I had not the patience to delve for so as to be able to give chapter and verse.

I have used myself too long as an illustration of my theme which is in the nature of a protest against the patronizing, down-looking manner in which superior persons and perhaps other and better people are wont to refer in print and in speech to "familiar quotations," with an emphasis upon the adjective as if familiarity in literature was the equivalent of inferiority. I feel inclined to begin by re-

peating to those who hold such opinions Armado's words to Moth: "Define, define, well-educated infant."

Do you mean by "familiar" anything to be found in the dictionaries of quotations which bear that name, Bartlett, for example, with its thousand and fifty-four pages? It is an invaluable work for the task of verification, very precious in disclosing the authors and origins of verse and of sentences which drift about in our memories but which have parted their moorings. Full of information, too, are such patient compilations. There, for instance, you will learn who wrote the lines—

"The aspiring youth, that fired the Ephesian  
dome,  
Outlives in fame the pious fool that rais'd it,"

which I have heard wrongly attributed oftener than any equally familiar verses. Bartlett fails to give us the name of the "aspiring youth," and I should like to hear one of those who scorn the "familiar" quotation tell us without examination of authorities who the aspiring youth was and whether the architect and the "pious fool" were one and the same person. This, by way of digression, merely illustrates the value of such books as the set of Bartlett and points to the gratitude we ought to feel to those whose industry and scholarship have produced them. But with all their virtues their title is misleading. I will venture the assertion that, while some of the quotations are known to every one and all probably to some one, and while most of them are occasionally met with, perhaps, in speech or writing, the majority of extracts are wholly unfamiliar to most of those, even if well-read persons, who use the book for reference. It is best that it should be so and could not well be otherwise, for the poet or writer who is the close friend of one man may have only a bowing acquaintance with another, and both must be able to find their favorite in the dictionary. There is a certain body of quotations, chiefly Biblical and Shakespearian, many of them now integral parts of the language, and some simple and widely popular poems which may be said undoubtedly to be familiar to everybody. But compared to the total number con-



tained in the dictionary they form but a small percentage. Therefore "familiar," as used by the book of reference, is relative, and to say that a quotation which is to be found in such a work is to be deemed absolutely familiar is an assertion not to be sustained.

I fear that I must quote in order to give the best definition I know if I attempt to establish a true standard of familiarity. It is to be found in "Henry V," where the King says:

"Then shall our names,  
Familiar in his mouth as household words."

There we have an admirable definition covering all the really popular and familiar quotations of the dictionary and nothing else, and testing familiarity by the little phrases and jests which are peculiar to the family where they have been born and grown up, but which never travel beyond the household limits. If this Shakespearian definition gives a good standard, and there can be no doubt of the extreme familiarity which it implies, the question arises whether it also means that familiarity connotes inferiority and leaves a mark upon an author's verse or prose which directs avoidance. Some persons—many, perhaps, like my friendly critic—appear to think so. Yet broadly speaking I believe the very reverse to be the truth. The books which have lasted through the centuries and are most familiar are, on the whole, the best books and the greatest literature. Not only do they command the admiration and the study of all educated men and women, but their words, their characters, their stories have passed into the popular consciousness, into the current thought and daily language of countless millions who have never read, perhaps never heard of, the books. The tale of the "Odyssey," the names of Hector and Achilles, the figures of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, the characters of Christian and Valiant-for-Truth, of Pantagrue and Panurge, of Hamlet and Faust, the visions of Dante, are household words in homes where perhaps the books themselves have never entered. They have a steadier and stronger life than even the folk-tales, the folk-songs, or the stories of fairies and giants. Nothing else is so familiar, and yet Homer and

Shakespeare, Cervantes, Bunyan, Rabelais, Goethe, and Dante are, on the whole, the greatest, or among the very greatest, names in the world's literature. There is much in some familiar literature which is commonplace, mediocre, and even worthless, but let the winnowing winds of time blow upon it and the chaff will vanish. Such things never become household words in any enduring sense. The greatest and best-known authors in recorded history are, on the whole, the best, and the same is true of the poems which are to be found in all anthologies. They vary in merit, no doubt, but among them are many of the best poems and verses in literature. No matter how hackneyed, to use the most depreciating word, no matter how familiar, great literature remains great. "What began best can't end worst."

Let us take two or three examples in our own language. Hamlet's soliloquy beginning, "To be or not to be," is probably as familiar as it is possible for any words not in the Bible to be, and has certainly been declaimed and recited oftener than any others, from the boy at school to the great actor on the stage. Has its power, its philosophy, its fineness of thought and diction, its soaring imagination been thereby in any degree impaired? Where could one turn more surely at the chosen moment for a noble quotation? Again, no lines in Shakespeare are probably more universally familiar than Portia's speech beginning: "The quality of mercy is not strained." Has use at all lessened its exquisite beauty?

Descend in the scale of genius. Like Wolfe on the eve of the battle upon the plains of Abraham, boys and girls, men and women, have been repeating for more than a century the "Elegy in a Country Church Yard." It might be described in the words of the young man, overheard by Mrs. Kemble at the theatre, who remarked of "Hamlet" "that it seemed made up of quotations." Does all this familiarity in any way affect its beauties, the charm of the verse, the perfection in the choice of words, the soft twilight of the picture and the thoughts? There is but one possible answer to such a question.

Or take a bit of prose, the parting of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth: "My sword I give



to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder. When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the riverside, into which, as he went he said: 'Death, where is thy sting?' And as he went down deeper, he said: 'Grave, where is thy victory?' So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but do not these four most familiar quotations, which I have taken haphazard as they came into my mind, prove sufficiently that to make familiarity the equivalent of inferiority and an objection to the use of such quotations is an absurdity on its face. Is it not rather true that even if one were to repeat every morning the various lines I have quoted, so doing would improve one's taste and one's English, fill the mind with noble and gracious images, and cast a pleasant light across a clouded, dusty, or uneventful day?

In his essay entitled "The Study of Poetry," Matthew Arnold says that there can be no more useful help in determining what is the best poetry than to have always in mind lines or expressions of the great masters. They may be very dissimilar from the poetry we are considering at the moment, "but if we have any tact we shall find them . . . an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic qualities." He then gives quotations from Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton, any one of which will furnish the test of which he has been speaking. The supreme qualities which make the lines Arnold quotes true touchstones of poetic excellence do not concern us here. The single point to which I wish to call attention is that with one or two exceptions these lines of supreme excellence are all-familiar, most of them extremely so.

For example, from Homer he takes a line from the words of Achilles to Priam, known to every one who reads the "Iliad" either in the original or in a translation:

"καὶ σέ γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὀλβιον εἶναι."\*

\*"Nay, and thou too, old man, in former days wast as we hear, happy."—*Iliad* XXIV, 543.

From Dante "that incomparable line and a half, Ugolino's tremendous words" in the Tower of Famine:

"Io no piangeva; sì dentro impietrai.  
Piangevanelli . . ."†

And again "the simple, but perfect, single line":

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace."‡

From Shakespeare, three oft-repeated lines from Henry IV's wonderful soliloquy about sleep, and then Hamlet's dying words to Horatio, unsurpassed in beauty in any language:

"If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain  
To tell my story . . ."

From Milton four lines from the great description of the fallen archangel, ending, "and care sat on his faded cheek," and then these two lines:

"And courage never to submit or yield  
And what is else not to be overcome . . ."

More than once Arnold quotes again as a final test the single lines—

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace"

and

"Absent thee from felicity awhile."

These are all lines and passages chosen by a great critic, himself a poet, as touchstones of the highest poetic quality, and they are all familiar, some, as I have said, very familiar, indeed. Matthew Arnold, then, finds his examples of the noblest verse among the familiar quotations. Does this familiarity diminish their value or lessen their perfection of form or their beauty of thought? Surely not. If Matthew Arnold could use familiar quotations in this way and find in them the very highest qualities of the greatest poetry, it is, perhaps, well for critics and other persons also to pause before they speak contemptuously of a quotation because it is "familiar."

Here as in most cases there must, of course, be discrimination, and it is always

†"I wailed not, so of stone I grew within; *they* wailed."  
—*Inferno*, XXXIII, 39, 40.

‡"In his will is our peace."—*Paradise*, III, 85.



perilous to regard any adjective as absolute and treat it as if it were a mathematical formula. There are the familiar quotations of the day, for example, the current slang, the political catchword, the refrain of the music-hall song which every one knows, from the boy in the street upward. They "strut and fret their hour upon the stage and then are heard no more." These are for the moment well-known quotations, but not familiar in the true sense because they have familiarity only for the day that is passing over them. A few years elapse and they are as lost as if they had never been. The same may be said of those taken from some versemaker, some poet, perhaps, who caught the ear of his contemporaries and furnished them with quotations which are strangers to their children. Such quotations as these have the life of a generation of men and then disappear, never attaining to the dignity of being really familiar in the large sense. One has but to look over some old anthologies to learn this truth by observing the sparse relics of minor poets, once well known to their little groups of admirers and perhaps even beyond, now mown down by the scythe of time and lying side by side quite lifeless, remembered only by the old who will soon follow them to oblivion.

The quotation worthy of the high title of "familiar" must have stood the test of time and passed unhurt through the shifting tastes and fashions of centuries. In its lofty or in its humble way it must show that, like Shakespeare, it "was not for an age, but for all time." I use the word "humble" because the rhymes of childhood, of the nursery, fulfil the requirement of age in a quotation worthy to be called familiar. Their intrinsic, their abstract merits may appear slight, they may even seem to be sheer nonsense, but they are passed on by mothers and nurses and by the children themselves from generation to generation. We may be assured that they would not thus have lived and prospered if they had not possessed some quality, however slender, of genuine worth, of real humor or imagination, which gave them permanence.

Then there are the popular sayings, the folk-tales and ballads and the songs of the people with an ancestry lost in the mists

of antiquity, which, stored only in the human memory and kept alive only by human lips, have come down across the centuries with their endless variants until at last they have been gathered up by the collector and the antiquarian and made safe from oblivion by print and paper. These tales and ballads and proverbs are often rude in form and expression, but no curious inquiry is needed to explain their long life and lasting familiarity. In them you find wit and wisdom, sparks struck from the hard flints of experience by men and women struggling unknown through what we call life. In this literature of humanity from primitive man onward you come upon the visions of the race, the imagination which takes man out of himself, which brings him laughter and tears, which makes him forget for a moment the trials he encounters and the sorrows he must bear. There we read the first efforts of the race to explain the universe, there we find the embodiment of the natural phenomena in myths and fables, the personification of the planets and the stars and behind them all the force and energy of the simplest emotions set forth by unsophisticated minds with imaginations unfettered by science and neither dulled nor made timid by the knowledge yet to come. Is it any wonder that the literature reaching back to the infancy of humanity is dear to the hearts of men and is familiar in their mouths as household words? Would we have it otherwise? Are the quotations from folk-lore and ballads and songs in any degree harmed by the familiarity which is the badge at once of their worth and their pedigree?

Finally we come to the familiar quotations which are the work of the great masters, the poets or makers, the tale-tellers, the creators, the orators, and the essayists and philosophers whose thought has built up civilization and ruled mankind. Their familiarity is due to their power, their depth of meaning, to their beauty or their loveliness, to their wit and wisdom and humor, and in very large measure to their perfection of form. That they are familiar in the thoughts and speech of men is not only a proof of their high excellence but is an element of hope for the future of the race which has looked dark enough in these later years. Far



from being a mark of inferiority, familiarity is here the sure proof of great qualities, so sure that there is no gainsaying the proposition that the oftener the celebrated passages from the great masters of thought and literature are quoted the better it is for all men and for the preservation of the social fabric which they have painfully built up.

Familiar quotations from the three sources which furnish them and which I have tried to indicate vary as widely as possible in thought, in intrinsic value, in imagery, and in ideas. They range from the apparent triviality and even nonsense of the nursery jingles through the folk-tales and ballads up to the "flammanitia mœnia mundi" of Lucretius and the "fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute" of Milton. The very large majority are in verse, and they all have form, however rudimentary. The formless never appeals to the popular mind or the popular ear. The people at large know nothing of quantities or pauses or cæsuras, of feet or of metres, but they demand a metred line and also the other great exterior qualities of poetry in the

true sense, rhythm, melody, harmony, and rhyme where rhyme is used. The popular instinct is never misled by printing prose to look like verse. They may not know why the chopped and changing lines are not verse, but they know very well that they have no music in them, and they forget them as easily as the advertisements which daily flow unheeded past our jaded eyes.

It is a curious fact that the popular instinct and the judgment of the trained critics and of the greatest poets alike demand form. The verse form may be simple or complex, but form there must be and also rhythmic movement and melody in order to charm widely and lastingly the children of men. Moreover, when we pass beyond the nursery rhymes we find that again the people and the poets, the critics and the students of literature agree in liking what on the whole is best, and so it comes to pass that many of the most familiar quotations are from the best literature of all languages. We shall do well, therefore, in this connection to pay little heed to the popular fallacy that "Familiarity breeds contempt."

## OUR PACIFIC DEMOCRACY

By William M. Sloane



WE of the Atlantic coast exhibit a disastrous indifference to the democratic evolution of our farthest West. The press mirrors the mental attitude of the readers and gives little space to the news and interests of Americans beyond the Rocky Mountains. "See America first" is an appeal which until the outbreak of the World War fell upon deaf ears as far as the Eastern tourist was concerned. It was far cheaper and easier to slip out the back door to the Old World than to set your face westward during the summer heats of vacation time. The railway fare across the continent was diminished for the excursionist, but the rates on the train for

bed and board were portentous and the total cost far in excess of the same mileage eastward. The wonders of art and architecture in the Old World, the call of the past, exerted more drawing power than the call of natural scenery, the overpowering, awe-inspiring vastness of lake, mountain, and western ocean. Government and railways specialized in advertising the works of nature; the miracle of men's achievement found no place on folder or hoarding.

The closing of the Atlantic back door by the exigencies of war has somewhat changed all this. With all the railways under stern government control it is something of an adventure to reach San Diego or Seattle, and perhaps even more trying to the traveller's patience is the



touring backward and forward over that thousand miles of latitude because of train consolidation and the return to duty of employees from the retired list, whose hand was out, to supply the places of middle-aged and younger men drawn into the ranks. Nevertheless, the usual number of climate-seekers, a rather unusual number of scenery tourists, and a considerable number of travellers in search of their own country have been drawn westward during the past season. The summer travel to both slopes of the Rockies and Coast Range and to the delights of bathing on the Pacific shore, south as well as north, is probably somewhat larger than ever. The climatic perfection of many places in southern California during summer is even greater than that of winter, though the variation of temperature between midday and midnight is to many rather trying.

The writer, who was for eight months a wandering lecturer, the guest of eight different institutions of the higher and highest learning, makes immediate confession of having been confused and stunned by what he saw and heard and generally experienced. He was one of many similar legates, and had abundant opportunity to compare notes with scores of equally astonished Americans from the Eastern and Central States of his country who were intelligent explorers of their own land and its people. With neither mandate nor commission to speak for the small army of peaceful and friendly invaders of the Pacific States, he ventures first to note that one of the results of war is to make Americans know each other better in purpose, sympathy, and catholic nationality, and, secondly, to set down some impressions regarding our westernmost region, and the dwellers therein, which crowd on the mind of an Eastern man undergoing a novitiate in the laboratory of social science, which is the Pacific coast.

When Lowell wrote that Columbus, knocking at the front door of the Indies, found himself at the back door of America, the phrase seemed witty, but fanciful. Yet he stated a sober truth. Now and then it is very important to rediscover what prophets have long foreseen and what discriminating observers have re-

iterated to indifferent ears. It is not easy to regard New York and the Atlantic cities as the service door of our national mansion. It wounds our pride. But in a certain sense that also is a fact because, as exports of basic materials increase, so also do imports of manufactured goods. What is essential to our material prosperity the war has taught us to create for ourselves from our own raw resources, and in time it will be for the historic objects of elegance and art that we shall depend on Europe, paying not in commodities but in cash.

At the great day of earthly judgment around the Peace-table, rearrangements of national boundaries are likely to make Europe with the regenerated portions of Asia independent of our foodstuffs and manufactured articles. Not so the farther East, which already looks to us for both material and moral support. It will be from our front door on the Pacific that commerce will continue to grow and the leadership of America as well as Canada, spiritual, moral, and material leadership, be expected. The three great harbors of Puget Sound, with the bays of San Francisco and San Diego, are such vestibules to the stupendous highways of the Pacific and beyond, that in themselves they indicate a destiny so manifest that only poltroons could shirk its commands. Both the former are a revelation of enterprise: corporation, State, and federal. They are bordered by prosperous cities, enormous docks and railway terminals, and in ship-building they vie even with the Delaware and the Clyde. The cities of Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco have a metropolitan character, and the last is among the foremost cosmopolitan places of the world. Observing its throngs, its shops, and its public buildings civic and commercial, you are amazed that it has not double the number of inhabitants which the census gives, until you recall that a few short miles across the bay to the eastward is a row of populous suburbs, where another half million dwell in lovely homes on a slope commanding the broad waters of the harbor and face the sun when it sinks beyond the aptly named Golden Gate into the Pacific Ocean. As yet San Diego commands an equal share of admiration for natural



beauty and earnest endeavor; but it has further to go, though the exquisite Exposition, set in a still more exquisite park, is a promise of things hoped for in a commercial way and partially achieved. Los Angeles, numerically the largest city of the slope, with its artificial harbor of San Pedro, twenty-five miles distant, is thronged with health and pleasure seekers, is the centre of the moving-picture industry, and possesses important pottery, steel, fruit, packing, and other industries, is a great railway centre, and ranks in importance very high. Yet its outlook is rather eastward than westward, and its character is that of a first-class American inland metropolis, local rather than national or international. The total population of the Pacific States from the Great Divide of the Rockies westward across the Coast Range to the ocean-shore is approximately eight millions, perhaps more, for it grows rapidly. Their occupations fall into three categories, mining, agriculture, and transportation by land and seas. Incidentally the professions, trades, and industries complete a full social organization. Aside from luxuries and capital for development, the Rocky Mountains and Pacific States in combination are a self-contained community with an extended commerce both eastward to the Mississippi and Atlantic States and westward overseas. The population contains a certain percentage of undesirables, parasites material, intellectual, and spiritual. During a short half-hour's stroll in Los Angeles I counted signs announcing some sixteen nostrums for all spiritual diseases, sects with weird names derived from mediæval mysticism. But the percentage of quacks is probably less than elsewhere. They are more in evidence because the advertising columns of the newspapers make broad their pretensions and the police are indifferent to that form of swindling. Even the courts are lenient to the extreme when offenses spring from fanaticism. The spell of "Live and let live" controls to an amusing extent under skies which make tramp life an ideal existence to the impecunious.

But a season of travel north and south, and inland as well, leaves upon the observant wanderer an impression of solid

worth in the character of the overwhelming majority. Nowhere in our broad land are truer souls and more ardent seekers after the tried and true things of life. Their clergy, physicians, lawyers, engineers, manufacturers, and merchants are of a very superior sort. There is the essentially American motto: Get the best. With neither mad haste nor supine rest they pursue it and, securing it, hold fast. The absence of feverish futility is everywhere noticeable and gives a sense of solid permanency to everything. Nor is living marked by distrust or suspicion. There are considerable numbers of various race elements in the populations: indeed, all that are known hereabouts and a few more, Mexicans notably, with Pueblo Indians, Japanese, Chinese, and a few Hawaiians. The spy-suspect is ubiquitous and the Mooney case, to which adroit agitation has given undeserved importance, exhibits the degree of labor or rather Sinn Fein unrest. The insidious poison of newspapers calling for peace when there is none, or printing elaborate tales of disintegration, starvation, and weakness among our foes, in order to lame home effort, has been likewise injected into the veins of the self-complacent who are annoyed by war sacrifices. All this merely goes to show that the Pacific coast is very much in the great world.

On the other hand, it is American in a new sense. Every sectional type of stock American is largely represented; New England, the Middle, Gulf, and Mississippi States all furnish strong contingents, still retaining the physical and mental types so familiar to those who know their own country, but divided in moral and intellectual unity. In Seattle the graduates of a single Eastern University, Columbia, number some hundred or more. Nearly all are from New York and its neighborhood. To my searching inquiry, whether they ever felt nostalgia, not one assented and all gave the same reason—here the individual and his worth tell. We need no pull. This is but a type instance: with changes and allowances the same fact is outstanding in every great city through to San Diego. The university clubs in each and all are distinguished and thriving, not merely social,



but active in supporting or inaugurating academic movements.

The University of California at Berkeley is one of the largest in America, and its faculties contain scholars of the very first rank. Naturally the writer was in closer intimacy with the history departments of the several universities and colleges where he was a guest. If the other divisions of college and university work correspond to the power and life in their history work, and I firmly believe they do, it behooves us on the Eastern seaboard to look to our laurels. Nothing could be more gratifying than the process, steadily evolving, of exchange in both instructors and students among our foremost institutions East, Middle, and West. In California there were lecturing at one time six visiting professors, and probably as many from Berkeley were professionally visiting elsewhere. It is, therefore, not merely the various types of Americans which are blending on the Pacific, but the whole country is contributing its best, intellectually and spiritually, to a composite American culture of the very highest type.

This seems to explain the fearlessness of the leaders throughout the region. To an old New Yorker the atmosphere is that of the day before yesterday, yesterday being the generation of elders. There was an almost identical temper in the New York some of us still remember. There was an abundance, a horn of plenty, abounding not merely in material goods, but in neighborly good-will and reciprocal helpfulness. The earnest man can there be sure of a hearing, and the very remarkable discussion clubs which it was a privilege to attend in many places had a delightful old-time flavor of perspicacity, adroitness, and adherence to principle which was most refreshing to those who have lived long among speculations and doubt. In particular their debates, in each of which a dozen hard-headed men of various occupations, mercantile and professional, participated, convinced me that there was little worth reading which those men had not read concerning state socialism, prohibition, or the league of nations.

Not that the people by and large have been thinking internationally; far from it,

just as far as their fellow citizens in other parts. Perhaps even a little further because the ineradicable human tendency to find honor and guidance in ancestry has in the first generation led them to look eastward, considering national problems next in order to regional. To their own particular and peculiar interest, that of ocean highways on the Pacific, its naval and colonial strategy, their own and the general American future in trade with the yellow races, they seem to have been lamentably indifferent. It appeared likewise as if for their great harbors and shipyards they were vastly more concerned to milk the federal cow at Washington than to fortify themselves by study, discussion, and formulation of a policy based on the experience of more than a generation.

To me it appears that there can be no nationalism without a vigorous sectionalism of the right sort. National life, like all life, is reciprocity in relations. The longing for unity is largely a dangerous desire for homogeneity, of which word the synonym is stagnation. It is high time that the Pacific slope should cease a rather carping criticism of the "East" as unaware of their needs and indifferent to them. Should that imperial community get together and announce a reasoned policy for the Peace conference in regard to their vital interests, their clear call would be convincing, and the national administration would be alert to heed it. Thus far you may search their many newspapers and other periodicals in vain to find it. But there is a most promising beginning. The week in March, 1918, which the University of California celebrated as the fiftieth anniversary of its charter was devoted to luminous discussion of the "Trans-Pacific" during a series of notable meetings and the residuum was a permanent committee to secure a Pacific congress first on our own shores and then an international one at Tokyo.

The project is one of the highest importance. If, after carnage and the clash of arms cease and a league of armed nations is formed to enforce military peace, anything in the nature of a protective system is to be set up, and economic warfare is to continue regarding staples and raw material, the question of the Pacific



would be pivotal for America. The war has so stimulated our ingenuity and enterprise that we are economically well-nigh self-contained and independent. Our destiny is that of an export nation, exporting both manufactures and capital for the development of backward lands. Throughout the far Orient a great light has arisen. There is a Japan which cherishes high principle, there is another which is frankly opportunist. So far the latter is in the seats of the mighty, even though wholesomely checked by the large minority which has Western concepts of policy and good faith. China, still unorganized and undergoing a radical transition, is more and more familiar with the methods of Christendom in public life and international relations. Between both these great Powers and the nations loosely styled Allies, totally concealed as the nature of the alliance still is, there must be made arrangements at the Peace conference which open doors to all alike and remove those exasperating barriers across the great trade routes of the Pacific still in existence.

Fierce and irreducible, yes, ineluctable necessity gave the Western Powers a strategic unity of military command, but only after years of futile bloodshed. There is as yet no pretense of diplomatic unity, and hands-across-the-sea unity in economic policy is styled Utopian. Certainly the Powers have paltered dangerously in their cautious moves for the reorganization of Russia, and yet a war begun by economic freebooters is no likely to end without economic friction. Most enthusiastically it is fought by the Western Powers to protect a social system menaced in its very foundations by reckless piracy on sea and studied outrage on land. Yet that very social system is almost identical with a commercial and industrial organization. The two stand or fall together. It requires no prophetic vision to foresee that every one of the exhausted belligerents will renew the rivalry for markets, which through long preparatory years subtly suggested military warfare, and while co-operation might stifle rivalry for a time, yet competition will sooner or later supplant trade agreements in designated spheres, and the start of even such a friendly race must be made

with the assurance of that fair play which is the foundation-stone of Western life, a fair play, as we fondly hope, alike internal, national, and international.

If, therefore, there is to be a protracted, perhaps even a lasting peace on earth, a degree of foresight almost superhuman must be brought to the solution of the Pacific problem, more crucial from the American standpoint than any other to be handled at the Peace conference. Life-long students of history all lean to pessimism. Thucydides, in his day, more than two thousand years ago, announced it as his judgment that everything changed, was in constant flux, except human nature. Yet even human nature does grow more regenerate, even if, as in the problem of the hare which can never overtake the tortoise, quite, it is still far enough from perfection. On this we base the hope that each succeeding peace interval may be longer, far longer than the last. This is why we call imperatively and even importunately on the great people of the Pacific to study the problem as being the only qualified guide in its solution. One rather cock-sure enthusiast made the emphatic assertion before a large audience that the youths of California were frequenting the educational and mercantile establishments of China and Japan in order to study from the inside Oriental ways, just as Orientals haunt our universities and mercantile enterprises to learn America—some of them, he said, under the stimulus and by the assistance of the University of California. Careful inquiry at Berkeley elicited no confirmation of the statement, nor could its maker be induced to put it in writing, though he did not retract.

And yet that is the very first thing which should be done. Its complement and supplement must be the organization, equipment, and energizing of a section in our Department of State to regulate intelligently our far Eastern relations. American business enterprise, capitalistic enterprise, has already done something of the sort, but its invaluable information, its shrewd agents are not public possessions. If private persons for business purposes accomplish, as so often they do, aims which the state will not even consider, whose is the fault? A democratic



state acts only under compulsion, and we can only trust that the "interests" of the Pacific coast and its academic historians, including the economists, will continue to render the immense service of leadership in stating the problem, a solution of which is so vital to the general welfare.

One phase of Pacific life is passing. When the miner finds pockets or veins of pure metal, he appropriates; the later stage compels the application of power and science to wrest from ores and low-grade mineral mixtures a return of the same metals adequate to pay interest on a great investment. The industrial stage begins. It has been and still is much the same with agriculture. The great expanses of volcanic soil required nothing but seed and tillage for the appropriation of their wealth. Exhaustion is just beginning, north, middle, and south; irrigation, fertilizers, cultivation, strict economic management, high farming in short, is essential to secure paying returns. The peoples have faced their task and are performing it. Whether it be grains or fruits the visitor is overpowered by the scientific knowledge and the meticulous skill with which the earth is forced to yield its abundance. There are few places on the Atlantic shores where such farming on such a scale may be seen. As rigid prohibition spreads its imperious sway, vineyards are uprooted and huge orchards of prunes or apples or oranges, according to latitude, promptly take their place. There is no discouragement and little indignation.

But this transition creates a labor problem which is acute; whether in mines or manufacture, in field or orchard, fine, complicated, delicate machinery can do much. It is already working inanimate wonders. But the human tending even of miracle machinery is essential, and the labor question is more and more importunate the more efficient machinery becomes. Hand-workers who become

expert machinists command high wages; those who perform the still necessary rude tasks requiring physical strength more than mental adroitness are not content with less than their more favored "mates" receive. So voracious has the market for "hands" become that "labor," as still understood in the Central and Eastern States, is neither so noisy nor so certain as it was about relieving the strain by importing Orientals. The Exclusion Act is of course enforced, but as the importunate demand for workers now manifests itself, sober opinion, soberly expressed, is to the effect that if the Exclusion Act were non-existent it could not now be enacted.

Where relief is to be found nobody sees, and probably the expansion of output may be checked; more probably even there will be a shrinkage. This is a prime element in the Pacific problem as, indeed, it may ere long be the very nerve-ganglion of our national problem. The stress has appeared there sooner than here, that is all. What we call the elasticity of our present currency system has produced the inflation predicted at the outset by cautious minds, and our dollar has fallen in value for purchasing not less than forty per cent already. Perpetual wage increases barely suffice to equalize income and outgo. Consequently the uneasiness takes, except under exasperating compulsion, almost any and every form except rigid economy and conservation. The patriotism and glad self-sacrifice of the Western people is nowhere surpassed, but the sources of supply both in men and money must be kept flowing. With immigration at a standstill and a million willing pairs of hands exported for righteous warfare every year, it seems manifest to many that temporary recourse must be had to Oriental labor to maintain the equilibrium. This is swiftly becoming an importunate question there, and may become so here.



## DAY'S END

By Roy Irving Murray

GOD send you Sleep, tired lad—  
Tired lad, stretched still and straight  
Beside the road shell-ploughed for Death's grim harvesting—  
The tumult has passed on,  
The day is done—  
God send you Sleep.

God send you Peace, tired sleeping lad—  
Across the clear green spaces of the wood  
The birds call drowsily, the setting sun  
Kindles a glory in your hair;  
Slowly, on your shut eyes,  
The daylight dies—  
God send you Peace.

God send you Life, tired sleeping peaceful lad—  
For you our little world blurs into nothingness;  
What matter now the fury and the pain?  
Worthy the price you paid, worthy the laying down  
Of all you had, worthy the strife—  
The last great Gift you gave, cleansed, purified,  
Lies at your feet again—  
God's Gift of Life.

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## A CITY OF REFUGE

BY HENRY VAN DYKE, U. S. N. R. F.



IN the dark autumn of 1914 the City sprang up almost in a night, as if by enchantment.

It was white magic that called it into being—the deep, quiet, strong impulse of compassion and protection that moved the motherly heart of Holland when she saw the hundreds of thousands of Belgian fugitives pouring out of their bleeding, ravaged land, and running, stumbling, creeping on hands and knees, blindly, instinctively turning to her for safety and help.

"Come to me," she said, like a good woman who holds out her arms and

spreads her knees to make a lap for tired and frightened children, "come to me. I will take care of you. You shall be safe with me."

All doors were open. The little brick farmhouses and cottages with their gayly painted window-shutters; the long rows of city houses with their steep gables; the prim and placid country mansions set among their high trees and formal flower-gardens—all kinds of dwellings, from the poorest to the richest, welcomed these guests of sorrow and distress. Many a humble family drained its savings-bank reservoir to keep the stream of its hospitality flowing. Unused factories were turned into barracks. Deserted summer



hotels were filled up. Even empty green-houses were adapted to the need of human horticulture. All Holland was enrolled, formally or informally, in a big *Comité voor Belgisch Slachtoffers*.

But soon it was evident that the impromptu methods of generosity could not meet the demands of the case. Private resources were exhausted. Poor people could no longer feed and clothe their poorer guests. Families were unhappily divided. In the huge flock of exiles driven out by the cruel German Terror there were goats as well as sheep, and some of them bewildered and shocked the orderly Dutch homes, where they were sheltered, by their nocturnal habits and negligible morals. Something had to be done to bring order and system into the chaos of brotherly love. Otherwise the neat Dutch mind which is so close to the Dutch heart could not rest in its bed. This vast trouble which the evil of German militarism had thrust upon a helpless folk must be helped out by a wise touch of military organization, which is a good thing even for the most peaceful people.

So it was that the City of Refuge (and others like it) grew up swiftly in the wilderness.

It stands in the heathland that slopes and rolls from the wooded hills of Gelderland to the southern shore of the Zuider Zee—a sandy country overgrown with scrub-oaks and pines and heather—yet very healthy and well drained, and not unfertile under cultivation. You may see that in the little neighbor-village, where the trees arch over the streets, and the kitchen-gardens prosper, and the shrubs and flowers bloom abundantly.

The small houses and hotels of this tiny summer resort are of brick. It has an old, well-established look; a place of relaxation with restraint, not of ungirdled frivolity. The plain Dutch people love their holidays, but they take them serenely and by rule: long walks and bicycle-rides, placid and nourishing picnics in the woods or by the sea, afternoon tea-parties in sheltered arbors. One of their favorite names for a country-place is *Weltevreden*, "perfectly contented."

The commandant of the City of Refuge lives in one of the little brick houses of the village. He is a portly, rosy old bachelor,

with a curly brown beard and a military bearing; a man of fine education and wide experience, seasoned in colonial diplomacy. The ruling idea in his mind is discipline, authority. His official speech is abrupt and final, the manner of a martinet covering a heart full of kindness and generous impulses.

"Come," he says, after a good breakfast, "I want you to see my camp. It is not as fine and fancy as the later ones. But we built it in a hurry and we had it ready on time."

A short ride over a sandy road brings you to the city gate—an opening in the wire enclosure of perhaps two or three square miles among the dwarf pines and oaks. The guard-house is kept by a squad of Dutch soldiers. But it is in no sense a prison-camp, for people are coming and going freely all the time, and the only rules within are those of decency and good order.

"Capacity, ten thousand," says the commandant, sweeping his hand around the open circle, "quite a city, *niet waar?* I will show you the various arrangements."

All the buildings are of wood, a mushroom city, but constructed with intelligence to meet the needs of the sudden, helpless population. You visit the big kitchen with its ever-simmering kettles; the dining-halls with their long tables and benches; the schoolhouses full of lively, irrepressible children; the wash-house where always talkative and jocose laundresses are scrubbing and wringing the clothes; the sewing-rooms where hundreds of women and girls are busy with garments and gossip; the chapel where religious services are held by the devoted pastors; the recreation-room which is the social centre of the city; the clothing storerooms where you find several American girls working for love.

Then you go through the long family barracks where each family has a separate cubicle, more or less neat and comfortable, sometimes prettily decorated, according to the family taste and habit; the barracks for the single men; the barracks for the single women; the two hospitals, one general, the other for infectious diseases; and last of all, the house where the half-dozen disorderly women are confined,



surrounded by a double fence of barbed wire and guarded by a sentry.

Poor, wretched creatures! You are sorry for them. Why not put the disorderly men into a house of confinement too?

"Ah," says the commandant bluntly, "we find it easier and better to send the disorderly men to jail or hospital in some near town. We are easier with the women. I pity them. But they are full of poison. We can't let them go loose in the camp for fear of infection."

How many of the roots of human nature are uncovered in a place like this! The branches and the foliage and the blossoms, too, are seen more clearly in this air where all things are necessarily open and in common.

The men are generally less industrious than the women. But they work willingly at the grading of roads and paths, the laying out and planting of flower-beds, the construction of ornamental designs, of doubtful taste but unquestionable sincerity.

You read the names which they have given to the different streets and barracks, and the passageways between the cubicles, and you understand the strong, instinctive love which binds them to their native Belgium. "Antwerp Avenue," "Louvain Avenue," "Malines Street," "Liège Street," and streets bearing the names of many ruined towns and villages of which you have never heard, but which are forever dear to the hearts of these exiles. The names of the hero-king, Albert, and of his brave consort, Queen Elizabeth, are honored by inscriptions, and their pictures, cut from newspapers, decorate the schoolrooms and the little family cubicles.

The brutal power which reigns at Berlin may drive the Belgians out of Belgium by terror and oppression. But it cannot drive Belgium out of the hearts of the Belgians. While they live their country lives, and Albert is still their King.

But think of the unnatural conditions into which these thousands of human beings—yes, and hundreds of thousands like them, torn from their homes, uprooted, dispersed, impoverished—are forced by this bitter, cruel war. Think of the cold and ruined hearthstones, the scattered

families, the shelterless children, the desolate and broken hearts. This is what Germany has inflicted upon mankind in order to realize her robber-dream!

Yet the City of Refuge, being human, has its bright spots and its bits of compensation. Here is one, out of many.

The chief nurse, a young Dutch lady of charming face and manners, serving as a volunteer under the sacred sign of the Red Cross, comes in, one morning, to make her report to the commandant.

"Well," he says, disguising in his big voice of command the warm admiration which he feels for the lady, "what is the trouble to-day? Speak up."

"Nothing, sir," she answers calmly. "Everything is going on pretty well. No new cases of measles—those in hospital improving. The only thing that bothers me is the continual complaint about that Mrs. Van Orley—you remember her, a thin, dark little person. She is melancholy and morose, quarrels all the time, says some one has stolen her children. The people near her in the barracks complain that she disturbs them at night, moans and talks aloud in her sleep, jumps up and runs down the corridor laughing or crying: 'Here they are!' They don't believe she ever had any children. They think she is crazy and want her put out. But I don't agree with that. I think she has had children, and now she has dreams."

"Send her away," growls the commandant; "send her to a sanatorium! This camp is not a lunatic asylum."

"But," interposes the nurse in her most discreet voice, "she is really a very nice woman. If you would allow me to take her on as a housemaid in the general hospital, I think I could make something out of her; at least I should like to try."

"Have your own way," says the commandant, relenting; "you always do. Now tell me the next trouble. You have something more up your sleeve, I'm sure."

"Babies," she replies demurely; "two babies from Amsterdam. Lost, somehow or other, in the flight. No trace of their people. A family in Zaandam has been taking care of them, but can't afford it any longer. So the Amsterdam committee has sent them here."



The commandant has listened, his cheeks growing redder and redder, his eyes rounder and more prominent. He springs up and paces the floor in wrath.

"Babies!" he cries stormily. "By all the gods, da— those Amsterdammers! Excuse me, but this is too much. Do they think this is a foundling asylum? or a nursing home? Babies! What in Heaven's name am I to do with them? Babies! Where are those babies?"

"Just outside, and very nice babies indeed," says the nurse, opening the hall door and giving a soft call.

Enter a slim black-haired boy of about three and a half years and a plump golden-haired girl about a year younger. They toddle to the nurse and snuggle against her blue dress and white apron. Smiling she guides them toward the commandant and says: "Here they are, sir. How do you like them?"

That terrific personage has been suddenly transformed from haircloth into silk. He beams, and pulling out his fat gold watch, coos like a hoarse dove: "Look here, *kinderen*, come and hear the bells in my tick-tock!"

Presently he has one of them leaning against the inside of each knee, listening ardently to the watch.

"What do you think of that!" he says. "What is your name, youngster?"

"Hendrik," answers the boy, looking up.

"Hendrik *what*? You have another name, haven't you?"

The boy shakes his head and looks puzzled, as if the thought of two names were too much for him. "*Hendrik*," he repeats more clearly and firmly.

"And what is her name?" asks the commandant, patting the little girl.

"*Sooss*," answers the boy. "Mama say '*ickle angel*.' Hendrik say *Sooss*."

All effort to get any more information from the children was fruitless. They were too small to remember much, and what they did remember was of their own size—only very little things, of no importance except to themselves. The commandant looks at the nurse quizzically.

"Now, miss, you have unloaded these

vague babies on me. What do you propose that I should do with them? Adopt them?"

"Not yet, anyhow," she answers, smiling broadly. "Let us take them up to the camp. I'll bet we can find some one there to look after them. What do you say, sir?"

"Well, well," he sighs, "have your own way as usual! Just ring that bell for the automobile, *als'tUblieft*."

In the busy sewing-room the two children are standing up on one of the tables. The commandant has an arm around each of them, for they are a little frightened by so much noise and so many eyes looking at them. The chatter dies down, as he speaks in his gruff authoritative voice, but with a twinkle in his eyes, rather like a middle-aged Santa Claus.

"Look here! I've got two fine babies."

A titter runs through the room.

"*Ja, Men'eer*," says one of the women, "congratulations! They are *lievelingen*—darlings!"

"Silence!" growls the commandant amiably. "None of your impudence, you women. Look here! These two children—I want somebody to adopt them, or at least to take care of them. I will pay for them. Their names are Hendrik and——"

A commotion at the lower end of the room. A thin, dark little woman is standing up, waving her piece of sewing like a flag, her big eyes flaming with excitement.

"Stop!" she cries, hurrying and stumbling forward through the crowd of women and girls. "Oh, stop a minute! They are mine—I lost them—mine, I tell you—lost—mine!"

She reaches the head of the table and flings her arms around the boy, crying: "My Hendrik!"

The boy hesitates a second, startled by the sudden wildness of her caress. Then he presses his hot little face in her neck.

"*Lieve moeder!*" he murmurs. "Where were you? I looked."

But the thin, dark little woman has fainted dead away.

The rest we will leave, as the wise commandant does, to the chief nurse.



# A GROUP OF POEMS OF PEACE AND WAR

## THE WAY OF THE WHITE SOULS

(TO THE MEMORY OF JOYCE KILMER, KILLED IN ACTION, JULY 30, 1918)

By Helen Gray Cone

I STOOD in the summer night, when the hosts of heaven seemed nigh,  
And I saw the powdery swirl of stars, where it swept across the sky,  
The wide way of the white stars, where it ran up and down,  
And my heart was sad for the man who said *It was Main Street, Heaventown.*

He chose to walk in the Main Street, in the wide ways of men;  
He set wings to the common things with the kind touch of his pen;  
He caught the lilt of the old tune that the hearts of the plain folk beat;  
He might have dreamed on the far faint hills—but he walked in the Main Street.

He knelt down with his fellows, in the warm faith of the throng;  
He went forth with his fellows to fight a monstrous Wrong;  
He marched away to the true tune that the hearts of brave men beat,  
Shoulder to brown shoulder, with the men in the Main Street.

A road runs bright through the night of Time, since ever the world began,  
The wide Way of the White Souls, the Main Street of Man,  
The sky-road of the star-souls, beyond all wars and scars;  
And there the singing soul of him goes on with the marching stars.

So, as I stand in the summer night, when the hosts of heaven seem nigh,  
And look at the powdery swirl of stars, where it sweeps across the sky,  
The wide way of the white stars, where it runs up and down,  
My heart shall be glad for the friend who said *It was Main Street, Heaventown.*

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## LAST CHRISTMAS IN THE HOLY LAND

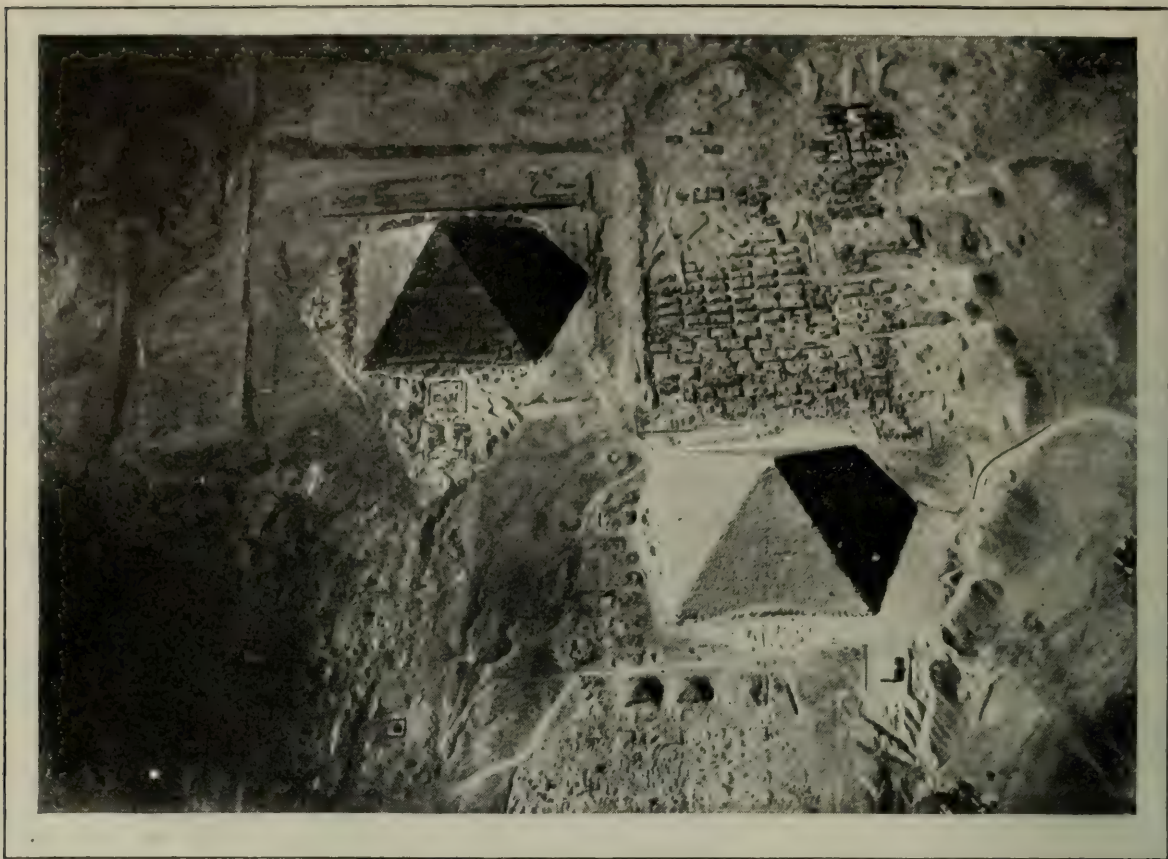
By Andrew F. West

THEY are coming out of Egypt and they seek the Promised Land •  
Through the desert and the lions that are standing in the way.  
Hark! I hear the Tommies cheering to the music of the band;  
“Carry on!” the captains calling, “Carry on!” and “Clear the way!”

They have taken Gath and Ashdod and old Ascalon as well,  
The places where the Philistines so fondly loved to dwell;  
They have got the gates of Gaza and advancing in their wrath  
They smite the Hun as David smote Goliath of old Gath.

They have entered little Bethlehem with joy for Christmas Day,  
They are in the Holy City with a prayer no words may say.  
God keep you, young Crusaders! away beyond the sea;  
He led you through the desert and Jerusalem is free.





The Pyramids as seen by Doctor Finley in his recent airplane flight from Egypt to the Holy Land.

## “VIA DEI”

By John Finley

### I

“VIA DEI”—this the sacred phrase  
By which they named the thousand  
ways  
That led from palace and from cell,  
From hut and shop and citadel,  
O'er mountain, river, sea, and plain,  
Through heat and cold and drought  
and rain,  
Toward the Holy Land.

### II

But with the wings of morning I  
A “via Dei” of the sky  
Have found amid the paths of light  
Where airmen make their pilgrim flight  
High in the heav'ns—the ways ne'er  
trod  
Save by the glowing feet of God  
Above the Holy Land.

### III

O'er Pyramid and Sphinx we flew,  
Dry-shod th' unparted sea passed  
through,  
Crossed in an hour the wilderness,  
Saw Sinai looming terrorless,  
High o'er the gates of Gaza leapt,  
And low across the plain of Sharon  
swept  
Into the Holy Land.

### IV

And then I saw Jerusalem  
Lying an opalescent gem,  
Or breastplate, 'mid the ephod's blue  
And gold and purple ambient hue,—  
A city from the skies let down  
To be henceforth the whole earth's  
crown  
Set 'mid the Holy Land





## ODYSSEUS' BARK

By John Finley

O DREAD Poseidon  
Who didst turn to stone  
Odysseus' bark  
And anchor it  
Beside the lovely isle  
Where goddess-like Nausicaa  
Still plays at ball  
'Mid shadows violet  
With her shrill maids,  
Loose thou this ship,  
With sombre cypresses for masts,  
With dark monastic cells  
For cabins, and the close,  
Abloom, for deck!—  
Loose it, I pray,  
From its long anchorage  
And let it take me back  
To my loved Ithaca—  
An island grown to continent,  
America,  
Lying beyond the seas  
That are "the baths  
Of all the Western Stars."

CORFU, 1918.





*Drawn by Lester Ralph.*

## “WHEN PEACE COMES DOWN”

By William H. Hayne

BEYOND this era of pain and tears  
Are there no smiles for the unborn years?  
Will Death keep scarlet the blood-drenched sod,  
And hills that point to the stars of God?

Will untamed armies, like beasts at bay,  
Continue madly to smite and slay,—  
Till the anguished earth and the sea's red waves  
Reek with the burden of countless graves?

Ah, no! There will be surcease of crime  
When balm is shed from the wings of Time,—  
When over ruined hamlet and ravaged town  
Peace, the healer, comes softly down.



# RESURGERE

By Benj. Paul Blood

THOUGH shrapnel-stript the poplars rear  
Bare fingers to the shivering skies,  
Some leaves will come another year  
To whisper that the dead will rise.

Then mourn no more the minster spires  
Whose foliate stones lie overthrown;  
Still on the altars dream their fires;  
The spirit walks, and waits its own.

The genius lives, the faith remains,  
Nor needs the Peter-pence of years;  
It dreams of scaffolds, cranes, and chains  
Where Art in khaki garb appears.

The best are there, the men who know  
In the old fashion. Spire and dome  
From shards resurgent swift will grow,  
And burgeon ere the boys come home.

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## MELISANDE'S GARDEN

By Katharine Baker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. ALLAN GILBERT



SARAH was sulky because I wouldn't buy her buckskin sport boots at eighteen dollars a pair. We were ordering her clothes for college in her Easter vacation."

"You're very unreasonable," I reproved her. "Any one would think the high cost of living was a mere academic question. No, not academic, for then it might touch you, I presume. Eighteen dollars for boots is wicked, with people starving in Europe and the East Side rioting because cabbage is twenty cents a pound and potatoes are seven."

Sarah merely turned up her nose.

"Cabbage ought to be a prohibitive price," she declared, "and as for those rioters on the East Side, it makes me tired to have people that came over here day before yesterday, and aren't even naturalized yet, complaining because we send a little food to starving Europe."

That's where you see the college educa-

tion in Sarah. She's always going off on those learned discussions that aren't intended to get you anywhere. When I argue I like to be arguing *about* something.

However, I had compromised with myself and chosen ten-dollar boots, and she was extremely discontented.

"Those very boots you have on this minute cost fourteen dollars," she accused me. "You think anything is good enough for me."

I was exasperated.

"Do have a little sense," I urged her. "I try to use judgment. You're seventeen. You're supposed to be brilliant. I advised mamma to send you to college. Suitable place to develop brilliance. You wear number six shoes. What difference could it make whether a number six shoe cost eight dollars or eighteen? You certainly couldn't expect to exploit it. Now I'm stupid, but I wear a three. I haven't brains for a career. Obviously I've got to get married. I'm nineteen. I ought





"Can't you see me in that new ninety-dollar pongee

to do it soon. At least it will keep getting harder. It isn't selfishness that makes me pay fourteen dollars for my shoes. It's common sense."

Sarah was silent, but she was not convinced. She went back to college with a really beautiful outfit.

And the very next week the Whitby munition plant was blown up. That was the worst thing that ever happened. The place wasn't insured, and they had practically every bit of mamma's money ex-

cept a few hundreds a year and a little in bank that would barely pay our bills.

We owned the house besides, but it would be a ghastly white elephant without servants, and of course mamma couldn't do anything. Mamma sits and knits and reads all day. She simply devours wool, and you've no conception how expensive it is.

I dismissed the servants and got in a kind of charwoman, who went home evenings.





bathing-suit down in the show-case?"—Page 80.

I spent two frightful days and nights considering. I consulted Alexis, but he never has any ideas. He suggested that I should marry him, as though that would help anything. Alexis is a bond salesman and so he is fairly prosperous just now, but I can't forget that two years ago he couldn't buy himself an overcoat. That business is too volatile for me.

And then mamma asked me to stop in Farquhar's and get her some wool to

finish a pair of socks for the Belgian Relief.

I passed through their ready-made-gown department. They were having an opening. Models in Maya Indian adaptations were appearing on a stage, strolling down steps and out into the solid jam of humanity in front, right pretty models, of a chorus-girl sort.

I looked at them and had my idea. So I bought the wool for more than its weight in gold, and went home and dressed up



in my most dress-up clothes, and hurried back to Farquhar's. And I asked for Mr. Farquhar's office.

I'm always hearing people say it's hard to get the ear of czars and presidents. I don't believe it. It may depend on your sex and age and clothes, of course. However, I fancy it's chiefly keeping the thought before you: "Why, certainly I'm going to see him. He's an old friend of mine. Nobody else would do at all."

Anyway, I got in. Somebody did ask me what I wanted, but I raised my eyebrows tolerantly at him and smiled.

Mr. Farquhar was at his desk, figuring. He was rather old, about thirty, I imagined, and sallow and dark-haired, and hollow-chested, and generally gloomy-looking. Not at all your notion of a person who has inherited a great fortune.

He looked up when I entered, and then sprang to his feet. Due to my clothes.

I have never been expert at introducing a subject. When I want to say anything, I just say it. So I said it.

"I want a job, Mr. Farquhar."

He looked amused.

"A fad for economic independence?" he inquired politely.

"An irresistible craving for food and clothes," I assured him. "I'd much rather be a drone. I'd be perfectly brazen about letting the submerged tenth continue to support me, but they refuse to do it any longer."

The submerged tenth is one of Sarah's favorite subjects. I learned it from her.

"No one would suspect you of needing clothes," remarked Mr. Farquhar.

"No," I assented. "I bought these things down-stairs in your shop. But they look more expensive on me than they really are. I improve them. This suit was ninety-five dollars. The hat was thirty. The boots were fourteen. Don't they look like the most costly things your models wear?"

"They do," he affirmed.

"That's what I want to be, a model," I unfolded my scheme.

He drew his eyebrows together.

"I don't wish to criticise other people," I apologized, "but you can see most models look like chorus girls, and of course I'd look like a lady. . . ."

"How about that wad of artificial,

blondined hair?" Mr. Farquhar interrupted me brutally.

To be sure, it was horrid in me to criticise the models when I wanted a model's job. I gazed at him, puzzled.

"My hair?" I stammered.

"Yours," he said.

I snatched off my hat. I pulled out my hairpins. My hair fell around me.

"I beg your pardon. Most heartily," said Mr. Farquhar in a changed tone.

I rolled my hair back into the wad, and stuck in the pins.

"You see," he began again, "we try to have nice, well-bred girls in our employ. I'm sorry our models affect the public that way."

"Oh, they don't," I reversed myself. "They're really very nice models. Only I'd be different. That's what I'm trying to point out. Can't you see me in that new ninety-dollar pongee bathing-suit down in the show-case?"

I pretended to pick my way across the beach in that bathing-suit.

"Very good," he commented.

"Tennis things," I announced, and advanced toward him, swinging an imaginary bat. "*Sortie du bal*, but that's for next autumn. . . ." I huddled myself in a fur-lined cloak.

"Very good, indeed," he agreed emphatically. My spirits rose. "You're too small, I think, for the standard thirty-six?" he suggested.

"My dressmaker says I have a perfect figure," I retorted.

"Perhaps so," he agreed indifferently, "but if you can't wear the average-size costume . . . At any rate, while the general manager attends to these things, I happen to know that we have all the models we need at present," he added cruelly. "I assume you wouldn't want us to discharge anybody?"

Well, if I would, naturally I concealed my guilt. I suppose my face fell.

"How about stenography?" he inquired.

I shook my head.

"Good at figures? Mathematics?"

"Rotten," I said. "I have no mental gifts."

"You could certainly sell goods over a counter," he suggested.

I laughed indignantly at him.



"I have to have at least twenty-five dollars a week to keep things going at home," I told him. "That's why I wanted to be a model. What good would six or seven dollars do me? That's all a saleswoman gets. I'll have to try for a job in a chorus or something."

"I don't think a chorus would pay you twenty-five a week at first," he objected.

"Good morning, Mr. Farquhar." I turned to the door.

I was not accustomed to a business life where everybody seems to consider it his duty to be as unpleasant and difficult as possible. I had the door open before Mr. Farquhar had turned his slow tongue to saying: "Wait a minute, Miss Cunningham. There's certainly some opening here for you. I can give you a kind of secretarial job while we look into the matter further."

"Thank you," I said ungraciously. "But I've got to have twenty-five dollars a week, and of course, as you say, at first . . ."

"Secretarial work is different," he interposed hastily. "Qualities of fidelity and discretion, and so on, are involved. The pay is higher. Suppose we try it for a week, or say a fortnight, beginning to-morrow, while you look around?"

"Oh, very well." I accepted his offer. I held out my hand. He came over and shook it. "You're really awfully good," I thanked him.

On the way home a messenger boy on a wheel ran into me and tore and soiled the front of my gown, the only decent thing I had. Still it had served a good purpose. It had secured me a job.

Alexis was displeased. He dropped in as usual that evening and found me in the back yard planting potatoes. I had made the furnace man spade up the grass-plot where the maids used to hang the clothes. I had cut up a lot of potatoes into little pieces, just as it directs in garden catalogues, and was planting them in rows.

Frankly, I was relying on making Alexis do the work for me. He comes over practically every day, and he's too lazy to live, anyway.

"What in Sam Hill are you doing?" he asked.

I explained.

"You are to cultivate them, Alexis," I informed him. "It will do you good, and with potatoes at three dollars and a half a bushel, I consider it's the only chance mamma and I shall be likely to have of ever tasting one again."

I pushed a basket of mutilated potatoes into his unwilling hand and gave him careful instructions, and he began to plant them complainingly.

He stopped and looked closely at one piece. Then he turned them all over.

"About half these pieces have no eye in them," he commented. "I don't know much about potatoes, but I do know they sprout from eyes."

Men are always carping at little things.

"Sort them," I advised him. "Don't use those pieces. Save them. I'll put them in our safe-deposit box to-morrow."

It was not a warm evening, but Alexis soon took off his coat. I told him my adventures at Farquhar's as entertainingly as possible, to reward him for his toil.

"Confound the fellow, I don't like it," declared Alexis. He straightened up, lifted his hat, and began to wipe his forehead, just like old farmers in cartoons. "At least the man had the sense to see you couldn't be allowed to be a model, but I don't like it. You're not worth two dollars and a half a week to any business, let alone twenty-five," he said frankly. "What sort of fellow is Farquhar?"

"Middle-aged, and kind of stodgy-looking," I described my employer. "Don't you know him?"

"Naw," said Alexis. "Father was an old-clothes man, or a tailor, or something, before he built that business. Nobody knows 'em."

Alexis's grandfather was minister to Russia. That's why he's named Alexis.

"But the nerve of you," he jeered, "to think you could be a model. Aside from the appalling conceit of fancying you have the looks, don't you know it takes skill? You'd get stage fright. You'd be a stiff."

"I would not," I maintained. "I'm a born actress. I can do a canary, or a fish in an aquarium, or His Master's Voice so you would think they were before you."

I did them. Alexis admitted they were



lifelike. I did the girl in a bathing-suit for him, and the *sortie du bal*. Alexis was enthralled. He ceased from his labors to watch. I had to remind him firmly of the potatoes.

"I did you an injustice when I said that you weren't worth twenty-five a week to any business," admitted Alexis, picking up his basket with a weary grunt. "As a slave-driver you'd be cheap at the price."

Just then mamma came out to tell me John Badger was in the drawing-room to see me. John is teller in a bank and is a very estimable citizen.

Alexis put on his coat and came along in. John stayed a long while, but Alexis outstayed him. When he had gone I said: "Alexis, you'll simply have to stop hanging around here all the time interfering with people that have intentions."

Alexis said: "I have intentions."

"Yes," I responded. "But the trouble is you have nothing but intentions."

"Would you marry that boob?" inquired Alexis, and I said:

"No, but I would marry somebody, and obviously it wouldn't be you."

The potatoes came up in intermittent rows. Where the pieces had eyes, I presume.

"My garden is up," I confided to Mr. Farquhar as I burst into the office a few minutes late. My office was a sort of cubby-hole inside his.

"That explains your being late, does it?" inquired Mr. Farquhar sardonically.

"No," I confessed. "I know very well I'm always late. If I could only set my watch fast and forget it. Now, when it's fast I know it. You might move it on some time," I requested him. "It stands on my desk all day."

"Gather your roses while you may," muttered Mr. Farquhar. "Old time is still a-flying. What's in your garden? Roses?"

"No. Potatoes," I said. He looked startled. "I am combating the high cost of living," I added.

"Isn't your salary adequate?" he asked.

"Did you ever try to live on a fixed amount?" I demanded. "Any fixed amount? Personally I don't believe it

can be done. But if potatoes and the vacant lot will help, my problem is going to be solved."

Just before closing time Mr. Farquhar stalked in and left a tall package on my desk. It contained a brass sprayer and a can of Bordeaux Arsenate of Lead Mixture.

That evening I found my watch had been set on fifteen minutes. Mr. Farquhar must have changed it. I wondered if he'd seen the picture of Alexis in the back. Alexis had pasted it in carefully himself. He said when he did it, if I hadn't any proper romantic feeling about him, at least we'd try to conceal my shortcomings from the censorious world.

Alexis is lovely to look at. I hadn't the heart to scratch it out.

One afternoon Mr. Farquhar called me in to take some instructions.

"What are you going to do this evening?" he inquired as I got up to go.

"Hoe potatoes," I said.

"Hoe potatoes?" He repeated my words.

"Yes," I answered, and sat down again. "You see, Alexis Jones is pretty sure to be over, and he might as well be doing something useful. I just hoe to keep him company, so he won't grow discouraged."

"Ah! And he's sure to be there?" asked Mr. Farquhar.

"Well, practically sure," I hedged. "Of course you couldn't get Alexis to work long, try as you might. He soon gives out; but we do a little every evening."

"That's all," said Mr. Farquhar, and turned away.

I got up again.

That night, when it became too dark to work, Alexis pulled out a clean handkerchief as usual, and we both wiped our grubby fingers on it as usual, I taking first turn, and then we sat down on the steps and I played the ukulele and sang while he smoked. All as usual.

Mamma sat by the light in the library window, busily reading. She is trying to finish the five-foot shelf of books. She persuaded me to read to her for a while, but she unfortunately started me on the "Journal of John Woolman," and I only lasted about ten minutes at that.



As a singer I flat and sharp and commit every crime, but Alexis is perfectly tone-deaf and doesn't know it.

I played "Aloha Oe" and "Loch Lomond," and a lot of the mournful,

founded blighter would ask you to go out with him, would he?"

"Nonsense," I answered sharply. "He didn't ask me anything of the sort."

"He meant to," argued Alexis with con-



Next evening I made Alexis hoe alone while I sat on the steps and ran graduated tucks.—Page 84.

slushy stuff he likes best, and then I told him about Mr. Farquhar's asking what I'd be doing that evening.

Alexis sat up angrily and threw his cigarette clear across the fence.

"Why, — him," he said. "The con-

viction, "if you hadn't told him about me."

"Told him about you?" I said, puzzled. "Told him what?"

"Practically told him you were engaged to me," said Alexis complacently.



"Alexis Jones, you simply make me furious," I informed him. "I'd like to know what any girl would marry you for?"

"She might marry me for my family, mightn't she?" suggested Alexis. "You'll admit we've always been very successful in concealing our bum relations. That's all the most rigid aristocracy can do. Of course you couldn't expect me to amount to much myself," ended Alexis humbly. He knows I am always more encouraging when he's humble. "At least, if that fellow thinks you're engaged to me it will keep him from insulting you," he added with gratification.

"He wasn't going to insult me," I insisted. "Maybe he was going to ask if he might call."

"Rubbish," said Alexis.

"Well, I'm sorry I told him about the potatoes," I grieved. "I might have found out what he was going to say. Now I'll always wonder."

Alexis lowered at me.

"Gosh, I hate to have you stay on that job," he reflected. "I've got to put my poor old bean to work to find a way out."

"I've got it," he greeted me exultantly a few evenings later. "Of course it will give your mother heart-failure, and I don't know how me own proud family will stand for it, when I marry you; but if you make good it will buy potatoes and Belgian wool ad libitum, and Sarah can go back to college next year. And best of all, it will take you away from that lobster's den and enable you to marry me without financial anxiety."

I clasped my hands around his arm and hung on it.

"Hurry up and tell," I begged.

"Unhand me, woman," he grumbled. "You haven't begun it yet." But he caught my hands in one of his and held them tight on his arm. So then I wriggled away. "You're to be a movie queen," he announced.

"Nonsense," I said.

"No nonsense about it," he assured me. "Let me off this deadly grind for to-night, won't you?" he coaxed. "There isn't a grain of dust out of place in the whole danged garden, and I've got the weeds so intimidated they wither if I look at 'em."

We sat down on the steps.

"I ran down to Atlantic to-day to sell some bonds to the Reverend Enos Clay," he related. "That's the man that pictured the Bible and made forty millions out of it. He's staying at the Churchill because he likes their soft-boiled eggs. You see, I knew the old boy and I'm fond of him. Three years ago he bought the first bond I'd sold in four months. It was the first one he ever had the money to buy, so he favors me, too. Sold him everything I had to-day. Then he got to gassing. Said he's going to do a series—the world's great fairy-tales. Struck me you'd be just the heroine for him. Regular Fair One with Golden Locks—that sort of thing. I told him about you. With that little button mouth of yours and your little turned-up nose and all, well, of course there's no character to your face, but they certainly would eat it up in the shows. And your hair will finish 'em. I want you to go down with me on Sunday. We'll see the Reverend Mr. Clay and put one over on him. It'll be a nice picnic, too. Will you go?"

I love Atlantic City, though it does ruin the tips of your shoes to walk on the Boardwalk.

"Yes, I'll go," I agreed.

"You want to dress sort of like a valentine—the way you used to," advised Alexis—"if I know anything about the clergy."

"Oh, Alexis, my only decent gown is spoiled," I lamented.

"Don't worry. You'll think of some way to fix it," he comforted me.

I lay awake, reflecting. At midnight I jumped out of bed and fished out an old strawberry liberty crape of Sarah's. Sarah is lots taller than I. I found the left-over material in the piece drawer, and climbed back in bed and measured and folded the thing on the down quilt.

Next evening I made Alexis hoe alone while I sat on the steps and ran graduated tucks, five big ones for the skirt, two for the waist, three for the sleeves.

He soon came and dropped beside me.

"What are you doing to Sarah's old duds?" he asked. Alexis never forgets a gown.

My boots were all right. The hat wor-



ried me terribly. I had none that would do with that gown. And then, passing through Farquhar's French millinery salon at noon, I saw a little plain straw thing from Reboux, with two quills stuck through it. I tried it on. I certainly did look nice in it. I glanced inside at the tag. Things are marked plainly at Farquhar's. It was fifty dollars.

I stuck it back on the velvet-covered support and continued my search. I couldn't bear any others after that one, so I went away. But I couldn't forget it, either.

Still I had to have a hat. On Saturday, just before noon, I came to Mr. Farquhar's desk. He laid down his pen and leaned back in his chair.

"Miss Cunningham," he began, "I'd like to ask you something." He paused.

"Yes," I urged him.

"My mother is an invalid," he said. "I believe it would give her pleasure to know you. I have wondered if you wouldn't call on her."

"Why, certainly," I agreed.

"To-morrow?" he asked.

"I couldn't, to-morrow," I regretted. "I'm going on a picnic to-morrow to Atlantic. I just came to ask you can't I get away a little bit early. I have to buy a hat."

"By all means." He fumbled with a pile of books on his desk. "Perhaps you might go on a picnic with me some day . . . if I met your mother . . ." He hesitated.

"Oh, goodness, no," I answered. "Mamma would have a fit. You see, Alexis is different. Alexis's grandmother and mine rolled their hoops together. And I've known Alexis all my life."

"I see," said Mr. Farquhar with an ugly sneer. "So you're going with Alexis. Of course."

Horrid thing.

I ran down to the hat salon. But really there were no others. There hung the alluring creation. I stuck it on my head again. I needed it. Mr. Clay could never resist a hat like that.

I turned it over mechanically. A line had been drawn through the fifty, and twenty-five written below. In my hand was my week's pay, twenty-five dollars. "He either fears his fate too much, Or

his desert is small, Who dares not put it to the touch, To win or lose it all."

"I'll take this," I said to the saleswoman.

She knew me.

"Just marked down. And pure flim-flam at that," she warned me. "Twenty-five dollars for a wisp of straw and two quills."

But I took it.

"Good Lord!" said Alexis Sunday morning. "Have you robbed a layette?"

I admit Sarah's made-over dress was the same style I wore when I was seven years old, but it was the height of the mode.

"Some hat!" He admired my purchase.

"Alexis, you'll have to pay my fare and buy my luncheon," I announced. "There'll be neither food nor fire in our house this week. I've mortgaged my future for a hat."

"You done well," grinned Alexis.

The Reverend Mr. Clay met us in the flower-filled lobby of the Churchill. He was fat and clerical, evidently much impressed by his own new-found wealth.

Alexis pulled a little group of easy chairs together in the glazed corridor, and we talked, and I watched the overdressed crowds inside and out, and Mr. Clay watched me.

"You'll lunch with me," he said.

And after a while we went into the café. There sat Mr. Farquhar alone at a table. All through luncheon, whenever I looked that way, there he sat and glowered.

Naturally I became much more animated. . . . Mr. Clay relaxed to open friendliness.

"Shall we go up-stairs to talk?" he asked after luncheon. "I have nearly a whole floor up there on the front."

Alexis glanced at me and shook his head slightly.

"There's a big parlor over by the patio that's most probably deserted now," he proposed.

"That's better," agreed Mr. Clay. "*Virginibus puerisque*. We must be considerate of this little girl. That will do perfectly."

We went over to the deserted parlor, all huge windows hung with painted yellow blinds, looking over the Boardwalk.

"Acting is an art," said Mr. Clay pom-



pously. "And acting in motion pictures is a highly specialized art. It requires a rare gift of pantomime."

"Barbara, couldn't you show Mr. Clay the girl in the bathing-suit? And the fish?" asked Alexis.

So I did. And a lot of other imitations.

"Very pretty and quaint," said Mr. Clay non-committally. "Of course the mere gift of pantomime is a very common thing."

I stared blankly at him.

"Miss Cunningham has one very uncommon gift indeed," remarked Alexis. "There's nobody about. . . . If she would just unpin her hair. . . ."

I took off my hat obediently. I unpinned my hair.

A gust of wind from an open window unfurled it like a flag, and flung it loose around me. It blew against Mr. Clay's open mouth. It flew out like a tent.

"By g-good gracious!" he said, wiping my hair carefully out of his mouth. "Wonderful! Incredible!"

I swung round, sweeping it under control again. There in the doorway stood Mr. Farquhar.

"Beg pardon," he said, and turned on his heel.

"Confound the intrusive lout," said Alexis.

I stood clutching my collected hair in both hands against my seven-year-old gown.

"What's the matter?" asked Alexis anxiously.

"That was Mr. Farquhar," I said.

What would he think of me? I do not go around flaunting my hair in hotels and offices as a rule. But what would any one think? I twisted it into place.

Mr. Clay was chattering happily to Alexis, his caution laid aside.

"No question at all about her," he said. "A trial film. But her features will photograph well. What a Melisande! 'Lettice, Lettice, let down your hair, That I may climb without a stair!'" he blithered on. "Now we'll take this wonder-child out and show her the sights of Atlantic." (I used to do the Boardwalk in my perambulator, and Alexis broke my first doll there, shooting Indian arrows at it. Of course he didn't hit it, but it fell off the Boardwalk onto a spile and broke.)

"Later I'll run you over to Philadelphia in my machine," Mr. Clay promised. "No trouble, my dear boy. A pleasure. And I shall look for many pleasant returns."

He's a good soul. His car was truly superb. It contained quantities of warm motor garments in which he huddled us. We slipped silently over the smooth new road between the rows of board signs and the tracks and the great trusses of overhead wires that spoil the meadows. The road was as populous as an ant-hill.

Presently the engine began to miss. I didn't notice it, but it almost drove the chauffeur wild, and even Alexis could hear it. So we stopped and the man produced his tool kit.

While he was burrowing under the hood, cars were flying by in droves. A big one passed us and stopped. A man climbed out and came back. It was Mr. Farquhar.

"Engine trouble?" he asked the chauffeur. He addressed me. "I'd be glad to take you all home in my car."

Alexis looked him up and down.

"Thanks awfully," said Alexis, and drew his lips tight in a fixed smile. "I fancy we shall do very well."

Mr. Farquhar became as red as a Pennsylvania barn.

"Why, nonsense," I interrupted. "I'd be very glad indeed, Mr. Farquhar. I don't care to wait around here."

"S' all right," called the chauffeur, slamming down the hood. Chauffeurs are very jealous of the reputation of their engines. "Wire had jumped," he defended his. "Short-circuited a cylinder."

He ran and leaped into the car. We left Mr. Farquhar standing in the road.

"You're an arrogant young dog, Alexis," said Mr. Clay, gazing at him with a certain surprised satisfaction.

"I'd thank you to let me decide for myself whose car I'll ride in, Alexis Jones," I stated in my coldest manner.

"Scuse," said Alexis meekly. "I can't stand the fellow."

He slipped his hand under my big coat-sleeve and gave my fingers a little squeeze. I pulled away.

Mr. Clay couldn't get over his new view of Alexis. He kept chuckling and reciting to himself: "'When night dark-





*Drawn by C. Allan Gilbert.*

A gust of wind from an open window unfurled it like a flag, and flung it loose around me.—Page 86.



ens the streets, then wander forth the sons of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.'"

Mr. Farquhar wasn't in the office at all next morning. An unheard-of thing. He came in in the afternoon. I listened, in my cubby-hole, but he was receiving one department head after another.

It was late when they stopped coming. Then I emerged. I must tell him about Mr. Clay. And especially I wanted him to understand about my hair.

"I'd like to ask your advice," I began. "I'm in a dilemma. Of course I know my salary is a great deal more than I am worth. Still it isn't enough. Mamma isn't used to considering expenses much, and she can't understand that we can't afford to buy wool for her to knit socks for the Belgians. She frets over it. She thinks it's preposterous. And I have a chance to go into the movies."

"Your hands aren't large enough for a movie heroine," remarked Mr. Farquhar abstractedly.

He was not paying much attention to my story. I had hoped he would remonstrate, but he merely sat there making crosses and dots with a lead-pencil on a fat pad in front of him.

"What is the dilemma?" he inquired finally. "It's perfectly true, as you say, that your present salary is exaggerated. . . ."

Yes, he sat there and assured me in that cold-blooded manner that I was already receiving charity. I felt the blood rush into my face.

"I know it," I said, springing to my feet. "I am only skin-deep. I can't do anything that requires a brain."

"The movies are no job for a young girl. Even less suitable than a model's life. Of course you have the equipment," he conceded. "Your looks . . . your beautiful hair—which always creates such an impression. . . ."

"Doubtless I already seem forward," I mocked him. "This must not continue. So the only thing left for me to do is just to get married."

Beads of perspiration suddenly appeared on his forehead, like Alexis when he hoes potatoes. He swung his chair around quickly so that his back was turned to me, dismissing me.

I ran into my own little cubby-hole.

I was furious with everybody. Nobody thought a thing of me. They just considered me a useless doll with fine long hair and little feet. I was certainly tired of it. And now he taunted me with showing my hair. I never expected Mr. Farquhar to be anything but kind.

I cast my eyes down on my desk. There lay a huge pair of paper shears.

I pulled out my hairpins for the last time. I snatched up the shears and slashed across the back of my neck. A yellow snake of hair squirmed a minute on the floor. I caught it up and carried it into Mr. Farquhar's room. I threw it on the desk.

He stared at the roll, thick as my arm and longer.

"What on earth? . . ." he asked.

"I'm tired of being nothing but a yellow-haired doll," I cried. "If I'm nothing else, then I'll be nothing at all. I *don't* go around displaying it. It won't create any more impressions."

He put out a hand and touched the coil of hair gently, then drew his hand back.

"Extraordinary act," he murmured. "Don't you think this might interfere with your usefulness in the movies?"

"Of course it will. I don't care," I said.

"So you've settled your dilemma yourself?" he asked. "You've decided to get married. To Alexis?"

"I suppose it will have to be Alexis," I admitted.

He glanced up, just a second, and then lowered his eyes again to the pencil in his hand. But there was something in the way he looked at me, just that minute. . . .

"My hands were tied," he said savagely. "You needed the money, and where could you go if I annoyed you?"

"You did annoy me," I reproached him. "It's annoying to be ignored. I suppose it will have to be Alexis," I reiterated, "but, oh, I did hope I was going to marry you."

He sat still with his pencil poised.

"I hope you are," he said quietly. He made a deep dot, threw the pencil down on the pad, and got up. "I hope to God you are," he repeated, and then he swung past the table and flattened me violently against his woolly coat.



## “LES AMÉRICAINS SONT LÀ”

By Mary King Waddington



THOSE were the words on everybody's lips as the first big detachments of United States troops began to appear in the Paris streets, rather making one think of the old days of fierce fighting in the Vendée, when the phrase "Monsieur de Charette est là" seemed to put new heart and courage into the groups of peasants fighting hard for a lost cause. One could hardly call them soldiers, those bands of rough peasants, their uniforms when they had any faded and torn—scarcely armed, a few muskets, old guns, and pistols, pitchforks, sticks, whatever they could find, but all intensely religious, burning with loyalty and a mad thirst for vengeance against the hated "fléau" (Republicans) who had murdered their King, scoffed at their religion, overthrown everything that was life and country to them. Charette's name and presence worked like magic. He seemed the savior of all they held dear.

There could be no stronger contrast than these bands of young American soldiers (they all look young), vigorous, tall, supple, nor very strongly built perhaps, neither the square-shouldered, powerful Tommy, nor the sturdy muscular poilu, but swinging along with a firm free step—very bright eager eyes looking at everything and responding at once to the slightest sign of interest. They too had come to fight for an ideal—freedom and liberty of all nations, but theirs was no lost cause, their coming meant Victory and they knew it. It seemed so long to us all over here before America could make up her mind to fight. There seemed so many reasons why she shouldn't, but au fond one felt she must do her share in the world fight against tyranny and militarism. We quite understood the President's reluctance to drag his country into war—and such a war! We in France have seen all the horrors of it; still after four years of awful fighting—

almost a whole generation gone in France and England, and unspeakable misery in the invaded regions—there are very few people who dare to clamor for peace at any price. The men who have been wounded go back to the trenches with the same indomitable spirit, and the women send off their men with a smile and a prayer, then take up the burden of life again. Ah, what a heavy charge! It was pathetic to see the Americans so eager to get to the front, knowing so little of what was before them. Even for the regulars, the fighting in the Philippines and Mexico were skirmishes and cavalry raids compared to this terrible war.

I think there is a simple politeness in these young warriors from across the sea, whether they come from some of the big cities, New York, Boston, Chicago, or from some far-away States on the other side of the "Rockies." There is an instinctive courtesy to all women. The other day I saw three or four young soldiers at the doors of one of our work-rooms. I said to them: "I am sure you are Americans." In their khaki shirts and no hats it is not always easy to note the difference between them and the Australians. "Yes, ma'am"—came the answer. "I like to hear that, it reminds me of old days in America." "My mother always taught me to say ma'am to a lady." "Well, my boy, if you go through life remembering always what your mother taught you, you will do well." Again came the answer "Yes, ma'am," but this time with rather a wistful look in the eyes as if the thought of mother so far away had awakened longings for home. They tell me they are all homesick, which one can quite understand. Their compatriots over here do all they can for them in the way of clubs, restaurants, hospitals and distractions, but they are always strangers in a strange land where they don't know the language nor the customs. I was glad to see them gradually disappearing from Paris where



every possible temptation assailed them, and these simple honest country boys were no match for the greedy Paris shopkeepers who asked them exorbitant prices for everything; and above all for the pretty painted girls of the boulevards, who have all learned a little English, and lay in wait for these good-looking, open-handed young soldiers who half the time don't understand them but are always ready to give them a dinner or a drink or take them to the theatre.

Last winter in one of the very cold spells when great blocks of ice (a most unusual sight) were floating down the Seine, I met a group of young officers walking along the Quai, sauntering in the sun, not heeding apparently the cold, sharp wind blowing from the river. Some of our French officers had told me that they found the Americans not warmly enough dressed, their tunics and overcoats all right but their undergarments not nearly warm enough. I stopped to talk to them—I always do whenever I meet them—and asked them if they felt the cold, that I had heard they were not warmly enough dressed. They all protested, said they had everything they wanted, and one of them, rather older than the others, said he had heard no complaints from his men. We discussed it a little, then he added: "Most of us come from the far West, madame. We are accustomed to months of snow and ice in the winter—this weather seems like spring to us."

I think perhaps they didn't feel the cold, as long as there was any sun, but the damp weather tried them very much. Hundreds had heavy colds and pneumonia. They were marvellously cared for; their hospitals are perfect. We all here in France felt so keenly what a wrench it must have been for American wives and mothers to see their men leave for such far-away fighting. There must be long weeks of agonized waiting before they can get news of their soldiers, ill or wounded. I wanted them so much to know that until they had had time to organize their own hospitals and ambulances, all their men would be as tenderly and skilfully nursed as if they were at home.

Now that they have really come into the fight and are merged into the lines of

the Allies, fighting side by side with French and English, it is impossible to send them all to their own hospitals. They are picked up very often by French convoys, and taken to the nearest field-hospital, often French. I heard of two young fellows the other day at a French hospital where they were being taken care of, doctors and nurses doing all they could, but the poor fellows couldn't talk, nor understand, and were very miserable. One of my American friends went to see them and said their delight at hearing their own language was touching—also that the doctor was as much pleased as they were, saying to her: "Ah, madame, your visit has done them more good than all my skill."

Their attitude was a little puzzling when they first came over; they were half shy, half arrogant. The American eagle spread his wings extensively, they were going to finish the War, and show the Old World what the young Republic across the sea could do. I had many discussions with my American military friends, and told them they would certainly *help* to win the War now that all the difficulties had been straightened out by the men who had borne the burden and the stress of the battle. We too were unprepared for such a war as this; trench fighting, and those horrible gas attacks, and incendiary bombs, which one would not have expected from a civilized (one can't say any more a Christian) nation, and had besides all the misery and suffering to contend with in our devastated towns and villages. It was hard for the men, particularly men of a certain age, to keep up a good fight, knowing that their homes were in ruins, their wives and children scattered all over the country and no possible means of communicating with them, or knowing if they were still alive. Naturally fresh young troops, perfectly well equipped and eager for the fray, could surely give us the help we needed.

I think they understand now how magnificently the French and English have fought, each in their own way, but making a very formidable ensemble. The English cool, stolid, tenacious, like the bulldog when he has got his teeth in the other dog's ear—the French excited, nervous, rushing to the attack. We had hardly



had time in July to judge the Americans, so few of them had got to the front, but when we saw the long lines of tall, keen-faced, well-made young men, we felt how much they brought to give courage and fresh energy to the troops who had fought steadily for four years.

The poilu is very much astonished at the equipment and pay of the Americans, and the practical way in which they settle themselves in any quarters, and the quickness with which they do everything. They are still astonishing the small (and even the big) French officials by their quick decision and action. I was in a small town, not far from the front, several weeks ago when two or three American officers came up in their car to see about accommodation for a detachment of soldiers, about three hundred men who were to be quartered in the town and were arriving the next day. The mayor was much perturbed. He had nothing, not even a room. There were already French and a few English troops in the town, not a room available. The officers cut short his regrets and apologies, saying: “We don’t want houses nor rooms. I suppose you can give us a field—we bring our own material.”

The next day arrived a train of lorries, with huts, tents, planks—everything they needed to organize their camp. The simple peasants were astounded at the ease and rapidity with which everything was settled. That same day in the afternoon they appeared at a garden-party given by Mme. T., an American-born wife of the general commanding the legion. She had prepared for five or six hundred people, and the garden looked charming. The French soldiers had arranged a pretty little theatre decorated with flags and greens in a real “Théâtre de Verdure” in the middle of the lawn; they had arranged the flags very well, French, English and American, when at the last moment Mme. T. discovered that there was no Italian flag and one or two Italian officers were coming who were with General F.’s command. One was obtained with difficulty from somewhere so that nobody’s feelings could be hurt, but the honors of the day were for the Americans. Tables loaded with sandwiches, enormous chocolate cakes, tea, chocolate, syrups and

lemonade (with a little “something” in it to give it a taste) were spread under the trees. The cakes were rather a problem—they were all made in the house, but the ovens here are not big enough in an ordinary country house, in war-time, to hold so many, so they were all baked at the bakery of the little town.

The Americans arrived very punctually at four o’clock, by the garden entrance, about two hundred and fifty, marching two and two in the winding narrow paths. The poilus were there already, and the blue coats and the khaki stood out well against the background of trees as they ranged themselves in a semicircle behind the chairs reserved for the few ladies who were there and the officers. The concert was very good! Some of the French soldiers sang and played very well and some Americans (volunteers) contributed most capably and agreeably to the performance. The American songs were half patriotic, half sentimental; the men all joining in the chorus; a little shyly at first but with much entrain after a pause for refreshments. The poilus couldn’t help much in the singing, as all the words were in English, but a cheer or a hurrah seems the same thing in all languages. Some of the songs were amusing; that “Kaiser Bill would feel pretty ill when the Yanks were marching to Berlin,” that chorus being given with much enthusiasm, the French soldiers smiling and nodding to the Yanks (let us hope he won’t escape that illness), and another big with hopeful prophecy, “As Washington crossed the Delaware, so Pershing will cross the Rhine.”

When the concert was over we talked to the men. Many of them had just come over. They were from all parts of America. I asked were there any from New Jersey, the State where I was born, and was amused at the answer “From New Jersey, little New Jersey. No, ma’am, I don’t think so.”

It is very interesting, as the War goes on, to see the difference of thought and education between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations; even when they say and do the same thing, they do them differently. The Americans move and march differently from the English—their step is lighter, freer; when they stand at atten-



tion, though perfectly correct, they are not so stiff as the Englishmen. I think many of them are shy (though it is not a national trait), especially with foreigners, but it doesn't make them as embarrassed and self-conscious as many English are. It was rather trying for some young fellows fresh from the plains or big farms of the far West to take part in the various entertainments provided for them in some of the clubs their compatriots in Paris had organized. They were generally very well arranged—several tables, almost always a piano, tea, cakes, sandwiches ad libitum, and pretty girls and young women waiting on them, bringing them refreshments, and asking them to play and sing.

I was shy myself when I was asked to sit down at one of the tables, and have tea with eight or ten young men of whom I knew nothing except that they wore the United States uniform, and had come across the Atlantic to stand in line with our men and help us on to victory. However, my experience, after a long and varied life, is that simplicity is always the best way to get on with all classes of society, and after the first banal questions, "Had they been long in France—were they as much pleased to come over as we were to have them," and then the statement that I was born in America, had only been back once to my country after forty years in Europe—the ice was broken and they talked easily enough of home and the wives and children and sweethearts they had left behind. One of them showed me a picture of his wife (a pretty young woman) and two little children. I said to him: "It must have been hard for her to see you go." "Yes, ma'am, but if I hadn't come she would have put on the pants and come herself." Another asked me: "Do you like living in France, ma'am, and never hearing English spoken? Isn't America the *finest* country in the world to live in?" As I went out a soldier was singing very well an English song I didn't know. I stopped to listen and one of his comrades, standing near the piano, told me he was a professional singer from Colorado. When the Americans first came over there were doubts expressed as to the discipline of the United States troops. No one doubted

their fighting qualities, but the American from the far West, the rancher, the cowboy, has become such a familiar type in Europe that some people rather expected to see companies of "Buffalo Bills"—all carrying big Colts, and firing recklessly and cheerfully at anything or anybody, which didn't please them—but as the French got accustomed to the quiet, confident bearing of the Americans, their opinions modified sensibly, and wherever the U. S. soldiers passed they were sure of cordial greetings.

Some of the French officers, instructors who have had charge of the Americans when they first came over, told me that their intelligence and quickness of comprehension were extraordinary. At first they rather posed as knowing it all, were a little contemptuous perhaps of the routine and set ways of the old trained soldier, but that mood soon passed when they began to understand and appreciate the French artillery. I heard a young American gunner talk with much enthusiasm about our famous 75, the perfection of every detail and precision of working. They learned to handle our big guns very quickly, doing better work, that is, firing more quickly than the Frenchman. The French gunner thinks, and I fancy he is right, that he is the best in the world, but the American runs him very close, and the Frenchman acknowledges it very generously. Certainly their quickness astonishes the French. Their decision is quickly made and the action follows at once.

There were all sorts of amusing stories going about when they began to establish their camps in various parts of France. Of course the questions of transports, railways, telegraphs and telephones came up at once and the Americans, accustomed to move quickly, were impatient and irritated at the delays and formalities of everything in France. They were polite at first, resigned themselves apparently to the long wait imposed upon them by the local authorities, then took matters in their own hands,—and I know of several cases where bridges were built, rails laid, and telegraphs and telephones working before the official permission arrived.

There is much sympathy between the poilus and the Americans; the French like



the dash and independence of the American, which appeals to something akin in their nature, and, in some mysterious way without understanding each other's language, they make friends, and in the long summer evenings I often saw couples under the trees—a pretty little "midinette," book in hand, and a trim-looking young American soldier to whom she was giving French lessons.

I was in Paris on the Fourth of July and was present at the fête in the Place d'Iéna, which was most interesting. The French doing all they could to celebrate America's great National Day—Washington's statue in the centre of the square almost disappeared under the heaps of wreaths and palms and ribbons. The Stars and Stripes floated proudly everywhere. We shall miss them when they go home after the war; it will seem as if a part of us is going. The square was packed with a sympathetic enthusiastic crowd. The President, with the ambassadors, ministers and distinguished guests (among them Lloyd George, who was heartily cheered by the crowd when they recognized him) sat in a tribune on one side of the square; just opposite was another one reserved for Madame Poincaré, the ambassadors, ministers' wives and certain representative American ladies. There were several speeches, the speakers standing on a small platform just under the President's bay, but we didn't hear them very well. We were too far off and very few voices can bear the strain of speaking in the open air and besides all our attention was concentrated on the military display.

The French opened the march, the crowd cheering, as soon as the "clairons" were heard and the blue coats were visible—then in the distance appeared the first companies of the Americans. A great cheer greeted and accompanied them all the time they were passing. They were a splendid lot of men, their uniforms fresh and trim; they had not yet been to the front but came from a training-camp "somewhere in France." They swung through the square with their extraordinary suppleness and light quick steps—

everybody cheering and admiring. We heard exclamations in the crowd "Ah les beaux gars"; then came more French troops. Some of the Americans near me were very much struck by the cavalry salute of the officers, "le salut de l'épée," as they passed the President. It was a pretty sight, the sunlight falling on the naked blade as it rose high in the air.

There was a movement of the crowd toward the end of the square and cheers and cries of "Vive l'Amérique" told us another detachment of Americans was arriving and a long line of soldiers debouched into the square—the men who had fought near St. Quentin, their helmets dented, their uniforms worn and faded, lagging a little, but looking soldiers every one—not the parade troop which passed first, but men straight from the firing-line with that look that one sees in the eyes of all the men who have faced death and seen their comrades fall alongside of them.

Madame Poincaré came up to me saying: "Quel jour de gloire pour vous, Mme. Waddington." It was indeed a proud moment for any one who had American blood in their veins.

Then came our soldiers also from the fighting front—brave little poilus, their helmets and uniforms also showing signs of the fierce fighting they had been through—but marching sturdily along, keenly alive to the festal appearance of everything. The Frenchman dearly loves a show. There were ringing cheers and cries of "Vive l'Amérique," "Vive la France." The Marseillaise and the Star-Spangled Banner played at the same time by half a dozen bands—I think everybody had a choke in their throats, but one heard a triumphant note through all the discordant war of sound, the Te Deum of Victory. I shall never cross the Place d'Iéna again without seeing the scene, Washington's statue covered with flowers, the sunlight streaming down on flags and swords and bayonets, and the mass of eager faces all turned in one direction following the lines of retiring soldiers, and on each one the same expression of hope and joy and confidence of victory.



# FIGHTING IN FRANCE WITH THE MARINES

BY LIEUTENANT NEWTON JENKINS

Infantry, U. S. A.



**T**RUE to their tradition of ever being the first to fight, the Marines made up, in part, the first fighting unit of the A. E. F. to reach foreign shores. Doing various duties from the ports forward, along the lines of communication, it was not long after their arrival in France before they found themselves called upon to go into the line.

Having finished a course of training in an American Corps School in France, I, along with a few other officers, was sent to serve with the French army in the front-line trenches. When the big offensive started on the morning of March 21, 1918, I was in sight of the cathedral at Rheims on the right and Fort St.-Thierry behind, with the Germans but sixty metres in front.

After the initial successes of the big push, we were hustled out of the line and despatched back for assignment to American units that were pressing across France to take their places in the line against the Teutons. It was my fortune to be assigned to the Marines and my privilege to go with them into the front line for their first hitch. It was in the evening when I reached my company headquarters. The company commander, glad-eyed, greeted me warmly, adding that I had come just in time to leave with them for the line, and that I should be in charge of the third platoon.

We had done a turn or two in the line, together with corresponding shifts in rest-camps. It then fell to our lot to take over a sector due east of the memorable city of —. The afternoon of the day before the relief was to take place, I went up to reconnoitre my platoon sector. It left me depressed, for it was a miserable position. It was under heavy intermittent German artillery-fire. My

sector was to be on the brow of a hill that was shelled by the enemy every day. The little dugout I was to occupy seemed to be a favorite spot for the shells to light. Three shells that week had been direct hits, the officer in charge told me. The nose of a six-inch shell that had fallen on the roof an hour before, tearing away all the earth covering, had tumbled down into the door of the dugout. I asked the officer to see that some earth was thrown back on top of the dugout before we took over the position.

The night of the relief found us moving into the trenches in good order. The relief took place promptly and without incident. Toward morning I called my orderly to make the three-o'clock run to company headquarters. He had barely returned when a frightful bombardment opened up. Shells began falling at once all around us. I never heard such crashing, and all so close. Each shell seemed bound to be the last one. The dugout was only a surface one, with some five feet of soft earth thrown over the top. It was well timbered, however. The concussion of the near ones snuffed out the candle-light. It kept us busy lighting the candle. They soon were striking so fast that it was useless to attempt to keep it lighted. I feared they were mixing gas with the high explosives. The sentry gave the gas-alert warning once. After each close shell I asked Wade, the orderly, if he could smell gas. Each time he said he could not, and appeared to be but little alarmed. We expected the fury to cease at the end of half an hour, but there was no let up. Time after time they landed so close that dirt was alternately thrown upon us and away from us. It would seem that the little dugout could not stand another shock. The timbers would groan under the concussion of each explosion. The projectiles, falling on top of



the dugout, jarred the supports as a heavy mallet does when driving a crooked stake. Instead of being crushed in, the timbers resisted stubbornly. Part of the door had been blown in, and I feared pieces of shrapnel would shower us through the door. Shortly one smashed right into the doorway, closing it up with earth. I asked Wade if there was gas. He thought there was; so did I. The fumes of the burnt powder filled the dugout. We slipped into our masks, and I tried to get outside to the men's dugout to direct them into their masks. But the door was broken and jammed, with the earth piled over it. I failed to get out. We both pressed against the door and forced an opening. The orderly dashed out in my place and gave the men the order. The bombardment lasted fifty-five minutes. Seven times the little old shelter was struck, and yet neither of us was hurt within it. The instant the barrage lifted we all were out at our fighting stations. But the raid was over. They had put down the barrage upon us while they raided two other platoons. Runners were despatched in every direction on their various errands. Word came in at once that we had suffered some casualties.

The land at this point consisted of a series of tongues of higher ground reaching out into a lowland with wide coulées between. Our company held one of these tongues and the French held the tongue next to us on the left. Instead of the front-line trench crossing the coulées, a gabion was generally built up across, from one stretch of high ground to another. Automatic rifles were trained upon this area from the combat groups on either side. But this particular coulée was at a vulnerable place, and the trench curved back around it, keeping on the fringe of the higher ground. This coulée, therefore, afforded a place into which the Germans could advance between the two tongues and strike half-way back on the side of the tongue. The plan of attack that night was to strike at the side of the tongue. Here the raiders would divide into two parties: one party was to move into the middle, where two dugouts were located, and then down the centre line to the tip of the tongue. The other party

was to course around the edge to join the first party at the tip of the tongue. This latter party was to kill all the sentries posted around the fringe of the tongue.

This raid had been carefully and methodically planned. The enemy front line at this point was half a kilometre away. Our own front line turned around the hill at a right angle. The plan of attack was to cut off the corner and take as many of our men prisoners as possible, including those in two dugouts, that were to be raided and destroyed. The entire raiding-party was to come through the wire at *E*. One group was to follow the Balzac trench to *D*, where the wire was to be blown up, affording a passageway out. The other group, after destroying the dugouts at *A* and *B*, was to pass through the Tunis and Rozelle trenches, following the course indicated by the dotted arrows, taking a dozen sentries prisoner en route.

The raiders, about one hundred strong, crossed No Man's Land under the cover of darkness. With great stealth they approached our wire. They cut through the wire, with secrecy and skill, at a point indicated at *E*. One party of hand-bombers was detailed to mop up the Balzac trench. Another party, under two German lieutenants, had the dugouts *A* and *B* as objectives. Both parties were to go out through the wire at *F*, sweeping all the sentries before them as prisoners. If these two parties should succeed in their respective missions, the raid would be successful. It is to be presumed that careful reconnoissance of the position had been made by the enemy. He discovered that a relief was to take place that night, making it, therefore, a favorable time to raid. [Diagram, page 96.]

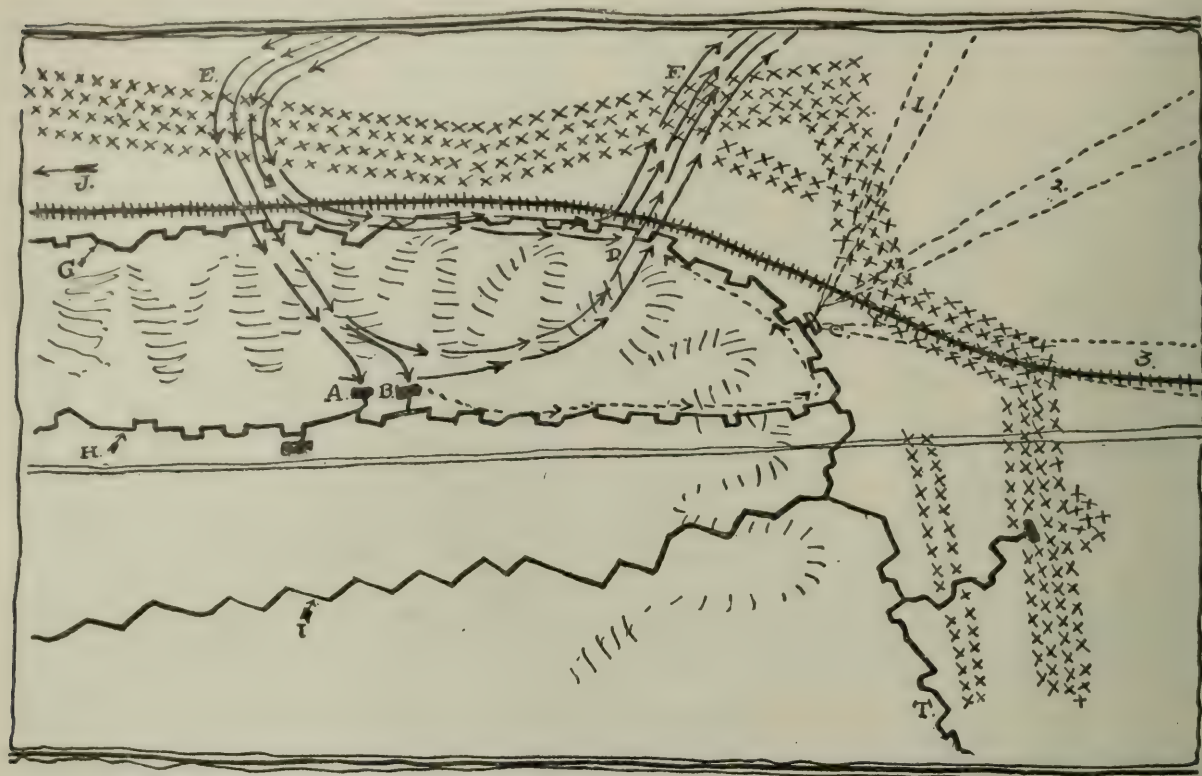
The first thing confronting the enemy was to get across No Man's Land undiscovered. Otherwise, the raiders would have been cut up by our artillery and machine-gun fire. They had succeeded in this. The next difficulty was to cut through the barbed wire without being detected. This was a long, tedious job, delicately dangerous. Our machine guns swept that hillside from emplacements stationed in the direction indicated by the arrow at *J*. If these guns had opened rapid fire, the Germans would have been riddled to pieces. But the raiders had



succeeded in getting through the wire unheard. From all outward appearances, the raid would have been successful right from that point. Had it been a practice manoeuvre, the umpires would have given the raiders the victory. To have allowed them even to come into the position through all the obstacles would have decided the contest. Then, in addition to

probably have killed many of the latter on their way home.

It was our first night in that position. It was the first night the platoon commander of one of the platoons attacked had ever been in any front line. He had just come back to us from the hospital and had never been in the trenches before. There was not a flare to be found. We



- A. Dugout.
- B. Dugout.
- C. Automatic-rifle emplacement.
- D. Point of exit.
- E. Point of entry.
- F. Point of exit in wire.

- G. Balzac trench.
- H. Tunis trench.
- I. Communication-trench.
- J. Points to machine-gun post.
- T. Rozelle trench.
- 1, 2, 3 are fields of fire of automatic rifle.

all this, other circumstances piled up to make the case overwhelming in favor of the enemy. We scrambled for flares to light up the ground. We made haste to send up rockets and signals to summon machine-gun support and to bring our artillery into action. If we could have brought these powerful weapons into play at once, we could still have cut many of the raiders up, who had not yet come through the wire, and the artillery would have cleared No Man's Land, directly in front of our position. The big guns would have also produced a tremendous moral effect, both upon our own men and especially upon the enemy, and would

looked for artillery signal-rockets and found one. It was sent up but was not seen by the artillery observers. We were in the dark and without support from behind. The enemy had got into the trenches. The Germans had superior numbers. The Americans were strangers to the position. They were unschooled in this new war. What a perfect setting for a complete German victory!

Let us see what happened. The Balzac trench was not occupied, as the Germans calculated. Their mopping-up party started down through it, throwing dozens of their potato-masher grenades. But there was nobody in the trench to



kill. An automatic-rifle team was stationed at C, with a field of fire covering the three directions indicated. When he heard all the commotion in the Balzac trench, the gunner moved his rifle so as to fire into that trench to meet the advancing Germans. He kept the stream of fire on them as he would a hose. They could not face the music. The leader of the party had a hundred holes in him. That party did not reach its objective.

The other party, led by the two lieutenants, had a desperate bit of business to get done. Each lieutenant carried a high-explosive infernal machine, made by arranging twenty sticks of powerful explosive, like dynamite, into a bundle wrapped securely in burlap. Inserted in the charge was a detonator with fuse attached. The lieutenants, surrounded by their men, were to crush their way to the tops of the dugouts. With wires fastened to the bundles, they were to hang them from above, down into the dugouts, and set them off. It was a piece of high-class stuff and required an officer to carry it out. It is only by the use of some such powerful explosive that a dugout can be destroyed and everybody killed. A grenade will not do it. It will not destroy the dugout, and some of the occupants may survive. The dugouts were not full of men, as the enemy anticipated. There was one man in one of them. The others were all out in the *mêlée* that was now growing desperate. That one man was getting ready as fast as he could to get out. The German first lieutenant stood on the top of the dugout. He was peeling off his silk gloves, ready to dangle that frightful piece of mechanism in front of the door of the dugout into the hands of the German corporal, who was at his appointed place to carry it inside. The American inside saw the German in the doorway. With a forty-five he scored a perfect hit. A hole the size of a quarter was put into the front of the helmet and a similar one behind. Some one from somewhere saw the two lieutenants. There was one lying on top of each dugout. This ended the party. It was time to go. There was a mad, wild rush back through the wire, where it was cut and where it was not cut. They ran off without their gas-masks, rifles, grenade-sacks,

pistols, knives, and shields, leaving them strewn around in our trenches.

The barrage had been put down all around the position attacked. There was no artillery preparation to announce to the attacked that a raid was about to take place. The artillery was used solely to keep reinforcements from reaching the units being raided, either from the rear or the flanks. The raid was being managed entirely for the enemy by the lieutenant in charge. Instead of being controlled by the company or battalion commander back in their lines, the raiders themselves governed the action of the artillery and machine guns. Instead of a zero hour, allowing the raiders a given number of minutes to get through the wire, and so forth, there was a more flexible scheme adopted. The raiding-party was to take all the time it needed to get through. Once it was through and ready to proceed, a signal was given the waiting artillery to put down a barrage. This barrage was to continue while the raiders were in the trenches and to cover their return. It is obvious that such a plan is preferable, under certain circumstances, to a raid preceded by artillery under the cover of which the raiders would advance. The other side could put down a barrage immediately in front of its trenches before the attackers could get into them. This is especially true where the opposing lines are a considerable distance apart. Another advantage of a raid of this kind is that the artillery of the side attacked is apt to be responding with a barrage in front of its infantry front line, which the returning raiders can see and therefore avoid. The shells already falling will mark the place where the barrage is being put down, and the returning attackers can go around the area.

For the first few minutes all was bewilderment for the Americans. Many of them were not sure what was happening. There was some doubt whether the approaching forms were Germans or not. The French were on one flank. Other Americans were on the other flank. It was the first night in the sector, and nobody knew the exact position of our other units. The night was black. One very young soldier, who happened to be near his officer, sidled in close and said:



"Them's Huns, Mr. Conroy, them's Huns." With these words he forgot his immaturity.

A gunnery sergeant in command of a half-platoon that was just outside of the zone attacked started through the belt of fire to the assistance of his platoon commander and was killed by a direct hit from one of the enemy shells. Corporal — and five men went through the shower of shells from behind, all the way up to the attack, to see if they could help. None of these was injured. One man in the line was killed by a grenade. A dozen others were slightly wounded. Our aeroplane observer said the Germans were carrying back their dead and wounded throughout all of the next day.

The Germans are effective, machine-like fighters. They can dash over in mass with all their devices and weapons, put down a fierce pommelling upon those attacked, and rush back again. The French are adroit fighters; keen to sense the designs of the enemy and able to decide quickly and correctly whether to stand fast or withdraw, and to follow that decision forcefully. The English are stubborn fighters who never admit defeat. The resistance of this fierce attack by the Americans had in it the essence that characterizes the Americans as fighters. Every man as an individual, without command or suggestion, turned in to defend his post and resisted the approach of every force that came to threaten that position. When the smoke of battle clears away, an American is found at his post or near his post. He is chained to his position with links, not of steel, but forged out of courage, conviction, and character.

While others were caring for the injured, an order came down from the major directing me to gather in and take charge of all dead and wounded Germans and all captured equipment. The trenches were full of the night's wreckage. We picked up two hundred of their unexploded grenades. Picking up enemy grenades is a delicate undertaking. We had heard all about the Germans putting instantaneous fuses in hand-grenades for the Allies to experiment with. This was an old joke that we would not bite on. The grenades must be handled gingerly.

Perhaps the button which, when plucked, sets off the grenade has been tramped into the mud. To pick up the grenade, failing to notice the button, is all that is needed to set off the grenade in one's hand. We collected the potato-mashers, the egg-grenades, and the gas-bombs. There were rifles and Luger pistols. The latter promised to make popular souvenirs. Helmets, musette-bags, Very pistols, and material of every description were gathered in. Some of the Germans had carried shields and lost them. These were made of pieces of sheet steel hinged together and hung from the shoulders like a baseball catcher's chest-protector. A wounded German lay in the trenches, cared for by a couple of men. His name was Otto. He was a pale, thin-faced, middle-aged man. He was pale, for he was near death. He was thin-faced because he had gone through the ravages of years of war. He could neither give nor withhold any valuable information. An automatic rifle had sprinkled its fearful spray upon both of his legs. One could not gauge anything about the morale of the Germans, their food supply or manpower, from this broken, hurt thing. He had been badly wounded. He was carefully and quickly taken to the first-aid station and treated; but he later died, murmuring: "Kalt, kalt."

On the body of the corporal killed in the doorway of the dugout was found a handful of passes for the men of his squad, to go on leave to a certain rest-camp located at a stated place behind the German lines. It was valuable for us to know just where that rest-camp was. But to the men interested the loss of the passes was, no doubt, more important than the loss of the raid. The top of the corporal's head had been blown off into his helmet. We wrapped a towel around his head and pressed on his helmet. The body was then sent back for burial.

There was not a line of information upon the officers. They carried only their names written on little pieces of paper with indelible pencil. We found but one officer at first. He was a second lieutenant. He had fallen on his face on top of the dugout that he sought to destroy. He had been run through from side to side. Some one peeped over the parapet near



the entrance to the other dugout. He saw a foot and announced that there was another German up there. We climbed up and found a dead German officer. He was a first lieutenant. There had been just enough mist to keep his face and eyes fresh. In taking the body down from the parapet, I stood it up against the side of the trench. The boots and uniform were close-fitting, and the body stood up perfectly normal. There was not a visible scratch on the body, and on a casual examination it looked like a live German officer taken. The two officers had come through to their objectives but had been killed before carrying out their missions. Neither of the dead officers seemed to be over nineteen, and they looked enough alike to have been twins. They appeared to be of the aristocratic class. They were beautifully dressed and wore black, polished boots. The first lieutenant wore the highest decorations within the gift of his country. There was not a mark on his body that would indicate how he was killed. All the remains were carefully taken back and given decent burial.

When we had done nineteen nights in

this position, a reconnoissance party came up to look over the trenches preparatory to relieving us. This is always gladsome news. We are always at home to parties that promise us relief. I was down at the end post, pointing out the usual paths of the evening patrols to the lieutenant that was to relieve me, when a runner came down with the news that I had been appointed an instructor to return to the United States. This was indeed gladsome news, and yet it was tinged with sadness by the thought that the brave men around me could not come out with me, but they must remain out yonder.

That night, before going out, I visited each sentry-post and wished Godspeed to every man. I did not then realize that they were within a few days of being pulled out of the line at that point and sent against the onrushing horde of Germans at Château-Thierry. The Germans were stopped. Paris was saved. The turning-point in the war was reached. The Marines made themselves immortal. They galvanized their lives into history at Château-Thierry!

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## OLD TUNES

By Sara Teasdale

As the strata of perfume, heliotrope, rose,  
Float in the garden when no wind blows,  
Come to us, go from us, whence no one knows;

So the old tunes float in my mind,  
And go from me, leaving no trace behind,  
Like perfume borne on the hush of the wind.

But in the instant the airs remain  
I know the laughter and the pain  
Of times that will not come again;

I try to catch at many a tune  
Like petals of light fallen from the moon,  
Broken and bright on a dark lagoon.

But they float away—for who can hold  
Youth, or perfume, or the moon's gold?



# LADY GAUNT

By Major Wolcott LeCléar Beard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. GRUGER



IT was the opening of the *corridas* at Quito. Every one was there, of course, together with a great multitude of those who were nobody at all, for the bull-fights are to that little Andean capital what the Grand Prix has always been to Paris—and more.

Five bulls had been killed, dying with the courage for which that Ecuadorian breed is famous even in old Spain. The sixth bull had not yet been turned into the ring when young Archie Douglas leaned over the rail of the President's box.

"I came to tell you, General Alfaro, how sorry I was that I didn't receive your invitation to see the *corrida* from your *palco* here in time to accept it. I was away," he said, in his careful, academic Spanish. "I didn't get back until just now."

Eloy Alfaro, President of the republic, so called, of Ecuador, was short, stocky, and clad in a near-German uniform. Every line of his heavy face told of the Quichua ancestry which had made him so many adherents and of which he was so bitterly ashamed. Slowly and deliberately he turned that aboriginal face upon Archie.

"I am rejoiced that my invitation miscarried," he said, murdering the liquid Castilian with raucous tones and defective grammar. "Otherwise," he went on, "I would have felt called upon to cancel that invitation. Having been spared that painful necessity, I consider myself most fortunate."

Archie started as though the President had struck him. What in the world could it all mean? Why, until now Alfaro's manner had always been cordiality itself: he had neglected no opportunity to shower attentions upon this young engineer from the United States who was sojourning in his country. This change was so astounding that poor Archie, his

thoughts thrown into utter confusion, at first could only stare. Alfaro saw the effects of his first verbal bomb and, thinking it good, launched another.

"You do not understand me?" he sneered with exaggerated politeness. "Then I will endeavor to make my meaning clearer. When I invited you to become a guest, here in my box, I supposed you to be a gentleman and a man of honor. Then I discover that you are neither. Therefore I am desirous of bringing our acquaintanceship to an end. *Voilà tout.*"

President Alfaro was proud of his French, but as he had learned it entirely from books, he pronounced it, Spanish fashion, exactly as it was spelled: "*voe-eela toe-oot.*" Ordinarily Archie would have smiled at this, but now not a smile remained in his whole composition. A dull flush spread over his honest, rather ugly face, and his rage restored to him a measure of articulate speech—such as it was. Bending down he spoke softly and almost caressingly in the President's ear.

"You're a mangy, lying, mongrel cur," he cooed. "If it wasn't for making a scene in this place I'd thrash that yellow hide of yours until you thought it held sausage meat. If I can once find you when you're not surrounded by more guards than I can fight, I'll do it anyhow—President or no President. Remember that—for I mean it!"

For a moment Archie stood waiting for a reply, but none came. With a crash of cymbals the band blared forth as the gates were flung open and a bull bolted into the ring. This gave the President a chance to pretend that he had not heard, and he did so pretend. He had ample cause, of course, and ample authority as well, to order the irate young man into one of the numerous and vermin-infested jails, but he thought it wiser not to. The present political situation was acute, even for Ecuador, and a little thing might



bring about most distressing results. As to the insult—well, if a chance to repay that should present itself he would make the most of it. If not, what matter? Insults are only words. True, blood of the Black Douglasses, heated by generations of Texan suns, is ill to trifle with; but in justice to Alfaro it should be said that if this thought occurred to him it had no more effect upon his conduct than did the insult. Men do not attain to the position then enjoyed by Eloy Alfaro through being either sensitive or cowardly.

Tramping doggedly around the curve of the arena, Archie Douglas re-entered his own box, where he had left two guests. The noise of the band prevented his having to speak, and for this he was grateful. Raising his glasses, for the first time he swept them slowly over the audience.

Bright costumes of women and the gay uniforms of many officers made the old *Plaza de Toros* like a great bowl of gray stone, bordered with flowers. In this border there was one dull spot, and only one. At this spot Archie was looking when the band ceased.

"I wonder who she is—that old lady in black," he said, lowering his glasses and trying hard to speak naturally. "She doesn't look like a Spanish-American."

"She isn't," replied Major Jimmy O'Neill, formerly of his Britannic Majesty's Seventeenth Lancers. "That's Lady Gaunt."

"Gaunt! Fits her—eh? Name and nature—that sort of thing—what? Sure!" snickered Thrale, the second of the two guests.

Thrale's squeaky voice was ludicrously disproportioned to his big, over-plump body. His utterance was jerky. He himself was Jimmy O'Neill's pet aversion. O'Neill frowned, but Thrale did not see the frown.

"You'll find it wiser not to discuss Lady Gaunt in my presence," quietly remarked O'Neill. "Try and grasp that fact. It's worth while."

Thrale made no reply. Duelling still is a universal custom in that country, but there was not a duellist in it who would not think twice before putting himself in the position of having to meet this dapper, grizzled little soldier of fortune. And, de-

spite Thrale's vanity, which was enormous, despite his military rank, which was that of colonel, his regard for the safety of his own plump person was, to put the fact conservatively, among the more strongly marked traits of Thrale's character.

Therefore, wriggling his body as though the tight uniform suddenly had become irksome to it, Thrale held his tongue. Also he glanced apprehensively at his host, for there were especial reasons, just then, why he would greatly regret being discredited in Archie's estimation. Archie, however, being absorbed in his own troubles, had heard nothing of what passed between his guests. So Thrale breathed more freely, and once more turned his flagging interest to the spectacle before him.

The bull, after having been played with by the elusive *capaderos* until he would chase them but languidly, was goaded to fresh fury by having three *banderillas* planted in each side of his massive neck and left hanging there. After a few ungainly capers, made in a vain attempt to free himself from those barbed and torturing darts, he pawed the earth, tossed clods of it into the air with his horns; then stood glaring about him for something upon which he could avenge himself.

A bugle sounded, and the band once more burst into violent eruption as four *picadores*—mounted men these, armed with spears—pranced into the arena.

"I say!" cried Archie disgustedly, shouting so as to be heard above the noise of the band. "I was told they didn't do that here. I don't want to see those poor brutes of horses gored by the bull. It's beastly!"

"It won't be beastly," asserted O'Neill, very positively. "Not more beastly than usual, that is. If it were, Lady Gaunt wouldn't allow it."

Archie glanced with surprise at O'Neill's impassive face, and saw that neither humor nor sarcasm was intended. Raising his glasses again, he scrutinized the lonely occupant of the opposite box more closely even than he had previously done.

Evidently, he thought, Lady Gaunt would be tall when standing. The chin



under which old-fashioned bonnet-strings were tied betokened grim determination, and so did the Roman nose above it. Her gown of the richest brocade, and fitting closely to her bony frame, was as severely plain as the habit of a nun; but the large and well-formed hand, resting on the gold crutch-head of an ebony stick, glittered with jewels. A man dressed in severe black, and with the appearance of ultra-respectability which apparently is attainable only by bishops and upper men servants, stood behind her *palco*, which was next to that which the President occupied. This latter fact recalled to Archie an intention that had slipped his mind. He turned to Thrale.

"Tommy, look here," he said. "I'm in bad with Alfaro. I don't know why, but I am. So I thought that if he saw you sitting here with me he might get sore, and I ought to tell you."

"Sore!" cackled Alfaro's quartermaster-general. "He? Not any! If he's peeved at you, Duggy, don't you mind. Just his way. That's all. Don't mean anything. If 'twas *her*, now—" here the speaker wagged his head toward Lady Gaunt—" 'twould be different. Bet your boots! He camps on her trail. He hates her. And she him."

"Which is a jolly bad lookout for Alfaro," O'Neill observed.

"Anyhow," Thrale hastened to continue, "my being here won't bother him. He won't care. Not he! He don't care—within limits—what his officers do."

"Nor whom," added O'Neill. Thrale hastily changed the subject.

"See that man?" he giggled. "That servant. Eh! He's Lady Gaunt's—her *majordomo*. Yep. Also a crook—fugitive—all that. Fact! Yet she—"

O'Neill frowned. Thrale's flow of staccato speech took another abrupt turn.

"Scuse me, Duggy. Got to leave you. Yep. Got to," he said. "Somebody I must speak to. See you later. Club. Right? Good!" And he was gone.

"What on earth did he mean in saying what he did about that servant of Lady Gaunt's?" asked Archie with mild curiosity. "Was he trying to joke, or what?"

"To joke?" repeated O'Neill. "No. He spoke the truth—this time. Could think of nothing more malicious, I sup-

pose. McCabe—that's the man's name—was a burglar, 'wanted' in both Europe and the United States. He escaped, came here, and was caught, but Lady Gaunt prevented his extradition. She has her own ways of doing those things. She took him on as a sort of general factotum and says he's the most honest man she knows. But I wanted to speak with you concerning another matter, Douglas. I heard what you said to Thrale about falling suddenly out of Alfaro's favor. Would you mind telling me just what occurred? I don't ask from idle curiosity."

Archie didn't mind—far from it. Full of his troubles, a sympathetic listener was most welcome. His tale was neither long nor, in that country, strange.

Since the death of Archie's father, many years before, an uncle of his had been also his guardian. The uncle held an Ecuadorian concession for the building of a railway, and in the construction of this road had sunk not only his own fortune but most of Archie's as well, when an injury and subsequent illness compelled his return to the United States. Young as he was, Archie had come to take his uncle's place, but meanwhile much time had been lost. There was a time limit to the concession as there is to all such concessions. If not completed by a certain date all rights to the road, and to the enormous amount of work and material that already had been expended upon it, would automatically revert to the state. And that date was at hand.

"Alfaro started by being nice as pie. Nearly broke his neck to do me favors," said Archie, his face full of troubled perplexity in completing his tale. "When I explained to him why we needed an extension of time he said—why, certainly; I could have all the time I wished. Yet he never gave me the extension. Kept putting it off. Said it was only a formality anyway, which could be attended to whenever he had five minutes to spare. And now, when we've put in all that money—and the road's nearly finished—and the concession expires this very day at midnight—" Archie finished the sentence with a helpless gesture of both hands and tried to smile gamely.

"I see," nodded O'Neill, as Archie finished. "Alfaro, of course, wishes to hand



the concession over to somebody else. Haven't you suspected as much?"

"No," sighed Archie. "I had no reason for suspicion until this afternoon. Probably you're right, though. Now I think of it there *was* a fat and fussy little Dutchman hanging around——"

"You mean the man talking with Thrale?" asked O'Neill, interrupting. "Over there by that pillar. Can't you find him? Look! There comes McCabe, Lady Gaunt's man. He's handing Thrale a note. Now can't you——"

"I see him!" cried Archie. "He's the man. Do you know him, O'Neill?"

"Not personally," was the reply. "I've seen him, and was told that his name was Müller, and that he was after your concession as soon as Alfaro intimated that it probably would lapse, and so be open for regranting. Lady Gaunt told me; therefore it's true."

Lady Gaunt again! The iteration of that name began to get on Archie's nerves.

"Who *is* this Lady Gaunt, anyway?" he asked impatiently. "And how does it happen that an Englishwoman has so much inside information about the affairs of Ecuador?"

"She isn't an Englishwoman; she's an American," answered O'Neill. "Old Phil Gaunt was English, of course. He was always messing around these little countries and their little wars—like me. He wasn't very successful. Hadn't any brains worth mentioning—only brute courage and good looks. But somehow he induced Lady Gaunt to marry him. Why she did it I can't imagine—but she did. Perhaps his way of life appealed to her. Anyway, she furnished the thinking machinery for both, and from the time of his marriage Gaunt began to rise in the world. She made him do something—I don't know what; it all happened before my time—that got him knighted by the British Government. He died soon afterward. His widow took up his work, and ever since has carried it on."

"But how *can* she—a woman—carry on such work?" asked Archie, now much interested. "And what has she done?"

"Done!" repeated O'Neill, with unwonted enthusiasm. "By sheer force of brains and courage—aided by a woman's

intuitions, a woman's occasional ruthlessness, by her utter contempt for any laws that she can't use for her own ends, and also by an entire lack of all feminine weakness—she has raised herself to a position of greater power than western South America has seen before since the days of the Incas. That's what she has done—among other things. Not many people know how great her power is. And let me tell you, young Douglas, that you're a blazing lucky chap to have Lady Gaunt for a friend."

"Lady Gaunt my friend?" laughed the younger man. "'Fraid that can't be, major. Why, I never laid eyes on her till to-day. She doesn't know me from Adam."

"Oh, yes, she does," returned O'Neill very positively. "Don't ask me how, nor any other such questions, for though I've lived and prospered under her orders for years I can't tell you the answers. In some occult way she seems to know everything she wants to know. Well, the *corrida* is over, and that poor devil of a bull at last can get some rest. Are you bound for the club?"

Archie rose. "I have an engagement there with Thrale," said he. "I wish I hadn't, now."

"Don't let that trouble you," advised Major O'Neill, as they made their way to the exit and the street. "Thrle won't be there. The note you saw McCabe deliver was a summons before the throne—from Lady Gaunt, you know."

"Thrle won't obey any such summons," returned Archie, unconvinced. "Not when it takes him away from a poker game."

"Oh, yes, he will," O'Neill smilingly contradicted. "It's true, I admit, that as yet Thrle isn't at all afraid of Lady Gaunt. That's because he has no imagination; only cunning. But Thrle's master is another matter. Alfaro, who is just beginning to realize what Lady Gaunt's power may mean, is defiant, but scared. His dignity won't allow him to call upon her, and for days he has been trying to get her to receive Thrle as a sort of ambassador. She wouldn't do it, until now. But tell me, Douglas, where did you meet this man Thrle?"

"We were at school together. Then I



lost sight of him until we met down here. He went into our army—and got out of it.”

“Under pressure?”

“Well—he was allowed to resign, I believe.”

“Ah!” sighed O'Neill understandingly. “Here we are at the club. And here, if I mistake not, comes your former school-mate in order to offer you his excuses.”

Thrale came panting toward them. “Sorry, Duggy!” he called out, as soon as he was close enough. “Have to postpone our *séance*. Yep. Business. Alfaro's. His orders. So long!”

Thrale departed, almost running. Archie and the major stood looking after him until a great limousine car came by, driven slowly in order to minimize jar from the cobble-paved street. Within sat Lady Gaunt, rigidly upright, her hands, as usual, resting on her stick. The two men raised their hats; she bowed, gravely and impersonally, as a queen might bow. The car drove on through the street into which Thrale had vanished and through other streets, all of them lined with grim, fortress-like mansions. It drew up at the largest, grimmest, and most fortress-like of them all. With the aid of her stick and McCabe's shoulder—for she was very lame—Lady Gaunt alighted and, limping up the steps, entered a room where Thrale, fuming and rebellious, awaited her coming.

The room was a large office, worn and shabby, in which Lady Gaunt was accustomed to interview the less important among the many people with whom she had business. Its shabbiness was strangely accentuated by a sedan chair, exquisitely painted and of the period of Louis XIV, which stood against one of its walls. Thrale permitted himself the rudeness of not rising as Lady Gaunt entered. On her part she made no sign that she was conscious of his presence until she had settled herself in an armchair behind a well-worn writing-table. Then, with characteristic directness, she spoke.

“I sent for you because I wish to speak of your intimacy with young Douglas,” she said. “I desire to impress upon your mind the following facts. The intimacy must stop; it must stop at once and stop for all time. You left the army of your native country because you attempted

to swindle a brother officer. That in itself naturally unfits you for association with gentlemen. Your connection with Alfaro, whose jackal you are, has no tendency to sweeten an unsavory record. Therefore, you will leave Archie Douglas alone. Do you understand?”

“Oh!” cried Thrale, elaborately sneering. “I'm to leave Douglas alone—eh?”

“Yes,” she answered composedly, “or take the consequences.”

“Consequences!” he sneered, more elaborately than before. “Really, now! You think you run this country, do you?”

“Yes,” replied Lady Gaunt. “And you'll find it well to remember that I do.”

As O'Neill had said, Thrale was not afraid of Lady Gaunt. His lack of imagination prevented his conceiving any circumstances in which an old and crippled woman could imperil his interests. By dint of an effort almost suicidal he had thus far succeeded in controlling his temper, simply in order that no mental heat might blunt the edge of what he considered his cutting sarcasm, of which he was very proud. Now, however, his self-control quite deserted him. His squeaky voice soared to a pitch almost unprecedented even in the voice of Thrale.

“Listen!” he shrilled. “I've played cards with Douglas—yes! He's lost. Not much. Enough to make him wild to get even. No more. Now it'll be different. Get that? Different! He's going to lose big. Big! And you won't do a thing. Not you! You'll sit tight and see Duggy take his medicine. Yes, you will! There's a reason. Here!”

Leering triumphantly, Thrale flung a folded paper on the table before Lady Gaunt and stalked majestically toward the door. “It's only a copy,” he said, pausing as he reached the door. “Destroy it, if you like. Sure! Why not?” Then he vanished.

Unfolding the paper, Lady Gaunt read what was written there once and then again. Laying it down, she sat motionless, her eyes fixed vacantly upon the opposite wall and an expression on her stern old face that must have frightened Thrale had he been there to see it. Alfaro would have been more frightened still. Alfaro had imagination.

Minutes had massed themselves into



hours, and the sudden darkness of the zero latitude had fallen when at last Lady Gaunt nodded, as though her thoughts had led her to a satisfactory conclusion. She struck a bell and McCabe appeared, bringing lights. In a tone so low that he was obliged to bend in order to hear her

which the city's lower classes, both military and civil, were divided. Glancing at them with surprise and answering their salutes, O'Neill hurried on into Lady Gaunt's office.

"Why, what can be the matter?" he cried, as he saw her face. "And why have



"If it wasn't for making a scene in this place I'd thrash that yellow hide of yours until you thought it held sausage meat."—Page 100.

she gave him some directions. He repeated them in a tone that was lower still; then bowed and hurried away.

A quarter of an hour later, when Major O'Neill entered the great doorway, there was an unwonted stir in the stronghold of Lady Gaunt. Singly, and in unobtrusive groups of two or three, swarthy men were hastening in through that same doorway to join many others who already were within, crowding the great *patio* and among them representing every one of the numerous and minute gradations into

you called in those men? There must be a hundred of them—and more are coming."

"There'll be over three hundred of them," she replied impatiently. "They're to be the nucleus of a mob I shall need later. That isn't the question now. Read that."

So O'Neill took the paper that Thrane had left and read aloud:

*"To Whom it May Concern:*

"I, Archibald Douglas, do hereby acknowledge and confess as follows:



"On the Seventeenth day December, 1915, I, with the three gentlemen whose names are appended to this paper as witnesses, was playing cards in the *Club Unión* of Quito, Ecuador. One of the players, Colonel Thomas Thrale, discovered me in the act of cheating. Under pressure I then owned that I had cheated upon other occasions, when definite detection did not follow.

"This confession is signed by me at the instance of Colonel Thrale, who undertakes to preserve it in confidence so long as certain conditions imposed by him are observed by me. If, in his opinion, I should fail to observe those conditions, he is at liberty to make such use of this confession as he may see fit.

"(Signed) ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS.

"Witnessed by

Thomas Thrale

James Terence O'Neill

William C. Drayton."

"Sit down!" commanded Lady Gaunt as O'Neill started to rise. "Your notion, I surmise, is to go immediately and horse-whip Thrale—but you mustn't. Major, I didn't think that he and Alfaro between them had brains enough to concoct that 'confession.'"

"They signed my name to a false statement contained in a document I never saw until now," said O'Neill, with tense calmness. "I don't consider that a clever thing for them to do. I think it was a very foolish thing for them to do. And I intend to convert them both to my opinion."

"They shall be converted—thoroughly converted," Lady Gaunt assured him. "Still, the scheme was crudely clever. They used poor Mr. Drayton's name because, as he died in January, he can't deny that the signature was his. They used your name because they think—and with some reason—that you won't dare deny it."

"Won't dare!" growled O'Neill.

"If you did what would happen?" asked Lady Gaunt; then answered her own question. "Backed by Alfaro—who, after all, is President of the country—Thrall would say that you signed the paper because you couldn't refuse without practically announcing yourself as

Archie Douglas's confederate. They would also say that now, at my behest, you take advantage of Drayton's death to deny your signature in order to impute forgery to Thrall."

"A riding-whip," began the major, "if judiciously administered, would——"

"Would serve only to give wings to the lies that Alfaro is anxious to have circulated," interrupted Lady Gaunt. "The result being that the better element would be driven to join the Alfalist faction, my position would be greatly weakened, while you and young Douglas would be utterly discredited. That won't do."

O'Neill was a soldier, pure and simple, who knew nothing of politics and intrigue. Still, as he himself would have said, he could see through a millstone if somebody would show him the hole. He saw through this one now.

"Still," he said thoughtfully, "what licks me is just what we're going to do. If Alfaro really did sell Douglas's concession to Müller——"

"Alfaro didn't sell the concession at all," the old lady broke in. "He gave it away. He knows—and so do you—the weakness of his grip upon the presidency. He knows that Leonidas Plaza stands ready to tear that grip loose if he can, and that in a mild way Plaza is favored by Washington. Alfaro therefore desires to identify the interests of Germany with his own interests. He gave the concession to a German subject with that end in view. Müller received the document this morning and delivered it to me, properly countersigned by him, just before the *corrida*."

"Müller got that concession and turned it over to you?" asked O'Neill wonderingly; then a light broke upon his mind. "Good heavens!" he cried. "Then Müller must be *your* man! He must have been acting as your agent all along!"

"Don't be so stupid!" the lady snapped. "Of course Müller is my man and has been for years."

"Good!" sighed the major, with deep satisfaction. "Then all we have to do is to decide upon our course in dealing with this infernal forgery."

"I have decided," said Lady Gaunt. "I'm interested in this young Douglas. I've taken a fancy, say, to that ugly face



of his, which probably is a demonstration of that feminine weakness that you like to believe I don't possess."

She paused. Certainly she never had appeared less capable of any weakness than she was at that moment. Leaning forward, both lean hands gripping her stick with a force that whitened their knuckles, she gazed into the face of O'Neill with a controlled but concentrated fierceness that caused even him, long associated with her though he had been, apprehensively to wonder what would come.

"Listen!" she continued. "As I say, I've taken a fancy to the lad. Those two slimy reptiles, Alfaro and Thrale, have tried to rob him not only of his honor but of nearly everything else he has in the world. For that I shall break Thrale—yes—in passing; taken alone he's a nuisance merely. But Alfaro! O'Neill, I shall see to it that Alfaro receives, while still in this world, a foretaste of the other world to which he shall go this very night."

"But I say," O'Neill objected, in his most insinuating tone, "aren't you afraid that those Yankee cruisers—there are two of 'em no farther away than Puno—will come blundering in and spoil the show?"

With a suddenness that seemed almost miraculous, Lady Gaunt's fury had passed. She might now have been attending in her customary way to the ordinary routine that went to make up her life—which was very nearly the fact, though not quite.

"The cruisers aren't at Puno," said she. "This afternoon they started for Guayaquil, and ought nearly to have reached there by this time. I've known the senior officer for years. So I sent a telegram informing him that in the absence of the United States minister the legation here at Quito had been mobbed and the emblem of the country insulted, adding that ample proof that it had been done by adherents of Alfaro would be forthcoming. So the cruisers will take possession of the custom-house at Guayaquil until apologies and reparation shall have been made. Both will be made. But it is Leonidas Plaza who will make them."

"But—hang it all, Lady Gaunt—Plaza isn't in the country!" cried O'Neill. "He doesn't dare cross the frontiers. And there has been no mobbing."

"Leonidas Plaza is in this house and has been for days," placidly contradicted Lady Gaunt. "As for the mobbing—I wished first to be sure that the mob wouldn't be wasted, and so waited for a reply to my telegram. But now——"

She struck a call bell. Soft-footed and respectful, in manner the ideal servant, McCabe appeared and stood before her.

"Well?" she asked. "Has everything been done?"

"I think so, my lady," the man replied. "The national coat of arms has been removed from over the door of the United States legation. No one, as yet, has noticed its absence. Men have been detailed to stone the legation windows whenever your ladyship gives the word. Colonel Thrale's quarters were entered, thoroughly searched, his papers collected, brought here, and burned—all under my own supervision."

"Burned!" cried O'Neill. "And without having been read? How are we to tell whether the original of that forgery was among them or not?"

"We don't care," answered Lady Gaunt. "There'll have been records there of any amount of Alfaro's characteristic business. The mere fact that Alfaro is likely to learn that these papers have been stolen will be quite enough to throw Thrale into such a panic that he will be only too glad to run away and stay away, which is all I require—from him. So why should we wade through all that filth? McCabe, get the chair ready and call the chairmen. Major, it's time for you to go."

"Go where?" asked O'Neill, rising.

"First to the club. Tell Thrale that his rooms have been robbed in order that he may suspect that it is our people who have robbed them. Tell him also that a fast horse and a mounted guide will be found around the corner from his quarters ready to take him to the border. See that he starts. Then come and join me."

"Where?"

"In the porch of that little church that faces the *mercado*. Hurry, please."

The major departed. He knew that



Lady Gaunt was right; that the prospect of standing between a wall and a firing squad, where Alfaro would not for an instant hesitate to place him, would cause flight from the country to be the one longing of Thrale's soul. O'Neill loathed his present mission but had not the shadow of a doubt of its entire success, nor was there any occasion for doubt.

The grim old city was silvered by a full moon, save when the shadow of a cloud enshrouded it in passing darkness. It was into one of these shadows that a little procession, fantastic in its incongruity of times and types, issued from the portal of Lady Gaunt's mansion. It consisted of that sedan-chair, dainty with pink satin and Watteau-like paintings, borne by strapping Indians in ponchos, with more Indians to relieve them. Within sat Lady Gaunt. By its side walked McCabe. It wound through a labyrinth of narrow byways until it was swallowed by shadows, far darker than those of the clouds, which lived under the porch of that little church. O'Neill found it there.

"Thrall has gone, of course," said the voice of Lady Gaunt, from the inky blackness. "You're just in time, major, for the first scene of our last act. It's worth seeing."

It was well worth seeing. Staged in an old market-place that was outlined by low stone buildings, thronged with picturesque actors and lighted by a dozen roaring bonfires, it was a scene to which few painters, since Rembrandt's time, could have done justice. Few of those actors, it is true, guessed that parts had been assigned them; only Lady Gaunt's instructed three hundred, a number no more than sufficient to leaven the greater mass, knew of this fact. Nevertheless, every individual there, man or woman, was included in the cast. Now some of them were dancing to the music of guitars while others watched or gathered around booths where liquor or refreshments were sold. For the day was one of a fiesta, as, in all those countries, so many days are.

From the church porch came the faint and silvery chime of a repeater.

"It is time," announced Lady Gaunt. "Let the others begin, McCabe."

Touching his hat, McCabe nodded to one of the Indian chairmen, who departed

at a run. O'Neill waited for whatever was to happen. He had not long to wait.

At first the major could see only that the fronts of houses lining a street that led from the *mercado* to the level of the Upper City were successively lighted by the glare of torches, but that was enough; the United States legation stood at the head of that street. He watched the glare become stationary as it fell upon the cornice of the legation, which was visible from where he stood. Then came a concerted shout which caused the guitars and the dancers to stop short, and made even the drinkers listen.

"Viva Alfaro!"

Instantly following was the crash and tinkle of broken windows. Then the glare vanished and the slap of rawhide sandals worn on running feet could be heard. The outrage which, hours before, had called those war-ships from their anchorages now had been technically committed, which answered every purpose.

The slapping footsteps died away as those who made them rejoined the crowds in the market-place, but the shout of those men did not die. "Viva Alfaro!" The two words lived to flash from one end of that crowd to the other, as fire flashes along a train of powder. Yet, though the people, in holiday mood, were willing to shout for anything so long as they could shout, the chorus was not a very hearty one. Laughter and a few hisses mingled with the cheers.

"Now!" whispered Lady Gaunt, into the darkness.

A man stepped forth from the shadows, where he had been waiting. He was bare-headed, as though, in his haste to arrive, he had left his hat; also he panted. He sprang upon an unoccupied booth.

"Silence!" he screamed.

The man was a merchant known to all who saw him and respected by all, for his dealings had been exceptionally fair. Widely also was he known as an enemy of Alfaro, a fact which lost him no popularity in that assemblage. Lastly, he flourished in one hand a slip of blue paper—a telegram. A telegram had but one meaning to those whom the merchant addressed—tidings of woe—news of battle, murder or fresh instances of oppression, or, more likely still, all three. For all



these reasons dead silence ensued. For a moment the newcomer also was silent, his face a picture of righteous rage. Then he burst forth.

"Fools!" he roared. "*You* shout 'Viva Alfaro,' will you?—idiots and sons of

States will collect a huge sum of money—that they will collect it once. But it means also that the scoundrel Alfaro will use this condition—which he himself has brought about—as an excuse for collecting it a dozen times, as he has done before.



"Now it'll be different. Get that? Different! He's going to lose big."—Page 104.

idiots that you are! Here is a telegram that has come from Guayaquil. Listen!"

They listened, and he read.

"Because of the insult offered their country United States war-ships have taken possession of custom-house. They will collect all duties until indemnity has been paid."

"And you, you blockheads and asses, whose grandmothers were geese—do you know what this means?" the merchant went on. "It means that the United

As an excuse for more taxes, and yet more. It is *you* who will pay! Will pay while your wives and little ones starve, as others have starved."

"Down with Alfaro!" cried a voice, and other voices took up the cry.

"Viva Plaza!" some one yelled, and from the crowd there rose a mighty, inarticulate roar of assent, a roar that echoed and re-echoed like thunder and which seemed to make the leaping flames of the bonfires tremble in sympathy.



"Yes, 'Down with Alfaro!' and 'Long live Plaza!' " cried the orator, as the roar at length subsided somewhat. "Especially 'Long live Plaza!' Shall I tell you why? The reason is this. Were Plaza in power the indemnity—if, indeed, it should then be demanded—would be paid without a single *centavo* of extra taxes. You doubt! Then, if you choose, you may hear Plaza himself make the promise and that within an hour. If you choose, I say. But first you must act. You shout 'Down with Alfaro!' Very good! Will you confine yourselves to shouting, and still allow Alfaro, unchecked, to rob and murder you? Answer!"

The answer came. "NO!" It was another roar, mightier by far even than the first.

"Good!" cried the orator. "Alfaro is at the *palacio*. There, then, let us go. I myself will lead you. *Al palacio!*"

"*Al palacio!*" came the response.

Springing to the ground and marching straight ahead, the orator began to sing. He sang the "Marseillaise," with misfit Spanish words, and in a moment every man there was singing it. Any song rendered by that number of male voices is impressive. When the song has a deadly purpose behind it it becomes doubly so. This song had such a purpose. Forming mechanically into a ragged column behind its leader, the crowd followed him, serpentwise, into the street which led into the Upper City.

"Nothing can stop them now," said Lady Gaunt. "All need for theatricals is over. A great actor was lost, however, when that man became a merchant. Take me home, McCabe. Major, please come with us."

They took her home, but not by the most direct route, for the direct route was occupied by that column, as it wound its upward way into the *plaza mayor*. There stands the *palacio*. There also stands the house in which Archie Douglas had his rooms.

That singing, distant but approaching, at first mingled with Archie's dreams. Then, as he wakened somewhat, he recognized the music for what it was. Though he knew, as every one knows, what that air is likely to mean when it is sung in procession by thousands of

men, for a little Archie lay still, trying to gather his drowsy senses. Above those deep notes he heard a discord of bugles sounded from the infantry barracks. Starting to a sitting position, he listened for shots, but none came. Instead he heard cheers. Thereupon he lost interest; probably it was only a lot of political speech-making and that sort of thing. So he lay down once more and took up his interrupted sleep exactly where he had left it off.

Therefore Archie saw nothing of the procession as it debouched into the *plaza mayor*. It was greater than it had been—much greater. All sorts of people now were included in its ranks. Soldiers from the barracks cheered and joined it. Torches of llama wool soaked in grease blazed and smoked and smelled abominably. With one of these the leader beat time to his singing.

Straight to the *palacio* they went. Archie might have seen the sentinels leave their posts and join their comrades. He might have seen the doors as they opened, and have caught a glimpse of brilliant uniforms behind them. Only one man emerged, however. The doors closed, and by himself he advanced to the edge of the portico. It was Alfaro. For a moment he stood motionless in the glaring torchlight. Enemy though he was—scoundrel though he was—Archie must have respected him then, had he seen. That squat figure, standing alone and forsaken against so many, was heroic. And by some strange freak the crowd fell silent.

Stretching forth his right hand, Alfaro would have spoken. Instantly pandemonium ripped loose. The crowd surged forward. From the breast of his coat Alfaro snatched a pistol which spat redly. The merchant—he who had been the leader—crumpled to the paved floor and lay there. But over the front and both ends of that raised portico the crowd lapped like a rising tide. Almost at once its voice sank to a murmur like that of a tide.

Then it was that Archie's slumber became part of his good fortune, and no small part of it. Had he been awake he would have seen what followed, which was ill for any man to see. For this mob had traditions behind it, traditions of Inca





*Drawn by F. R. Gruger.*

"It is *you* who will pay. Will pay while your wives and little ones starve, as others have starved."—Page 109.



punishments, also those of the Spanish Inquisition. It was making good the words of Lady Gaunt. Archie slept on.

There was no sleep, however, in the mansion of Lady Gaunt. She sat in the great *sala*, enthroned in an armchair. McCabe stood behind her, and the major sat close by, both watchful and alert. A tall and rather handsome man, his beard shot with gray, nervously paced the room. Suddenly he halted, holding up a hand, as the notes of the "Marseillaise" came floating in through the open windows. He sighed with relief.

"They are coming," he said in Spanish. "Your part of our bargain, *señora mía*, is complete; it now remains for me to fulfil my part. One hundred thousand dollars in currency of the United States as an atonement, you tell me, for a sin of my predecessor. And cheap enough—as I do not have to atone for his other sins!"

Drawing from his pocket a packet of gold certificates, Plaza—for it was Plaza who had spoken—placed them on a table by Lady Gaunt's side. Then he stepped out through a window onto a balcony, to bask in the torchlight which now began to shine there while the crowd roared forth his name, mingled with cheers.

Without looking at him Lady Gaunt opened a drawer in the table, and taking from it a document covered with seals—the one conveying that concession—she laid the sheaf of gold certificates upon it, snapped a rubber band about both, and placed them in an envelope. From the drawer she took also another envelope, placed both of them in a larger one, and handed it to O'Neill.

"I find myself very tired, major, and think I shall leave this morning for a rest in the country," she said. "So please give that envelope to Archie Douglas as soon as you conveniently can. I think everything is quite safe for you to go. General Plaza is making a speech which, if it is like most speeches of its kind, will last for hours."

With an old-world courtesy that sat well upon him, O'Neill bent low and kissed the withered hand that gave him the packet.

"It isn't the concession, my lady," he

said, with a sort of affectionate gayety, "nor yet the money. But all the same I think that young Douglas is the luckiest chap in the world."

Lady Gaunt smiled almost shyly, and over her face there came a delicate pink, like that which one sees on the inside of sea-shells.

"Please go now," she said. "For, after all, I'm just a tired old woman who must get some rest."

So O'Neill left her, just as dawn was breaking. He found Archie deep in slumber and was obliged to shake him back to consciousness.

"Hullo!" growled the shaken one good-naturedly. "What's the matter?"

"Matter?" echoed the major, laughing. "The matter is that you're to get up and come over to my place to breakfast. In the meantime here's something that Lady Gaunt told me to give you."

It was the smaller of the two enclosed envelopes that Archie happened to open first. An old-fashioned locket set with brilliants fell into his hand. Mechanically, for he still was dazed with sleep, he pressed a spring, and the locket flew open, disclosing a miniature. Save for the costume, which was that of a day long past, it might have been a portrait of Archie himself. He stared, rubbed his eyes, and stared again.

"Why, it's dad!" he cried. "My mother had one something like this, but this is younger than hers. So Lady Gaunt knew my father, and before my mother did! Now, *wouldn't* that bump you?"

"Yes," agreed O'Neill thoughtfully, a light of understanding breaking upon his mind. "Yes, I think it would. But—I don't know whether you've noticed it, Douglas, as I have—whenever a woman makes history one is apt to be 'bumped' twice; once by her motives and once by the history itself. It's an interesting phenomenon. I'll see you at breakfast. You needn't hurry, though."

There was no reply. With the unopened fortune lying beside him, Archie stared at the miniature. So O'Neill left the room and, softly closing the door behind him, went his way.



# WOMEN AND HEAVY WAR WORK

By W. Gilman Thompson, M.D.

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THE American traveller in continental Europe a few years ago often was amazed to find women at work upon tasks which in his own country would have been thought impossible through their severity, and degrading in their nature. The French peasant woman was seen behind not only the hoe but the plough. The Tyrolean peasant girl was met staggering under the weight of heavy boards fresh from the sawmill, and the German woman was found unloading canal-boats laden with briquets of peat, which she carried in huge baskets upon her back or head. Thus the traveller, making superficial observations from his car-window, would give pharisaical thanks that his countrywomen were not as other women are, and muse upon the "chivalry" which holds the saucepan mightier than the shovel, and the perambulator more appropriate than the wheelbarrow, for woman's share of the world's work. But now, how this point of view is changing through the economic and industrial upheavals of the war! The heaviest farm labor, such as ploughing and loading hay, is no longer the exclusive work of the farmer and his hired man, who finds his fields invaded by a "Woman's Land Army," ready and keen to help in any task and, much to his surprise, making good.

We have forgotten the hard labor of the women among the first settlers of the country, who, while their husbands and brothers were felling forests and fighting off the Indians, often were left to do everything to "keep the home fires burning," chopping the wood and barricading the doors themselves. With increasing prosperity came the period when the work of women was more and more restricted within the limits of household cares, or in the constant but relatively not arduous work in the factory and mill. They thus

were more and more withdrawn from the heavy manual labor which has come to be regarded exclusively as "a man's work."

With the beginning of the war came a great change which, originating in England and France, is now involving this country—namely, the determination of how far women can replace men in the heavy industries, *i. e.*, those in which the hardest kind of continued physical exertion is called for. These industries are, at present, almost entirely war industries, which are concerned with the production and manufacture of high explosives, munitions, chemicals, and all manner of appliances for warfare. They involve the lifting of heavy weights, such as large shells or the plates for large electric furnaces, the assembling of machinery parts, etc., and they involve the handling of heavy tools—the pick, the shovel, and the barrow.

The combination of great shortage in labor with the urgency of "speeding up" war contracts is leading the managers of large industrial corporations seriously to consider the employment of women, and in a number of instances the trial is being already made upon a limited scale. In fact it may be said to have passed the experimental stage, although in this country the experience has practically all been derived within the past few months.

In making industrial hygiene inspections for the United States Public Health Service during the past summer, I have had opportunity to observe the women laborers in a number of large manufacturing plants concerned with the output of munitions, chemicals, and other war materials upon a very great scale. I have watched women at work shovelling ore, wheeling heavily laden barrows, shovelling sand and earth into carts, unloading heavy acid carboys from freight-cars, standing upon ladders and painting the outside of big iron tanks, running ore-crushers, lifting heavy steel shells, sorting



very large pieces of scrap-iron (boiler fragments, old iron piping, broken machinery, etc.), lifting the cumbersome heavy plates for electric furnaces, etc.

Women are astonishingly adept in wielding the pickaxe. One whom I watched for some time unobserved, was plying fifty-six strokes to the minute in picking off congealed tar from a flooring, which was nearly double the rate at which a stalwart man near by was working. This job is both extremely dirty and monotonous, and I was told that it is much easier to get women to undertake it than men. In an oil-refinery it became necessary to clear out the oily muck in swampy ground around some driven piles, and here women were seen working vigorously with shovels and picks. It is a novel sight, indeed, to find a woman managing a large ore-crusher while enveloped in clouds of dust which make her almost unrecognizable.

Such are some of the many tasks of heavy labor upon which women are being employed to-day. Speaking with many of them, I found them uniformly cheerful and interested in their work, and I have yet to meet a manager or foreman who, after experience with women in these employments, did not testify to the success of their work and express the desire to secure more of them. One large oil-refinery in Pennsylvania began about six months ago by employing a few women in heavy yard-work, such as sorting great piles of scrap-iron, shovelling waste material into carts, and wheeling barrows of refuse. To-day it employs over three hundred and forty women and is looking for more, and so satisfactory has the experiment proved that the women who were at first taken on for short shifts of four hours are now employed steadily for eight hours, and given equal pay with men for equal work.

The output by women workers compares very favorably with that of men. There are, of course, certain variations. For example, it requires two women to carry a heavy sack of cement which one man would take over his shoulder; but, on the other hand, some tasks are performed better by women, as the tar-picking above mentioned. On the whole, also, the women are steadier workers. It

is true they are new at the work and eager to earn high wages and make good, but they do not get drunk over Sundays or "lay off" for trivial causes, and the labor "turnover," that is, a constant tendency to shift to new employments (which is one of the greatest difficulties in the present labor situation), is far lower among women. Moreover, they do not often belong to labor-unions or go on strikes.

As to the ability of women to sustain heavy labor for long periods without detriment to health, the matter is of too recent trial in this country to offer statistics, but in England they have proved quite equal to the strain, and when properly selected originally, and properly cared for subsequently, they rarely break down. Among the three hundred and forty workwomen above mentioned only two or three left because they found the work too strenuous, and those periodic ailments which theoretically might be expected to impair their efficiency have not thus far proved a serious drawback. It should be remembered, however, that most if not all of the women so far employed belong to a class inured to hard work at home, such as carrying scuttles of coal, washing, and scrubbing. They are, many of them, of the peasant class, chiefly Poles, Russians, Italians, and Slavs, although a few are Americans, both white and negro, and they are usually the wives or relatives of men already employed in the same industry. In the great chemical industries in Niagara Falls many of the women thus far employed are Polacks.

In selecting women workers for the heavy industries certain precautions should be observed, and the United States Public Health Service is at present engaged in researches which will lead to the formulation of rules and standards for women workers. These standards are not yet available, but I may suggest the following as desirable:

1. The preferable age for the woman worker in the heavy industries should be between twenty-eight and forty-five years.

2. A thorough physical examination should be made of each applicant by a competent company physician.

3. Existing pregnancy and the possession of infants should exclude the applicant. Young children may be left in a



day-nursery which the company should maintain.

4. A competent matron or nurse trained in industrial hygiene should be put in charge of each group of women workers. One such person should be provided wherever the number of workers in a plant exceeds twenty, but whenever the number passes that limit she might easily care for many more, up to one hundred. To her the employee should promptly report any illness or overfatigue, and she should interest herself in the home conditions and mode of life of the employee.

5. In general, women work better by themselves than with the men—there is less tendency to gossip and more concentration of work.

6. Adequate and always separate dressing, toilet, locker, and lunch rooms should be provided, together with rest-rooms equipped with lounges, and a few simple emergency remedies under control of the matron or nurse.

7. A canteen should be provided in connection with the lunch-rooms, where hot soup, cocoa, or tea may be obtained at cost price.

8. The company should provide overalls, caps, and canvas or other gloves, to be sold at cost price, although experience shows that the women often prefer to wear out their old clothes rather than purchase proper overalls. Wherever poisonous chemicals are being manufactured, such as picric acid, or the explosive and highly toxic trinitrotoluol, the wearing of overalls must be compulsory.

9. Transportation and housing conditions may prove as important as proper hygiene in the company's plant itself. Particularly is this true of night-work, where that is undertaken. (It is not at present permitted in New York State.) The woman who leaves the works on a cold winter morning after a night "shift," who has several miles to go to her home, without prompt and comfortable means of transportation, who finds her meal-hours disarranged, and day sleep rendered impossible through a noisy environment at her home, or noisy children within it—such a one will soon break down, not because of hard work in an eight-hour shift, or because the work itself is any more injurious by night than by day, but because

of the conditions affecting the remaining sixteen hours of the twenty-four.

One large corporation with whose plant I am familiar not only contemplates the establishment of day-nurseries for the young children but has studied a three-mile zone around the works with the view of bringing all its women workers into adequate housing within the zone, which is obtained for them through agents of the corporation. In addition it endeavors, in so far as possible, to assign similar hours of work to its men and women workers who are members of the same family. As the men work for nine hours and the women for eight, there is an overlapping of the men's time, *i. e.*, they begin half an hour earlier and quit work half an hour later than the women. Thus the women arrive and depart at separate times from the men, which is a distinct advantage, and enables a woman to get home before her husband and prepare his meal.

10. In the case of each applicant for heavy work the employment bureau should make careful examinations as to family and home conditions, and exclude all women where such conditions are found undesirable.

11. Working women should be given instruction in personal hygiene through the medium of the company physician or social-service nurse. Printed leaflets of instruction also have much educational value.

12. With the possible exception of lead, there are no industrial poisons which are any more injurious to women than to men, and work in chemical manufactures or in dusty trades which is injurious for women is equally so for men. In the admission of women to hazardous trades, such as the manufacture of picric acid or trinitrotoluol, it may be found possible to exact standards of hygiene and protection against poisoning for the women which will prove of equal advantage for the men. In one munitions plant, for example, where I saw over five thousand women employed, the installation of proper dressing-rooms, emergency medical rooms, and an excellent system of medical supervision for the women had resulted in greatly benefiting also the health standards for the men. In this



plant, however, the women were doing light work, such as machine stamping, sorting parts of shell-caps, varnishing shells, etc., which is comparable to the ordinary factory and mill work in which women have long been universally employed, but the company was contemplating employing others in heavy yard-work.

Miss Eva Fenton, of the hygiene staff of the British Ministry of Munitions, who accompanied me on visits to several munitions plants in New Jersey, expressed great surprise at not finding more women employed in heavy work in these plants, saying that in England of the employees in similar service sometimes as many as 95 per cent of all the workers are women.

It would be interesting to have more exact physiological standards for estimation of muscular and nervous fatigue in women workers. Apparatus exists for these determinations, such as scales for recording the force of a blow with a pick or hammer, dials for recording pushing or pulling effort, dynamometers, etc.; but as yet few experiments have been made with women workers. In general it is stated that a woman of average strength can lift a weight of fifteen pounds, intermittently all day, without impairing her efficiency. In England, in some cases, this limit is placed as high as twenty-five pounds for work such as lifting steel shells from one table or bench to another. After all, however, the best test is found in careful medical supervision of the work over long periods of time. The introduction of rest-periods of say five minutes in the hour or ten minutes every two hours, in certain kinds of work, has been found actually to increase the total output.

The theoretical objections to the employment of women in the heavy industries are fast disappearing in the face of practical results. For example, it has been objected that the men workers will not tolerate the innovation. It has been found, nevertheless, that where women are shown no favoritism and are not employed exclusively in the lighter jobs in

order to force men to the heavier work, the men raise no objection. It has been suggested that the employment of women in the type of industries under consideration would result in certain moral deterioration in their relationships with the men, but this view would scarcely be maintained by any one who has seen women camouflaged in multistained overalls and with faces and hands smeared with graphite, carborundum, yellow picric acid or blue aniline! Such appearances, combined with hard work, are not conducive to flirtation! It is objected that the vigor of the coming race may be impaired by physical strain of women and interference with the regularity of their normal functions. Thus far there is no indication from the observation of women at hard work that such might be the outcome, although the researches available do not cover a prolonged time. There is, apparently, less ill health among these hard industrial workers taking vigorous exercise, with well-trained muscles, much of it in the open air or in open sheds, than among the poorly dieted, care-worn shop-girl, fatigued by long hours of work and often by ill-advised expenditure of the non-working hours.

It is further objected that we have not yet reached that degree of economic stress which should make it necessary for woman to be summoned to aid in doing man's work. It is not the purpose of this article to enter upon the economic and social phases of the discussion, but merely to point out certain practical matters concerning a subject which is quite new to us in the United States and which rapidly became of national importance as a factor of war industry. The essential facts are that women *can* do men's heavy work with substantially equal output, without any disturbance of the particular industry, and, when guided by proper conditions, without detriment to their health. How far and how long they *ought* to do it in the emergency arising from the war is to be decided upon different grounds.



# BUILDING CHARACTER IN THE ARMY

By Allen D. Albert



WE Americans have become conscious that something fine has happened to those soldiers of ours.

We sense it from the expressed affection and new seriousness of their letters.

It is one of the teachings that survive out of the buzz of unceasing lectures. The sight of the boys in the trains or the streets suggests it so strongly that it warms the very souls of us. We would know it, if there were no other revelation, from the even power of their thrust against the enemy.

The development of these boys has now reached a stage where we can know something definite about it. Not everything. None of us shall ever know the whole story. But something. And beyond the growth in them which is definite we ought to be able by now to see something of that growth which is finer and less definite.

Through about eighteen months I have touched these boys intimately and on many sides. My gauge of them has been founded upon a service with them that has been favorable, I think, to seeing through their eyes and living their life as they live it. The boys have "trued" my gauge, as mechanics say, by talking of themselves as openly as they could.

It is interesting that at the very beginning I must acknowledge a debt to them. They have made me richer in the best coin of the world. They have increased my faith in humanity. I do not know that I have ever met a man that has lived with them without becoming richer in the same coin.

The foundation of all the lessons that workers are learning from the service, whatever our field, is that we have not known our American boys very well. In the camp, or the navy barracks, or the marine station, they are detached and it is easier to see them as they are. When we first see them there and the under-

standing of what they are comes over us we begin by being shocked at our own stupidity. Then we are thrilled and humbled with thanksgiving.

What is it that they are?

They are not saints. They are not so well educated as we thought. Thousands upon thousands of them, breeding bone and muscle and power in our American communities, have not been members of our American body.

They are more boyish than we thought. Stronger. More ambitious. More alike to each other and more sharply distinguished from the boys of other military forces. Far and away more promising physically. More responsive to appeals to their better selves. Sounder at the core. Needier of right leadership—as the rest of us have not been brave enough to believe.

No indication of the change that the service is working in these boys is so clear as their physical improvement. In one particular lad most of us have realized it with a great glow. We have not comprehended that he is the type of millions.

We have seen them set off in uncertain lines of fours, suitcases bumping, arms waving in the air, companies of boys that seemed too thin, too young, too slack, to make good soldiers. We have not seen the mass of them as they have straightened, unfolded, grown strong, like plants taken from the cellar in the spring and set in the open air.

They tan in a week. They straighten while they tan. Their shoulders lift from their old slouch, so violently at first that we smile, and after a month settle into a natural position well back from a chest of new depth and fulness.

Their bodies grow generally heavier. Here and there a "fat" drills away his softness. But the large majority fill out, so that a major-surgeon and I once calculated that according to our observation this new life has added ten million pounds to the weight of the first million boys.



It seems also to have released about one hundred million pounds of pressure against Germany.

Still more significant is the clearing-up of their skin and eyes. Not all of them have needed this change, but most of them have needed it; and when it comes it is manifest. I think that nothing else in their son's military personality makes the parents of a city flat-dweller gulp so hard.

Something of this is reported, but not humanly told, in the official figures of our medical corps. Until the World War the finest achievement in fighting disease among troops was that of the Japanese, who had driven the disease death-rate among their forces back to twenty-one per thousand per year. We had been at war only eleven months when Surgeon-General Gorgas was able to certify that our American army death loss from disease had been reduced to ten per thousand per year. (The influenza has sadly altered these figures.)

In a force of two million men this measures the saving of twenty-two thousand lives a year. The American medical staffs are entitled to the larger credit for this progress. But they could never have wrought it without either of these two supports—the remarkable programme of social reinforcement already outlined in this magazine by Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick and the existence of a national stock generally more sturdy and healthful than was popularly believed.

Are there any of us, I wonder, that can forecast the gain to the nation in this one field of health when these boys have come home? There will be a certain settling among them, to be sure. But millions of boys who have felt anew the vigor of physical life, full and clean, will not lose it willingly, though to preserve it for themselves they must break the social shell that has shut city living away from the open air. To-morrow's generation in America will breathe deep.

The minds of these boys have been growing almost as strikingly as their bodies. They reported for service reflecting every extreme of higher education and lower ignorance. They are all at school—the former that they may advance to commissions, the latter that they

may catch up with their comrades. The American Library Association has no demand to meet that is so steady as that for text-books.

How many of the "rookies" could not sign their names I think nobody has learned. Every camp has had hundreds who were by all proper rating to be judged illiterate. But the mere fact that a boy can make marks on paper that look like "John Johnson" is unimportant. A better test is that of the new psychological examination, and it indicates that about one of our boys out of every four has developed so little mentally as to be really illiterate.

By squads, companies, regiments, these boys are in school, not less than an hour each week-day. The enrolment of them early passed sixty thousand. They learn rapidly, most of them; but, slowly or fast, practically all of them learn. Of five hundred and fifty taught by the War Camp Community Service in Waco, Texas, all but six were lifted high out of illiteracy in a month.

An impressive instance is that of a young man of thirty-six who enlisted at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. He was a baker and earned thirty dollars a week, he said. When told to sign his name he answered without the least apparent embarrassment that he could not read or write. Before he had been five months in uniform he was in the Fifth Reader.

Larger than the company of illiterates is the company of those who cannot express themselves in the language of the country for which they offer their lives. There are hardly any who do not know the commoner street phrases. But at least three regiments at muster received their commands in alien tongues. Guessing at the number of boys that could not comprehend directions given to them in English, several of us estimated that it exceeded seventy-five thousand in the first nine months. Probably the true number was higher.

A captain at Camp Sherman told me that on discovering he was not making himself understood to his men he went down the line.

"Do you speak English?"

"Huh?"



"Do you speak English?"

"Yessir. Pretty good."

"All right. You're a corporal."

"Do you speak English?"

"Yes, indeed, sir."

"All right. You're a sergeant."

In one squad of eight men there were five dialects of Slavic.

The important thing to know now is that every one of this great group is learning the speech of the country—most of them with fundamental thoroughness. But to look upon them as they struggle, these solid, foreign-looking young Americans, will bring the tears unless you are harder of heart than the teachers.

"One shoe is S-h-o-o-o."

"Shooh! Shooh! Shooh!" in guttural chorus.

"Two shoes is Shoe-zes. S-h-o-o-o-zes."

"Shooh-zes! Shooh-zes! Shooh-zes!"

The classes are managed by chaplains, by college teachers now in the uniform of enlisted men, by the Young Men's Christian Association, here as everywhere practical and undenominational, by the War Camp Community Service, by volunteers on both sides of the sentry lines. In time of peace the country would have thrilled to learn that an organization had proved itself capable of reaching so costly an illiteracy and inability to speak English. How it ought to thrill now to know that for these grown men no compulsion of any sort is required to keep them in school!

Another change of far-reaching promise is being worked in these boys through play. As a people we Americans have trended strongly toward recreation that is receptive mainly. We incline to look on. Golf is leisurely helping a certain class of us, including some women. We participate more actively within doors, where we gather in groups according to our social status and dance, play cards, stir the chalky air about pool-tables, and eat.

Furthermore, we have had too much delight in winning at our games. We have been playing against each other rather than for the joy of the game with each other. Our nervous zeal to win at sport is, I think, our nearest approach to German philosophy.

In the army, navy, and marine corps

that we have organized for the World War this is not the spirit. Here recreation is better balanced. It includes leap-frog and theatre-going, baseball and singing, entertainment throughout the towns near to the camps, and play so closely related to work that it is hard to demark one from the other. Through the whole of it is active the element of team-work, of dependence upon others, of carrying the entire side forward, of having joy in the game with the others.

A camp foot-race, for example, is not like the foot-races we elders have known. We would have had a progression of eliminations until we had found one boy that no other boy could beat. The new army has foot-races by companies. The command wins which has the greater number over the line when the bugle blows.

Every one tears forward for himself in the first race. Next time a few hold back to encourage the others. The third time there is a kind of volunteer organization among the swifter to run with the slower men, urging them on with "Hurry up, you fellows! Hurry up!"

The recreations show "close up" the general levelling tendency of the service. College athlete, farm-hand, truck-driver, quiet boy from the high school, and professional prize-fighter are likely to be mates on any team. When they win they put their arms about each other in a little circle and sing. When they lose they put their arms about each other in a little circle and talk.

Developed skill seems to lie, as we might have expected, with those who have had the better coaching, and the greater number so advantaged have had the leisure of higher education. Endurance seems to lie with those who have done regular muscular labor. Between them arises a wholesome and mutual admiration. Teachers and parents acquainted with the rowing in school-yards and vacant lots would be amazed at the practically unvarying good temper of the sport in our present war-camps.

Any eight that drill together in a squad will also eat together and play together oftener than otherwise, and this without regard for normally insurmountable disparities. A worker for the Jewish Wel-



fare Board told me of a squad he had watched for weeks. It consisted of a French boy and a Polish Jew, both foreign-born and lame of English, two boys from a New England mill-town who could not read or write, a hardware clerk from a small inland city, a professional musician, the son of a superintendent of schools, and a doctor of philosophy. They were as intimate as the crew of a life-boat.

The two last-named were at first the teachers of the others, but they were soon joined by the French boy, who gave lessons in conversational French by a system that made his "periods" more fun than a good comedy. The hardware clerk was a Protestant religionist who taught the Jew the English of the King James version of the Old Testament and learned the Old Testament from the Jew. I do not remember about the others, excepting this—that when the squad went together for a week-end at a beautiful home near the camp, the doctor of philosophy told the host that living with the other seven would make a man of him yet in spite of what the universities had done to him.

Their singing is the evidence of change that has impressed me most deeply. When one hears them, three thousand or more in a chorus, it is hard to realize that such groups as that which has just been mentioned really exist, that the whole congregation of young men is anything but a weld of units into a powerful whole. The unison is a revelation of a new power in them:

"And three with a new song's measure  
Can trample an empire down."

Of course it is all distinctly American. The Germans entered Brussels, we are told, performing noble musical compositions, like male sections of grand opera choruses. Much that our men sing is a thin compound of rhythm and jingle and elementary sentiment—"K-K-K-aty," "Oh, You Kaiser, Lil' Kaiser Bill," and

"Good morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip,  
With your hair cut just as short as mine."

The impression that our distinctly American musical product falls short of

its larger possibilities is enforced by the antics of the leader. He sways, runs back and forth, pounds his fist in his palm, and ends his gymnastics with a series of kicks that make you laugh in spite of yourself. He is an exception if his contortions are not well beyond those of college cheer leaders.

With a purpose as transparent as glass he pits one side of the hall against the other and the boys enter into the rivalry with great earnestness. Here and there tenors and basses sound through the roar; the larger number sing the air in unison and give it up if it takes them a note or two above middle "C."

It is important to note whatever is not inspiring in the camp singing, because in spite of that the song of these boys is yet one of the plainest manifestations of the new spirit among them. It is one of the strongest of the agencies that lift them up to express their undercurrent impulses. It is a builder of enthusiasm beyond any other factor of camp life. Particularly, it is important in bringing forward and supporting a leadership that in my opinion has more power in our present American camps than anywhere else among men.

You could not get one boy in a thousand in our uniform to stand forth alone and lead in prayer, or talk about character, or sing a hymn, or cheer his flag. They are too self-conscious; and until this camp development the boy that did any of these things would have been generally rated a hypocrite, unless he manifested the most complete sincerity and manliness. But you can get these boys to stand together and sing, and thus introduce into the custom of their lives the expression of earnestness, of patriotism, of religion.

Ordinarily they rise to sing "Over There." They keep time with their heavy shoes on the theatre floor. The tramp, tramp, tramp, the heavy union of masculine voices, the growth of the song until it reaches a thrilling shout of "We won't come back till it's over over there," will sweep you before it as it sweeps the boys with it.

I remember hearing a regiment of engineers attempt "Onward, Christian Soldiers" for the first time. It threatened



to be a weak performance. As the verse progressed, more and more of the boys stopped singing. In every row heads were turned from side to side, looking to see if soldiers were really speaking words so genuinely religious.

When "Forward into battle" was reached the few that were singing were evidently the better-trained singers and the more active church workers. But these kept on assertively. I could almost perceive their abashed fellows come to the conclusion that this hymn was really going to be sung through, that it was to belong to the camp life. The looking right and left ceased. The boys that did not know the words of the verse were visibly waiting for the chorus.

Ah, how they did sing it when it came! Not a lad that I saw did not join in it. Two general officers were with me in the last row and they choked as I choked. We three knew in our hearts that this was the battle-hymn of a new crusade in the making, and that if America were the only nation at war with Germany and Germany were ten times as strong, these troops advancing against her in this spirit would make peace with her on their own terms and God's.

Of course none of this would be possible without the assertion of the new leadership illustrated in the singing of that hymn. Heretofore in the barrack life of new troops the leader has been the man of longest service and loudest talk. The present emphasis is on things new in the service—trench tactics, grenades, "boobies," barbed wire, health, education, right living, and the highest of moral causes as the stake of the war.

The soldier of regular army experience who found himself among the drafted men of 1918 seemed first to indicate his realization of the change by shutting himself in a shell, then to accept it with studied attention to the new business, and ultimately to give it the solidest and most effective support. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that men of earlier army experience are leaders in this army because of that training. The leaders of to-day, whatever their earlier service or lack of it, are the men whom the others can follow in fulfilment of the new standards.

So it comes about that the chaplains and other welfare workers find themselves bearing a larger responsibility than they expected. They are the leaders supplied by the government for all the non-technical fields of military service. They are the largest support of the officers of the line in developing military efficiency, and I have yet to meet the officer of the line, in any branch of the service, who does not so estimate their support.

The intelligence officer of a camp in the mountains called my attention to a group of boys spreading away from the tent of the Jewish Welfare Board. "We Americans don't half realize the significance of that," he observed. "They are Jewish boys who have been attending their own service while the Gentile soldiers have been kept at work. If any one had told us in 1898 that the army of the United States would some day recognize Jewish holidays—well, we would have laughed. You see we recognized them in this war. The Jewish soldier gains something through it, of course, because his country is encouraging him to take his religion seriously and be proud of it. But the army gains more than the boy."

How much the army gains, how much of new religious interest there is among the boys in uniform, how much of survival value there will be to the nation, I make no attempt to guess. The masses of the Roman Catholic Church, the general Protestant services, and Sunday evening gatherings in which crisp talks on religion and gospel hymns are prominent, are all attended by thousands upon thousands of young men who have been irregular churchgoers, to put the case euphemistically. Every chaplain relates the asking of questions by boys who walk the company streets in the twilight that speak a new concern in the hereafter.

I bring a conclusion on one score only. We have all heard profanity in camps. It is to be heard in these camps as in all others. But the old gratification in picturesque blasphemy and nastiness is dead. I have yet to hear with my own ears, or to hear reported from any boy in uniform as soldier, sailor, or marine of the United States, the first word of irreverence, the first blatant disregard of religion, the first aggressively foul phrase.



The contrast in this respect between our enrolment for the World War and our enrolments in 1898 and 1916 could not possibly be more striking.

The last of what seem to me the great factors in developing our new military type is not discipline. What discipline could do for boys was done in the war with Spain and the service on the Mexican border, and there it proved sickeningly insufficient. The last of the new agencies is the purely social factor of transforming the enlisted man's leave of absence.

To the boy in uniform town has been what we correspondents called it in 1898: "A fine combination of hell and loneliness." The streets, the shooting-galleries, the pool-rooms, the cheaper restaurants, the burlesque theatres, and the red-light houses were open to him. And not much else. No general preparation was made to welcome him to better places, and from most of them he was effectually excluded.

To-day the enlisted man of the American service has organized for him such hospitality as never before has been extended to troops. The traditional rivalry between city and camp is ended in this country. Our old fear that the troops would work harm to the town is now supplanted by the new fear that the town, without organization, will work harm to the troops. For these boys not only have the saloon and the red-light house practically ceased to exist, but the purely negative relaxation of the pool-room and the emptiness of the street corner have been forgotten in the superior appeal of wholesome companionships.

Men in uniform do not loaf in American city streets unless they deliberately choose to do so. They cannot make their way to dives without deliberately lifting themselves out of the current of hospitality kept in motion by the social energy of the people newly awakened and directed by the War Camp Community Service.

Boys on leave now have destinations when they go to town. In the American communities near to the camps they have

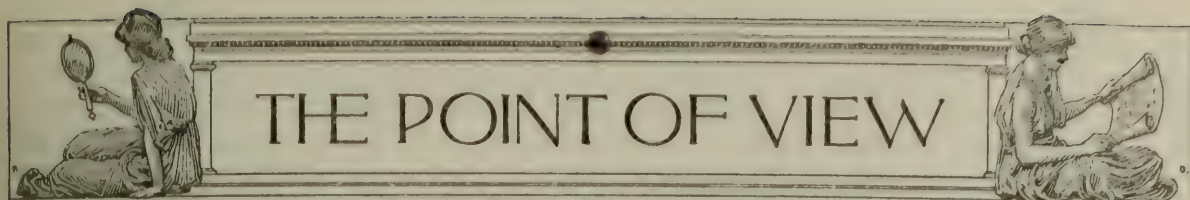
their own Khaki and Blue clubs, and dinners are given to them by churches, women's clubs, schools of domestic science, the alumnae of women's colleges, rotary clubs, and chambers of commerce. Dances bring them together with those girls all normal boys like to know under the favorable chaperonage of women socially experienced. The best of the theatrical companies, continuing their fine service in the Liberty Theatres, give special matinees to which the uniform is the only ticket required. Literally hundreds of thousands are entertained every week-end in homes distinguished for their refinement.

Sometimes I have thought that the boys, with the adaptability of youth, accepted all this as a matter of course. Other workers believe, however, that the sense of special attention and kindness is rarely lacking. In either case there are indications enough that the experience strikes deeply in.

Their pride in saluting their officers in the streets has in it something of chivalry when they salute the blue triangle of the Y. W. C. A. or the red circle of the W. C. C. S. They like to see their uniform in creditable places. When the President and Mrs. Wilson attended service the Sunday following the Red Cross parade in New York, I counted about them more than thirty boys of that force of which President Wilson is now commander-in-chief, constituting such a guard as no ordinary arrangement of the State could ever provide; and they had not known that the President was to attend.

In a train one night I talked with two boys returning from leave. I asked them what had happened to a third boy who had gone wrong while on leave a week earlier. "Don't bother your head about him," one of the two answered; and then he added a phrase with which such offenders are stamped in every cantonment in the United States, a phrase that tells nearly the whole of a great story: "He's a friend of the Kaiser." It is a wonderful day to be alive when the enlisted men of the nation count the old vices of the service as aid and comfort to the enemy.





## THE POINT OF VIEW

**M**Y Aunt Anstiss has a Franklin stove in her guest-room; it is as loyal to her as is old Jane Black who has been in the family from sixteen to sixty-six. Aunt Anstiss can manage them both, but it is hands off for every one else.

On the Tending  
of Fires

That is the reason why when I visit Aunt Anstiss I leave the Franklin stove alone. In my first visiting zeal I tried to rake down the morning stove myself, but all I did was to rake it out and endure afterward the mortification of seeing the hired man use an hour of his valuable time in taking out dead ashes and starting a new fire. Now I leave it all to Aunt Anstiss, and the morning coaling up has become a ceremony.

The ceremony occurs early each day between the rites of Aunt Anstiss's bath and the taking out of her curl-papers. Enveloped in a blue bathrobe she comes into the guest-chamber, pink and serene, her near-sighted blue eyes shining through her glasses, her two little white horns sticking up over her forehead. Her glance of matutinal greeting to me passes almost at once to a search-light probe to the very vitals of the Franklin stove.

The first act is an offering, more or less generous as the case may be, of coals to the fire, a shutting of doors and opening of drafts, and then Aunt Anstiss, sitting on the heels of her heelless blue slippers, indulges in philosophy until such time as she sees fit to shut down the drafts and rake out the ashes. The delight of her philosophy entirely throttles the protests of my New England conscience against letting Aunt Anstiss make my fire while I lie in bed.

"Why are you the only stoker in the family?" I asked her yesterday.

"I'm not," she laughed. "Your uncle could do it, or Rod either, if they put their minds to it. But I *am* the family stoker; it takes a woman to do it. I've thought it out in fires and folks too, and the same rules hold."

"Tell me about it," I begged comfortably,

and clasping her knees with her strong, capable hands she told me.

"When I was first married John was on a small salary and I did my own work. That meant making a fire burn, for one thing, and I'd never managed a fire in my life. They sputtered and ran away with me and they sulked and went out, until I made my first discovery, and that was—never rake a fire when it's low; feed it carefully and turn on the drafts, and when it's lively put in your poker.

"The very day I found that out in fires I found it was true in folks. John came in from work late, clean tuckered, and sat down to supper without washing his hands. I'd had a hard day too, and I spoke right out and told him what I thought. He'd been trying to be cheerful, but he just slumped then, gave up smiling, and ate his supper as sulky as could be. I saw what it was right away. I'd raked my stove fire out in the morning and I'd raked the fire out of John in the evening, all because I didn't throw on a little coal and open up the drafts before I stuck in the poker. I learned my lesson right there. It took me twice as long both times and it was twice as much trouble to build up a fresh fire as it would have taken to nurse along the little fire that was there. I did it, though. John was burning bright again before he went to bed.

"I see," I nodded.

"It helped me with the children too—that fire idea," Aunt Anstiss went on, straightening her glasses. "Joseph was my oldest. He was a good boy but he was on the move from the time he first peeped. I knew there was trouble ahead for me, for I was scarey in those days and it seemed as if I couldn't have him taking all the risks boys take. But I heard a woman in the trolley one day talking to her boy and just throwing salt on his fire, and I made up my mind I'd be a better stoker than that to my children.

"Their talk ran something like this: 'Can I go rowing with Sam when we get there?'



'No, you can't.' 'Why can't I?' 'Because you can't and that's enough.' 'Oh, that's mean; Sam knows how to row.' 'Well, you can't go and that's all there is to it.' And the youngster looked out of the window pouting and muttering, his fire of adventure and activity damped right down by his mother.

"So when Joseph came along with the same thing to ask, I was ready for him. I turned the drafts on wide. 'Just as soon as you learn to swim you can go in any kind of a boat you like,' I told him; and with that inspiration under his coals, up he blazed, sure enough, and learned to swim in no time. He's taken real comfort with his boats all his life and his boy does now."

I realized then why my cousin Joseph let his eight-year-old son do things that made me hold my breath.

"And then there was Lucella," said Aunt Anstiss. "She wanted to learn music, but she didn't get on one bit, and by and by she got fretty over her lessons. Then I listened and I found her teacher was telling her all the time how badly she did—dulling the fire right down, you see, when Lucella always needed lots of encouragement and open drafts. So I took time to sit with Lucella when she practised. I threw on all the praise I possibly could on top, to feed the fire, and then I turned on the drafts of ambition as to what she was going to accomplish by hard work, and when the fire was good and bright I stuck my poker in and raked out the ashes of carelessness and inaccuracy that the teacher had been scolding about so long. And she wondered why Lucella improved so fast!"

Aunt Anstiss chuckled comfortably to herself and peeped into her Franklin stove.

"See how that's come up while I've sat here chattering like a magpie? It's almost ready now to rake good and plenty. Fires have their own personalities; this one I have to putter over, and the one in my room I couldn't put out if I tried. Lucella was like this. I was always fussing to keep her afire; drafts on all the time almost; while as for Rod, he burns with all the drafts shut. I've had to shut them off when I could on Rod, but I've done it carefully, for if you choke

down a bright fire too far, it's apt to burst out in some place not so safe as the stove. The two older children were always well-mannered and John couldn't understand that he could have a child as rampageous as Rod. He was forever sitting on him, and the more he tried to crush the boy, the more noisy and self-willed Rod grew. But after John saw that a strong nature like Rod's has got to burn and find outlet, he let up on trying to shut all the fire into an air-tight stove, and Rod burns natural and blesses the world with his strength instead of scorching it. It pays, I tell you, to study up your fires and your folks if you want to keep the world warm and glowing and not waste your coal, on the one hand, or start too big a conflagration, on the other."

"You're a wonder, Aunt Anstiss," I said.

She seized the poker and came to her knees. "I'm no wonder and no saint," she protested, "and I've made my own mistakes bringing up a husband and three children. But I've been pretty happy doing it, after all. And they've been pretty happy."

"No one could dispute that," I agreed warmly.

Aunt Anstiss, kneeling, gazed at me with a wistful, blue-eyed look, clear as a child's.

"I've been at it thirty-two years," she said, "but it's the most paying job I ever went into—trying to keep the immortal fire burning bright in five immortal souls. And do you know what's given me courage over and over when my own coals were sort of dead? I'd think—if Nancy Hanks could light such a divine fire in that little boy of hers, what limit can there be to any possibility of what a woman can do for her children. Tell me that?"

But I could not tell her that, for she thrust in her poker and raked the dead ashes with such vigor that for the time she was lost to the world. She had fed, she had inspired, she had made the flame; now she could rake out the rubbish with impunity. And even if Joseph and Lucella and Rodney could none of them ever become to the world a beacon light, like Abraham Lincoln, they had learned at least to keep the fire on their own hearths burning pure and bright.





#### PROBLEMS OF THE ART PROFESSOR

ART is one of the last subjects to be recognized by American universities as worthy of consideration. Among the hundreds of courses offered the student, a place has been found for almost everything else conceivable or inconceivable. Even courses like one in the insurance business, very popular when I was a student at Yale, have won academic sanction. But art has been viewed askance. This Cinderella is distinctly not popular with her older sisters. English, economics, history, modern languages, philosophy, and the sciences, disdainful of her claims, serenely hold the centre of the stage; while the belles of yesteryear, mathematics, Latin, and Greek, wall-flowers as they are, are on that account no less jealous. With the exception of certain trivial courses never likely to be taken seriously, art is the least well-established, the least well-received subject of the curriculum.

This condition is no doubt due in part to the youth of the subject. Another decade will certainly see the position of art far more secure. Yet all is not so to be explained. The fifty years since she first knocked for admittance at our colleges is more than ample to have made far greater progress than has actually been scored. There are only two American universities—Harvard and Princeton—in which the teaching of art can be said to have been entirely successful. Admirable work has been done in many others, and almost everywhere the battle seems about to be won. But it is only too true that great and often insuperable obstacles are still thrown in the way even of the best teachers of art, and that the subject in general has had to contend with exceptional and unnecessary difficulties.

Blame for this has been variously placed either upon the nature of the subject itself or upon the character of the men teaching. Both factors do undoubtedly enter into the complex equation. Yet I am not so certain

that the heart of the trouble lies in either. If art and the colleges do not agree, it is not necessary to assume that the fault lies with art. It might instead happen to be with the colleges. And an analysis of the situation will, I think, show that such is indeed the case.

It is necessary to remember, first of all, that our American universities are democratic institutions, possessing the virtues and also the failings to which democracy is heir. The supreme power, although the fact is perhaps not generally apparent, lies in the hands of the students. The success or failure of an instructor is judged by his colleagues primarily on the basis of his popularity among those whom he teaches.

Yet in all democracies there lurks the danger that the rule of the many is the rule of the worst. The governing voice in our universities is that not of the best students, but that of the majority of students. And the majority of college students is notoriously a body not endowed with any exceptional faculty for discrimination. They have come to college not to learn, but in so far as they have any serious purpose, to make influential friends and acquire social finish. Such men ask only two things—not to be subjected to mental strain, and to be amused. Hence the increasing popularity of English and especially of courses in modern literature and in the novel. Hence the steady decline of the classics and especially Greek, which requires hard work and appeals only to a mentality of a certain development. Hence the whole trend of our universities away from intellectual development.

The public opinion of the students tolerates serious work only in directions liable to lead to the making of money in after-life. In professional and scientific studies accordingly standards are maintained. But culture and learning, except in so far as they can be acquired without effort, are tabooed. Scholarship is in danger of extinction in the American college.



This statement may seem exaggerated, yet I fear is only too true. When I was at Yale fourteen years ago (and in this Yale is typical of all American universities) there still were a certain number of scholarly courses open to undergraduates. I was always able to detect them by the small number of men who elected them. If there were only two, or better yet, if there was only one man in the class, I was quite certain there would be something worth while. The courses with a large number of men, on the other hand, I almost invariably found a waste of time. The situation was entirely analogous to that of the theatre in New York; if a play is popular one knows, *senz'altro*, that it is devoid of literary merit. By making it a rule to elect always small courses, I probably obtained a much better education than falls to the lot of the average young American; far better than it would be possible to obtain to-day, for these small courses have all, one by one, by the relentless machinery of democracy, been ground out of existence. None the less, I have never been thrown in competition with European scholars without feeling myself cruelly handicapped by my early training or lack of it, and I believe my experience is common to most Americans who have found themselves in a similar position, although others, through sheer force of genius, have been able to rise above the disadvantage. I still, I confess, find the atmosphere of inexactitude and indifference to scholarship in an American university distinctly demoralizing. It is precisely because I am slipshod like my fellows that I miss the inspiration of those higher standards a university ought to maintain, but ours do not. In saying this I am not unmindful of the splendid individual scholars that still exist especially in our graduate schools and who are the exemplification of all that learning should be. Such men, however, straggling survivors of an older race, are rapidly being pushed aside.

The loss of scholarship is the price which American universities pay for their democracy. The valuable few are sacrificed for the worthless many. Learning has no longer a place among us. This is frankly recognized. My very intimate friend, for example, Professor Mims, in the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, stated flatly that scholarship is incompatible with present conditions

in the college in all seriousness, quite unconscious how shocking is the situation he not only complacently accepts but actually praises.

This near-sighted and pragmatic (pragmatism is indeed the most despicable and degrading of all philosophies) spirit, this worship of the mob, has produced the same result in the universities as in the nation. Its fruit has been the Nemesis of Mediocrity. Men of high calibre have been crushed down to the level of the average, or if they have proved obstinate, eliminated. The modern American university is full of tragedies, and one sees their trace on all sides. Men who had all possibilities—brilliant minds, even genius—have been sucked dry, covered with the dust of the classroom, and quietly laid to moulder away on the heart-eating upper shelf of academic routine. There is one thing, and one thing only, capable of inducing a first-class man to become a professor, and that is love of learning. Opportunity to exercise, and recognition of, his scholarship might reconcile him to soul-withering duties, to the penury entailed by a salary totally inadequate to his social position, to the intrigues and petty jealousies of his colleagues. Nothing else on God's earth will. By eliminating scholarship, our colleges have eliminated, or soon will, men of distinction from their faculties. It has been wittily said that any one with brains enough to be president of one of our universities, would have brains enough not to be. The same thing is rapidly becoming true of the professors. Bernard Shaw's immortal epigram strikes cruelly home. Those who can't, teach. The college faculty, as a class, is made up too often of men who are unable to do anything better. Exceptions which now exist to this rule will, at the present rate, soon disappear. It is an inevitable consequence that the professorial class will lose standing with the outside world, which, instead of honoring, as now, their supposed erudition, will assume them ignorant whether they be so or not. It will be taken for granted that a professor is merely a business man or a politician who has failed, and he will be treated accordingly. And as the class of college professors falls in the general esteem, it will become more and more the slough to catch those unable to do anything better. These condi-



tions will doubtless continue to go from bad to worse in our universities so long as social honors continue to be the aim of our students; so long as the faculty continues to be an executive and intriguing instead of a learned body, and so long as our people continue to worship the mob. The universities are merely another expression of a materialistic, unintellectual, and beauty-hating age. They will be reformed when the standards and character of the whole nation have been reformed, and only then.

In the meanwhile this is the atmosphere into which the art professor is projected. By the very nature of things he is of much the same character as his colleagues. He too is sometimes a failure. That he should be is an inevitable consequence of the mediocrity that rules throughout the university. Yet among the men teaching art to-day there are undoubtedly a few minds of the very first caliber, a statement I should not be prepared to make in regard to all the other faculties. The class of art professors, taken in its length and breadth, wrecks and geniuses, is certainly no worse than the average in other subjects. The professor of art is, on the contrary, apt to be rather more broadly cultured. I am fond of writing that a taste for art is, or should be, the common heritage of mankind, but, as a matter of fact, it is to-day almost always the last attainment of superrefined minds.

And at last we have, I think, come to the root of the difficulty. It is because art is distinctly cultural that it has been so slow in gaining a foothold in the college. It has not gained popularity, for the same reason that Greek has lost it. Homer, Pindar, and Æschylus had no message for young barbarians whose only interests lay in making a society and then succeeding in business. For the same class Botticelli and Giotto painted in vain. Such students take their relaxation in going to the movies or watching a football game. In moments of mental exaltation they perhaps rise to the level of a modern novel. The technical side of art, practical painting, sculpture, or architecture they have tolerated because it might help some poor inferior souls to eke out a meagre livelihood. But for the cultural side of art they have had no sympathy. The academic faculty, headed by the dean, has, as always, merely followed their lead.

The question presents itself whether these conditions will ever change. It is my feeling that the pendulum has swung about as low as it can go. There is hope in two possibilities. The crowd may turn toward art. There are many indications that such a change of attitude is taking place in the nation at large to-day. In this case the history of art will win instant recognition, provided it be taught pleasantly and not too profoundly. We may give our students agreeable chats on painters, spiced up with all appropriate and inappropriate tidbits of scandal, as our colleagues in the English department give agreeable chats on authors. Or it may be that in consequence of the war, or from other causes, the spirit of mob-rule, of materialism, and of opportunism in our universities will be broken, and that learning and scholarship will be reinstated on their ancient thrones. Art could then hardly fail of immediate recognition. We should have again on our faculties scholars willing to sacrifice any career for academic peace, for the quiet of the library, and for the stimulating contacts with young minds. Teaching would be surrounded no longer with the bustle of vaudeville, but with something of the serenity of poetry. It would be no longer a question of how many, but of how well. The academic procession, winding its way across the campus on Commencement Day, in its pomp and solemnity, would no longer bring a derisive smile to the lips of those who know what is beneath the caps.

I have, indeed, heard it said that in one university—it must be very, very far away—something like this has already taken place. The dean, I have been told, is not only a politician but a man of broad humanism and with sympathy for the true and the beautiful. I have even heard it rumored that he has played the St. George and rescued Greek, the lovely princess of Trebizond, from the jaws of a ravening dragon. Some one whispered that in this university they had built buildings of real architectural merit, not unworthy to stand beside the masterpieces of another continent. I do believe that all this and more the future will bring forth. The day will come, will surely come, when learning and culture and art, instead of, as now, being turned away from our universities, will be welcomed with open arms; when Greek shall come back to her



own and when Art shall be seated in honor. In that day intrigues and politics shall cease, and the time of the professor will no longer be squandered on executive work. On that day the ideal of the college will be

once more not materialism, nor football, nor numbers, but scholarship; and the rule of the student mob will come to an automatic end.

A. KINGSLEY PORTER.

#### OUR NEW ART HERITAGE

WITH the home-coming of the thousands of young men who have been with our armies abroad we may hopefully look for the "turning of the crowd toward art." They will turn toward it as something concrete, something real, something that expresses a spiritual need that they may not be able to define but which will be felt and become a part of the new ideals of our democracy. From France and from Italy and Belgium they will bring back with them something of the heritage of the centuries, something of the love of art they will find in the heart of even the simplest French *poilu* with whom they may have fought side by side. They will come back with the vision of art as an every-day reality, a part of the people's very existence; a thing to be lived and not merely thought of as the exclusive possession of the super-refined mind. Many of our boys will have seen some of the great French cathedrals and city halls, alas, many of them mere shells of their past glory, and they will respond to the appeal of the native domestic architecture, so different from anything we have, and will gather, almost unconsciously, impressions of the art history of lands they have been fighting in. When they come

back they will want to know more, and few will miss the opportunity of adding to their knowledge by reading, or if they return to college, by the lectures on art at the various universities. There are thousands of college men, teachers, artists, architects in the army who will foster the art interest of the men about them, and who will help them to bring back a new appreciation and love for many things that have been known to them heretofore only through the medium of books and the inadequate teaching that Professor Porter so deplors. The ideals of the Old World will be brought back to the new, and manifest themselves in our national life in many ways that no other teaching but contact can possibly make vital. The war has been a wonderful university for our people. It has done what the schools have never been able to do—brought us a national unity and a common purpose, a democracy that knows no spirit of class or race. The professor of art of the future will have a new starting-point that should be an inspiration in his teaching, and make him better realize that scholarship that does not humanize and spread the gospel of art beyond the classroom is, after all, selfish in its use of time and endeavor.

J. B. C.











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GENERAL ALLENBY ENTERING JERUSALEM, DECEMBER 11, 1917.

The banner in the background is one of welcome to the British. No flags were carried by the troops.



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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## OUR NEW POSSESSIONS

LOG-BOOK OF CHARLOTTE AMALIA CLIFFORD

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

*S. S. Diana, January 21, 1918.  
On the way to the Virgin Islands.*

**I**ENGROSSED the above heading in my journal shortly after we left the dock in New York, but from what has occurred in the past few days I think my occasional entries in the log-book are likely to be records of Dorothea Valentine's love-affairs as they occur to her day by day, and as unluckily they are poured into my ear for lack of a better or more convenient vessel.

We are dear friends, Dolly and I. Her name is Dorothea, but apparently she will have to grow up to it, for at present everybody calls her Dolly, Dora, Dot,

or Dodo, according to his or her sex, color, or previous condition of servitude. Dolly is twenty and I am thirty; indeed, her mother is only forty, so that I am rather her contemporary than Dolly's, but friendship is more a matter of sympathy than relative age, and Mrs. Valentine and I are by no means twin souls. As a matter of fact, that lady would never have noticed me, the private secretary of Clive Winthrop, a government official in Washington, had it not been that, through him and his sister, I had access to a more interesting group in society than had Mrs. Valentine, a widow of large means but a stranger in the Capital. Clive Winthrop is a person of distinction and influence, and Miss Ellen

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Winthrop, an old friend of my mother's, is one of the most charming hostesses in Washington, and I am in reality nothing but a paid scribe; the glad, willing, ardent, but silent assistant of a man who is serving the administration with all his heart; but neither he nor his sister will have it so considered. I almost think



Clive Winthrop . . . commands attention in any room that he enters.

that Miss Ellen Winthrop, still vivacious and vigorous at sixty-five, is ready to give up to me her place as head of the household if I consent to say the word; but I am not sure enough yet to say it; and because of that uncertainty I cannot trust myself in the daily company of the two persons most deeply concerned in my decision. A sea voyage is the best thing in the world to blow away doubts

or difficulties; it also clears the air so that one can see one's course, whether it be toward the north of duty or the south of desire.

My work for a long time has been to report interviews, take stenographic records, and write hundreds of letters for Mr. Winthrop during the somewhat protracted discussion that preceded the acquisition of the Virgin Islands by the United States. It is odd that these tasks should have fallen to me, who added below Clive Winthrop's signature to many communications the typed initials C. A. C., for I have a special interest in this part of the world—a very close and sentimental one, since I was born on St. Thomas, one of the Virgin Islands, and christened Charlotte Amalia after the little red-roofed town on the shore of the perfect harbor. My birth in St. Thomas was entirely unpremeditated, and I was taken away as soon as my mother was able to travel; nevertheless, I have always longed during the twelve years of my loneliness, without father or mother, to see the place where they were so happy in each other and so blissful in the prospect of my appearance.

I, then, have a right to this particular holiday and this opportunity to decide my future. Miss Dorothea Valentine, on the contrary, is a wholly unexpected, I will not say an unwelcome, companion, although when I wish to be thinking of my own problems she generally desires to discuss hers, which are trivial, though interesting and unique.

Everything about the girl piques interest; her beauty, her charm, her child-like gayety and inconsequence, which are but the upper current of a deeper sea of sincerity and common sense. Somebody says: "Ladies vary in looks; they're like military flags for a funeral or a celebration—one day furled, next day streaming. Men are ships. Figureheads, about the same in a storm or a calm, and not too handsome, thanks to the ocean." The last phrases are peculiarly true of Clive Winthrop, who is sometimes called the ugliest man in Washington, yet who commands attention in any room that he enters because of his fine physique, his noble head, and his distinction of bearing and speech. Rugged he is, "thanks



to the ocean," but he looks as if he could swim against the strongest current. On the other hand, it cannot be said that Dolly Valentine varies. She is lovely at breakfast, lovelier at luncheon, and loveliest at dinner when the dazzling whiteness of her neck and shoulders is revealed. Only a tolerably generous woman would suffer herself to be in the almost daily companionship of such a charmer, and that I am in that dangerous juxtaposition is her fault, not mine.

"You must take me with you on your sea voyage, Charlotte," she said. "I must get away from Washington and from mother. No, don't raise your eyebrows and begin to scold before you know what I mean! I am not going to criticise my maternal parent, but I am so under her thumb at the moment that I am a flabby mass of indecision. I have no more mind than a jellyfish, yet I have to decide a matter of vital importance within a month. How can I make up a non-existent mind? Answer me that. Your life is so fixed and serene and settled; so full of absorbing work; you are so flattered and appreciated that you are like a big ship anchored in a safe harbor, and you can't think what it's like to be a silly little yacht bobbing about on the open sea!" (Such is the uncomprehending view-point of twenty toward thirty; the calm assumption that ladies of that mature age can have no love-affairs of their own to perplex them!)

"There is no need of your being a silly little yacht, Dolly!" I answered. "If you want to make a real voyage you have the power to choose your craft."

"Mother always chooses for me," she said with a pout. "She doesn't gag me and put me in irons and lead me up the gang-plank by brute force, but she dominates me. I start out each morning like a nice fat, pink balloon and by evening, though I haven't felt any violent pin-pricks, I am nothing but a little shrunken heap of shrivelled rubber. You know it, Charlotte! You have seen me bouncing at breakfast and seen me flat at dinner!"

It was impossible not to laugh at her. "Don't be ridiculous!" I expostulated. "There is nothing between you and hap-

piness but a little cloud so diaphanous that a breath of common sense would blow it away. Now read your magazine and let me write in my log-book. It is intended to be an informal report to my chief (Oh! he is that, in every sense of the word, I thought secretly) of the islands we are to visit. We shall be at



Everything about the girl piques interest.  
—Page 130.

St. Thomas to-morrow morning and in the four days we have been journeying from New York the only topic of conversation in which you have shown the slightest enthusiasm is whether you should or should not marry Marmaduke Hogg!"

"Don't call him all of it, Charlotte," and she shuddered. "Mother is always doing it and I can't bear it!" Where-



upon she flounced about in her deck-chair and hid her face in her steamer-rug.

It was a foolish little love-story, that of Dorothea Valentine. Her mother was a mass of polite and unnecessary conventions; a pretty sort of person with a clear profile like that of a cold, old little bird. Her small, sharp nose resembled a beak; her eyes were like two black beads; and her conversation was a lengthy series of twitterings. Charlotte Clifford used to tell Miss Winthrop that if Mrs. Valentine had been a canary, people would have forever been putting a towel over her cage to secure silence. She was always idle, save for a bewildering succession of reconstruction periods, apparently forestalling ruins that no one else could have prophesied. She dieted and reduced her hips; had violet rays applied to her scalp; had her wrinkles ironed out by some mysterious process. If you caught her before ten in the morning you would find her with crescent-shaped bits of court-plaster beside her eyes, in front of her ears, and between her brows. She was beautifully clothed, shod, gloved, massaged, manicured, and marcelled. She lived on the best sides of the streets and at the proper hotels. She answered notes, returned calls, and gave wedding presents punctiliously. She never used the telephone for invitations, nor had anything but contempt for abbreviations, carefully writing out Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Minneapolis, Minnesota, when she addressed her sisters in those cities. A mass of the most glaring virtues was Mrs. Reginald Valentine, impeccable and unassailable, with views on all subjects as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians. She had ordered her husband's life during their ten years of marriage, he being a gentle and artistic soul, and she had more or less directed his exercise, amusements, diet, as well as his political and religious opinions. She nursed him faithfully in his last illness, but when he timidly begged to be cremated instead of buried, she reminded him that it was a radical, ultramodern idea; that the Valentine lot and monument were very beautiful; that there never had been any cremations in the

family connection; and that she hoped he would not break a long-established custom and leave behind him a positively irreligious request. Various stories of Mr. Valentine's docility had crept into circulation, and it is said that on this occasion he turned his head meekly to the wall and sighed: "Very well, Emma! Do just as you think best; it's your funeral!"

Just how Dorothea blossomed on this stalk it is difficult to say. A bright-eyed, sunshiny, wilful baby, she had grown into an unaffected, attractive, breezy young woman, outwardly obedient, inwardly mutinous. She was generally calm in her mother's presence, never criticising her openly, and her merry heart kept her from being really unhappy in a relationship that many girls would have found intolerable. Beaux she had a-plenty and lovers not a few. As cream or honey to flies, so was Dorothea Valentine to mankind in general; but she took them on gayly and cast them off lightly, little harm being done on either side by the brief experience.

Of course the suits of some of the suitors had been hard pressed by Mrs. Valentine. "You will go through the woods to pick up a crooked stick at last, Dorothea," she would say. "You don't know a desirable *parti* when you see one. You will never do better than Arthur Benham or Lee Wadsworth."

"Arthur said 'enfhuse,' 'sure,' and 'dope'; and Lee was bow-legged, mother," Dolly objected.

"His reputation was straight and his income all that could be desired," responded Mrs. Valentine loftily. "I wish I could convince you, Dorothea, that there are no perfect husbands. You are looking for the impossible! Indeed, I have always found men singularly imperfect, even as friends and companions, and in a more intimate relation they leave still more to be desired. You dismissed Sir Thomas Scott because he was too dictatorial, although you knew he intended to have the family diamonds reset for you."

"He'd have had them reset in Sheffield or Birmingham, but anyhow one doesn't marry diamonds, mother."

"One might at least make the effort,



Dorothea! I notice that most of the people who disdain diamonds generally possess three garnets, two amethysts, and one Mexican opal."

Dolly laughed. "You know I did try, mother."

"I know you made a very brief and feeble effort to be sensible, and you might have conquered yourself had it not been for the sudden appearance of this young Hogg on your horizon."

"You shall not call him a young Hogg!" cried Dolly passionately. "It isn't fair; I won't endure it!"

"I thought it was his name," remarked Mrs. Valentine, placidly shifting a wrinkle-plaster from one place to another. "You wouldn't object if I had alluded to young Benham or young Wadsworth. You show by your very excitement how disagreeable his name is to your ears. It isn't a question of argument; Marmaduke Hogg is an outrageous, offensive name; if he had been Charles or James it would have been more decent. The 'Marmaduke' simply calls attention to the 'Hogg.' If any one had asked to introduce a person named Hogg to me I should have declined."

"I've told you a dozen times, mother, that the Wilmots' house-party was at breakfast when I arrived from the night train. There was a perfect Babel and everybody was calling him 'Duke.' He looked like one, and nobody said—the other. I didn't even hear his last name till evening, and then it was too late."

"Too late!" Really, Dorothea, if you have no sense of propriety you may leave the room!" and Mrs. Valentine applied the smelling-bottle to her bird-like nose as a sign that her nerves were racked to the limit and she might at any moment succumb.

"All I know is," continued Dorothea obstinately, "that he was the best-looking, the most interesting, the cleverest, the most companionable man in the house-party, or for that matter in the universe. You don't ask the last name of Orlando, or Benedick, or Marcus Aurelius, or Albert of Belgium."

"It wouldn't be necessary." (Here Mrs. Valentine was quite imperturbable.) "The Valentines have never been required to associate with theatrical peo-

ple or foreigners. In some ways I dislike the name of Marmaduke as much as Hogg. It is so bombastic! It seems somehow like an assumed name, or as if the creature had been born on the stage. When coupled with Hogg it loses what little distinction it might have had by itself. One almost wishes it had been Marmalade. Marmalade Hogg suggests a quite nauseating combination of food, but there is a certain appropriateness about it."

Dorothea's face was flaming. "You will never allow Duke to explain himself, mother, nor hear me through when I attempt to make things clear to you. You never acknowledge that you know, but you do know, that Duke's people were English a long way back, and 'Marmaduke' is an old family name. The Winthrops will tell you that Duke's father and mother were named Forrest and that they changed it to Hogg to pacify an old bachelor uncle who wanted to leave Duke six thousand dollars a year. He had no voice in the matter; he was only twelve years old."

"It was a very short-sighted business proposition," and Mrs. Valentine took another deep sniff of lavender. "Sixty thousand a year wouldn't induce me to be named Hogg, and I shall never consent to have one in my family!"

Dorothea burst into tears, a most uncommon occurrence.

"You have dwelt so long on this purely immaterial objection," she sobbed, "that you have finally inoculated me with something of your own feeling and made me miserable and ashamed. I dare say, too, I have hurt Duke's pride by trying to give him a reason for your indifferent attitude, yet never having courage for the real, piffling explanation. I am mortified at my despicable weakness and I will overcome it by realizing how unworthy I am to bear Duke's honorable, unstained name, even if it is Hogg. You might as well give up, mother! If the dearest, best, most delightful man in the world loves me, I shall marry him, name and all."

"I do not regard it as settled," replied Mrs. Valentine calmly. "The young man may not think you so desirable when he learns that my refusal to ac-



cept him as a son-in-law means that he must take you without any income. Your dear father must have foreseen some such tragedy when he left all his money in my care!"

"Duke will take me without a penny!" cried Dorothea hotly. "I would stake my life on that!"

"Don't be melodramatic, Dorothea. We shall see in time. It is just possible that the young man may not be greedy, and so belie his name," was Mrs. Valentine's last shaft as Dorothea strode out of the room.

. . . . .

S. S. *Diana*, January 26th, 1918.

St. Thomas, and Charlotte Amalia, the little town for which I was named, looked so lovely when we landed early this morning that I felt a positive thrill of pride. This half-way house of the sea, this gateway of the Caribbean, as it has been picturesquely called, seemed, as Dolly and I climbed the hills and the stone stairways, to materialize into a birthplace instead of a vague dream. A year ago, with the *Dannebrog*, the scarlet, white-crossed banner of Denmark, floating over the red Danish fortress on the water-front, I might have felt an alien, but the Stars and Stripes made me feel at home and I could only remember that my father and mother met and loved each other in this little Paradise, and that when I was born there they were the two happiest people under the sun. If they could have seen their daughter saluting the American flag so near the very spot in which she first saw the light, they would have been comforted, I am sure, instead of repining that they had both been taken away when she most needed their love and protection.

Such a view from *Diana's* deck as we crept into the wonderful harbor! A background of towering green hills and a dazzling blue of velvet sky and crystal sea, like that of Algiers, greeted our enchanted gaze! Like some of the coast towns of Italy, Charlotte Amalia is gay with color, and its white, red-roofed villas nestle among their luxuriant gardens and tropical foliage, standing out in a perfect riot of orange and yellow,

blue and red. Never, save in Venice, have I seen such a gorgeous array of color in a landscape.

Five hours we had in St. Thomas while the *Diana* put off hundreds of barrels of cement; but what with the gayly painted boats and their dark-skinned crews, the naked brown boys diving and swimming for pennies and dimes in the harbor, a walk to Bluebeard's Tower and Blackbeard's Castle, we were well amused. Particularly so was Dorothea, who disappeared from my side for a half-hour while I chatted with the captain, rejoining me in the tiny palm-bordered park near the landing.

She was glowing with happiness.

"What do you think, Charlotte?" she exclaimed. "I have a letter from Duke. Not written after we sailed, of course, for it couldn't have reached me. He bearded mother in her fortress the morning we left Washington. She was out, or said she was, but sent a note saying that I had gone on a journey and would be absent for a month. He went directly to the Winthrops for news and they told him I was with you and that if he wrote at once by special delivery he could reach the ship before it left New York dock. He sent the letter to the captain and asked him to give it to me at St. Thomas for a surprise. The captain is such a nice man, though a good deal of a tease! Mr. Winthrop was delighted to hear you were not alone. Poor Miss Winthrop has influenza and they both wish they had taken this trip. It seems they are thinking of it."

"The Winthrops coming on this voyage," I exclaimed. "Impossible! They hadn't an idea of it."

"Mightn't he want to interview the governor and look at the island?"

"He hasn't time. I chose this journey instead of another so that I could interview the governor and look at the islands myself."

"Well, I dare say there's nothing in it. Duke didn't speak of it as anything settled, and he may not have heard right, his mind being on me. May I read you the letter—I mean parts of it?"

"I shouldn't expect to hear all of it," I replied dryly.

"Yet the bits I leave out are the ones





*Drawn by O. F. Howard.*

This half-way house of the sea . . . seemed . . . to materialize into a birthplace instead of a vague dream.—Page 134.



that show him as he is," she said, looking off into the grove of palms. "Duke is so conscientious that until we succeed in melting mother—that would be a good title for a story, '*Melting Mother*'!—and until she sanctions an engagement he won't let himself go, even on paper. So I get only a lovely sort of 'seepage' that breaks through in spite of him!"

"Skip the seepage," I said unsympathetically, "and give the news."

She reread the first paragraphs to herself with a good deal of dimpling and with eyes that suffused with feeling now and then, and turning the page began to read aloud:

"Knowing that you were on the high seas far away from me, though safe with your charming Miss Clifford (Duke admires you extravagantly, Charlotte!), I concluded to burn my ships and have a straightforward talk with your mother, although you have repeatedly warned me that this was not the best method of approach and that only patience would win my cause. I sent up my card at the New Willard, and doubtless she would have refused to receive me, but, going from the office to one of the reception-rooms to await her, I found her seated there with your Philadelphia aunt and another lady. They scented trouble and took to their heels when I had been introduced to them somewhat informally as a friend of Dorothea's, my name not being mentioned. I asked your mother, when we were left alone, if she had any objection to me other than my un-euphonious and suggestive surname.

"She replied guardedly, no, or at least nothing in particular, though she might say without conceit that Dorothea might aspire to anybody, even the highest.

"I cordially agreed, saying that if the male sex had any eye for beauty, charm, or loveliness of character, that Dorothea might marry not only anybody but everybody.

"She said she thought persiflage was out of taste when the happiness of a mother's whole life was in question.

"I begged pardon, but said it was necessary for me to whistle to keep my courage up, for the happiness of *my* whole life was in question.

"She said that was beside the point and her daughter's happiness must also be considered.

"I remarked that her daughter, to my infinite surprise and gratitude, assured me that her happiness lay in the same direction as my own.

"She vouchsafed the information that Dorothea was a romantic fool.

"I denied it.

"She dealt what she considered to be a body-blow by affirming that your property would not be in your hands till you were twenty-one.

"I replied that I didn't care if it didn't reach you till you were a hundred and twenty-one.

"She said, 'Don't be silly,' and asked me if I had ever thought of changing my name back to Forrest from Hogg.

"I inquired in return if she would mind the loss of six thousand dollars a year, supposing that I should take such a step.

"She reflected and said that she should, but she would rather lose it than take the name; and that we could rub along on Dorothea's money, she supposed, if that was our idea of a pleasant life.

"I hastened to say that I would relinquish the six thousand without a pang, confident that I could make a living anyway; but that it would be disloyal to my good old uncle, whose bounty had given me a college course, two years at Oxford and three at Harvard Law School. It had also permitted me to give my services to the United States Shipping Board without compensation.

"She said she thought it was very selfish in a government to accept a man's whole time and give him no remuneration; that Secretary McAdoo had only to say to the banks, 'Let there be money,' and there was money. There would be plenty for everybody if only the engravers and laborers at the mint would not strike.

"I reminded her that men were remunerated sufficiently in being allowed to serve their country.

"She returned that she thought that point of view foolish and fantastic, but if she found, after a year, that her daughter's peace of mind was threatened, would I then change my name and live

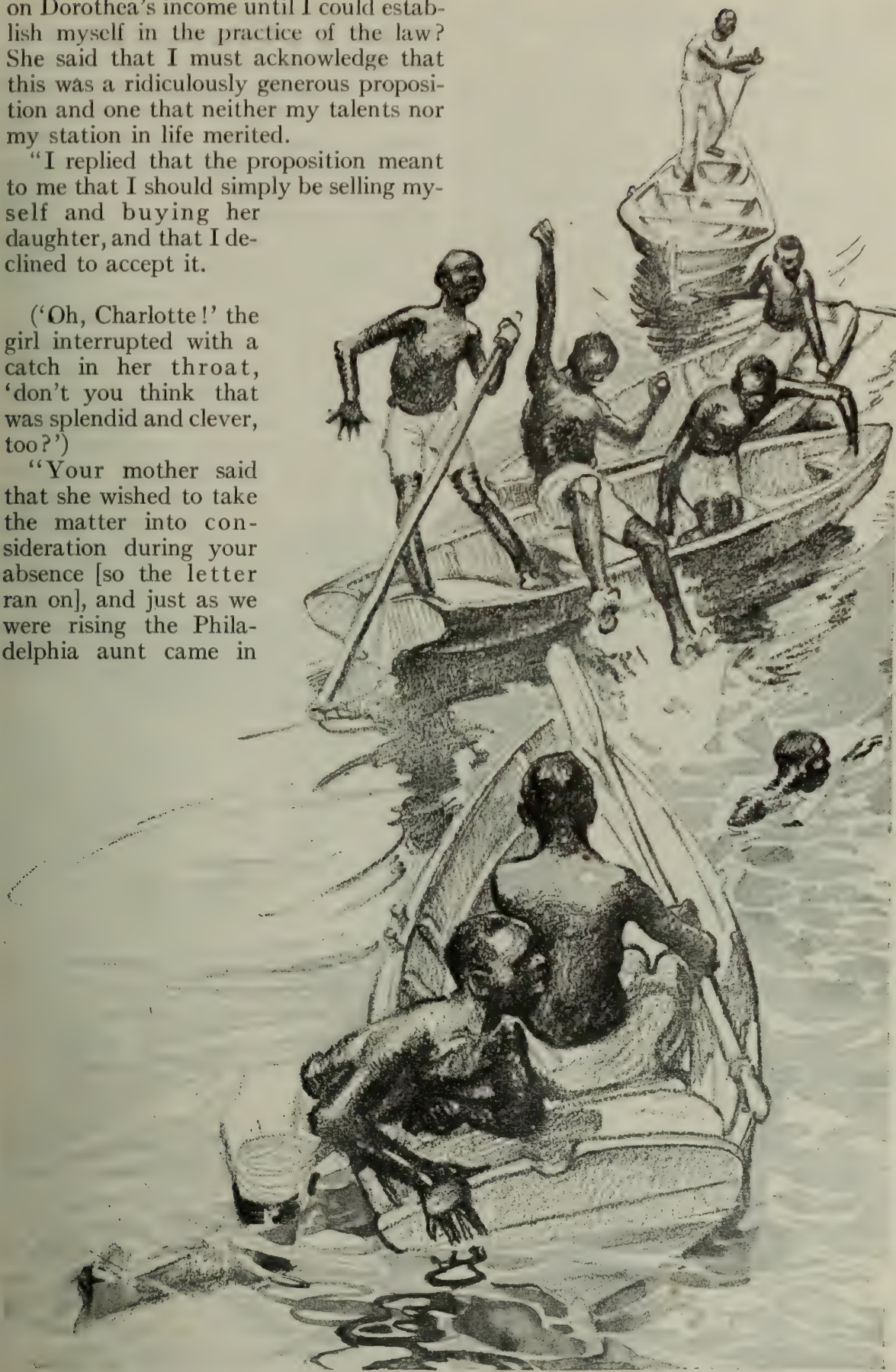


on Dorothea's income until I could establish myself in the practice of the law? She said that I must acknowledge that this was a ridiculously generous proposition and one that neither my talents nor my station in life merited.

"I replied that the proposition meant to me that I should simply be selling myself and buying her daughter, and that I declined to accept it.

('Oh, Charlotte!' the girl interrupted with a catch in her throat, 'don't you think that was splendid and clever, too?')

"Your mother said that she wished to take the matter into consideration during your absence [so the letter ran on], and just as we were rising the Philadelphia aunt came in



*Drawn by O. F. Howard.*



from one door and General Y, Senator X, and Lord Z from another.

"They are at the moment three of the most significant figures in the moving picture of Washington society, and all women pursue them. They beamed at me as if they had been commandeered for that special purpose, and Senator Y said jovially: 'How are you, Duke? Glad to see you. Are you free to dine with us?'"

"I hastily turned to your mother, saying: 'I was just going to ask you and your sister if you would dine with me.'"

"Lord Z, who was at Balliol with me, you remember, said: 'Then perhaps you will allow us to come to your table for coffee, Hogg?' Your mother gazed at him, astounded that his noble tongue could utter the name. Then she actually and gracefully 'fell' for the dinner, lured by the bait of the postprandial coffee with the distinguished trio, and the Philadelphia aunt kept things going serenely. She is a delightful person and will be a perfect companion for your mother when—you know when—when she needs one—and I no longer do!"

('There never was a man who said things like Duke!' interpolated Dolly ecstatically.)

"All would have gone swimmingly to the end had not a page suddenly entered the room bawling: '*Mr. Hogg wanted at the telephone! Mr. Hogg? Telephone message for Mr. HOGG!*'"

"Only capitals can give an idea of the volume of voice. My ear-drum, grown painfully sensitive since I met your mother, echoed and re-echoed with the tone as I threaded my way through the crowded room, followed by every eye, while I imagined people saying: 'I wonder if he's called to the stock-yard?' (It is queer, but I never felt this way in Oxford, for there they still remember Hogg, the Scottish poet, and I hung myself to his revered coat-tails.)

"The telephone message was from my secretary, and healed my wounded vanity, for it came from the British Embassy conveying the thanks of the Foreign Office for Mr. Hogg's friendly and helpful action in conducting negotiations for the chartering of ex-enemy ships lying in South American ports.

('You see what he is!' exclaimed

Dolly, looking up from the letter with eyes full of unshed tears! 'Of course he has five or six superiors in office but I suppose really that Duke's extraordinary talent keeps that whole shipping board going! You mark my words, Charlotte, when Duke gives up his position and goes to Plattsburg there'll be an absolute slump in that office! But just hear what follows; it is so discouraging!')

"'But when,' he goes on to say, 'glowing with the delight that always comes to me when I have any little tribute to lay with my love at your charming number-three feet, when I returned to my table your mother had gone to her room and the Philadelphia aunt remained to explain that she had been taken suddenly ill.

"'It will all come right, Mr.—my dear boy!' she said. "My sister has one weakness, an abnormal sensitiveness to public opinion. She thinks constantly what people will say of this, that, or the other trifling thing, and in that way perpetually loses sight of the realities of life. There is a great deal of good in her that you have never seen because for the moment she is absolutely obsessed by her objection to your name and her conviction that Dorothea might and should marry a title. My sister married Reginald Valentine more for the effect on her future visiting-card than anything else, but Dorothea's father bequeathed his good looks, his sunny disposition, his charm, and his generous nature to his daughter. You have chosen wisely, my dear Mr.—boy, but not more wisely, to my mind, than Dorothea has!'"

"So it ended, but I somehow hope that I may have converted your mother from an enemy alien to an armed neutral!"

"There is nothing more of, of, general interest," said Dolly tearfully, as she slipped the letter in the envelope. "Aunt Maggie is a trump. Oh, Charlotte! if only you had ever had a love problem like mine and could advise me! Duke always wondered that you never married."

(Dorothea ought to be cuffed for impertinence, but she is too unconscious and too pretty and lovable.)

"Perhaps there may still be hope even at thirty!" I said stiffly.

"Oh, I didn't mean that! You might



have anybody by lifting your finger! We only wonder you've never lifted it! But you could only be happy with a very learned and prominent man, you are so clever!"

"I'm clever enough to prefer love to learning, if I have to choose, Dolly, my dear."

"I'm so sorry you didn't get a letter, Charlotte," said the girl, snuggling sympathetically to my side on the bench.

being too astonished, darling," I continued. "Come! let's go and pick bananas and pineapples and tamarinds and shaddocks and star-apples and sapodillas!"

"I won't budge a step till you tell me all about it!"

"Then you'll grow to this green bench and have to be cut away by your faithful Marmaduke!"

"Is it a secret?"



She said she thought persiflage was out of taste when the happiness of a mother's whole life was in question.—Page 136.

This was more than flesh and blood or angel could bear!

I kissed her, and, shaking her off my shoulder vigorously, I said, as I straightened my hat: "As a matter of fact, Miss Valentine, I have had a letter every day since we left New York; a letter delivered before breakfast by the steward. You have had but one, yet you are twenty and I am thirty!"

"Charlotte!"

"Don't add to your impudence by

"It doesn't exist at all for you. You are not of age, Dolly."

"I'm old enough to know the things that one can learn by heart!" was Dolly's comment.

When the *Diana* was leaving St. Thomas at sunset and we were well on our way to St. Croix, Dolly made a half confidence.

"You are not my chaperon, Charlotte, because in my hour of need I simply fastened myself to you like a



limpet, or an albatross, or a barnacle, or any other form of nautical vampire that you prefer. Still, I might as well confess that I cabled to Duke, or wirelessly, or did something awfully expensive of that sort at St. Thomas while you were having that interminable talk with the captain, who, by the way, is married and devoted to his wife, they say."

"That was foolish and extravagant, my child," I answered. "I don't know what you said, but I have the most absolute confidence in your indiscretion. I hope you remembered that all messages are censored in war time?"

"I did, indeed," she sighed. "I was never so hampered and handicapped in my life, but I think I have outwitted the censors. I wish I were as sure about—mother!"

S. S. *Diana*, January 26.

St. Croix was delightful, with a motor-ride across the island from Frederikstad to Christianstad, where we lunched.

Dolly's mind is not in a state especially favorable for instruction, but I took a guide-book and, sitting under a wonderful tamarind tree, read her Alexander Hamilton's well-known letter describing a West Indian hurricane, written from St. Croix in 1772.

We were with a party of Canadian acquaintances made on shipboard and greatly interested in our first visits to sugar plantations. Vast cane-fields of waving green stretched mile after mile on the right and on the left, making it seem incredible that Mr. Hoover need beg the sweet tooth to deny itself in the midst of such riotous plenty. There was a dazzling glare from the white buildings of the town and the coral roads, but the moment we reached the outlying country all was verdant and restful. The beautiful hard roads ran like white ribbons over velvet hills and through rich valleys; tall windmills, belonging to the earlier days of sugar-making, rose picturesquely from the magnificent palms and other shade-trees; there were brilliant flowers and blossoming vines breaking through hedges here and there, and acres of pineapples and orange groves. Truly, our Canadian companions might wish us luck in our new possessions!

Later in the day.

We have left the Virgin Islands now and at dawn we neared St. Kitts, of the Leeward group, anchoring a half-mile away from the landing and putting passengers ashore in the small boats that ranged themselves near the steamer. There was a very bedlam of chatter, argument, and recrimination among the black boatmen, mounting at times to furious invective in a patois we failed wholly to understand, for though the majority of the natives speak English on all the islands, whether Dutch, French, or British, they use a language of their own vintage on these undress occasions. I could see Dolly's bright head and laughing eyes peeping through her port-hole, nodding good-morning to me as I viewed the scene from my own little stateroom opposite hers.

The St. Kitts boatmaster was a superb personage in white linen uniform and cap. He stood at the top of the steps lowered from our steamer to the ocean, and from that serene height of power commanded his clamorous and refractory legions.

It was his voice that called me irresistibly from my berth and kept my ears, as well as my eyes, glued to the port-hole of my cabin. It was a deep, rich barytone, as full of color as his own native skies and sea. The white cap set off his dark skin, and a pair of eyes that shot lightnings of authority gleamed from under his vizor. He ought to have been singing the "Pagliacci" prologue at the Metropolitan Opera House, but instead he was calling resonantly (his private megaphone seemed to be located in his own throat): "*Don't crowd, Edward. . . . Push in, Victoria. . . . Get away, George. . . . Come nearer, come nearer, Mary. . . . Show your number, Albert, or meet me in court to-morrow at eleven!*"

As a matter of fact, these were the names painted on the boats crowding and jamming their way to the most favorable places for securing passengers or freight; but the quality of his voice made it seem as if, in calling Victoria, Edward, George, Mary, and Albert, he were summoning a corporeal bevy of kings and queens to do his instant bidding. The excitement reached its climax when an aged bishop descended the stairway,



which was under some circumstances as perilous as a ladder. The bishop's quaint hat and gown and hood of various colors made him seem like a benign figure in comic opera; and perhaps because of his dignity or his multiplicity of luggage, all the boats ardently desired him as a passenger. Two green boxes, carrying much information painted in white on the sides, gave us all details of his rank, ancestry, and place of residence. These were projected down the stairway and then followed an imposing procession of servitors bearing potted plants, packages done up in linen cloth, baskets of eggs, limes, lemons, grapefruit, a canary in a cage, some white mice, and a Persian cat; the last three, it is needless to say, being in separate crates.

Majestic being, that St. Kitts boatmaster; never more impressive than when he successfully landed a bishop of the isles! Dolly and I recalled the "Admirable Crichton" in Barrie's whimsical play, who, as butler in a titled English family, was wrecked with the entire household on a desert island. It needed only the emergencies of twenty-four hours to establish him as the dominant intellectual force and the practical governor of the sadly inefficient earls, countesses, ladies, and honorables; and before long he assumed the authority properly belonging to him. That the earl's daughter finally fell in love with him seemed not so much dramatic license as a tribute to his obvious superiority. In London the lady would have been criticised as marrying beneath her; on the desert island it actually appeared as if she were doing particularly well for herself; indeed, Dolly confessed that though she would prefer marrying Marmaduke Hogg she would rather be wrecked in the company of the St. Kitts boatmaster.

S. S. *Diana*, Sunday, January 27.

After breakfast, on our way to anchor at Antigua for the night, we saw in the distance the towering cone of Nevis, the "Gorgeous Isle" of Alexander Hamilton's birth and the famous scene of Lord Nelson's marriage. It has fallen from its proud estate of former years into poverty and neglect, but it is still marvellously beautiful to the eye. We sat on deck

reading, or at least glancing drowsily over the pages of our books to the sapphire sea and the emerald forests of the island shores with a never-ceasing delight. There were three Roman Catholic priests on board, also four Protestant missionaries, one of them with a wife and a family of charming children—Samuel, Naomi, Esther, Daniel. Piously they were named and never once did they bring contempt on the Holy Scriptures! From below in a far end of the boat we could hear echoes of gospel hymns in some little cabin where a Sunday-morning service was being held.

Dorothea gave a deep sigh.

"It is all so peaceful, Charlotte! One day just like another and all beautiful and tranquil. We haven't seen anybody hurry since we left New York. Do you remember Rudyard Kipling saying, when he came back there after a long absence, that he was afraid to step slowly lest the man behind him should walk up his back? Nobody ever seems nervous in these islands. The natives can be ragged and hungry without being much concerned. Work never appears to be a delight to them for its own sake, but only as a means to get food. I feel slip—slip—slipping into a heavenly state of coma. Does anything ever stir the tropics except hurricanes and earthquakes, I wonder? How can women fight for suffrage in this climate? How can a man be wakened to great ambitions?"

"Alexander Hamilton was born on Nevis and passed all his boyhood and youthful days on what is now our own St. Croix," I said.

"Yes, but he wasn't Washington's aide-de-camp nor secretary of the treasury in the tropics!"

"True; nevertheless, when he was Nicholas Cruger's bookkeeper at the age of twelve he wrote to an American friend: 'I condemn the grovelling condition of a clerk to which my fortunes condemn me, and I would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. . . . My youth excludes me from any hope of immediate preferment, but I mean to prepare the way for futurity.' You see the yeast was stirring, even in the tropics, Dolly!"

"Well, I feel no yeast stirring in me,"



she said languidly. "All the morning I have been trying to recapture a certain 'Ode to a Cow' written by a man of action in a country hotel where mother and I were sojourning last summer. I could have echoed it when I first regarded the inhabitants of these islands, and now anybody might say it of me, for I grow more and more cow-like with every passing day. It runs this way:

#### ODE TO A CUD-CHEWING COW

Why, Cow, art thou so satisfied,  
So well content with all things here below,  
So meek, so lazy, and so awful slow?  
Dost thou not know that men's affairs are mixed?  
That grievously the world needs to be fixed?  
That nothing we can do has any worth?  
That life is care and trouble and untowardness?  
Prit, Cow! This is no time for idleness!  
The cud thou chewest is not what it seems.  
Get up and moo! Tear round and quit thy dreams!

By this time Dorothea was asleep. Her book slid to the floor, I shaded her face with my green umbrella, pulled down her muslin frock over her pretty ankles, and gave myself up to vagrant thoughts of her probable future. Sunday on ship-board is a good day for reflections and heart-searchings. My own problem, after all, is not so baffling as Dolly's. She is as loyal as a charming and sensible girl can be to a mother like Mrs. Valentine, whose soul, if the truth were told, is about the size of a mustard-seed. A frivolous, useless, bird-minded woman is Dolly's mother; a woman pecking at life as a canary pecks at its cuttlefish, simply to sharpen its bill. How the girl can respect her I cannot imagine! I suppose flesh calls to flesh and she loves her without too much analysis, but they seem to have come to the parting of the ways. It is Dolly's highest self that is in love with Marmaduke Hogg, and I don't believe she will sacrifice it to a maternal whim and call it filial obedience. Perhaps the absence that makes the heart grow fonder is working like a philter in this journey planned by Mrs. Valentine with a far different purpose.

"Let her go with you, Charlotte," she begged me with tears in her eyes. "I must get her away from this attractive but undesirable young man! That absurd uncle who didn't want his name to

die out must have been a lunatic or an imbecile. Why shouldn't such a vulgar name become extinct? And to think that my exquisite Dorothea—whose figure and eyelashes have been remarked by royalty—to think that she should be expected to graft herself on to that family tree of all others! To think that she may take that name herself and, for aught we know, add half a dozen more to the list; all boys, probably, who would marry in course of time and produce others, piling Hoggs on Hoggs, as it were! It is like one of those horrible endless chains that are condemned by the government!"

I gave way to peals of laughter at this impassioned speech, evidently annoying Mrs. Valentine, who expected sympathy. I tried to placate her with reference to the poet of the name which had none but delightful associations in Scotland.

"Then if they choose to defy me and marry each other, let them go and live in Scotland!" she snapped.

"Would you have minded Dolly's marrying Lord Bacon?" I asked.

This gave her food for thought.

"No," she said reflectively, "for, of course, he was a lord, which is something."

"But how about the associations?"

"I can't explain, but somehow they are not as repulsive to me," she insisted. "I always think of bacon cooked, not raw, and—the other is alive!"

As for my own difficulty, it is, after all, a conventional one. I cannot bear the idea of marrying my employer; a man known by sight and reputation to everybody in Washington, while I am a relatively unknown person without fortune, kith, or kin. The thought brings to mind sensational head-lines in cheap newspapers regarding the wedding of some aged millionaire with his youthful stenographer, and the consequent alarms of his household; or the alliance of some scion of a wealthy house with a trained nurse of obscure lineage and vaulting ambition. I am all alone in the world, and though my father, who died when he was only five and twenty, left me but the barest support, I have gloried in my independence and rejoiced in my modest successes.

My people on both sides were of good





"One day just like another and all beautiful and tranquil."—Page 141.

stock. Even the Winthrops could climb my family tree and find no bad fruit on it, but the world will say: "What a splendid match for Charlotte Clifford." . . . "I wonder how Ellen Winthrop will take it?" . . . "I shouldn't have thought Clive Winthrop would marry his secre-

tary, somehow, though there's nothing against her; but he could look higher!"

The world would be quite right. It is a splendid marriage for Charlotte Clifford, and Clive Winthrop could look higher. He is my superior and that is the reason I love him. That he loves me



proves that there is something in me that will rise to his level. All the same, I wrote him when I came away that I could never cross the bridge between us (there is a bridge, although he does not see it) until I was no longer his secretary and until I was sure his sister would welcome me into the household that has been so harmonious and delightful to every human being that has ever crossed its threshold. Nobody could equal Ellen Winthrop as a hostess, with her fine, spirited face, lovely even at sixty-five; her gift of repartee, her stately manner, her simple, trailing dress, always of black or gray, and always reaching the floor, when most of the feminine world looks, in its best clothes, as if mounted on stilts, with a skimpy, semidetached tail wriggling its silly length behind! I could never scale the heights on which the splendid Ellen perpetually dwells, but I could sit at the foot of them and admire with all my heart, and perhaps that attitude, if fully understood, might win her affection.

(To be concluded.)

## AT THE DOOR

By William Hervey Woods

LORD of this earthly scene,  
 I who am parting  
 Gladly thy guest have been,  
 And wistful starting,  
 Give thee my thanks; for though  
 The rest were blindness,  
 Into the dark I go  
 Singing thy kindness.

I sing earth's common things  
 Thou'st lordly granted—  
 Sunset, and shy wood-springs,  
 And dim, foam-haunted  
 In-flowing moon-litten tides,  
 The Spring's green laughter,  
 And lost Love's smile that bides  
 All life long after;

Amber of morning walls,  
 Dew, and child-fingers  
 Whose touch a rose-leaf falls,  
 A rose-breath lingers,  
 Sidling swift rains of June,  
 And strange, far-crying  
 Birds in the dark o' the moon  
 With summer flying.

Great gifts in grander hymn  
 Be others' showing—  
 I, in the twilight dim,  
 Trembling and going,  
 Give thee good-night, good Lord,  
 And still thanksgiving  
 For all one heart has stored,  
 Looking and living.



# A SANCTUARY OF TREES

BY HENRY VAN DYKE



THE Baron d'Azan was old—older even than his seventy years. His age showed by contrast as he walked among his trees. They were fresh and flourishing, full of sap and vigor, though many of them had been born long before him.

The tracts of forest which still belonged to his diminished estate were crowded with the growths native to the foot-hills of the Ardennes. In the park around the small château, built in a Belgian version of the First Empire style, trees from many lands had been assembled by his father and grandfather: drooping spruces from Norway, dark-pillared cypresses from Italy, spreading cedars from Lebanon, trees of heaven from China, fern-leaved ginkgos from Japan, lofty tulip-trees and liquidambars from America, and fantastic sylvan forms from islands of the Southern Ocean. But the royal avenue of beeches! Well, I must tell you more about that, else you can never feel the meaning of this story.

The love of trees was hereditary in the family and antedated their other nobility. The founder of the house had begun life as the son of a forester in Luxemburg. His name was Pol Staar. His fortune and title were the fruit of contracts for horses and provisions which he made with the commissariat of Napoleon I. in the days when the Netherlands were a French province. But though Pol Staar's hands were callous and his manners plain, his tastes were aristocratic. They had been formed young in the company of great trees.

Therefore when he bought his estate of Azan (and took his title from it) he built his château in a style which he considered complimentary to his imperial patron, but he was careful also to include within his domain large woodlands in which he could renew the allegiance of his youth. These woodlands he cherished and improved, cutting with discretion, planting

with liberality, and rejoicing in the thought that trees like those which had befriended his boyhood would give their friendly protection to his heirs. These are traits of an aristocrat—attachment to the past, and careful provision for posterity. It was in this spirit that Pol Staar, first Baron d'Azan, planted in 1809 the broad avenue of beeches, leading from the château straight across the park to the highroad. But he never saw their glory, for he died when they were only twenty years old.

His son and successor was of a different timber and grain; less aristocratic, more bourgeois—a rover, a gambler, a man of fashion. He migrated from the gaming-tables at Spa to the Bourse at Paris, perching at many clubs between and beyond, and making seasonal nests in several places. This left him little time for the Château d'Azan. But he came there every spring and autumn, and showed the family fondness for trees in his own fashion. He loved the forests so much that he ate them. He cut with liberality and planted without discretion. But for the great avenue of beeches he had a saving admiration. Not even to support the gaming-table would he have allowed them to be felled.

When he turned the corner of his thirty-first year he had a sharp illness, a temporary reformation, and brought home as his wife a very young and lovely actress from the ducal theatre at Saxe-Meiningen. She was a good girl, deeply in love with her handsome husband, to whom she bore a son and heir in the first year of their marriage. Not many moons thereafter the pleased but restless father slid back into his old rounds again. The forest waned and the debts waxed. Rumors of wild doings came from Spa and Aix, from Homburg and Baden, from Trouville and Ostend. After four years of this the young mother died, of no namable disease, unless you call it heart-failure, and the boy was left to his grand-



mother's care and company among the trees.

Every day when it was fair the old lady and the little lad took their afternoon walk together in the beech-tree avenue, where the tips of the branches now reached the road. At other times he roamed the outlying woods and learned to know the birds and the little wild animals. When he was twelve his grandmother died. After that he was left mainly to the housekeeper, his tutors, and the few friends he could make among the children of the neighborhood.

When he had finished his third year at the University of Louvain and attained his majority, his father returned express-haste from somewhere in Bohemia, to attend the coronation of Leopold II., that remarkable King of Belgium and the Bourse. But by this time the gay Baron d'Azan had become stout, the pillar of his neck seemed shorter because it was thicker, and the rose in his bold cheek had the purplish tint of a crimson rambler. So he died of an apoplexy during the festivities, and his son brought him back to the Château d'Azan, and buried him there with due honor, and mourned for him as was fitting. Thus Albert, third Baron d'Azan, entered upon his inheritance.

It seemed, at first, to consist mainly of debts. These were paid by the sale of the deforested lands and of certain detached woodlands. By the same method, much as he disliked it, he made a modest provision of money for continuing his education and beginning his travels. He knew that he had much to learn of the world, and he was especially desirous of pursuing his favorite study of botany, which a wise old priest at Louvain had taught him to love. So he engaged an intelligent and faithful forester to care for the trees and the estate, closed the house, and set forth on his journeys.

They led him far and wide. In the course of them no doubt he studied other things than botany. It may be that he sowed some of the wild oats with which youth is endowed; but not in the gardens of others; nor with that cold self-indulgence which transforms passionate impulse into sensual habit. He had a permanent and regulative devotion to botanical research; and that is a study which seems to promote modesty, tranquillity,

and steadiness of mind in its devotees, of whom the great Linnæus is the shining exemplar. Young Albert d'Azan sat at the feet of the best masters in Europe and America. He crossed the western continent to observe the oldest of living things, the giant Sequoias of California. He went to Australasia and the Dutch East Indies and South America in search of new ferns and orchids. He investigated the effect of ocean currents and of tribal migrations in the distribution of trees. His botanical monographs brought him renown among those who know, and he was elected a corresponding member of many scientific societies. After twenty years of voyaging he returned to port at Azan, richly laden with observation and learning, and settled down among his trees to pursue his studies and write his books.

The estate, under the forester's care, had improved a little and promised a modest income. The house, though somewhat dilapidated, was easily made livable. But the one thing that was full of glory and splendor, triumphantly prosperous, was the great avenue of beeches. Their long, low aisle of broad arches was complete. They shimmered with a pearly mist of buds in early spring and later with luminous green of tender leafage. In midsummer they formed a wide, still stream of dark, unruffled verdure; in autumn they were transmuted through glowing yellow into russet gold; in winter their massy trunks were pillars of gray marble and the fan-tracery of their rounded branches was delicately etched against the sky.

"Look at them," the baron would say to the guests whom the fame of his learning and the charm of his wide-ranging conversation often brought to his house. "Those beeches were planted by my grandfather after the battle of Wagram, when Napoleon whipped the Austrians. After that came the Beresina and Leipsic and Waterloo and how many battles and wars of furious, perishable men. Yet the trees live on peaceably, they unfold their strength in beauty, they have not yet reached the summit of their grandeur. We are all *parvenus* beside them."

"If you had to choose," asked the great sculptor Constantin Meunier one day, "would you have your house or one of these trees struck by lightning?"



"The house," answered the botanist promptly, "for I could rebuild it in a year; but to restore the tree would take three-quarters of a century."

"Also," said the sculptor, with a smile, "you might change the style of your house with advantage, but the style of these trees you could never improve."

"But tell me," he continued, "is it true, as they say, that lightning never strikes a beech?"

"It is not entirely true," replied the botanist, smiling in his turn, "yet, like many ancient beliefs, it has some truth in it. There is something in the texture of the beech that seems to resist electricity better than other trees. It may be the fatness of the wood. Whatever it is, I am glad of it, for it gives my trees a better chance."

"Don't be too secure," said the sculptor, shaking his head. "There are other tempests besides those in the clouds. When the next war comes in western Europe Belgium will be the battle-field. Beechwood is very good to burn."

"God forbid," said the baron devoutly. "We have had peace for a quarter of a century. Why should it not last?"

"Ask the wise men of the East," replied the sculptor grimly.

When he was a little past fifty the baron married, with steadfast choice and deep affection, the orphan daughter of a noble family of Hainault. She was about half his age; of a tranquil, cheerful temper and a charm that depended less on feature than on expression; a lover of music, books, and a quiet life. She brought him a small dowry by which the château was restored to comfort, and bore him two children, a boy and a girl, by whom it was enlivened with natural gaiety. The next twenty years were the happiest that Albert d'Azan and his wife ever saw. The grand avenue of beeches became to them the unconscious symbol of something settled and serene, august, protective; sacred.

On a brilliant morning of early April, 1914, they had stepped out together to taste the air. The beeches were in misty, silver bloom above them. All around was peace and gladness.

"I want to tell you a dream I had last night," he said, "a strange dream about our beeches."

"If it was sad," she answered, "do not let the shadow of it fall on the morning."

"But it was not sad. It seemed rather to bring light and comfort. I dreamed that I was dead and you had buried me at the foot of the largest of the trees."

"Do you call that not sad?" she interrupted reproachfully.

"It did not seem so. Wait a moment and you shall hear the way of it. At first I felt only a deep quietness and repose, like one who has been in pain and is very tired and lies down in the shade to sleep. Then I was waking again and something was drawing me gently upward. I cannot exactly explain it, but it was as if I were passing through the roots and the trunk and the boughs of the beech-tree toward the upper air. There I saw the light again and heard the birds singing and the wind rustling among the leaves. How I saw and heard I cannot tell you, for there was no remembrance of a body in my dream. Then suddenly my soul—I suppose it was that—stood before God and He was asking me: 'How did you come hither?' I answered, 'By Christ's way, by the way of a tree.' And He said it was well, and that my work in heaven should be the care of the trees growing by the river of life, and that sometimes I could go back to visit my trees on earth, if I wished. That made me very glad, for I knew that so I should see you and our children under the beeches. And while I was wondering whether you would ever know that I was there, the dream dissolved, and I saw the morning light on the tree-tops. What do you think of my dream? Childish, wasn't it?"

She thought a little before she answered.

"It was natural enough, though vague. Of course we could not be buried at the foot of the beech-tree unless Cardinal Mercier would permit a plot of ground to be consecrated there. But come, it is time to go in to breakfast."

She seemed to dismiss the matter from her mind. Yet, as women so often do, she kept all these sayings and pondered them in her heart.

The promise of spring passed into the sultry heat of summer. The storm-cloud of the twentieth century blackened over Europe. The wise men of Berlin, made mad by pride, devoted the world not to



the Prince of Peace but to the lords of war. In the first week of August the fury of the German invasion broke on Belgium. No one had dared to dream the terrors of that tempest. It was like a return of the Dark Ages. Every home trembled. The pillars of the tranquil house of Azan were shaken.

The daughter was away at school in England, and that was an unmixed blessing. The son was a lieutenant in the Belgian army; and that was right and glorious, but it was also a dreadful anxiety. The father and mother were divided in mind, whether to stay or take flight with their friends. At last the father decided the hard question.

"It is our duty to stay. We cannot fight for our country, but we can suffer with her. Our daughter is in safety; our son's danger we cannot and would not prevent. How could we really live away from here, our home, our trees? I went to consult the cardinal. He stays, and he advises us to do so. He says that will be the best way to show our devotion. As Christians we must endure the evil that we cannot prevent; but as Belgians our hearts will never consent to it."

That was their attitude as the tide of blood and tears drew nearer to them, surrounded them, swept beyond them, engulfed the whole land. The brutal massacres at Andenne and Dinant were so near that the news arrived before the spilt blood was dry. The exceeding great and bitter cry of anguish came to them from a score of neighboring villages, from a hundred lonely farmhouses. The old botanist withered and faded, daily; his wife grew pale and gray. Yet they walked their *via crucis* together, and kept their chosen course.

They fed the hungry and clothed the naked, helped the fugitives and consoled the broken-hearted. They counselled their poor neighbors to good order, and dissuaded the ignorant from the folly and peril of violence. Toward the invading soldiery their conduct was beyond reproach. With no false professions of friendship, they fulfilled the hard services which were required of them. Their servants had been helped away at the beginning of the trouble—all except the old forester and his wife, who refused to leave. With their aid the house was kept

open and many of the conquerors lodged there and in the outbuildings. So good were the quarters that a departing Saxon chalked on the gate-post the dubious inscription: "*Güte Leute—nicht ausplündern.*" Thus the captives at the Château d'Azan had a good name even among their enemies. The baron received a military pass which enabled him to move quite freely about the district on his errands of necessity and mercy, and the château became a favorite billet for high-born officers.

In the second year of the war an evil chance brought two uninvited guests of very high standing indeed—that is to say in the social ring of Potsdam. Their names are well known. Let us call them Prince Bärenberg and Count Ludra. The first was a major, the second a captain. Their value as warriors in the field had not proved equal to their prominence as noblemen, so they were given duty in the rear. They were vicious coxcombs of the first order. Their uniforms incased them tightly, bending wasplike only at the waist. Their flat-topped caps were worn with an aggressive slant, their swords jingled menacingly, their hay-colored mustaches spoke arrogance in every upturned hair. When they bowed it was a mockery; when they smiled it was a sneer. For the comfortable quarters of the Château d'Azan they had a gross appreciation, for the enforced hospitality of its owners an insolent condescension. They took it as their due, and resented the silent protest underneath it.

"Excellent wine, Herr Baron," said the prince, who, like his comrade, drank profusely of the best in the cellar. "Your Rüdesheimer Berg '94 is *colossal*. Very friendly of you to save it for us. We Germans know good wine. What?"

"You have that reputation," answered the baron.

"And say," added the count, "let us have a couple of bottles more, dear landlord. You can put it in the bill."

"I shall do so," said the baron gravely. "It shall be put in the bill with other things."

"But why," drawled the prince, "does *la Baronne* never favor us with her company? Still very attractive—musical probably—here is a piano—want good German music—console homesickness."

"Madame is indisposed," answered the



baron quietly, "but you may be sure she regrets your absence from home."

The officers looked at each other with half-tipsy, half-angry eyes. They suspected a jest at their expense, but could not quite catch it.

"Impudence," muttered the count, who was the sharper of the two when sober.

"No," said the prince, "it is only stupidity. These Walloons have no wit."

"Come," he added, turning to the baron, "we sing you a good song of fatherland—show how *gemüthlich* we Germans are. You Belgians have no word for that. What?"

He sat down to the piano and pounded out "*Deutschland über Alles*," singing the air in a raucous voice, while Ludra added a rumbling bass.

"What do you think of that? All Germans can sing. *Gemüthlich*. What?"

"You are right," said the baron, with downcast eyes. "We Belgians have no word for that. It is inexpressible—except in German. I bid you good night."

For nearly a fortnight this condition of affairs continued. The baron endured it as best he could, obeying scrupulously the military regulations which necessity laid upon him, and taking his revenge only in long thoughts and words of polite sarcasm which he knew would not be understood. The baroness worked hard at the housekeeping, often cooking and cleaning with her own hands, and rejoicing secretly with her husband over the rare news that came from their daughter in England, from their boy at the front in West Flanders. Sometimes, when the coast was clear, husband and wife walked together under the beech-trees and talked in low tones of the time when the ravenous beast should no more go up on the land.

The two noble officers performed their routine duties, found such amusement as they could in neighboring villages and towns, drank deep at night, and taxed their ingenuity to invent small ways of annoying their hosts, for whom they felt the contemptuous dislike of the injurer for the injured. They were careful, however, to keep their malice within certain bounds, for they knew that the baron was in favor with the commandant of the district.

One morning the baron and his wife,

looking from their window in a wing of the house, saw with surprise and horror a score or more of German soldiers assembled beside the beech-avenue, with axes and saws, preparing to begin work.

"What are they going to do there?" cried he in dismay, and hurried down to the dining-room, where the officers sat at breakfast, giving orders to an attentive corporal.

"A thousand pardons, Highness," interrupted the baron; "forgive my haste. But surely you are not going to cut down my avenue of beeches?"

"Why not?" said the prince, swinging around in his chair. "They are good wood."

"But, sir," stammered the baron, trembling with excitement, "those trees—they are an ancient heritage of the house—planted by my grandfather a century ago—an old possession—spare them for their age."

"You exaggerate," sneered the prince. "They are not old. I have on my hunting estate in Thuringia oaks five hundred years old. These trees of yours are mere upstarts. Why shouldn't they be cut?"

"But they are very dear to us," pleaded the baron earnestly. "We all love them, my wife and children and I. To us they are sacred. It would be harsh to take them from us."

"Baron," said the prince, with suave malice, "you miss the point. We Germans are never harsh. But we are practical. My soldiers need exercise. The camps need wood. Do you see?"

"Certainly," answered the poor baron, humbling himself in his devotion to his trees. "Your Highness makes the point perfectly clear—the need of exercise and wood. But there is plenty of good timber in the forest and the park—much easier to cut. Cannot your men get their wood and their exercise there, and spare my dearest trees?"

Ludra laughed unpleasantly.

"You do not yet understand us, dear landlord. We Germans are a hard-working people, not like the lazy Belgians. The harder the work the better we like it. The soldiers will have a fine time chopping down your tough beeches."

The slender old man drew himself up, his eyes flashed, he was driven to bay.

"You shall not do this," he cried. "It



is an outrage, a sacrilege. I shall appeal to the commandant. He will protect my rights."

The officers looked at each other. Deaf to pity, they had keen ears for danger. A reproof, perhaps a punishment from their superior would be most unpleasant. They hesitated to face it. But they were too obstinate to give up their malicious design with a good grace.

"Military necessity," growled the prince, "knows no private rights. I advise you, baron, not to appeal to the commandant. It will be useless, perhaps harmful."

"Here, you," he said gruffly, turning to the corporal, "carry out my orders. Cut the two marked beeches by the gate. Then take your men into the park and cut the biggest trees there. Report for further orders to-morrow morning."

The wooden-faced giant saluted, swung on his heels, and marched stiffly out. The baron followed him quickly.

He knew that entreaties would be wasted on the corporal. How to get to the commandant, that was the question. He would not be allowed to use the telephone which was in the dining-room, nor the automobile which belonged to the officers; nor one of their horses which were in his stable. The only other beast left there was a small and very antique donkey which the children used to drive. In a dilapidated go-cart, drawn by this pattering nag, the baron made such haste as he could along twelve miles of stony road to the district headquarters. There he told his story simply to the commandant and begged protection for his beloved trees.

The old general was of a different type from the fire-eating dandies who played the master at Azan. He listened courteously and gravely. There was a picture in his mind of the old timbered house in the Hohe Venn, where he had spent four years in retirement before the war called him back to the colors. He thought of the tall lindens and the spreading chestnuts around it and imagined how he should feel if he saw them falling under the axe. Then he said to his petitioner:

"You have acted quite correctly, *Monsieur le Baron*, in bringing this matter quietly to my attention. There is no military necessity for the destruction of

your fine trees. I shall put a stop to it at once."

He called his aide-de-camp and gave some instructions in a low tone of voice. When the aide came back from the telephone and reported, the general frowned.

"It is unheard of," he muttered, half to himself, "the way those titled young fools go beyond their orders."

Then he turned to his visitor.

"I am very sorry, *Monsieur le Baron*, but two of your beeches have already fallen. It cannot be helped now. But there shall be no more of it, I promise you. Those young officers are—they are—let us call them overzealous. I will transfer them to another post to-morrow. The German command appreciates the correct conduct of you and *Madame la Baronne*. Is there anything more that I can do for you?"

"I thank your Excellency sincerely," replied the baron. Then he hesitated a moment, as if to weigh his words. "No, *Herr General*, I believe there is nothing more—in which you can help me."

The old soldier's eyelids flickered for an instant. "Then I bid you a very good day," he said, bowing.

The baron hurried home, to share the big good news with his wife. The little bad news she knew already. Together they grieved over the two fallen trees and rejoiced under the golden shadow of their untouched companions. The officers had called for wine, and more wine, and yet more wine, and were drinking deep and singing loud in the dining-room.

In the morning came an orderly with a despatch from headquarters, ordering the prince and the count to duty in a dirty village of the coal region. Their baggage was packed into the automobile, and they mounted their horses and went away in a rage.

"You will be sorry for this, dumb-head," growled the prince, scowling fiercely. "Yes," added Ludra, "with a hateful grin, 'we shall meet again; dear landlord, and you will be sorry.'"

Their host bowed and said nothing.

Some weeks later the princely automobile came to the door of the château. The forester brought up word that the Prince Bärenberg and the Count Ludra were below with a message from head-



quarters; the commandant wished the baron to come there immediately; the automobile was sent to bring him. He made ready to go. His wife and his servant tried hard to dissuade him: it was late, almost dark, and very cold—not likely the commandant had sent for him—it might be all a trick of those officers—they were hateful men—they would play some cruel prank for revenge. But the old man was obstinate in his resolve; he must do what was required of him, he must not even run the risk of slighting the commandant's wishes; after all, no great harm could come to him.

When he reached the steps he saw the count in the front seat, beside the chauffeur, grinning; and the prince's harsh voice, made soft as possible, called from the shadowy interior of the car:

"Come in, baron. The general has sent for you in a hurry. We will take you like lightning. How fine your beeches look against the sky. What?"

The old man stepped into the dusky car. It rolled down the long aisle, between the smooth gray columns, beneath the fan-tracery of the low arches, out on to the stony highway. Thus the tree-lover was taken from his sanctuary.

He did not return the next day, nor the day after. His wife, tortured by anxiety, went to the district headquarters. The commandant was away. The aide could not enlighten her. There had been no message sent to the baron—that was certain. Major Bärenberg and Captain Ludra had been transferred to another command. Unfortunately, nothing could be done except to report the case.

The brave woman was not broken by her anguish, but raised to the height of heroic devotion. She dedicated herself to the search for her husband. The faithful forester, convinced that his master had been killed, was like a slow, sure bloodhound on the track of the murderers. He got a trace of them in a neighboring village, where their car had been seen to pass at dusk on the fatal day. The officers were in it, but not the baron. The forester got a stronger scent of them in a wine-house, where their chauffeur had babbled mysteriously on the following day. The old woodsman followed the trail with inexhaustible patience.

"I shall bring the master's body home,"

he said to his mistress, "and God will use me to avenge his murder."

A few weeks later he found his master's corpse hidden in a hollow on the edge of the forest, half-covered with broken branches, rotting leaves, and melting snow. There were three bullets in the body. They had been fired at close range.

The widow's heart, passing from the torture of uncertainty to the calm of settled grief, had still a sacred duty to live for. She had not forgotten her husband's dream. She went to the cardinal-archbishop to beg the consecration of a little burial-plot at the foot of the greatest of the beeches of Azan. That wise and brave prince of the church consented with words of tender consolation, and promised his aid in the pursuit of the criminals.

"Eminence," she said, weeping, "you are very good to me. God will reward you. He is just. He will repay. But my heart's desire is to follow my husband's dream."

So the body of the old botanist was brought back to the shadow of the great beech-trees, and was buried there, like the bones of a martyr, within the sanctuary.

Is this the end of the story?

Who can say?

It is written also, among the records of Belgium, that the faithful forester disappeared mysteriously a few weeks later. His body was found in the forest and laid near his master.

Another record tells of the trial of Prince Bärenberg and Count Ludra before a court martial. The count was sentenced to ten years of forced labor on his own estate. The death-sentence of the prince was commuted to imprisonment in some unnamed place. So far the story of German justice.

But of the other kind of justice—the poetic, the divine—the record is not yet complete.

I know only that there is a fatherless girl working and praying in a hospital in England, and a fatherless boy fighting and praying in the muddy trenches near Ypres, and a lonely woman walking and praying under certain great beech-trees at the Château d'Azan. The burden of their prayer is the same. Night and day it rises to Him who will judge the world in righteousness and before whose eyes the wicked shall not stand.



# YOU AND YOU

TO THE AMERICAN PRIVATE IN THE GREAT WAR

By Edith Wharton

EVERY one of you won the war—  
You and you and you—  
Each one knowing what it was for,  
And what was his job to do.

Every one of you won the war,  
Obedient, unwearied, unknown,  
Dung in the trenches, drift on the shore,  
Dust to the world's end blown;  
Every one of you, steady and true,  
You and you and you—  
Down in the pit or up in the blue,  
Whether you crawled or sailed or flew,  
Whether your closest comrade knew  
Or you bore the brunt alone—

All of you, all of you, name after name,  
Jones and Robinson, Smith and Brown,  
You from the piping prairie town,  
You from the Fundy fogs that came,  
You from the city's roaring blocks,  
You from the bleak New England rocks  
With the shingled roof in the apple boughs,  
You from the brown adobe house—  
You from the Rockies, you from the Coast,  
You from the burning frontier-post  
And you from the Klondyke's frozen flanks,  
You from the cedar-swamps, you from the pine,  
You from the cotton and you from the vine,  
You from the rice and the sugar-brakes,  
You from the Rivers and you from the Lakes,  
You from the Creeks and you from the Licks  
And you from the brown bayou—  
You and you and you—  
You from the pulpit, you from the mine,  
You from the factories, you from the banks,  
Closer and closer, ranks on ranks,  
Airplanes and cannon, and rifles and tanks,  
Smith and Robinson, Brown and Jones,  
Ruddy faces or bleaching bones,  
After the turmoil and blood and pain  
Swinging home to the folks again  
Or sleeping alone in the fine French rain—  
Every one of you won the war.

Every one of you won the war—  
You and you and you—  
Pressing and pouring forth, more and more,



Toiling and straining from shore to shore  
 To reach the flaming edge of the dark  
 Where man in his millions went up like a spark,  
 You, in your thousands and millions coming,  
 All the sea ploughed with you, all the air humming,  
 All the land loud with you,  
 All our hearts proud with you,  
 All our souls bowed with the awe of your coming!

Where's the Arch high enough,  
 Lads, to receive you,  
 Where's the eye dry enough,  
 Dears, to perceive you,  
 When at last and at last in your glory you come,  
 Tramping home?

Every one of you won the war,  
 You and you and you—  
 You that carry an unscathed head,  
 You that halt with a broken tread,  
 And oh, most of all, you Dead, you Dead!

Lift up the Gates for these that are last,  
 That are last in the great Procession.  
 Let the living pour in, take possession,  
 Flood back to the city, the ranch, the farm,  
 The church and the college and mill,  
 Back to the office, the store, the exchange,  
 Back to the wife with the babe on her arm,  
 Back to the mother that waits on the sill,  
 And the supper that's hot on the range.

And now, when the last of them all are by,  
 Be the Gates lifted up on high  
 To let those Others in,  
 Those Others, their brothers, that softly tread,  
 That come so thick, yet take no ground,  
 That are so many, yet make no sound,  
 Our Dead, our Dead, our Dead!

O silent and secretly-moving throng,  
 In your fifty thousand strong,  
 Coming at dusk when the wreaths have dropt,  
 And streets are empty, and music stopt,  
 Silently coming to hearts that wait  
 Dumb in the door and dumb at the gate,  
 And hear your step and fly to your call—  
 Every one of you won the war,  
 But you, you Dead, most of all!



# WHO PAYS THE COST OF THE WAR?

By A. Barton Hepburn



SINCE the war was brought to an end a controversy has been waged in the halls of Congress and in the various forums of public opinion in regard to the proper means of financing it, and the revenue bill now before Congress brings renewal of this discussion. The issue resolves itself into this question:

*Should the government raise the required funds wholly by taxation, or should taxation be imposed as severe in amount as may be without impairing the business efficiency of the country, and the balance of funds required be raised by the proceeds of bonds sold?*

A large number of economists have said that the "all-taxation" policy is practicable, because the current income of the people in any case must pay all war expenditures; that the choice between bond issues and taxation is merely a choice whether the government shall take income with a promise to repay those who furnish it, by issuing bonds; or whether the government shall take income without such promise, in the form of taxes; that the amount issued in bonds might just as easily be taken in the form of taxes; that the policy of borrowing within the country itself does not shift any part of the nation's war expenditure from the present to the future; that if the people can support the war at all, they can do it on a cash basis; that borrowing creates nothing; that except by borrowing abroad, we cannot get anything which we do not produce; that borrowing and issuing bonds produces inflation and increases the cost of the war; that taxation does not produce inflation and makes for rigid economy. In effect, it is claimed that the cost of the war must unavoidably be paid by the present and is paid by the present, and issuing bonds payable in the future does not relieve the present, but imposes a burden upon posterity, who are compelled to pay a second time.

We could have entered the war and have been more or less efficient by using

such funds as we could raise by taxation, but could we have accomplished the proud results we did achieve? We placed 2,000,000 men in France, and we were a most important factor in feeding our allies as well as furnishing military supplies. In fact, we have been given the credit by our allies of winning the war; at least we were the determining factor.

To accomplish this gigantic task, we expended, in nineteen months, about \$22,000,000,000,\* including loans to our allies. The devotees of the "all-taxation" principle would have had this amount raised by taxation and paid by our citizens within said nineteen months.

The question is, would such a thing be physically possible? The net income of our nation before the war was variously estimated as from \$2,000,000,000 to \$5,000,000,000. No economist, to my knowledge, placed it higher than the latter figure. Of course, the net income or net increment of the nation is the net profit left after the payment of all expenses, including the cost of living and expenditures for indulgences of any kind. With the stoppage of all unnecessary expenditures the increment available for taxes would be very materially increased; the amount of the increase depending, of course, upon the rigidity of the economy exercised. But with rigid economy would the amount equal the enormous expenditures which our government has incurred?

If taxation is to be depended upon, the first necessity is to have something to tax. Since the income tax and war-profits tax are the main reliance, the government revenue would depend largely upon individual and corporate prosperity. All agree that taxes should be made as high as business will bear without discouragement, but too great taxation would, in effect, be a capital tax and would reduce the capital investment, and hence the volume of business. The imposition of \$11,000,000,000 yearly in taxation would

\*The amount authorized by Congress by appropriation and contractual obligations available by July 1, 1919, amounts to \$57,000,000,000.



have paralyzed business and have severely curtailed the volume of production. All business is a risk. By wise management and great industry, business hopes to succeed, but it may fail. If the government proposes to take all the profits, if profits there be, beyond a very limited amount, and does not propose to make good the loss, if loss should ensue, it would certainly tend to circumscribe business activity and minimize business output. That is true and always will be true as long as human nature remains the same. And this limitation of productive capacity would occur at a time when the government's necessities demanded maximum results. The war must be won, and munitions, guns, equipment, and supplies generally must be had at any price, and in the shortest possible time. Any experimental attempt to finance the war in a manner which would endanger the supply of needful articles would be as unpatriotic as it would be unwise. The government could, of course, impose any amount of taxation, even to the extent of confiscation, for *once*, but taxation so rigorous as to impair capital investment in business would not only inevitably reduce the volume of business, as just pointed out, but would also reduce the amount of income possible to the government in succeeding years. It is never wise to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

We all agree that the only source from which taxes can ultimately be paid or bonds bought is net income. But not the net income of one or two years. If the net income of the present year is not sufficient for the government's needs, the government may anticipate the net income of the future by borrowing. We will all agree that the anticipation of future income in the form of credit does not *create* any value, but it does render future values available in the present, and lends to them a present usable cash valuation, predicated upon the income which it is believed property will produce in the future. The apparent conflict of ideas between the economist and the business man arises from the assumption on the part of the economist that furnishing the implements of war pays for the war. It is evident that the war must be prosecuted with existing goods,

but those who supply these goods may be paid in part by the proceeds of bonds payable in the future.

The "all-taxation" advocates draw a line of demarcation between the present and the future, which in reality does not exist. There is no way of separating the present from the future in such *ipse dixit* manner. The truth is that the present is constantly melting into the past, and the future, immediate and remote, is the main consideration in all transactions in the practical affairs of mankind. All values are predicated upon the future. The farm, the factory, bank stock, railroad stock, are all valued according to the income which it is believed they will produce in the future.

When a farmer buys a farm and leaves a purchase-money mortgage upon the same for a part of its purchase price, running ten years, he is mortgaging his future income as well as his property. The tenth crop is a part of the consideration as well as the present one. His ambition is that his income will pay his debt and free his property. Business is largely done by credit resulting from utilizing the future income, by mortgaging the future. Every entrepreneur who is using borrowed capital in his enterprise is anticipating future profits and offering what capital he has and his character and industry to inspire confidence.

The Allied governments anticipated their future incomes by borrowing \$8,000,000,000 from us, and we might ask the "all-taxation" people whether this also should be raised by taxation! Our government anticipated its future income—taxes—by selling to the public bonds payable in the future. And the public anticipated its future income in buying the bonds. In a business sense, future income is just as real and just as available through credit as any other resource. It is the function of credit—of finance—to render future income available in the present, and upon that function the whole superstructure of business is based. In view of this well-known, world-wide characteristic of business, how is it possible to maintain that the cost of the war must inevitably be borne by the present, and that it is physically impossible to devolve any portion of the same upon the future, except as a double



payment? For what are present resources? Are they cash and bank credit only? The total currency in circulation in the country is about \$4,000,000,000. It would cut a sorry figure compared to the cost of the war and the enormous daily cost of business. The resources of the commercial banks of the country include, in round numbers, \$12,000,000,000 invested in commercial obligations, notes, drafts, bills of exchange, running thirty days to six months, and sometimes longer, and also a reasonable percentage of long-time bonds. These commercial banks are the reservoirs wherein business reduces its future maturities, by loans and discounts, to available present credit.

But, say my opponents, even though future income can be anticipated, it can as well be anticipated for purposes of taxation as for the purchase of bonds. Let us see. The income which goes into taxes is gone forever so far as the taxpayer is concerned, but income invested in bonds provides an asset which may be used as collateral to support his credit in case the capital needs of his business render borrowing on his part necessary.

The income-tax law fixes the fiscal year, defines assets and liabilities, and determines the method of ascertaining the income. It seems to assume that all business profits are in a form available for the payment of taxes. But it should be borne in mind that the profits of a business do not take the form of money except to a moderate extent. A farmer's profits are represented by live stock; a merchant's or manufacturer's profit by goods on hand; a railroad company's profits by additional siding facilities, rolling-stock, etc. And in these days of rising prices, a very considerable proportion of all business profits are represented by the enhanced valuation put upon goods on hand, and even the enhanced valuation of real estate would be included in localities where real estate was advancing.

The "all-taxation" advocates tell us that issuing and selling bonds create inflation. True, the issuing of any new credit instrument tends toward inflation. But extraordinary taxation that would force borrowing in order to pay taxes would also produce inflation. Professor Carl C. Plehn, of the University of California, points out the real determining

factor in the question of inflation when he says, in the *American Economic Review*, September, 1918: "It will possibly be agreed that it is the sudden increase in spending for non-economic purposes that creates the inflation. Hence both taxes and loans will create some inflation." The imposition of \$11,000,000,000 in taxation per annum would have driven all industry to the banks for loans in order to pay their taxes. The credit instruments placed in banks by such borrowing would tend to inflation, which these economists so much dread, in the same proportion that bond issues would. During the past two years, even under existing taxation, there has been much borrowing to pay taxes, and some corporations have resorted to new financing in anticipation of taxes foreseen.

On the other hand, all bond-issuing does not create inflation. Pethwick Lawrence says: "Inflation is inherent in the flotation of a loan for purposes other than the construction of material reproductive capital." Issuing bonds or credit instruments to obtain funds to build a knitting-mill does not produce inflation, because the value of the mill offsets or equals the bonds issued. The same is true as to credit used for the creation of any productive property. The "all-taxation" advocates seem to assume that all funds secured from bond sales are expended in war activities which are destroyed by their use. That is far from true. The property of continuing value created by our government with proceeds of funds raised runs into billions. Since the beginning of this war the government has expended, and is expending, hundreds of millions in construction of vessels to supplement our navy, transport our troops, transport supplies, and for other purposes. When the war is over these vessels will still be in valuable use. The government has built shipyards, munitions and aeroplane plants, and other plants, which will have a continuing value after the war is over. There is no more reason why the present taxpayers should pay the entire cost of these production goods than why the cost of the Panama Canal should have been imposed upon the taxpayers at the time of its construction.

Again, did the bonds our government sold to raise money to loan our allies in-



volve inherent inflation? Our government holds interest-bearing bonds of the Allied countries for the amounts borrowed.

Another serious mistake which these "all-taxation" people make is in assuming that all war supplies are furnished by private corporations and individuals, whose profits would be subject to an income tax. The war was on such a magnificent scale, the demands so enormous, that the government, as already pointed out, built shipyards, and ships, docks, munition-factories, powder-mills, aeroplane plants, etc., in fact, went into business on a large scale, and in addition commandeered other plants. The government could not await private enterprise, and used the proceeds of bonds sold to divert production from a peace to a war basis, to command men and material, to intensify activity, increase efficiency, and increase production of the things they needed.

Inflation of prices, whether from taxation or bond issues, increases the cost of living and affects more than all others those who work for a fixed stipend, or live upon a fixed income. However, the price of labor in the present crisis, with the great demand for man-power, has fully kept pace with the advance in prices. Industrial and financial corporations have treated their employees most liberally. But colleges and schools have been hard hit, crippled in their finances, and compelled to reduce their force at a time when faculty and instructors were in need of increased pay. Far the greater percentage of present inflation in prices came to us from the effects of the war in Europe before we became a belligerent.

Over 20,000,000 individuals subscribed to the last loan, thus broadening the war constituency of the government—increasing the stockholders in the government—and materially contributing to the funds necessary to prosecute the war. Funds were thus made available from people who would not have been reached by taxation.

Professor Plehn discussed this subject with great force and clearness in the *Review* above referred to. He says:

The "all-taxes" extremists argue that in any event it is impossible to draw the actual costs of war from the future. They say, for example: "We cannot (in 1918) shoot a shell to be made in

1930," a statement of fact which need not be disputed. But when they add, "the future is not here to bear burdens," and then conclude "the surplus of current income must be the source (sole source) of funds for financing the present war," and hence would have us infer that borrowing is a mere hocus-pocus, which "postpones no burden to the future," they are dealing in pure sophistry. The trick in logic is turned by the concealed assumption that funds, which only stand for and represent realities, represent only present realities. Such a conclusion runs counter to the judgment of the business community which is thoroughly convinced that it is easier to pay heavy taxes for ten consecutive years than ten times those taxes in one year. . . .

There is the further fallacy of assuming that it is possible to draw a sharp line between the present and the future in any economic process. We can stop the clock, but we cannot stop time. Any moment now in the future glides through the present into the past with tremendous certainty. Every economic process is a process involving time, and of the three—past, present, and future—the future is the most important. The whole fabric of economic life is built on hope, confidence, and faith in the future. We plant in the spring-time for an autumn harvest. We build railroads not to move our accumulated products of the past, but to gather the expected future crops and manufactures. Our capital with which we work and bring forth results is not merely a hoard of accumulated savings "against a rainy day," it is the living power of future production. Its value is the present value of a stream of future income. . . .

In war finance we aim to place in the hands of the government funds with which it can induce men to produce war supplies, to-morrow and the day after, not yesterday nor the day before. Credit is the means by which the shadows of coming crops and the toil of future generations are cast before them into the present. Credit, of course, has no magic power to create something out of nothing, nor can it set the table to-day with viands to be grown next year, but it does enable us to overleap the barriers of time and claim the values of the future as our own now.

Now, it was physically impossible to raise by taxation enough funds to enable us to get into this war and prove a winning factor as we did. In order to get money fast enough to make over the industries of the country to a war basis, supply the needs and pay the expenses of warfare on such a phenomenal scale, and supply the financial needs of our allies, it was necessary for the government to anticipate future income by selling bonds. It was necessary for the public, in order to respond to the government's needs, to anticipate their income by borrowing in order to turn funds over to the government. This did involve inflation and resulted in hardship to many. *There was no other way to win the war. Finance by*



*means of credit brought future income to the aid of present income.*

The United States entered this war to defend and enforce certain basic principles in government administration deemed indispensable to the protection of our citizens and the preservation of their liberties. Surely posterity is interested in the proper issue of such a controversy, and will gladly bear the burden of paying the interest upon and retirement of the principal of bonds issued and sold to the public in order to secure funds for the successful prosecution of the present war.

We are told, however, on high economic authority that we cannot postpone to the future the payment of part of the war cost by means of loans; that the cost of the war has to be produced to-day in terms of goods; that when bonds are paid in the future by taxes, it is simply a readjustment—some people pay and some receive—and the public as a whole are neither richer nor poorer. But adjustment and readjustment are the crux of living. Our government has \$600,000,000 of bonds outstanding which were issued for funds to put down the rebellion in 1861-5, many times refunded, but the principal is still unpaid. Was not that amount of debt transferred from the Civil War period to the future?

Although these logicians conclude to

the contrary, the man in the street, the man on the farm, the man in the counting-house, and the man in the legislative halls will always believe that a portion of the present-day expense can be devolved upon the future, and will act accordingly.

I recall an example of false premise which was current in my school-days. A man goes into a saloon, leans over the bar and says: "Well, I believe I will spend my ten cents for crackers this morning." The barkeeper sets him up a plate of crackers. The man turns the plate of crackers around two or three times and says: "Really now, I don't want crackers. I would like to swap these crackers for a cigar." The bar keep makes the required exchange, but after toying with the cigar a moment or two, the customer says: "Now, what I really want is a drink. If it is all the same to you, I would like to swap this cigar for a drink." The bar keep takes the cigar and sets up a drink. The customer rapidly disposes of the drink and starts off. "Hold on there," calls the bar keep, "you haven't paid me for that drink." "But," calls back the customer, "I gave you the cigar for the drink." "Well, then, pay me for the cigar." "I did. I gave you crackers for the cigar." "Well, then, pay me for the crackers." "You've got the crackers. You don't expect to keep them and get pay for them too, do you?"

## THE ILL-FATED CHILDREN OF THE CZAR

By Captain Michael Zenovyewitch Geraschinevsky

Of the Keksholm Imperial Guard

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE COURT PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE CZARINA'S COLLECTION, AND BY THE CZAR'S CHILDREN



AFTER three hundred years of the ruling of the house of Romanoffs, the war, which has taken 6,000,000 of Russian lives, has brought the absolute monarch to a painful end. For three centuries one man always alone had the absolute control of 175,000,000 people. Their word was law and their names put fear into the souls of the Russians. Revolution after revolution took place to overthrow the absolute monarch and failure

to succeed cost hundreds of lives. The Czar has always been separated and distant from his people. Peter the Great was the first to mingle freely with the populace. The second was Alexander the Second, who liberated the serfs, and was the grandfather of Nicholai the Second, the last ruler of Russia.

Twenty miles from Petrograd, the capital of Russia, is situated the Palace of Czarskoe Selo (Czar's Village), the favorite home of the Czar and his family. There is a Winter Palace at Petrograd,



only used by the imperial family on state occasions. The Winter Palace at Petrograd is very large and is built in old Italian architecture. The decorations are also in the Italian style, and the Czar never cared to live there. The Czarskoe Selo Palace was built in Russian architecture and made a pleasanter home for the royal family. Nicholai the Second, the absolute ruler of Russia, was a home-loving person, a man who would gladly have given up his throne for a simple life, and would have mingled freely with his people, but was always prevented by his counsellors and the group of imperial bodies at court whom he had to follow. He gave out a great deal of affection to his children, but was very disappointed every time a daughter was born, as he had eagerly looked forward to the birth of an heir. He was very fond of his wife, but was disappointed in her German ideas, which brought the downfall of the Russian house of Romanoffs. There were four daughters: Olga, Tatiana, Maria, Anastasia. The oldest was twenty-three years old, and the youngest seventeen. When the heir was born the Czar saw a new light and trusted to make a different ruler of the Czarevitch than he was himself.

The Czarevitch Alexis was a very bright boy, and not a bit different from other boys that were not of royal blood. He was studious and quick to notice everything about him. When he was five years old a regiment was marching in review before the Czar. The Czarevitch was standing on a chair also watching the parade. Suddenly the boy yelled out in a voice loud enough for the colonel of the regiment to hear: "Regiment, about face." It came to all with such a surprise.

The colonel, hearing the order from the Czarevitch, immediately executed it. The Czar in return, realizing the love of the boy for the soldiers, appointed the Czarevitch head of all the Cossack troops in Russia. The boy was always with his father, spending most of the time at the front. They would sleep on field-cots, and lead a life away from luxury.

When the war started, part of Czarskoe Selo Palace was made into a hospital. The younger daughters of the Czar, Maria and Anastasia were made the hostesses. Olga and Tatiana were nurses at the hospital. The Czarevitch used to come

to see us when he would get back from the front; in fact, he used to ask the sisters to take him with them. And it was a great treat to be taken to the hospital. I was there thirteen months, and the girls came every day except when they did not behave; their punishment was that they were not allowed to go to the hospital. We all loved the boy and girls. They were so plain we could not tell them apart from ordinary children, only that they were so wonderfully well behaved. The Czarevitch would play dice with us. The loser forfeited a run. He used to love that game. When the sisters were not around he would always complain that it was so lonesome at the castle; he would look out to see if the girls were gone before he would complain, and when we did not talk to him and stand at attention, he would get angry and say: "Oh, you make me tired; can't you talk to me?"

On one occasion at the front the Czar was occupying a simple house. General Suchomlinoff, the minister of war, came into a room where the Czarevitch sat drawing pictures with colored pencils. He was very fond of drawing pictures, and every one he would meet he would ask for a pencil. The minister did not pay any attention to the Czarevitch, and sat down. It is customary to ask permission before you may sit down in the presence of the Czarevitch. The general was an old man, of course, and was always with the Czar, so he did not pay any attention to custom. He was busily engaged writing a report for the Czar. The boy saw all this and paid no attention to him.

When the boy's governess came in to ask him when he wanted his lunch, the Czarevitch stood up, spoke to her, and when she left the room, turned to the general and said: "General, it is customary to stand up when a lady comes in the room." When the Czarevitch did not behave the Czar would call the boy's male nurse, a sailor by the name of Derevenko, who would command the prince to about face, forward march, and march him to his room, and he would have to remain and study for the rest of the day. The Czarevitch had for his playmate the son of the court physician, a boy of his age by the name of Derenkoff. His pet was a little dog, a spaniel, and he had a little automobile, which



he would drive himself. When he would come in any place where a picture of the Kaiser was, he would always destroy it. Maria and Anastasia showed us their photograph albums. I noticed a snap-shot which they had taken of the Kaiser and the Czar together on a battleship. The face of the Kaiser was scratched. I asked the girl how that happened. Maria said it must have been that the photographs stuck together, whereupon Anastasia volunteered that it was Alexis did it with his finger-nails.

The children used to talk Russian fluently, but very fast, and I believe the reason they spoke so fast was that they were so rarely in contact with strangers that they were always in a hurry to tell them all they knew before they would be called away. The girls always sat at the bedside of the wounded soldiers and officers, playing with them in different games. They would ask us to tell them stories of the people from outside life. They would call "outside life" anything that was not in the castle, and would listen intently not to miss one word. They were very well read, and what they did not know they would look up in reference books.

The children wore very plain clothes. Their clothes were made by poor peasant dressmakers during the war. The war changed the autocratic house of Romanoff into a plain family of democratic folks.

In the winter months they loved to play in the snow. They all wore high leather boots. As soon as the play was finished they would all run over to the hospital, where they would shake the snow from their shoes, take off their own boots, and pull slippers from their pockets, put them on themselves and walk upstairs to the wounded, without aid of servants, though there were plenty of them at the palace.

They did not like to pose for photographs. They feared it was for publication, and felt embarrassed about it. All the five children kept kodaks, and loved to take their own snap-shots and develop and print them themselves. They had a little dark room built for them, where they would occupy themselves making their pictures. They always carried their photo albums around with them, and it was a great joy for them to sit on your bed

and explain the snap-shots to you which they had made in many places.

They were very good players of tennis. I saw them myself swinging over the bars in the gymnasium, and they were wonderful athletes. Grand Duchess Maria would always be the peacemaker between the brother and his playmates. When a grand duke would come to play with him, the Czarevitch would always beat him up, and Maria would try to stop him, and come away with a scratched face.

When the revolution broke out all the royal children had the measles. The palace was guarded by loyal troops. Artillery was mounted all around. We had telegraphic communication from the Czar at the front, as there were telegraph instruments stationed at the palace. The Czarina ordered a religious procession to be held around Saint Theodore's Cathedral. All participated in the procession. In the evenings the Czarina and her daughters would talk to the wounded and make inquiries of all that were there in the castle to see if they had enough to eat and were comfortable.

The Cossacks, who were the bodyguards of the Czar and the Czarevitch, were the first troops to go over to the Reds when they arrived around the palace, and the rest of them followed the mutineers. When the revolutionists broke into the palace all wounded officers were thrown out in the street by the Reds. Those that were not killed escaped to Siberia.

The photographs I brought into this country at the risk of my life. If they had been found on me by the Reds, I would surely have been killed. They were given to me by the children of the Czar as souvenirs. When the Czar abdicated, the Czarevitch was with him, and the boy asked the father: "Does that mean that I will not be the Czar of Russia either?" The father turned his head away. It was a bitter question, and too painful for him to answer, as the boy was the growing hope of the monarch. A coming Peter the Great—that is what we all saw in him. The Czar saw that the boy possessed that power that was lacking in the father, and if he had lived to be a ruler Russia would then have had a progressive Czar.





The Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana, two eldest daughters of the Czar, in their nurse's uniform.  
A mistake is commonly made of confusing the Russian Sisters of Mercy with nuns because of the similarity of dress.  
The close resemblance of the Grand Duchess Tatiana to the Czar can be plainly seen in this picture.





The Czar, Czaravitch, and daughters entering the cathedral after a religious procession.

The Cossacks on the right and left are the body-guards that have for hundreds of years made up the guard of the imperial family. They were also the first, when the revolution broke out, to desert the palace and go over to the Reds. The Czaravitch was the chief of all Cossack troops.

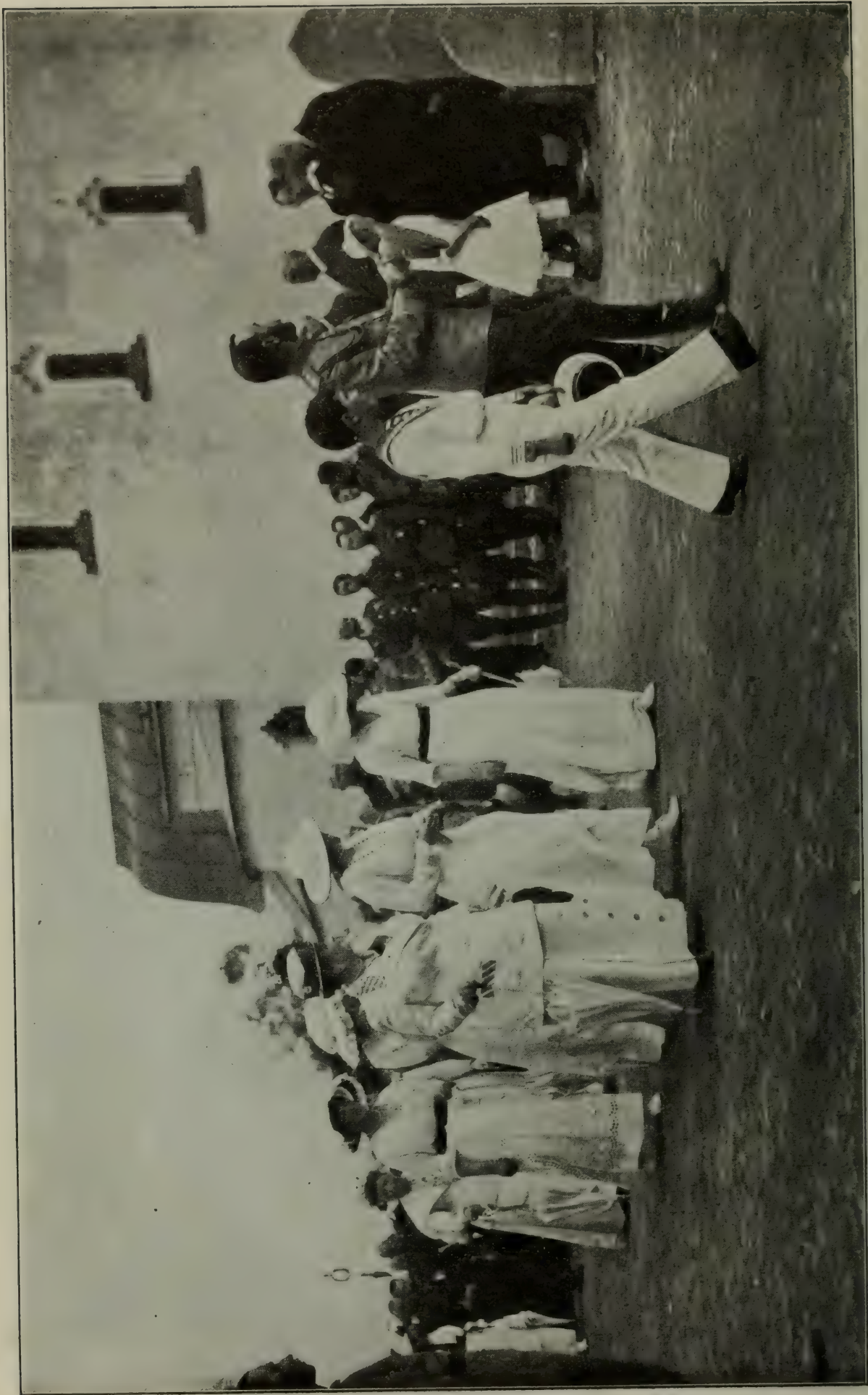




Saint Theodore's Cathedral at Czarskoe Selo.

Erected in 1909, this church, which was near his home, was one of the Czar's favorites, and is the one he and his family used to attend. The ikons are of great antiquity and are valued at millions of dollars.





A religious procession headed by the Czar, the Czarevitch (in sailor costume), and followed by the Czarina, her daughters, and ladies in waiting, passing around Saint Theodore's Cathedral.





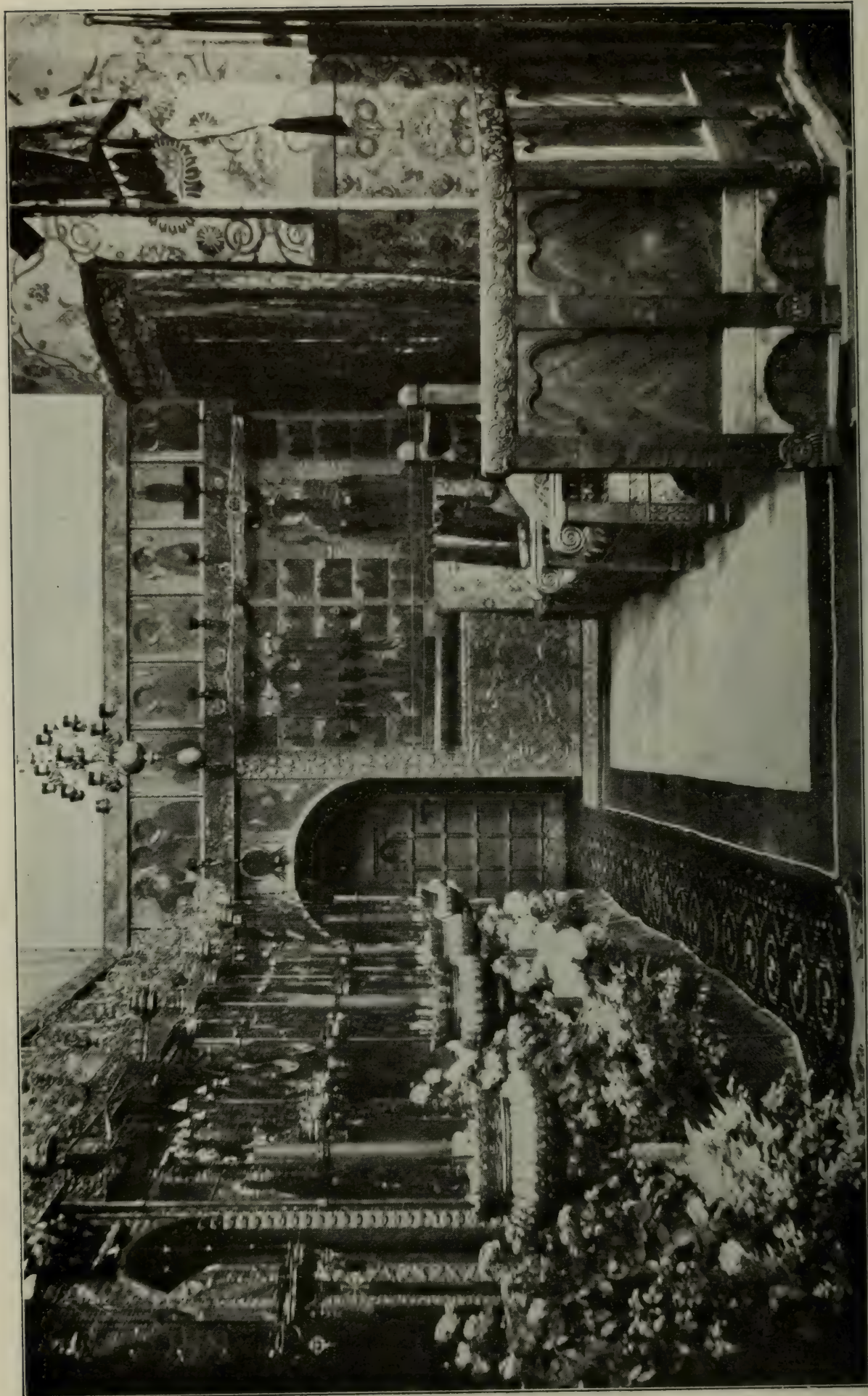
Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana arriving at Saint Theodore's Hospital.  
They are being received by the colonel in charge.



The Czarvitch, dressed in a Russian sailor's uniform, arriving at Saint Theodore's Hospital accompanied by his male nurse, a sailor named Derevenko.

The Czarvitch is going over to shake hands with the Cossacks, of whom he was very fond.





Czar's pew in Saint Theodore's Cathedral.

The special entrance for the Czar is shown.  
Russian cathedrals.

In the pew are five chairs for the Czar's four daughters and his wife. The Czar and Czarevitch always stood. There are no seats in  
When this pew is occupied by the royal family the Imperial Guard of Cossacks stands behind the little fence.





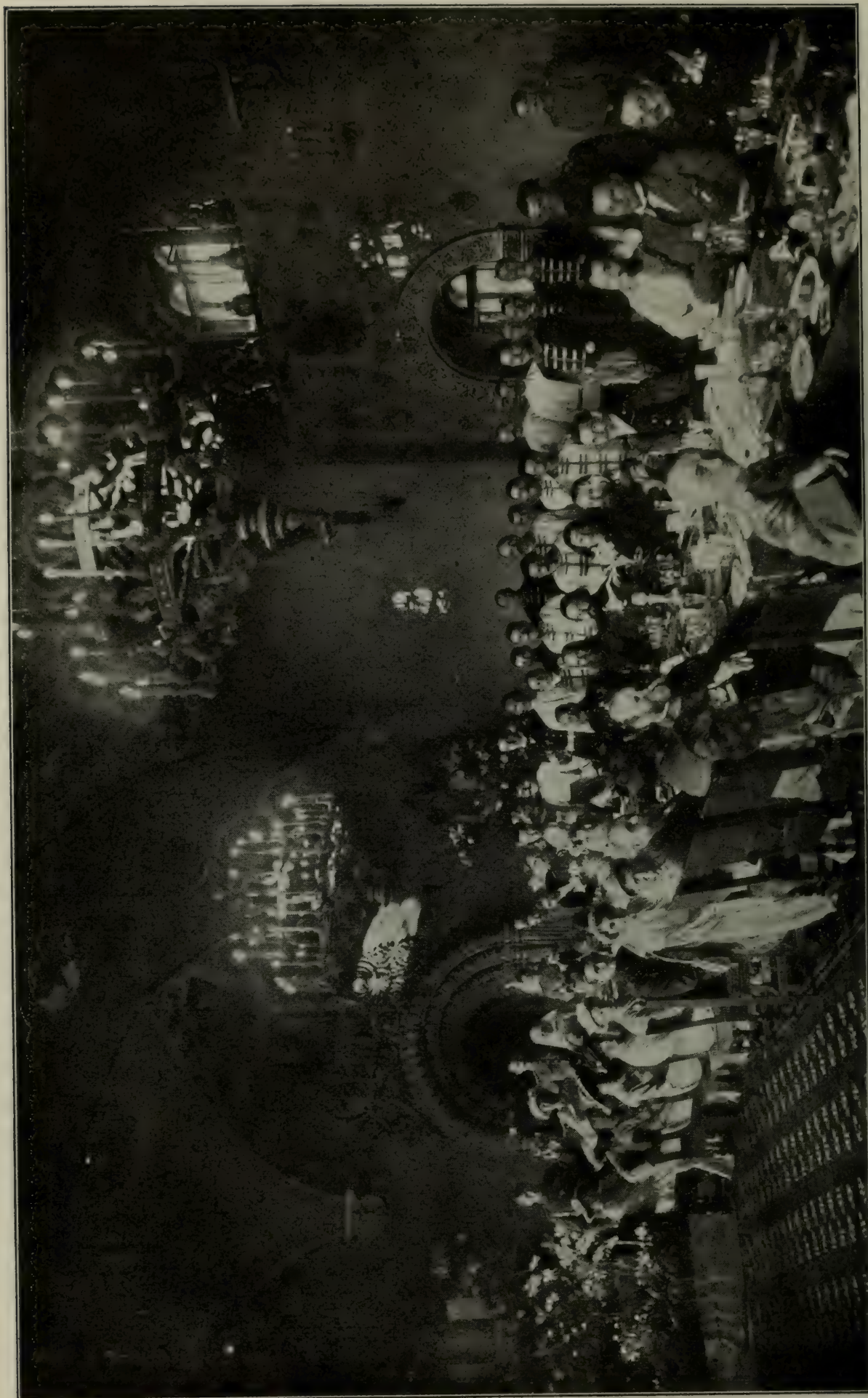
(Left) Captain Michael Zenovyewitch Geraschnevsky, of the Imperial Guard, Keksholm Regiment.

This regiment was established in 1710 and has captured twenty-eight standards, and also has two gold horns for the capture of Berlin in the Russo-German War. The head of the regiment was Franz Josef, who was dropped when the war broke out. Note the ragged edge of the captain's coat. As it was too long for the trenches he shortened it with his knife.

(Right) Grand Duchesses Maria and Anastasia paying their daily visit to Captain Geraschnevsky as he lies in bed surrounded by wounded officers.

The girls used to spend two or three hours talking with him and playing games. The captain was confined to bed for thirteen months.

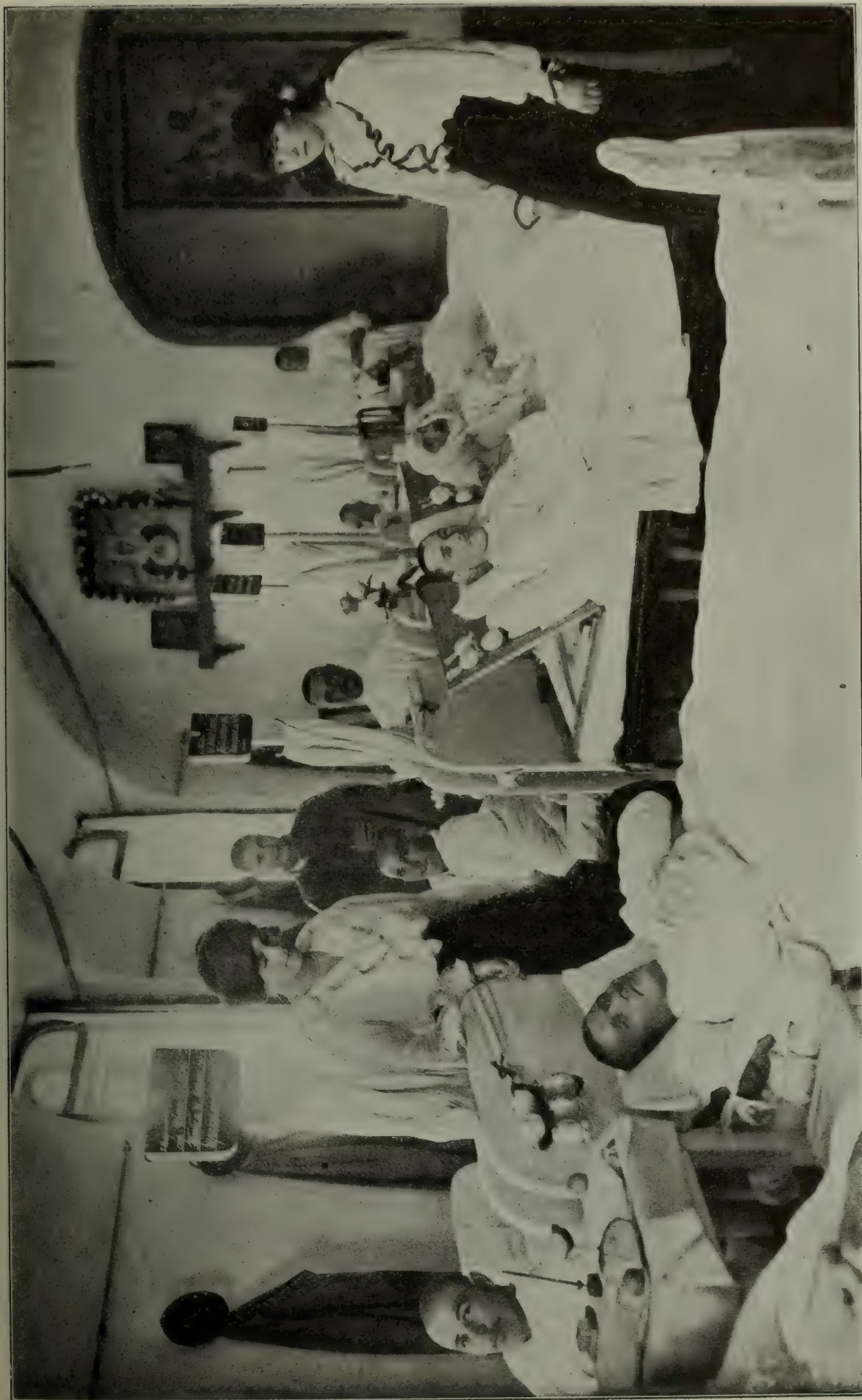




The Easter wedding of a wounded officer held in the small guests' dining-room of Saint Theodore's Hospital at Czarskoe Selo.

The men in the back in the white Boyar costume are servants of the church—deacons; those in the black Boyar costume are the servants of the palace. Seated at the table on the right-hand side, with black robes and long hair, are the priests. Russian priests are permitted to marry once, and must marry before entering the church.

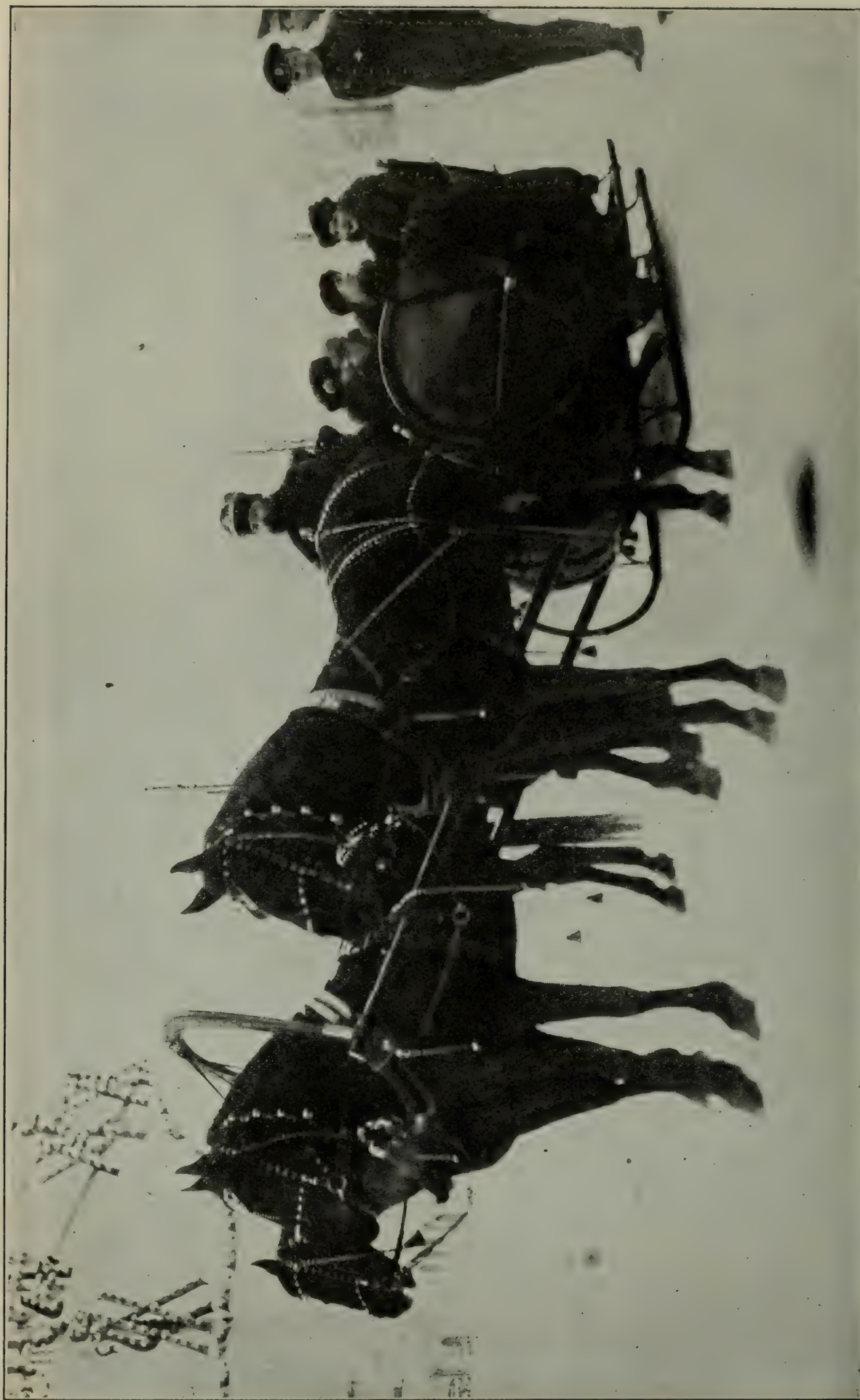




Grand Duchesses Maria and Anastasia, hostesses of Saint Theodore's Hospital, paying a visit to the wounded soldiers at Easter.

They are shown wearing their winter snow caps. They brought the soldiers Easter eggs made of porcelain, which the wounded attached to the bedside. It was very interesting to the daughters of the Czar to hear of the life led by the peasants in the country, and they would often write to the families of the wounded.





Russian troika.

The meaning of the word troika is "three"—it is led by three Arabian horses. A conveyance of this kind, besides being picturesque, is very comfortable, and makes great speed over the snow-covered plains of Russia. The middle horse is harnessed, but the two on the sides are held only by straps, so that in travelling the two side horses run loose, while the middle one guides the direction. In the photograph the Czar's daughters are going out for a ride and have stopped at the hospital to speak to some of the wounded. On the wall on the left are the monograms, in electric signs, of all the children of the Czar, including the Czarevitch. These are put up in their honor.





Grand Duchesses Maria and Anastasia at the bedside of a soldier who had lost his memory through a bullet which had lodged in his skull.

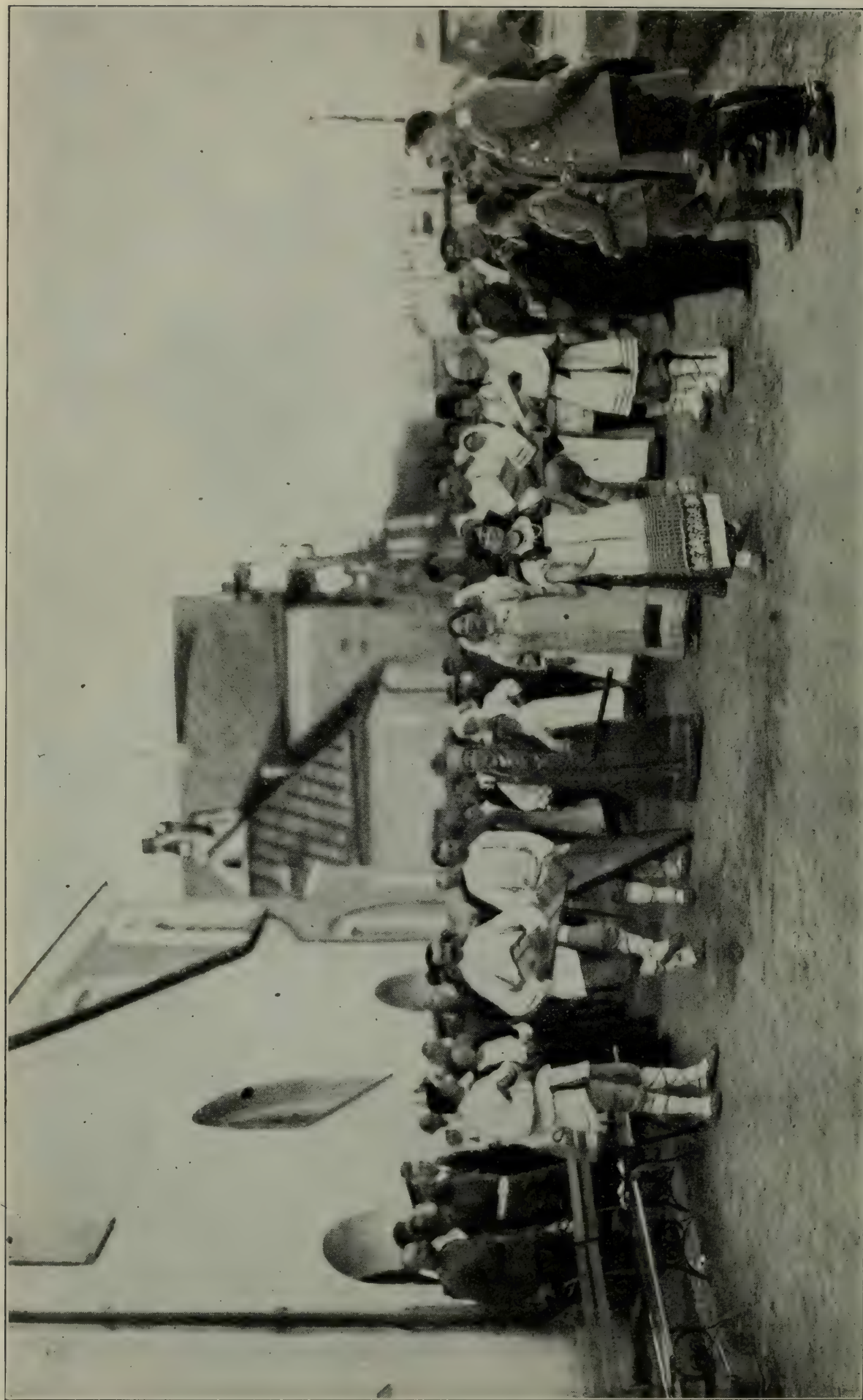
The girls would stand by his bedside and try by questions and talking to bring back his memory.



Grand Duchess Anastasia showing their photograph album to wounded officers.

The pictures in the album were all taken by the girls themselves. They also did all their own developing and printing. The albums were a great delight to the children and were carried from one wounded man to another.





An entertainment given to wounded officers and soldiers at Saint Theodore's Hospital.

The players are wearing the native Ukrainian costume.



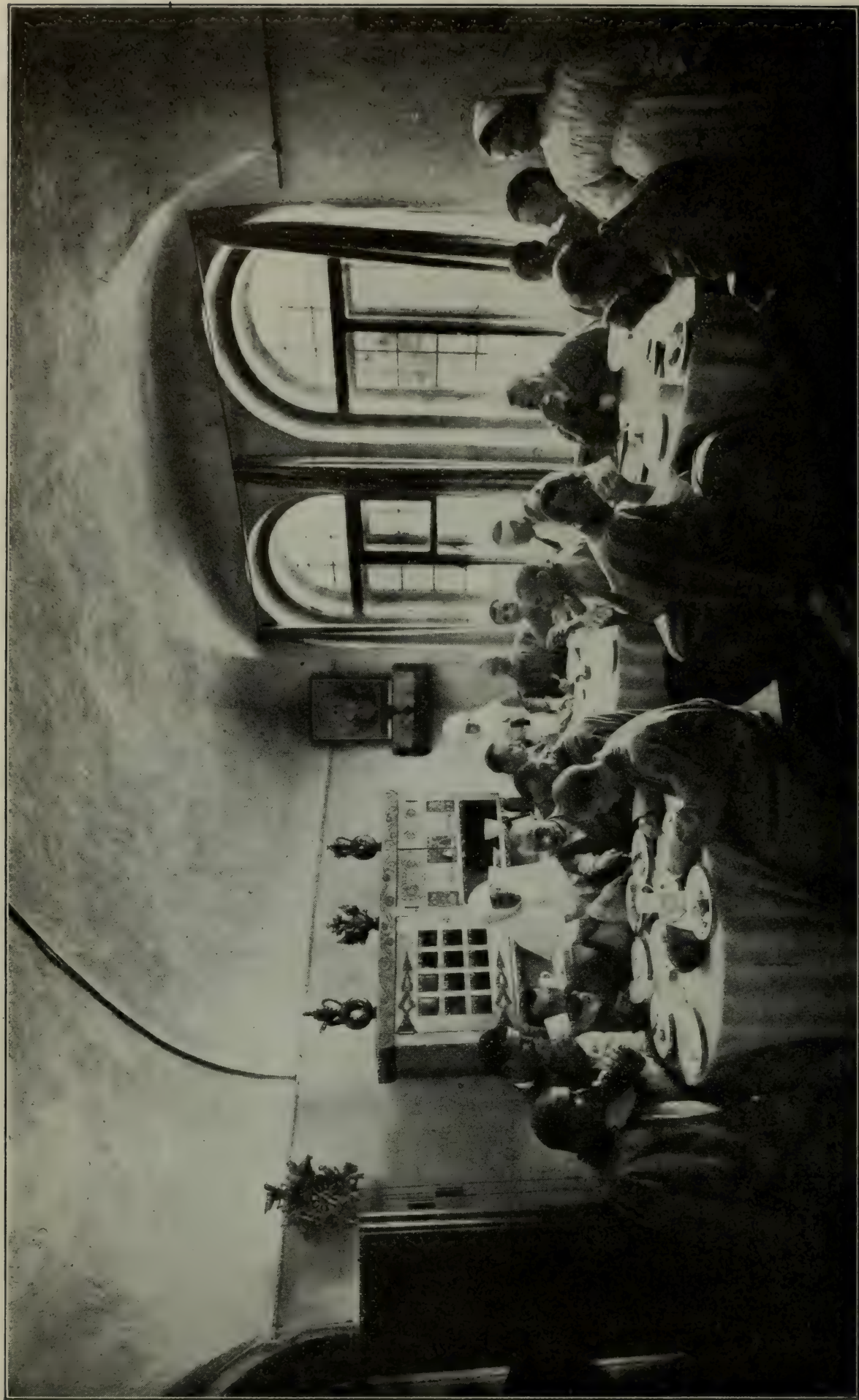


Captain Michael Zenoyewitch Geraschinsky, when wounded, supported by his men, who were very fond of him.  
The photograph was taken in a railroad-station.



Grand Duchesses Maria and Anastasia with a group of wounded officers in service and full-dress uniforms at Easter.

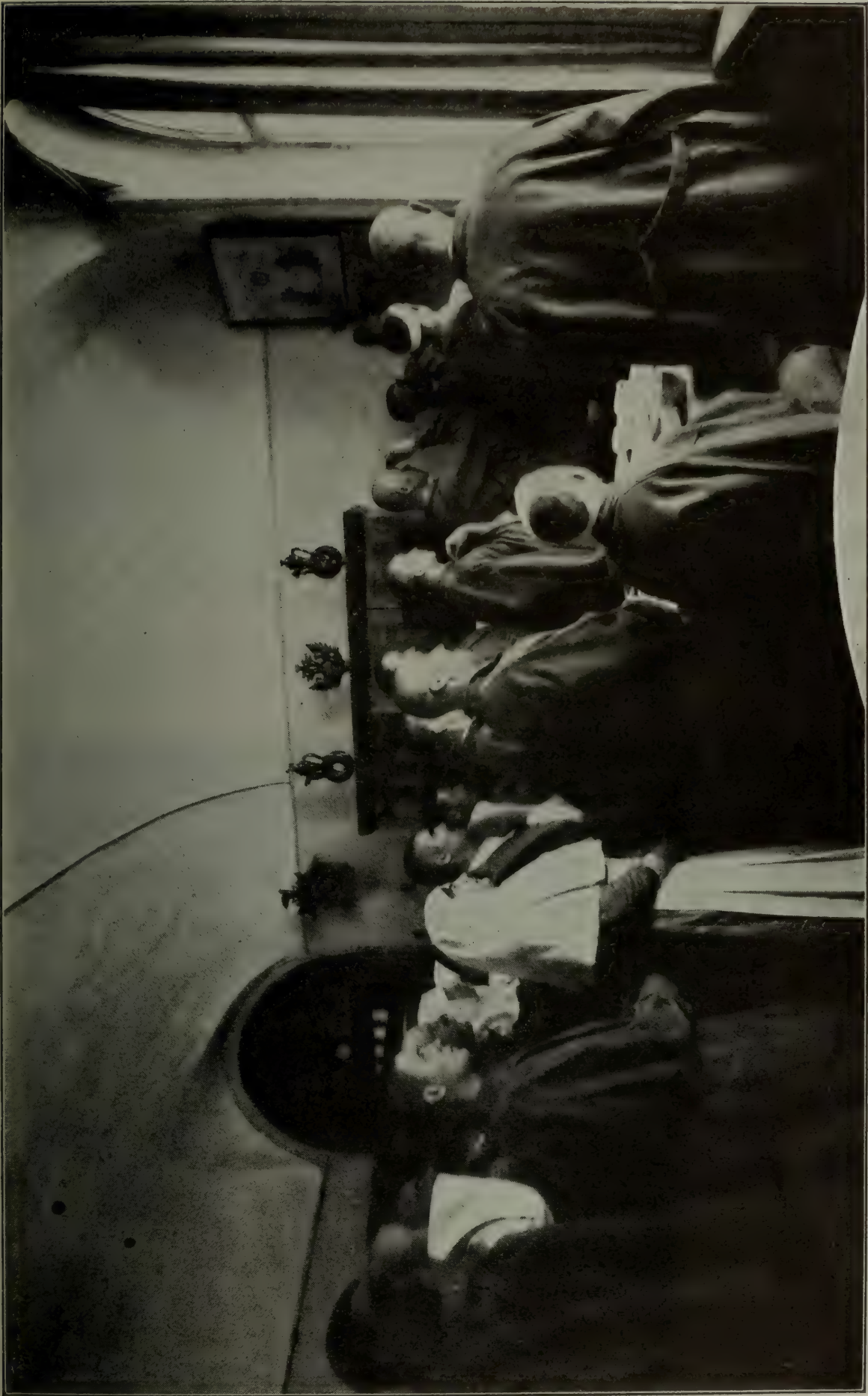




Dining-room for wounded men at Saint Theodore's Hospital.

The men who came from all stations in life, mainly from the peasant class, had for the most part never known what it was to have a table-cloth, individual porcelain dish, silver knife, or spoon. It was part of the nurses' duties to instruct their patients in the use of these, and table manners, and this was a source of great fun as well as interest to both nurses and wounded.





Mass given after meals in front of the ikon in enlisted men's dining-room in Saint Theodore's Hospital.  
Note the architecture of the low, round ceilings, which is the Boyar style. One of the reasons for the peculiar architecture is because the Czar preferred to live at Cearscoe Selo rather than at the Winter Palace at Petrograd.





Picture of Russian soldiers on their way to the front, taken by the Grand Duchess Tatiana.  
The royal train stopped in passing and the girls took this snapshot of the soldiers doing their native dance—  
"Kamarinsky."



Snapshot taken by Anastasia.  
These youthful soldiers, not over fourteen years of age, while guarding the car, attracted the attention of Anastasia.



# LAW AND LEGISLATION

By Barrett Wendell



WHEN years ago I was charged with the pleasant duty of explaining to the French some of the national characteristics of America, hardly any

proved so difficult to make clear as our habitual conception of law. To the Continental mind, I presently found, law presents itself instinctively in the guise of a decree, a statute, or a code; some constituted authority, usually based on military force—like the antique empire of Rome—finds itself in a position where it can tell men what they ought to do; it does so, and they have to behave accordingly. If law thus promulgated and enforced is to persist, of course it must be fundamentally reasonable; no earthly power, for example, could compel men to dispense with food, to hibernate like bears or chrysalises, to fly without the aid of elaborate machinery, or always to be good. Within the range of human possibility, however, constituted authority may certainly be conceived as absolute; in such event, when it becomes inconvenient the most obvious way to correct its errors is to destroy it—by more or less bloody revolution. Whereupon some new constituted authority will arise to confirm, to modify, or to replace the mandates of that which has fallen. And so *ad infinitum*.

In sharp contrast to this conception I found that to which we of America have been born and bred—that which we brought with us from our ancestral England after it had already flourished there through more centuries than have yet passed since Jamestown was founded or Plymouth. Though most of us trouble ourselves no more than most Englishmen have done as to what we mean by words we constantly use, this very fact implies such habitual assumption of their truth that you can hardly question them without giving us a rude shock—at least of surprise. And if our traditional conception of law can be compressed into a brief

phrase, we should mostly agree that law has always presented itself to us as something which essentially and independently exists. In other words, perhaps, we assume it to be a highly specific phase of nature. Whatever question arises is normally to be settled not primarily by reference to codes, decrees, or statutes, but by application to a court whose business is to interpret from precedent or analogy the actual state of law, much as a chemist would tell you what compounds are explosive, what poisonous, and what wholesome. Or, to put the matter otherwise, one might say that we assume the structure of society to be, like that of language, based on long-accepted custom, proved by experience on the whole beneficial; in such event, the prime function of constituted authority, whatever form this may take, is not to impose law, but to discover and to assert it.

Obviously enough, the course of nature in society may now and again prove as troublesome as it often proves in geology. A stream left to itself may sweep away acres or torrentially waste waters without which acres must stay unfruitful. So custom left to itself may often result not only in ruinous hardship but in social harm. That is why, when geology is concerned, there is need of skilful engineers, and when law is concerned there is need of such correctives as ancestral English and American practice has found in courts of equity or in legislative action. Properly understood, however, the function of your engineer is not to contradict the laws of nature, which will persist in spite of him, but only to restrain or to modify their excesses, so far as this may be within human power. Properly understood, according to the immemorial conduct of our ancestors, the function of chancellors and legislators is similarly conditional. Above and beyond them all is the inexorable course of human existence.

Though neither the Continental nor our ancestral conception is precisely defined



in the minds of those who hold it, though neither, indeed, is often held quite consciously, and though neither can be asserted absolutely and unconditionally, there must always follow from either a range of conclusion widely different from that consequent upon the other. Men who habitually regard legislation as the source of law must inevitably tend to regard human authority—wise or foolish—as for the moment final. Men, on the other hand, who habitually regard law as positively existent, like the laws which govern the stellar universe, must tend to regard human authority, so far as it pretends to be much more than interpretative, as at best intrusive and probably as dangerous. The Continental type of mind is accordingly apt to think of government as existing for the purpose of telling men what they ought to do; and the English and American type of mind is equally apt to suppose that the prime function of government, like that of the Decalogue, is prudently to prevent lines of conduct which may prove socially undesirable or ultimately impracticable. Two consequences clearly follow from this antagonism: a mind habituated to either conception will find the other hard to grasp; and, in ultimate analysis, the English conception is on the whole the more favorable to the abstract ideal of individual freedom.

Viewed in the light of these considerations and of the course which history is now taking, few events of the past can seem much more ironical than the American Revolution. In one important aspect this was a war of secession from the union of the British Empire, widely analogous to the later war in which the Southern States attempted to free themselves from what they conceived to be the inconveniences of the American Union. It needs little imagination to perceive that if the Southern Secessionists had prevailed, there would now have been on earth no such power as these United States, whose entrance into the World War has finally checked the aggression of Germany. By the same token, if you will stop to think, it seems hardly possible that if the British Empire had not been rent asunder in the last quarter of the eighteenth century the aggression of

modern Germany could ever have loomed much larger than a local disturbance. For an unbroken course of peaceful imperial expansion would long ago have made almost world-wide the English conception of the Common Law—a law which exists and persists above and beyond the control of any human authority.

To a considerable extent, no doubt, this is actually the case. Apart from certain predatory confiscations, such as must always occur in periods of wide public disturbance, the American Revolution made little more difference in matters of law than by declaring elective such local governors as had hitherto been appointed by the Crown; and the written constitutions which resulted from it and culminated in that of the United States will prove on scrutiny to be virtually codes of accepted and tested political practice. What is more, the social effects of our Revolution even to this day, if we may take as evidence the combined love of liberty and deference to authority displayed by the citizens, old and young, who since April, 1917, have flocked to our colors and about them, prove the persistence among ourselves of those general principles which our ancestors brought with them from our mother country. Two incontrovertible facts, nevertheless, have prevented these principles from exerting quite such power as they might have had in acknowledged union of world dominion. The first need only be stated: for more than a century history has been so taught in American schools that your every-day citizen instinctively assumes England to be not only alien to us but hostile. The second demands more consideration: at least ever since the Declaration of Independence, the conscious thought of America so far as it concerns law, public and private, has been incalculably influenced by generalizations which, whatever their validity, are not of English or American but of Continental origin.

This tendency, indeed, has gone so far that, long before any period when living memory runs to the contrary, your ordinary American had come to accept as axiomatic at least two principles by no means harmonious with the actual history of our hereditary institutions. The first is that anything apparently at odds



with the preambles of our state papers—such, for example, as Mr. Rufus Choate called “the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence”—must for that very reason be all wrong. The second is that even the whims and vagaries of legislation—so long as they are not palpably insane—should be held as binding as submissive subjects of absolute monarchy are presumed to hold the impulses of an irresponsible personal sovereign. At least for this second opinion, too, there is considerable color of reason. Under our national constitution, to be sure, no legislative act is incontestably valid until it has been so pronounced by our regularly established courts; but once so pronounced, whether in itself wise or foolish, constructive or dangerous, any legislative act must evidently have the full force of positive law, counterfeiting the inexorable law of nature itself, if the structure of the state is to prevail. Our popular error here, in short, if error it be, is a matter chiefly of mood. In obeying legislation we are profoundly right; any other course would tend toward anarchy. In regarding legislation as inherently absolute, however, we are at least perilously near the danger of forgetting that it cannot safely stray too far from the limits of custom. That the danger of irresponsibly absolute power lies not in the medium through which it operates—personal or popular—but in its own headstrong and unreasoning irresponsibility, hardly ever occurs to us.

This weakening, or at best this deep modification, of our ancestral conception of law as positively existent is by no means confined to our own country. Throughout the British Empire, and not least in England itself, there has been for more than a century an increasing tendency to substitute untested legislation for accepted practice. How far this is due to the disruption of world empire effected by the American Revolution, how far it may perhaps result from the measurelessly increased intercommunication between radical America and conservative England during the nineteenth century, or how far it is the effect of the restless spirit of our bewildering times everywhere, nobody can say. There are

aspects, indeed, in which it may best be regarded as a perplexing phenomenon of world history, to be explained, if ever, by philosophers of the future. If so, it only makes the more clear one of the perils which now environ our devoted national purpose to make the world henceforth safe.

Among the difficulties which we shall presently be obliged to confront, and with us the Allies whose common cause we have made our own, too, none may prove more insidious than that which lies in the hardly apprehended conflict between the conceptions of law assumed throughout Continental Europe and those which, however dormant for the while, have been ancestral to England and to America. How dormant they are getting to be with us one or two familiar examples can hardly fail to remind anybody who may still comfortably suppose them awake as ever. Ask yourself, for instance, what you mean by a constitution. The answer is evident: a constitution is a statement of the general principles of government, including the structure or what may be called the machinery thereof, and a definition of the limits within which this may operate without injury. The constitution of England is unwritten, except so far as it is embodied in a long series of occasional fundamental statutes. The constitutions of the United States and of the States which are combined in our federal Union have been officially enacted. The function of all is nevertheless the same. Then inquire how Americans of this passing moment are disposed to regard the new constitutions, or constitutional amendments, with which for a good while they have been incessantly busy. Again, there can be little doubt about the answer. Far and wide they are attempting to make these instruments vehicles of specific and detailed legislation, such as that concerning the prohibition of alcoholic stimulants, not because this is really a matter of legal rights or principles, but only because when you once get anything into a constitution it becomes much harder to repeal than would otherwise be the case. A more ominous perversion of legal conception can hardly be imagined.

Again, there can be little doubt that at



least in America we have long been apt to confuse the obligations imposed on us by legislation with those imposed on all mankind by the general principles of morality. Of late years, for example, we have been deluged with statutes, national and local, of which the purpose has been the regulation or the considerable modification of the normal processes of trade. Whatever the wisdom of these enactments, or their other virtues, they have had the inconvenience of abruptly declaring many lines of commercial conduct, hitherto sanctioned by custom, to be criminal; and with the best intentions in the world your business man cannot always and instantly alter his methods at command. Various prosecutions of worthy citizens have consequently filled the newspapers when no more profitable matter happened to demand the space. The general comments on these technical malefactors have been hardly distinguishable from what would properly be made on professional thieves or cutthroats. If this signify anything, it can mean only that, without stopping to think, our public opinion is not content to hold obedience to legislation a needful matter of discipline, but instinctively assumes that legislation must be positively right, just as devotees of absolutism bow before the decrees of an autocrat.

Our respect for the authority of legislation, in fact, is leading us to forget both its human and therefore fallible origin and its historical function in such a system of law as has somehow fostered the growth of English institutions and American through something like a thousand years. That you have the power to do a thing is no sufficient reason why you should actually do it. Anybody, for example, can plan the building of a house without foundations or drains; few would hold such designs advisable, and folks who did might well be held deficient in the matters of intelligence and of common sense. The office of these qualities, so far as the building of houses may be concerned, is not to contradict the laws of physics or of hygiene, but to recognize them and to confine action within the limits which they happen to impose. That the scope of legislation in its relation to the laws which inevitably control human society

has similar limitations nobody, of whatever origin, would seriously deny. The Continental habit of thought, however, has tended so to emphasize the momentary authority of legislation as to neglect the limits of natural law within which this must be exercised if it is to be either safe or persistent. The habit of thought from which our institutions have sprung has tended, on the other hand, at least implicitly, so to admit the existence of fundamental law as to make the theory, though not always the practice, of our legislation either interpretative of law or prudently corrective of the hardships which uncontrolled law must sometimes involve. The logic of the one would result in admission of absolute sovereignty—none the less oppressive when exercised by peoples or parliaments than when exercised by kings or kaisers. The logic of the other would admit no sovereignty, whatever its form, better than conditional; kaisers, kings, parliaments, and peoples alike may defy or ignore the unwritten but not undiscoverable majesty of law only at their mortal peril.

Vaguely general though all these observations must rightly seem, they can hardly be held impertinent by any mind gravely concerned with the tremendous problems of the present day. One and all of us want to make the world safe. Nobody can tell us quite how to do so. We must honestly, devotedly experiment, and with the details of our experiments we cannot here concern ourselves. Already, however, we may well try to discern what we mean by world safety. Already we may perceive that this is not surely to be found in any precise form of government which chances for the while to appeal to our reason or to our prejudices. It will be approached, we should all agree, by any system which shall permit men to pursue the course of their daily lives with no more molestation than is needful for the maintenance of public order, and which shall secure to them, thus responsibly free, due rewards for social services and due penalties for social offenses.

Though the impatience of our time may often make us less ready to admit another truth, few of us, on reflection, would venture to deny it: such rewards and such



penalties are matters not of hours, or days, or years, but rather of lifetimes and of generations. A safe world we may dare hope to be a world which shall last through centuries. If so, we may be content when the end of each century shows socially constructive tendencies to have been on the whole rewarded and socially destructive tendencies to have been on the whole condemned. For the moment we are apt to prate about individual lifetimes as if they comprised the whole story of existence; in truth, we all know that at best they are only links in the chain or stages in the growth of social security, and that the strength of the chain or the sturdiness of the growth can be demonstrated only when not one but many of its parts prove strong or sturdy.

Sure of this, we need ponder little to perceive that of the powers now extant in the world the most nearly durable have proved to be the governments of England and of our United States. Once assured of this, we can hardly fail to recognize the distinguishing feature of their constitutional systems: in both the Common Law has grown and persisted, and this means that, wittingly or not, both have mistily conceived law to exist by virtue of its own being and have consequently implied the function of legislation to be not absolutely authoritative but rather corrective or palliative. If we of America are to help make the future world safe, our true task now is to revive, to assert, and to propagate this most fundamental of our ancestral principles.

## THE COLLEGE: YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

By Frederick W. Roe

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THE history of the American college\* for the past twenty years and more presents a striking contrast. Outwardly it has been a period of brilliant and unprecedented expansion. In all that goes to make up the material expression of a college—buildings, equipment, endowment, number of students, and faculty—there has been an increase the like of which no previous generation saw or perhaps even dreamed. The old graduate who to-day revisits his alma mater after long absence is amazed to behold the transformations that have everywhere taken place. He sees around him new halls and new dormitories that put to shame those which he knew in the older time. He is conducted through laboratories equipped with every known facility

of research, and through libraries where row upon row of books and periodicals give him a confused sense of the vastness and variety of modern learning, and a far-off suggestion of the mighty enterprise of modern scholarship. If he is a Greek-letter man, his undergraduate brethren proudly escort him through their new club-house, the beautiful and luxurious shrine of their mystical order. Or, if he chance to have been a sportsman in his time, famous on track or field, the boys of to-day will show him the athletic grounds and stadium, and they will smile among themselves as they listen to his exclamations of wonder at what he sees. Officials delight to tell him of an increased enrolment, thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold; of an immensely expanded curriculum, opening out new pathways to education in all directions; and of the manifold activities and accomplishments of the college professor of to-day—until the college which the old graduate knew and loved recedes into the dim backgrounds of mem-

\* By college is meant an undergraduate institution, whose central standard course of study is non-professional, whether it exists by itself or whether it is one of a group of institutions (including professional or technical schools) existing together under the name of a university.



ory, where it will live only as a fond tradition for him and the men of his time.

But the picture has another side which has probably escaped the bewildered and reminiscent alumnus. For this period of remarkable outer achievement has been also a period of inner unrest and uncertainty—nay, for not a few it has been a period of skepticism and even of despair—without parallel in the annals of the American college. Presidents and deans, professors and alumni, even distant but not disinterested laymen, have joined in a chorus of criticism that has gone up all over the land, and that has found expression in a growing mass of reports, addresses, articles, and volumes—almost in itself a library of lamentation! The reader will discover in this material, moreover, not a little that suggests helplessness or confusion of thought, as though the movement of events has been so full and rapid that educators have been unable to determine its direction, to say nothing of controlling it. “I have found everywhere,” says Woodrow Wilson, speaking as president of Princeton, “a note of apology. Learning is on the defensive. We have fallen of late into a deep discontent with the college. . . . The college has lost its definiteness of aim. [There is] hopeless confusion and an utter dispersion of energy.” “The tendency of educational institutions to drift with the tide rather than to formulate definite policies and to labor constantly for their execution,” says President Butler, of Columbia, in a recent annual report, “is well illustrated by the way in which the American college has, in so many instances, permitted itself to be made the prey of every passing fancy and of every succeeding educational whim. Without knowing just whither they were going, the colleges have followed the trend of the time toward a slackening of discipline, toward an unwillingness or inability to accept responsibility for passing upon relative values, and toward that confusion between general training and vocational preparation which is for the college a painless but sure form of suicide.” To some of the more severe and pessimistic of its critics the college has been synonymous, indeed, with the worst sins of the past two decades in the field of educa-

tion. Here the sharpest battles have been fought and here the bitterest opponents have been engaged. Nothing has escaped attack. The curriculum has been described as “chaotic”; the college professor is still spoken of as a cloistered recluse out of touch with the broad human currents of contemporary life, and dreaming of “an academic golden age in the past”; students are euphemistically alluded to as “vagrants of the higher life,” while college days themselves are pictured at best as a pleasing interlude between more serious activities.

It is an encouraging sign of spiritual health that these voices of discontent have come mainly from college faculties themselves, from those who have loved the college best and have known it most intimately. And it must be confessed that the picture they have seen has had its very dark and depressing aspects. In recent years, as everybody knows, higher education has become popular, and colleges have attracted to their doors thousands of young people from every station and walk in life, with every object in view, until our student population to-day is heterogeneous as never before. Here mingle side by side in the same classroom, and even in the same club-house, students who belong to the best and oldest traditions of American life, and students whose parents came from foreign shores less than a generation ago. Here meet together the very rich and the very poor, those who come to spend money through four years of gentlemanly loafing and those who must practise a really heroic self-denial if they are to gain even the most meagre benefits of a college education. Here gather some with clear purposes as to their future, and others with none at all. To the college come young idealists eager to go crusading for a noble cause; but, alas, there come also young adventurers apparently no less eager to waste their substance, if not in riotous, at least in aimless, living. Verily the American college, like the American city, has been the melting-pot of nations! Little wonder that faculties have been stricken with confusion before the task of creating order out of this chaotic mass.

Then, too, the “college life” of these young people has been immensely dis-



tracting. Mr. Slosson, in his book, "Great American Universities," after discussing the life at fourteen of our representative institutions, concludes his survey with this significant statement: "The most vulnerable point in our collegiate system is the diversion of the interests of the student body from the true aims of the college. Social life, athletics, dissipation, and the multitude of other student activities have cut down to the minimum the attention given to their studies." We all remember President Wilson's summary of the situation in the graphic phrase: "The side-shows are so numerous that they have swallowed up the circus, and we in the main tent do not know what is going on." For the past twenty years faculties, student bodies, and committees without number have wrangled so interminably together over intercollegiate athletics that it is possible for Dean Keppel, of Columbia, in a book on undergraduate life published last year, to say with truth of this evil that "it is not a co-operating but a splitting factor between students and faculty, and it has done more than anything else to delay the coming of the new spirit of working together and thinking together." He quotes President Garfield, of Williams, in a recent paper, to the effect that "in the New England colleges the average expenditure per student for athletic purposes was one hundred and seventy dollars, with only sixteen per cent of the students participating in them. The figures for the country at large were correspondingly fifty-nine dollars and seventeen per cent participating." Any number of college officials in public and in private have vigorously attacked this major distraction of undergraduate life, and yet they have allowed it to flourish because they seemingly have lacked the courage to abolish it.

One reason why college faculties have not suppressed intercollegiate athletics is that there have been so many other distractions that they have not known which to put down first, and, like politicians, they have been content to "muddle along" with "eligibility rules," "point systems," and similar palliatives. Certainly the teacher who for the past twenty years has observed college life at close range has seen conditions which have sorely tested

his faith in higher education. Students have seemed possessed with a mania for "outside activities." From the opening of the academic year to the end they have been plunged into a whirl of distracting and frivolous affairs, involving money, time, energy, and interest quite out of proportion to any real value in these things. We have all known capable collegians by the score who have allowed themselves to be drawn so deep into this "mare maggiore" of college life as to spend many hours each week throughout a winter in successive committee or group meetings, endlessly discussing matters which, when two or three years out of college, they almost invariably describe as trivial and vain. At its best sanctified as the birthplace of noble ideals and enduring friendships, the American college has been exalted too much in recent years as a resort where young men may gather together for the purpose of "rubbing off the rough places," of "knowing how to meet people," of "getting into and doing things"—as if there were some magical elixir in academic atmosphere which should transform bustling and purposeless undergraduates into gentlemen of culture! Well-to-do parents in particular, it should be said, have not been blameless in this matter. Have they not sent their sons and daughters in increasing numbers to our colleges, lavishly supplying them with spending money and other means of distraction, providing them, indeed, with all things except the energy of mind and the decision of character necessary to accomplish anything worth while? Hard-working and high-minded people themselves, these good fathers and mothers have been unwilling to put their children to the tests of life to which, most of all, they have owed their own place and power.

Because of the popularity of the side-shows, critics have not failed to point out the unpopularity of the performance in the main tent. Diurnal migrations from comfortable club-life or diverting social pleasures, from strenuous exertions on athletic field or in editorial room, to the dull routine of recitation and laboratory, is a form of activity to which many an amiable undergraduate submits as a necessary evil. If he finds the instructor



personally agreeable and professionally entertaining, and if his election of the study is rewarded at the end of the semester with a complimentary grade, he continues in the course. Otherwise—a care-free nomad of the intellectual life—he wanders into more attractive fields. For the collegian of the past twenty years has been living under an elective system, and he has been free to sacrifice the real business of education in favor of what he calls “the big things of college life.” Everywhere it is the same story—the decadence of scholarly ideals among our students. “No one in close touch with American education,” says President Lowell, “has failed to notice the lack among the mass of undergraduates of keen interest in their studies and the small regard for scholarly attainment.” The intellectual life of the average student is reflected in his talk. A group of college boys do not converse. There is no exchange of mind, except on rare occasions of intimacy when two or three come to grips with the essentials. Again and again we hear the criticism—and we hear it most frequently from students themselves—that college talk is empty and frivolous, quite without intellectual curiosity. In truth, among the majority of our young people there is a low ebb of intellectual enthusiasm, of love of things of the mind for their own sake. They seem to have little passion for the company of great souls in literature, history, science, or philosophy. They pay vows to none of the gods in the academic pantheon. The magic of mind or of nature is not magic to them. Sophistication has usurped the place of reverence and wonder. The intellectual standards of our students are disappointing even when seen in their most favorable light, if we accept the testimony of Oxford tutors of American Rhodes scholars, as set forth in the reports of the *Carnegie Foundation*. Intelligent, interested, alert, and attractive, these men at Oxford have nevertheless been found to be deficient in the fundamentals of scholarly training—in thoroughness and grasp, in power of sustained application to hard tasks.

But it is vain to expect our undergraduates to keep to the main road, when the leaders themselves have gone astray. Faculties seemingly have been withdrawn

from their true tasks by a kind of distraction peculiarly diverting to the professorial mind. Instead of working out and enunciating a coherent educational programme, such as would furnish a rallying centre for the scattered forces of sound culture, they have been enormously busy with “machinery”—with tables of statistics, efficiency curves, marking systems, questionnaires, reports, and surveys—the paraphernalia of committees and the impedimenta of scholars and teachers. President Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation, announces (1914) that more than thirty extensive educational surveys have been made in recent years over the country, and that on the aims and ends of education they are “in most cases silent.” The doctors everywhere have strangely relied upon external applications for a disease that calls for more heroic treatment!

Meantime, with the advent of the specialist and his jealously guarded interests, with the expansion of curriculums in all directions, we have fallen into confusion as to the educational position of the college. Administrative officials have given expression to this state of mind with unmistakable emphasis. “We who are members of faculties,” says Dean Birge, of the University of Wisconsin, “have frankly given up the task of prescribing courses of study as an impossible one. We say that only omniscience can wisely prescribe a college course. We abandon the task as beyond our collective wisdom.” “The college,” says President Schurman, of Cornell, “is without clear-cut notions of what a liberal education is and how it is to be secured, . . . and the pity of it is that this is not a local or special disability, but a paralysis affecting every college of arts in America.” President Foster, of Reed College, in an examination (1911) of “subjects required” for the A.B. degree in twenty-nine State universities, says: “The most striking fact exhibited is the total want of accepted ideas as to what subjects should be required for the A.B. degree, or what proportion of the studies should be prescribed.” In fourteen institutions under private control “the variation exhibited is even greater than for State universities.” Regarding the situation in



forty colleges in all parts of the country, he describes the differences as "almost innumerable." In an investigation as to major and minor subjects, covering the curriculums of two hundred institutions of higher education, President Foster finds "no uniformity, not even any significant central tendencies." Little wonder that from this confusion of values and breakdown of standards there should spring up the vicious heresy of equivalence of studies—the doctrine that one subject is as liberal as another provided it be well taught! Little wonder that faculties, in despair of arriving at a common understanding as to what constitutes a *college* education, should break off into small groups or units, some to go on with their research in silent indifference, others to drum up interest in sensational or informational courses on their own account! But this is not all. The graduate and professional schools have reached down and the secondary schools have reached up, until the identity of the college is seriously threatened. Professionalism has all but upset our equilibrium from above, while from below the high schools have been clamoring for the recognition of an increasing number of "practical" subjects for admission, so that colleges still vary widely as to their entrance requirements (although recently substantial progress toward uniformity has been made) from a requirement of ten to eleven units out of sixteen, to a requirement of English alone (Chicago), or very recently to an entire abandonment of all specific requirements (Washington University). And while these forces have been storming the strongholds of college education from without, the defenders within, who should have presented a united front and a plan of campaign, have been split into factions, fearful and perplexed "what weapons to select, what armor to endue." For there has been endless discord between the philologist and the dilettante, between the cult of "interest" and the cult of "discipline," between the upholders of teaching and the upholders of research, between the humanists and the scientists, between the champions of ancient and the champions of modern languages, between the champions of "cultural" and the champions of

"vocational" training—nearly everything, indeed, but a solid front and a single rallying-cry. Professors have indulged, also, in much vague and querulous talk about "the development of the human spirit in all its capacities" as a larger and nobler thing than the "social problem," for which they take Professor Dewey and his followers to task. Whereas Professor Dewey has stood for a consistent educational philosophy, not for the purpose of damning one kind of orthodox culture at the expense of another, but to make clear that education *is* a social problem or it is nothing; that a man is educated by learning how to live in the world of to-day—his world—and that he is not to use culture as an ornament or a refuge, but as an instrument of service. It is futile for the college teacher in this age to declare, as he does, that "there are whole realms of thought, feeling, and imagination which stand in no immediate relation to the social problem." As though we can withdraw from our own time and, in spiritual if not in geographical isolation, cultivate our inner selves after the manner of Tennyson's æsthetic recluse in "The Palace of Art"!

But the American college, which has always been the surest index of the spiritual life of our people, is not to be condemned if its history, without and within, for the past twenty years, has reflected the history of a period which may be said to close with the year 1914. He who now looks back upon those years recognizes in them a time of stupendous material achievement on the one hand, and of wide-spread unrest, uncertainty, and superficial living on the other. An age of wealth, prosperity, and leisure without parallel, it has also been an age of extravagance and laxity which writers have likened to the days of the declining Roman Empire. Underneath the brilliant and swift-moving surface currents of society there has flowed a deepening tide of discontent, indicated partly in the steady increase of crime, suicide, insanity, divorce, and industrial and political disturbances, but most of all in a collapse of intellectual and spiritual standards such as would compel acceptance by any large and dominating groups of the social order. We have scorned authority and tradition.



We have had a passion for novelties. We have been so individualistic that, as Mr. Irving Babbitt says: "Every man was to have the right to express not only his own particular vision of life, but his own particular nightmare." Art, divorced from life, or at best reflecting a featureless cosmopolitanism, has thus been the victim of caprice, sensational and hectic. Witness our music and our architecture! Witness the cubists, futurists, postimpressionists, makers of "free verse," and imagists of our day! Religion, too, has lost its commanding power. Its attenuated force has found expression either in the various sects and cults that have sprung up so numerous about us, or in the substitution of "social service" and other collateral agencies intended to keep the form, if not the reality, alive. Men in the western world have not recognized Christianity as a daily influence. In the life of the spirit each has gone his own way, having cast off the older sanctions and not yet having put on new. Like the men of Arnold's time we, too, have been

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,  
The other powerless to be born."

But a new age is coming to birth in the travail of war. "In four crowded and eventful years," as Mr. Arthur Henderson says, "we have gathered the fruits of a century of economic evolution. We have entered upon a new world." Under pressure of tragic events social forces have been unlocked or recreated, of which idealists alone had hitherto assumed the reality; and we have already solved problems which some have thought would be solved, if ever, only in a Utopia. We seem already to have been swept into a social order resting upon larger meanings and sustained by deeper impulses of common humanity. Stirred to their depths, the spirits of men and women are once more plastic to the pressure of newer and sounder ideals of public and private life. We have put aside, to an amazing degree, our individualism, both material and spiritual, and we have joined hands to beat down the common foe of civilization. A spirit of unity pervades society, clarifying the practical issues of life as never before in our time. Have we

teachers not witnessed this awakening in our college boys? Have we not seen them by the hundreds who but yesterday were taking their lives listlessly, not to say aimlessly, suddenly pull themselves together at the call of war and become energetic, high-spirited leaders, ready to make the supreme sacrifice for humanity? And what we have seen, has it not created a new faith within us? The battle-cry around which these forces have rallied is the battle-cry of democracy. But the democracy for which we are fighting is more than a programme of equal rights for all. It will not rest less upon rights, but it will rest more upon the ideals of brotherhood and service; it will not be less political and legal, perhaps, but it will be infinitely more social and spiritual. The democracy which the Allied forces won by the war will, we hope, gradually but surely permeate industry, art, and religion. Otherwise the millions of workers with hand and brain will not have accomplished their deepest aims. Otherwise the myriad dead will have died in vain.

The problems of the new democracy are the opportunities of education. Out of the colossal work of reconstruction, out of the vast and complex reorganization of commerce and industry, there will arise unprecedented demands for trained men and women. In the programmes of the British Labor Party and of the American Federation of Labor we already see what new and broader responsibilities the workers are placing upon education; for they have learned the indispensable character of their work and they will no longer accept a social philosophy which would keep them permanently in an inferior status. They will demand, uncompromisingly, the peaceful establishment of an industrial democracy, in which every citizen has a voice in the conditions of his own employment and has freedom for the cultivation of his intellectual and emotional life. "The men in the trenches," said President Wilson, "who have been freed from the economic serfdom to which some of them have been accustomed, will, it is likely, return to their homes with a new view and a new impatience of all mere political phrases and will demand real thinking and sincere action." The



social functions which federal, state, and local communities have assumed under the stress of war—are these to be thrown aside as useless when it is won? The unlocked energies and impulses of our young people, are they to be allowed to die out when the last foe has left the field? We cannot believe it. And yet we know that we shall not long retain the most precious fruits of victory, unless we can learn to command for the work of peace the splendid forces that have been developed by war. Looking then around us and ahead, we must agree with Mr. Arthur Henderson when he said that “the coming period of reconstruction, even more than the remaining period of the war, will impose upon the leaders of all civilized states new and searching tests of character and intellect.” We must, indeed, create a race of men and women who shall find reward for their work far less in personal and pecuniary aggrandizement, and far more in the work itself and in the part it will play in the well-being of society as a whole.

That industrial and professional education, turning out armies of experts, is to have a large part in the giant enterprises of the new era we cannot doubt. Will the college have a part, too? Or, as many fear, is it to be still further overshadowed, on the one hand, by the newer secondary education, awakened to its social responsibilities, and on the other by the professional schools, always responsive to immediate practical needs? Those who agree with the British Labor Party that “society, like the individual, does not live for bread alone—does not exist only for perpetual wealth production,” those who see in the new time more urgent demands than ever upon the character and intelligence of man—demands upon him for vision, for unselfishness, for power to think and work in harmony with his fellows; those who dream and pray for a rebirth of art and religion, and for a peaceful revolution in industry; those, in short, who look for unity in our social, and freedom for self-development in our individual, life—they surely will not fail to see that the college, the mother of American ideals, has a part to play not less important than the part to be played by any other organization in the educational

scheme. But that part ought to be restated by the colleges of to-morrow so that the significance of the education they offer shall be as clear and definite as the aims of the technical schools. It should no longer be shrouded in mystical terms by its hierophants, nor given over, supinely, to the invading hosts of professionalism—a significance that in reality measures up to new times and new ideals!

What, then, is the field of the college?

The college is, first, a place for the cultivation of *humanistic* interests and standards. It has no higher function than to impress upon every youth who enters its hospitable doors that he is a social being, and that he may not live to himself, whether in aristocratic or in intellectual isolation. Surrounded with institutions and customs which he and his contemporaries have inherited from the past, he is to learn that against this background of the past is set the present, and that this present is but the transition to a future whose character will mainly depend upon the work of the generation of which he must be a contributing unit. He is to cultivate a passion for service, not undisciplined and sentimental, but truly refined and humanized, like that of Arnold's apostles of equality who have a passion “for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other the best knowledge, the best ideals of their time; who (labor) to divest knowledge of all that (is) harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it effective outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time.” He must learn, in other words, something of what mankind has achieved in science and philosophy, and something of the *standards* in morals and art that mankind has established through centuries of striving. He must be taught that there *is* a hierarchy of values in the world of thought and taste which he cannot ignore without peril to his high calling as a human being. All of which implies, of course, that his emotions must be touched to fine issues. In its eagerness to train the mind, to pour in *facts*, the college of yesterday too much abandoned the emotional side of the student's nature to its undisciplined



satisfaction, with results which were all the while becoming more disastrous until they were stayed by the tide of great events. The college of to-morrow, if it is to play a part in *keeping* the world safe for democracy, a world in which human relations are rapidly becoming more and more neighborly, cannot neglect to discipline the emotional and imaginative side of its youth, knowing full well, as Taine says, that "men have not done great things without great emotions," and that they will not rise to a splendid *national* life in industry, art, and religion without the sanction and support of noble sympathies and a deliberate cultivation of goodwill and joy of living.

The college is also a place for the development of personal ideals and love of knowledge for its own sake. Here, under the guidance of real leaders, narrowness is to be put off and breadth is to be put on. Here, by the mediation of science, philosophy, history, and literature, young people keeping company with

"souls tempered with fire  
Fervent, heroic, and good,  
Helpers and friends of mankind,"

are to come into possession of the unconquerable hopes that shall carry them through the routine and disillusionment of later years. At college, too, is awakened the spirit of scholarship. Students are to learn what it means to follow the intellectual life, to satisfy the curiosities that are native to alert minds, to penetrate the secrets of nature, to ascend the heights of thought, to love truth and to know the freedom that it bestows, having first known the renunciations that it demands. The college is thus the nursery of scholars, the congenial home where minds may come to themselves before they undertake the arduous tasks of intellectual and professional maturity.

Finally, the college is a place where young people who have not yet made the discovery may find out their aptitudes. "To find out what one is fitted to do and to secure an opportunity to do is the key to happiness," says Professor Dewey. Truly, but the discovery is not accomplished at the same period of life for all individuals. A large number must have time, and, much more, they must have

freedom; for a youth in his choice of life-work should be guided by his likings, if he is not compelled by his necessities. Thousands of our boys and girls, with plenty of latent capacity, have not at sixteen, nor yet at twenty, discovered their special aptitudes. They must have a period of experimentation, a time of "sampling," as President Eliot happily calls it, when they may work now in this recognized field of knowledge, now in that, until the path is revealed along which they are destined to travel. As John Stuart Mill advised Caroline Fox, they must try themselves unweariedly till they find the highest thing they are capable of, faculties and outward circumstances both being duly considered.

These, then, are the aims of the college. What is to be the curriculum by which these aims shall be realized? This is the question of supreme importance, the Serbonian bog where faculties whole have sunk! And yet if it is logical to contend that the college has its own field, as distinct as any other field of education (and I have argued that it has), does it not follow that to this field there belongs a curriculum, a co-ordinated set of requirements and sequences, approximating in definiteness, if not equalling, a course of study for engineers or lawyers? Granted that the college has certain ends in view for all who claim its degree, shall it leave these ends to the hazards of an elective system or to any modification of the elective system that might allow them to remain unrealized? Are undisciplined boys and girls of sixteen and eighteen to be free to pick and choose from the wealth of offerings in our curriculum of to-day? We have indeed found the assumption absurd in practice, if not in theory, that these young people can be trusted at the commencement of their college life to know what makes for breadth, for freedom, for service, for the cultivation of intellectual and personal ideals. It is not less absurd to say that a boy, yet uncertain as to the choice of a career, is really *free* in his choice while one or more of the great fields of knowledge have not yet been revealed to him. And there are four of these fields which include the fundamentals of a college training: science, including mathematics; history, including



economics and government; literature, including language as its propædæutic; philosophy. Regarding studies in these fields we should say, in the words of Mr. Flexner, that "American society leaves the boy no option; it is impossible to substitute anything else for them, whether taught with equal efficiency or greater."

But what are these studies by name? When and for how long are they to be required? There are many sciences and many histories, many literatures and many philosophies, and if from these the fundamentals are to be required we must distinguish between studies within these groups. Unfortunately for college education, agreement at this point ceases, the doctors have fallen apart, and even Mr. Flexner is silent. Yet if colleges are to hold their unique place in American life and, much more, if they are to play their part in the immense tasks of the new era, notably the part of supplying leaders and of sustaining at a high level the spirit of national unity, then it appears imperative that college faculties should put aside their differences and come to an understanding. I therefore venture to suggest certain courses of study which ought to supply the core of a curriculum for those undergraduates who are to receive the college degree, and which ordinarily would occupy them but little more than the freshman and sophomore years. They are: Two years of Latin, following a minimum of three years of Latin in the secondary school; one year of science (chemistry, physics, geology, biology, or mathematics); one year of English composition and one year (or, better, two years) of English literature; one year of American or European history; a half year of American government and politics and a half year of political economy; a half year or a year of philosophy (either logic, psychology, introduction to philosophy, or combinations of the same). With respect to these requirements I hasten to make certain explanations and qualifications. I will not here repeat the orthodox defense of Latin nor quote its orthodox apologists. The requirement of at least one foreign language for a fairly long period is an indispensable basic element in any strong non-professional cur-

riculum, certainly until the psychological experts have proved beyond doubt the equal or superior advantages of some other instrument of discipline and preparation. No other one language satisfies so many purposes as Latin, and its restoration is imperative if *college* (*i. e.*, non-professional) training is to regain its old-time vigor. The student who needs other languages for scholarly or commercial purposes may well be required to adjust himself to his necessities (the earlier the better), precisely as the engineer or the "agric" is required to do in the professional schools. Much of this required work, moreover, not only in Latin but in science, history, and literature, should in time be correlated with similar though less advanced work in the secondary school, so as to give the students the immense advantage of continuity of interest and intellectual discipline, covering a period altogether of at least six years. For the boy or girl who is to get the college degree there should be substantially no break in a few central combinations and sequences from the beginning of high school to the end of the sophomore year. College education will then have as its foundation six years of training, of which liberal studies in the four recognized fields of knowledge will form the backbone. And I believe it inevitable that as our whole educational system becomes better and better articulated, we shall find this period normally to include the years from twelve to eighteen, graduating our students from college at twenty. It should be said, further, that while the four fields of knowledge seem likely to remain fixed, the special requirements within these fields would no doubt be subject to revision both as to amount and kind from period to period, since colleges, like other schools of training, must move in harmony with the great currents of national life, not forgetting Emerson's warning that "there is not yet any inventory of man's faculties, any more than a bible of his opinions." This required work, moreover, should be followed (as, indeed, it would be according to the best accepted practice to-day) by a major or group system for the junior and senior years, in order to assure such concentration in these maturer years as would fur-



nish the necessary *foundation* for scholarly, commercial, and professional life, but *free from the control of the professional spirit*. Finally, these requirements should in no sense block the way of students who do not wish the college degree, who do not covet the special impress which alma mater leaves upon her children. Those who desire two years instead of four, those who prefer other combinations and sequences to those required, or the few with extraordinary aptitudes in certain directions—for those and doubtless for still others separate provision should be made, such, for example, as an independent junior college for two-year pre-professional students, on lines suggested in President Butler's 1917 report to the trustees of Columbia University. At any point in the educational system, from grammar school to graduate school, the student doubtless should be at liberty to turn aside for the purpose of following his bent if he has been fortunate enough in very truth to have found it. Indeed, if his aptitude stands out with unmistakable clearness and drives him with overwhelming force, he should undoubtedly, even in college, be allowed to elect such studies as his success may justify.

But a college course, even the most carefully constructed, will not work automatically. To be successful, according to the standards of a new day, it must be sustained by an organized and co-ordinated life on the part of students and faculty, comparable after its kind to that of the best industrial and commercial concerns of which we know. Like them it must evoke an *esprit de corps* such as it has not had. A college, far more than a technical or a professional school, requires the support of an associated life, growing out of common aims, understood and believed in by those who make up its fellowship. Let us not hesitate to set forth these aims to our students from the first, in order to imbue them with a sense of the special significance of the college. Let us cease our cryptic talk about the value of "liberal" and "cultural" education, and endeavor to make clear to our young men and women the purpose of our curriculum. Indeed, when the curricular organization of secondary schools and colleges becomes fairly continuous and

articulate, prospective college students will be regularly instructed as to the place and purpose of college education while they are yet in high school.

Meantime we can turn our attention to matters of more pressing importance. Let the perennial distraction of intercollegiate athletics be given up in favor of sports for all at home. The thing can be done, done quickly and effectively, if colleges will act together. And in the whole sphere of "outside activities" no other action will go further to restore the lost unity of undergraduate life. We should provide an organization of competing groups within the college, a wholesome and truly communal form of sports—a form, too, in which students will take a lively interest, as has been demonstrated over and over again. On the intellectual side, also, if colleges will establish a common basis of required work, there will be a revival of common interests. President Jordan somewhere praises the American college because it brings together all kinds of students under one roof. "The literary student gains in seriousness and power," he says, "the engineer in refinement and appreciation." A remark true enough for mature graduate students, but false for the rank and file of undergraduates. The wide diversity of interests, instead of being a means of communion, is a means of separation. Students in such an atmosphere talk athletics or society. They do not talk about the things of the mind. If the social order of the new time is to be built up on a secure foundation of common national aims and ideals, our colleges must pour into it a continuous stream of young people who have read in the same great literature, delved into the same problems of moral and spiritual life, studied together in the same laboratories, been thrilled by the same beauties, and elevated by the same ideals, so that to some few fundamentals at least there has been awakened a loyalty which no circumstance of after-life can deaden or destroy. "We should remember," said Thucydides, "that one man is much the same as another, and that he is best who is trained in the severest school."

And with required courses as the central support of the four-year curriculum, professors can make the new school se-



vere, as the old has not been. Emancipated from the vicious tendency under an elective system, to weaken and popularize a course in order to keep up its numbers, they can greatly strengthen it in substance and continuity, and thus do much to solve the vexed problem whether the social, political, and literary studies can develop the training which has hitherto been supposed to belong almost exclusively to mathematics, to translation of foreign languages, and to laboratory science. They will no longer be at pains to entertain a listless audience with desultory information, but may take up the real business of imparting knowledge to their students, striving, as Montaigne says, "to marry it to them and make it part of their very minds and souls." Let these required courses, moreover, be planned and given more with a view of supporting the purposes of the curriculum as a whole and much less with a view of feeding more advanced courses in the same departments.

Finally, let the work of the teacher receive a fuller recognition. The college will not indefinitely survive as an institution if its destinies are guided by an aggregation of experts instead of a company of scholarly teachers. High specialization has its high place, but it must not be allowed to obscure the common ends or forbid the common fellowships essential to the American college. So low at times has the profession of teaching fallen that we have heard it said that men were expected to teach, as they were expected to do drudgery, for their living; but that

their distinction, their rewards, must come from other sources. Let this heresy be put down, and let it be publicly understood that just as a man may be a musician without being a composer, so a man may be a college teacher worthy of the highest rewards without being an investigator in the specialized sense which the name has taken on in recent years. There is creative teaching, just as there is creative scholarship; and there is no nobler or more rigorously exacting profession known among men.

One thing is certain. Under the pressure of new times and new standards the college as a non-professional institution will have no place unless its course of study can be justified as convincingly before the world as the courses in our vocational and professional schools, and unless the college can render to the democratic order of to-morrow a service that shall be recognized as essential to the individual and social well-being of man. If it cannot accomplish these ends, if its faculties cannot unite upon such a programme, then within the next twenty years we shall see the college still further absorbed by the secondary and professional schools, and we shall no longer have a distinctive place for the education of our abler boys and girls between the formative years of sixteen and twenty. The American college is indigenous. No other land or people has developed its like. Those who believe that it is to have a share in the giant task of reconstruction should begin even now to shape its life to that end.

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## A CONCEIT

By Mary Cadwalader Jones

THEY err, my love, who say that Time is cold,  
Sliding his sands, unvexed of mortal smart—  
In wrath he makes so short my hours with thee  
For that I chide him when we are apart.



# GENERAL ALLENBY

BY JOHN H. FINLEY

Red Cross Commissioner to Palestine

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS



HAVE to begin by taking away from a reader a doubtlessly treasured picture of the great Commander-in-Chief entering Jerusalem. The immortal fact of the entrance I do not disturb. Nor do I touch the background of the picture which the ex-Kaiser provided when he caused a new gate to be cut in the thick walls of the Holy City, a few feet from the old Jaffa Gate, in order to signalize his own entry in 1898—a pompous entry which now seems so childish, if not insanely, vain. I found in a church in Jerusalem a photograph of the painting which the Kaiser had caused to be made of that entry, showing himself attired in the helmet and white garb of a Crusader, on a caparisoned white horse, riding at the head of a procession with imperial banners, an awed welcome being painted on the faces of the people.

When General Allenby entered it was by the same gate (for he declined to have the “Gate Beautiful” opened for him), on foot, and without so much as a single victorious flag. But—and this is why the picture in the memory of so many must be revised—General Allenby did not appear in the most conspicuous place. He modestly kept that position which was his according to British custom. It was an aide who marched first.

So it was that when I first saw General Allenby with my own eyes I had suddenly to make over my own image of him. It was another man than the one whom I had pictured that greeted me at General Headquarters in the valley between the hills of Judæa and the sea, where the “embassies and armies of two continents had passed to and fro”: of Thothmes and Rameses, Tiglath-Pileser, Shalmaneser and Sargon, Sennacherib, Necho and Nebuchadnezzar, Cambyses and Alexander the Great, Geoffrey, Richard

Cœur de Lion and Napoleon. Here I was face to face with the real Deliverer of the Holy Land.

I suppose that a German general impresses one first of all as a soldier, but—and it may be due in part to the semi-civilian British uniform—the English officer impresses one first of all as a man. When I saw General Allenby I did not think of this man of powerful shoulders, of high forehead, of the kindest of eyes, of blunt, staccato speech, and of most genial manner, as a soldier. I was in the presence of a great human being. And it was so when I met Marshal Foch, in the days before he was a marshal.

It was at General Headquarters that I first saw General Allenby. I had driven over from Jerusalem with one of my Red Cross associates to spend the night with the “C-in-C,” or the “Chief,” as he is called by his officers and men. And I may at this distance confess that I went with some timidity. In the first place, I was not yet inured to my military title (and that was the only one by which I was known out there). In the next place, I had never had an acquaintance with the British beyond that of meeting a few of them visiting in America, and I was anticipating a frigid formality even in that semitropical and remote country.

But I soon forgot, in the warmth of the reception, that my host was a general and that I was not a civilian, that he was an overcritical Britisher and I a provincial American. We soon found ourselves fellow inhabitants of ancient Palestine—of the Old Testament land. And when we left the dinner-table it was to pore over George Adam Smith’s “Geography of the Holy Land”—a classic which is more than a geography, a veritable epic poem in prose form—and then to turn to certain passages in the Old Testament.

It is not the part of a guest to speak of what he has seen and heard at Head-



quarters, and certainly what was said that night was not intended for hearing beyond the walls of the old farmhouse, temporarily used as Headquarters, but I am sure that the Commander-in-Chief will let me share my memory of it with others, especially as it can give no comfort to the enemy.

I remember particularly that we read the thirty-fourth chapter of the Book of Isaiah, in which the utter destruction of this land (once the Land of Promise) was prophesied, when the streams should be "turned into pitch," when thorns "should come up in her palaces, and nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof." And I recall asking him, who had come up into the land by way of the Desert, whether the "pelican and the porcupine" were actually to be found there; what the "arrowsnake" was, and the "night-monster"; what sort of a cry the "satyr" made in calling to his fellow; whether "ostriches" still held court in the land, and jackals still "made it their habitation"? I discovered that he knew the fauna of this prophecy of desolation, and that he supported by a Bible dictionary his own theories as to the identity of these creatures, whose names varied in the different

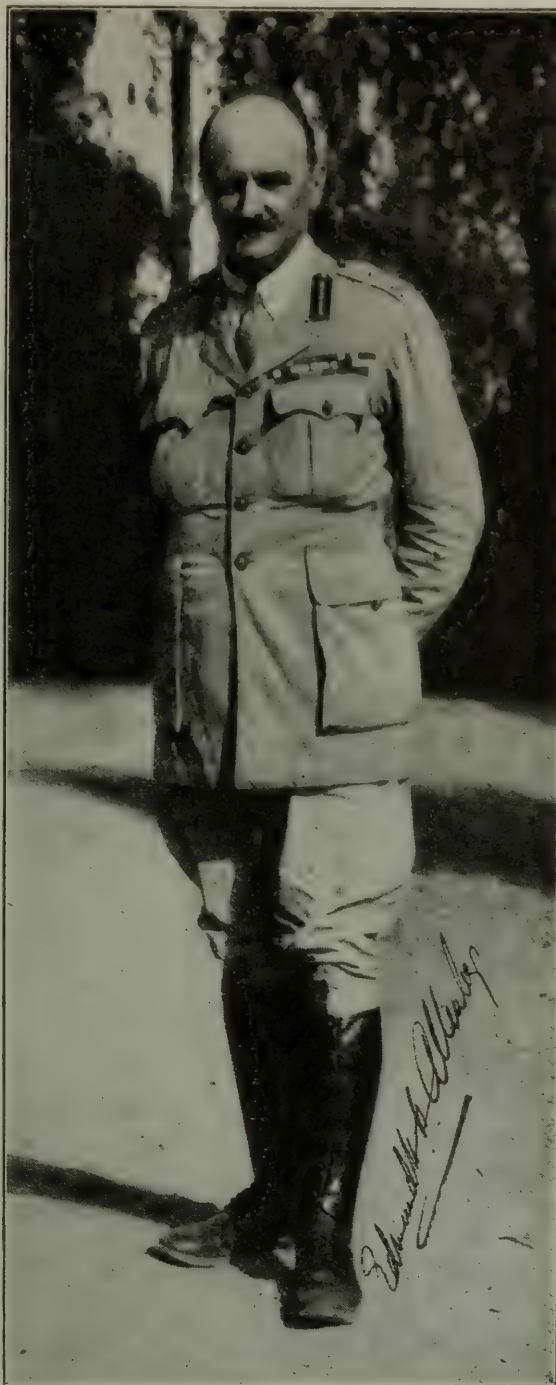
versions. The prophesied desolation had certainly come upon the land. The "line of confusion" had been stretched over it for centuries. And the "plummet of

emptiness" had touched even its valleys that once "flowed with milk and honey."

It was not many nights later that, within five miles of the very place where we sat reading this chapter in Isaiah, I heard in our Red Cross camp, within moonlight sight of the Crusaders' Tower that still stands in Ramleh, the mournful, half-human cry of jackals, giving literal confirmation of the prophecy. And another night I heard the same cry from hundreds, or so they seemed in number, out upon the sand plain just beyond the Jordan, near the place where the children of Israel must have crossed into this very Land of Promise.

But I read on into the thirty-fifth chapter—the chapter of the prophecy of the Great Restoration, which was also seemingly coming to pass. And the imperious but modest man before me was the

Restorer. In the habitation of the jackals grass was beginning to grow again; "glowing sands" had become pools. Waters had literally broken out in the wilderness and streams in the Desert. All the way



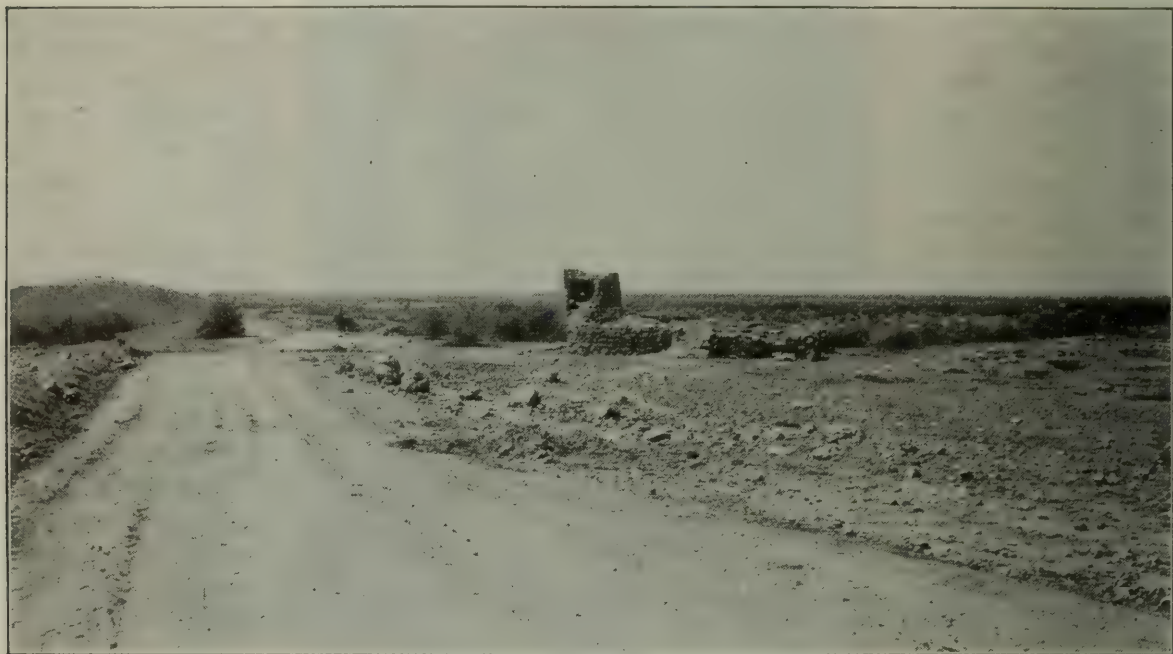
General Edmund H. H. Allenby, the Commander-in-Chief, at Headquarters near Ramleh.



up from Egypt, nearly one hundred and fifty miles, has the water of the Nile been led to break forth in the places of desolation.

There is an Arab legend which I heard often out in the East, that not until the Nile flowed into Palestine would the Turk be driven from Jerusalem—a picturesque way of intimating that the Turk would stay there forever (as in Virgil's First Eclogue a like prophecy was made, two thousand years ago, of the impossibility of the Germans reaching the Tigris).

technical and personal qualifications to lead this particular expedition. But it is a singular coincidence and a happy omen that his very name may well be interpreted to carry a prophecy of his achievement. I suspect that it is of Irish association, but an Oriental origin may easily be found for it in the euphonious union of two Arab words, "Allah" meaning "God," and "Nebi" meaning "prophet." So "Allah-Nebi," a God-prophet. And surely no one in the history of Palestine in the Christian era has come with a more



The valley beyond the Jordan.

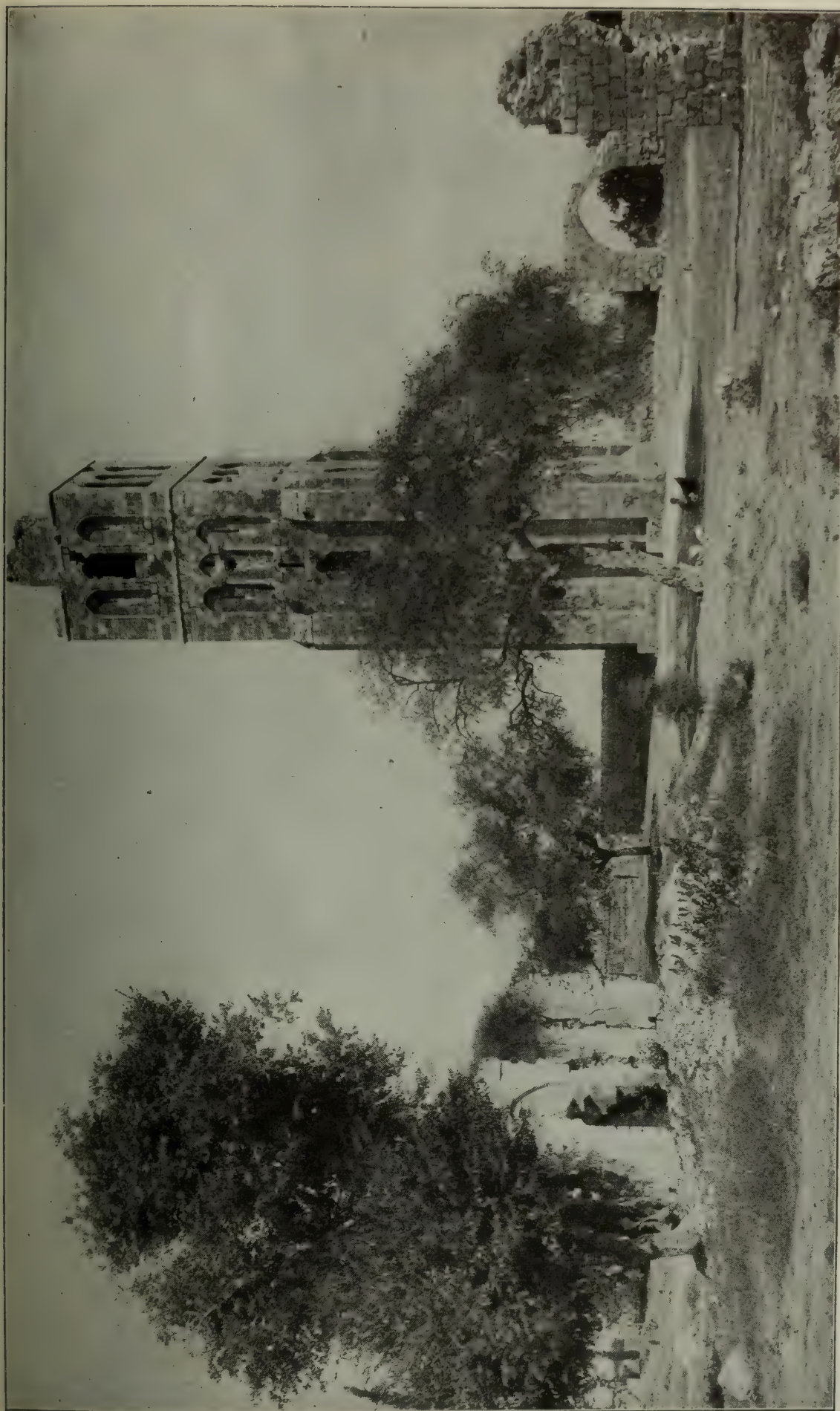
But the Nile now flows into Palestine, not metaphorically but literally. I have seen the plant at Kantara, where (under the direction of a Canadian engineer) the sweet water of the Nile is filtered and started on its journey through a twelve-inch pipe across the Desert toward Gaza. The mound of sand that protects it is visible a few yards from the railroad all the way from the Suez to the edge of Palestine. And the Turk has been driven from Jerusalem by the same forces that caused the water of the Nile to flow into Palestine.

I have wondered whether those who selected General Allenby for this command were influenced to the selection in any degree by his name. Not that there is need of reason beyond his surpassing

Godlike prophecy. If it were not known that every movement of his campaign of deliverance was planned down to the last meticulous detail, what he has accomplished would seem a miracle, something of supernatural achievement.

It is gratifying that the Deliverer of Palestine is a man who exemplifies the qualities that civilization seeks to develop in mankind under free institutions, courage, courtesy, honesty—those qualities which our Justice Holmes has summarized in the "adorable faith" of the soldier. And not only is General Allenby the sort of a man whom the civilization that had its cradle in the Holy Land would choose to represent it, but he has in turn chosen men of noblest, cleanest purpose and highest qualification to serve with him in





The Crusaders' Tower at Ramleh, near the Commander-in-Chief's Headquarters.—Page 193.



helping the people of that land to come into the full fruits of justice and freedom. For example, the chief of the Occupied Enemy Territory Administration (for they do not call it conquered territory or British territory, and no flag did I see flying anywhere in Palestine except the Red Cross flag over hospitals), the chief of O. E. T. A., General Sir Arthur Money, who had been Chief of Staff under General Maude at Bagdad, is as high-minded, conscientious, and just a man and administrator as I have ever known. Another is Colonel Ronald Storrs, military governor of Jerusalem; a highest-honor man at Cambridge, who has lived and labored and studied in the East for the most of his life since he left the university. He speaks Arabic and Turkish, besides the classical languages and those of modern Europe. And one morning I came upon him composing a New Year's greeting in Hebrew to the Jewish residents of Jerusalem. I have said again and again that I could wish no better fate for Palestine and the Holy City than that their people should be guided by such men as these till they reach their own self-determined government, and that even then they should have relation to the Christendom that has sprung from this land, through men of such liberal ideals and just and reverent spirit.

I invited the Commander-in-Chief, before I left him that June night in Ramleh, to join us on the Fourth of July in Jerusalem, in opening our Red Cross head-

quarters and in celebrating incidentally our natal day. And he came, covered with the dust of the thirty-mile automobile journey on that hot July afternoon. We emphasized the fact that, while this was Independence Day, the birthday of the Daughter of England, we celebrated it now as "Interdependence Day." He, in response, with his curt,

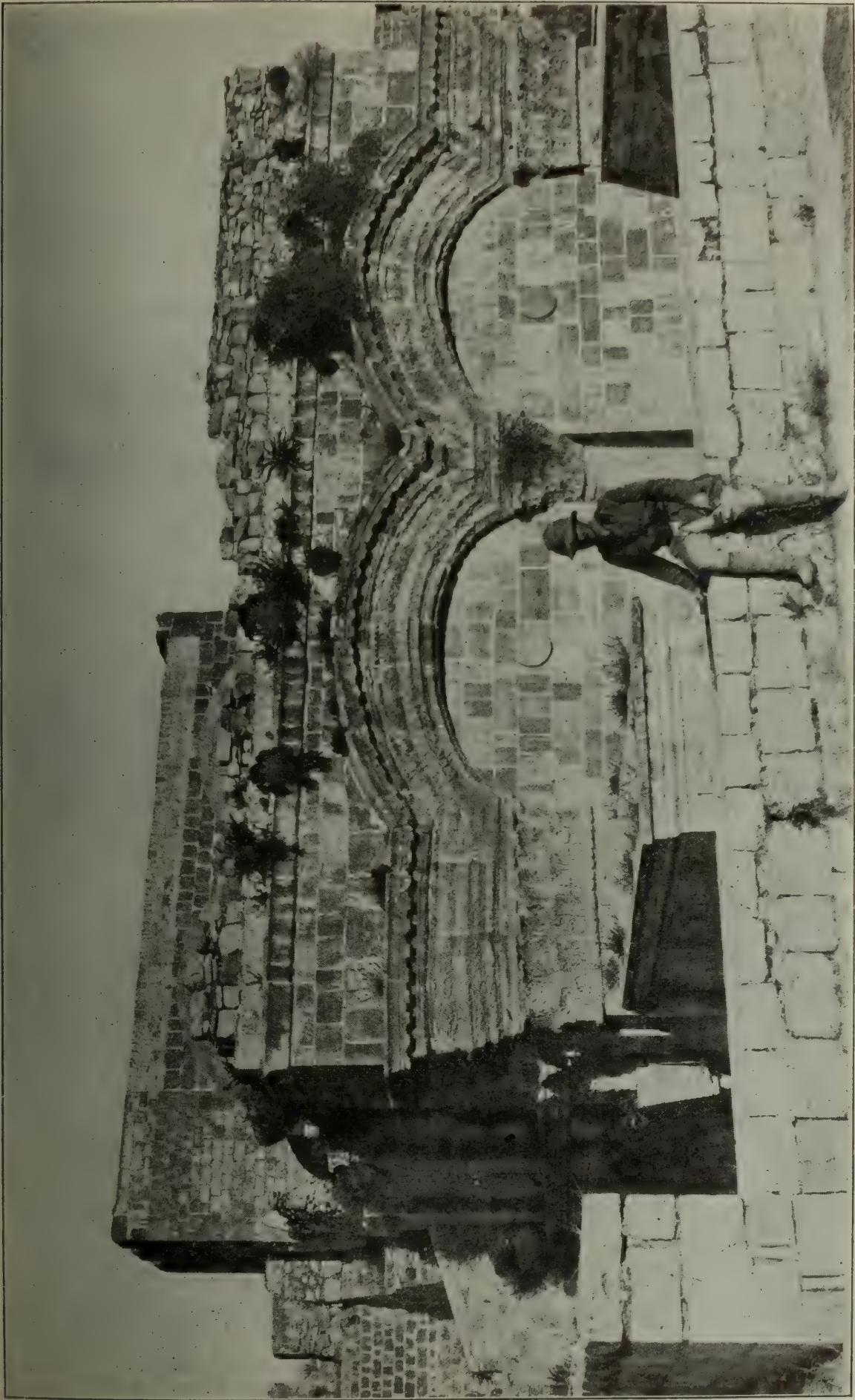
soldier speech, made the day memorable for Americans in that part of the world, and notable among the Fourth of July celebrations in all parts of the world. But, in compliance with a courteous intimation from Headquarters, no flag was flying over our building. There was to be no sign of any foreign nation in the Palestinian skies even on that day. This did not prevent, however, the intertwining of the emblems of the Allies inside the building, where the Commander-in-Chief, surrounded by the representatives of France, Italy, and America, as well as by his own officers and by the heads of the



General Sir Arthur Money, chief of the Occupied Enemy Territory Administration.

various religious communities in Jerusalem—Moslem, Jewish, Greek, Latin, Armenian, and Protestant—illustrated the ideal state which I hope will some day rise to give more glorious fulfilment than that even of which Isaiah made prophecy in the chapter which I read with the General that night down at the entrance to the Plain of Ajalon—at Ajalon where, I found, they so scrupulously depended upon known meteorological laws that they did not, as Joshua, count upon any supernatural intervention to stay the sun in its setting over the plain, but synchro-





Colonel Ronald Storrs at the Gate Beautiful when making a tour of the walls of Jerusalem with the author.



nized their watches three times in the day before going into battle in order to take full advantage of the sun and to make even the stars "fight with them."

But there was a more significant day in my acquaintance with General Allenby than that in whose night I read the prophecy. It was the day in which one caught a glimpse of the Apocalyptic vision rather than of the Isaian. I was

over the hills to the north the most momentous battle of all the Christian era in Palestine was being waged under his direction and in accordance with plans made to the last minutest detail. How momentous it was I did not then, of course, surmise. And when the General a few minutes later smilingly announced, as he came from his map-room, that his cavalry were at "Armageddon," I did not



General Allenby, with staff, at Damascus, on the day of entry.

again at Headquarters. It was the morning of the 20th of September, when the army that had "dug in" fifteen or twenty miles north of Jerusalem, and had waited patiently for months, was at last advancing to the complete recovery of the Holy Land. (It was ready to make the attack in May, I have heard, and the day was set, but the exigencies of the western front demanded a sudden change, a transfer of some of the divisions, and the developing of a new army.) I had driven over from Jerusalem in the early morning in my Ford car. The "C-in-C" was outwardly placid and even playful; for a child, an American child, was at Headquarters, having just arrived by train that morning with her mother, from Egypt, on her way to Jerusalem, and the Commander-in-Chief was for the hour the host. One could not have guessed that

then give to the announcement the interpretation which came to me later, as I reread the chapter in the Book of Revelation, describing the gathering of the hosts on the Plain of Megiddo, which is in the Hebrew "Armageddon." I do not impute to the General this interpretation; but I think that what was happening that morning up on the Plain of Megiddo, as it is sometimes called, or Armageddon, or Esdraelon, was as fateful for the good of the world as that which is foretold with such striking analogies in the Apocalypse.

There has been no more completely successful campaign in all this world war, I suppose. An English military observer and critic has written more emphatically and unreservedly: "There never was a victory more absolute in the history of war. . . . It was a battle without a morrow." And certainly none more dra-





The first British arriving at Jaffa Gate, December 9, 1917.



matic, with this wonderful background of scenery and sacred and secular history. "What a plain it is!" says Sir George Adam Smith, "upon which not only the greatest empires, races and faiths, East and West, have contended with each other, and each has come to judgment." One has but to read his chapter on Esdraelon to see the mighty pageant that has been enacted upon this plain since the days of Deborah and Barak.

It was out to the north of this Plain of Armageddon (Megiddo, or Esdraelon) that I next saw the Commander-in-Chief a few days later. He had sent me a message one morning to tell me that if I would wait, that is, postpone my return to America a few days longer, I might perhaps find it possible to walk to Dan (for I had already walked from Beersheba up to the old front). I acted immediately upon this intimation, starting out that very evening and walking all night to Janin, the edge of the plain, then the next night to Nazareth, then on to the Sea of Galilee. It was on this walking journey that I saw the "Chief's" car go flying past me, he and his general so engrossed in the panorama that they did not see the pilgrim at the roadside. And I think I

never saw a more enticing landscape than that before me as I came down toward the Sea of Galilee that late afternoon. I was ready to say with the rabbis: "Jehovah hath created Seven Seas, but the Sea of Gennesaret [the Sea of Galilee] is His delight." I recall only one scene to put beside it in my own experience, and that was sunset over the Lake of Geneva in Switzerland. It has the colorful beauty of the Yellowstone without its awesomeness. And I have General Allenby in the foreground of that memorable Galilee landscape.

I tried to imagine what General Allenby's satisfaction must be in recovering for Christendom this crown of Palestine, this valley where the Great Teacher had spent most of his days on the earth, but when I saw him that evening in Tiberias, down by the sea, with his staff about him in a quiet comradeship, to which I was admitted for a few minutes, and tried to express to him my continuing congratulation on his masterful achievement, he extended his hand in a motion to ward off what I was saying, and at the same time to turn it toward his Chief of Staff.

I had a few days before sent my more



Feisul, son of the King of the Hedjaz, with his followers of the Camel Corps.





The Sea of Galilee, from Tiberias.

formal congratulations by a special despatch-rider to Headquarters, where I supposed, however, they would be lost among the messages from all the world. I had included a bit of verse (to a melodious well-known tune) which I had written some weeks before as an intimation of my pre-victorian prayer and my feeling as an American. I told him that its publication down in Egypt had been forbidden by the censor (whether for literary or military reasons I could not be certain). To my surprise there came in acknowledgment a long letter in his own hand, in which he not only expressed his appreciation of my congratulations but explained the probable reason for the suppression of the lines. By the change of one word I have obviated this particular military objection, and if the editor of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE permits them to appear below I shall assume that they were not rejected on literary grounds:

ALLENBY, O ALLENBY

(To the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland")

## I

(WRITTEN BEFORE THE ADVANCE)

O Knight of all the Earth's acclaim,  
Allenby, O Allenby!  
A prophet in thy very name,  
Allenby, O Allenby!  
Upon the "far-flung battle-line"

Thy soldiers fight in cause divine,  
Deliverer of Palestine,  
Allenby, O Allenby!

The stars that fought with Deborah  
And Barak fight to-day with thee  
Against the modern Sisera  
Of iron-cross barbarity!  
Would our own stars might fight there too,  
Shining by day in field as blue  
As were the skies that Barak knew,  
Allenby, O Allenby!

The sound of marching in the trees  
That led to David's victory,  
Is borne again by every breeze  
From Ephraim and Galilee.  
It bids thee forward at its call  
Till Moslem, Hebrew, Christian—all,  
Shall be released from Teuton-thrall—  
God lead thee on, O Allenby!

## II

(WRITTEN AFTER THE ADVANCE)

And God has led thee on, O Knight,  
Allenby, O Allenby!  
In thy great battle for the Right,  
Allenby, O Allenby!  
The Earth's free nations now will bring  
Their genius to its glorying  
And they who sat in darkness sing  
Fore'er of thee, O Allenby!

It was my great honor to be asked to accompany the Commander-in-Chief, with two of his generals and his aides, as he went up from Tiberias at dawn the next morning to Damascus. There was no formal entry, and, as I suppose, there had



been no public announcement of his coming. He drove through the clouds of obscuring dust to the hotel (fitly named Victoria), where he was received by the temporary governor of Damascus, Colonel F. A. Lawrence, the young archæologist, an Oxford don, who had for the years of the war been living with the forces of the King of the Hedjaz, and had been their Allied leader. The Commander-in-Chief was then called upon by the son of the King, Feisul, who was to succeed this young archæologist; at any rate, when I reached the hotel I found a throng of the followers of the prince about the door, waiting the return of their leader from the conference, and an hour later I saw them in front of the government building, where the first Arab flag was flying.

In another hour the pillar of cloud was leading us across the dusty plateau, back to the Jordan, where I was permitted to alight from the automobile and continue my Beersheba-to-Dan journey on foot, for the way was now clear all the way to the foot of Mount Hermon.

So I am able to say that I remember him, the great Deliverer of Palestine, who was for the time being also my commander-in-chief, "from the land of the Jordan and of the Hermons, from the hill Mizar."

I think that as a general he must have a forever glorious rank in the world's war. "He has revealed himself," to quote further the English military critic, "as a soldier second to none that we ourselves [the British] possess. Not only so. It is simple truth to say that in brilliancy of plan, irresistible energy of execution, comprehensiveness and finality of success, no living soldier of any nation has surpassed this Battle of Armageddon—

to give it what happens to be geographically its real name. What makes it absorbing to every student of war is that it was a case of a kind which hardly comes off half a dozen times in as many centuries. It was an idea which has been imagined and aimed at a thousand times for once that it has been actually done. It was in method and effect precisely the soldier's 'battle of dreams' which every famous leader has longed to realize some day, but which few indeed have ever compassed in practice."

But whatever glowing words may be spoken of him as a general, I am glad to be able to say of my own knowing, as I saw him out in the Holy Land, that he deserves as a man to take his place with the greatest of those whose deeds are recorded in the book which we, together, pored over on that, for me, memorable night out in the Vale of Ajalon.

I saw him once more. It was the night of my starting home for America. I stopped to say good-by to the Commander-in-Chief. He entered the very door through which I had first seen him come on our Isaian night—and this was to be his last night in the old Headquarters, for he was moving northward in the morning. He asked if I had heard the news: One of their airmen flying above Palestine had caught the German wireless message that Germany was ready to accept the terms proposed by America. Some one of the little company said: "It is the end." And so this dramatic episode which will make an epoch for all the East came to its end. And the beginning of the end of the Great War with the Beast, I shall ever believe, was the advance of Allenby's men out upon the Vale of Armageddon.





# THE EMPEROR'S GHOST

By Temple Bailey

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. HOPPER



HAD not known Tom Randolph a week before I was aware that life was not real to him. All his world was a stage, with himself as chief player. He dramatized everything—actions, emotions, income. Thus he made poverty picturesque, love a thing of the stars, the day's work a tragedy, or, if the professors proved kind, a comedy. He ate and drank, as it were, to music, combed his hair and blacked his boots in the glare of footlights; made exits and entrances of a kind unknown to men like myself who lacked his sense of the histrionic.

He was Southern and chivalric. His traditions had to do with the doffed hat and the bent knee. He put woman on a pedestal and kept her there. No man, he contended, was worthy of her—what she gave was by the grace of her own sweet charity!

It will be seen that in all this he missed the modern note. As a boy he had been fed upon Scott, and his later reading had not robbed him of his sense of life as a flamboyant spectacle.

He came to us in college with a beggarly allowance from an impoverished estate owned by his grandfather, a colonel of the Confederacy, who after the war had withdrawn with his widowed daughter to his worthless acres. In due time the daughter had died, and her child had grown up in a world of shadows. On nothing a year the colonel had managed, in some miraculous fashion, to preserve certain hospitable old customs. Distinguished guests still sat at his table and ate ducks cooked to the proper state of rareness, and terrapin in a chafing-dish, with a dash of old sherry. If between these feasts there was famine the world never knew.

It was perhaps from the colonel that Randolph had learned to make poverty picturesque. His clothes were old and

his shoes were shabby. But his strength lay in the fact that he did not think of himself as poor. He had so much, you see, that the rest of us lacked. He was a Randolph. He had name, position, ancestry. He was, in short, a gentleman!

I do not think he looked upon any of us as gentlemen, not in the Old Dominion sense. He had come to our small Middle-Western college because it was cheap and his finances would not compass education anywhere else.

In an older man his prejudices would have been insufferable, but his youth and charm made us lenient. We contented ourselves with calling him "Your Highness," and were always flattered when he asked us to his rooms.

His strong suit was hospitality. It was in his blood, of course. When his allowance came he spent it in giving the rest of us a good time. His room was as shabby as himself—a table, an ink-spotted desk, a couch with a disreputable cover, a picture of Washington, a half-dozen books, and a chafing-dish.

The chafing-dish was the hump and the hoof of his festivities. He made rarebits and devilled things with an air that had been handed down from generations of epicures. I can see him now with his black hair in a waving lock on his forehead, in worn slippers and faded corduroy coat, sitting on the edge of the table smoking a long pipe, visualizing himself as the lord of a castle—the rest of us as vassals of a rather agreeable and intelligent sort!

It was perfectly natural that he should stage his first love-affair, and when he was jilted that he should dramatize his despair. For days after Madge Ballou had declared her preference for Dicky Carson, Randolph walked with melancholy. He came to my rooms and sat, a very young and handsome Hamlet, on my fire-bench, with his chin in his hand.

"Why should she like Dicky best?"



"She has no imagination."

"But Dicky's a—beast——"

"With a fat bank-account."

"Money wouldn't count with Madge."

"I'm not so sure——"

"Women are not like that, MacDonald."

I saw, as he went on with his arguments, that she had become to him an Ophelia, weakly led. Women in his lexicon of romance might be weak but never mercenary. I think he finally overthrew her in his mind with "*Get thee to a nunnery!*" I know that he burned her picture; he showed me the ashes in a silver stamp-box.

He had, of course, his heroes—there were moments when unconsciously he aped them. It was after a debate that the boys began to call him "Bonaparte." He had defended the Little Corporal, and in defending him had personified him. With that dark lock over his forehead, his arms folded, he had flung defiance to the deputies, and for that moment he had been not Tom Randolph but the Emperor himself.

He won the debate, amid much acclaim, and when he came down to us I will confess to a feeling, which I think the others shared, of a soul within his body which did not belong there. Tom Randolph was, of course, Tom Randolph, but the voice which had spoken to us had rung with the power of that other voice which had been stilled at St. Helena!

The days that followed dispelled the illusion, but the name clung to him. I think he liked it, and emphasized the resemblance. He let his hair grow long, sunk his head between his shoulders, was quick and imperious in his speech.

Then came the war. Belgium devastated, France invaded. Randolph was fired at once.

"I'm going over."

"But, my dear fellow——"

"There's our debt to Lafayette."

With his mind made up there was no moving him. The rest of us held back. Our imaginations did not grasp at once the world's need of us.

But Randolph saw himself a Henry of Navarre—*white plumes*; a Richard of the Lion Heart—*crusades and red crosses*; a Cyrano without the nose—"*These be cadets of Gascony——*"

"You see, MacDonald," he said, flaming, "we Randolphs have always done it."

"Done what?"

"Fought. There's been a Randolph in every war over here, and before that in a long line of battles——"

He told me a great deal about the ancient Randolphs, and the way they had fought on caparisoned steeds with lances.

"War to-day is different," I warned him. "Not so pictorial."

But I knew even then that he would make it pictorial. He would wear his khaki like chain armor.

He gave us a farewell feast in his room. It was the season for young squirrels, and he made us a Brunswick stew. It was the best thing I had ever tasted, with red peppers in it and onions, and he served it with an old silver ladle which he had brought from home.

While we ate he talked of war, of why men should fight—"for your own honor and your country's."

There were pacifists among us and they challenged him. He flung them off; their protests died before his passion.

"We are men, not varlets!"

Nobody laughed at him. It showed his power over us that none of us laughed. We simply sat there and listened while he told us what he thought of us.

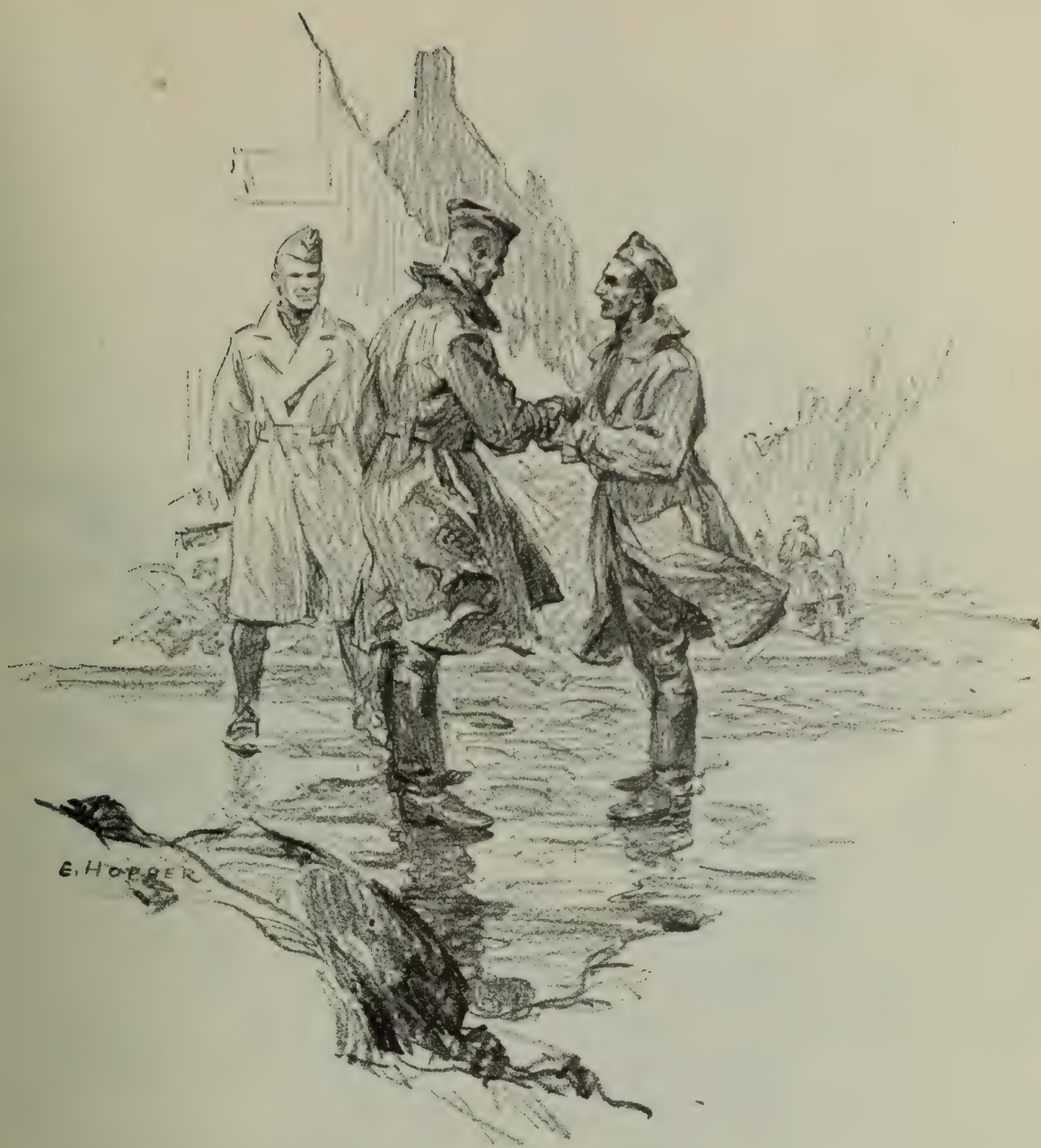
At last one who was braver than the rest cried out: "Go to it, Bonaparte!"

In a sudden flashing change Randolph hunched his shoulders, set his slouched hat sidewise low on his brows, wrapped the couch-cover like a cloak about him. His glance swept the room. There was no anger in it, just a sort of triumphant mockery as he gave the famous speech to Berthier.

"They send us a challenge in which our honor is at stake—a thing a Frenchman has never refused—and since a beautiful queen wishes to be a witness to the combat, let us be courteous, and in order not to keep her waiting, *let us march without sleeping as far as Saxony——!*"

I can't tell you of the effect it had on us. We were gripped by the throats, and the room was so still that we heard ourselves breathe. Four of the fellows left next day with Randolph. I think he might have taken us all if we had not been advised and held back by the pro-





"Good old MacDonald—at last!"

tests of our professors, who spoke of war with abhorrence.

## II

THREE years later I saw him again, in France. Our own country had gotten into the fight by that time, and I was caught in the first draft. I had heard now and then from Randolph. He had worked for nearly three years with the Ambulance Corps, and was now fighting for democracy with his fellows.

We had been shivering in the rain for a week in one of the recaptured French

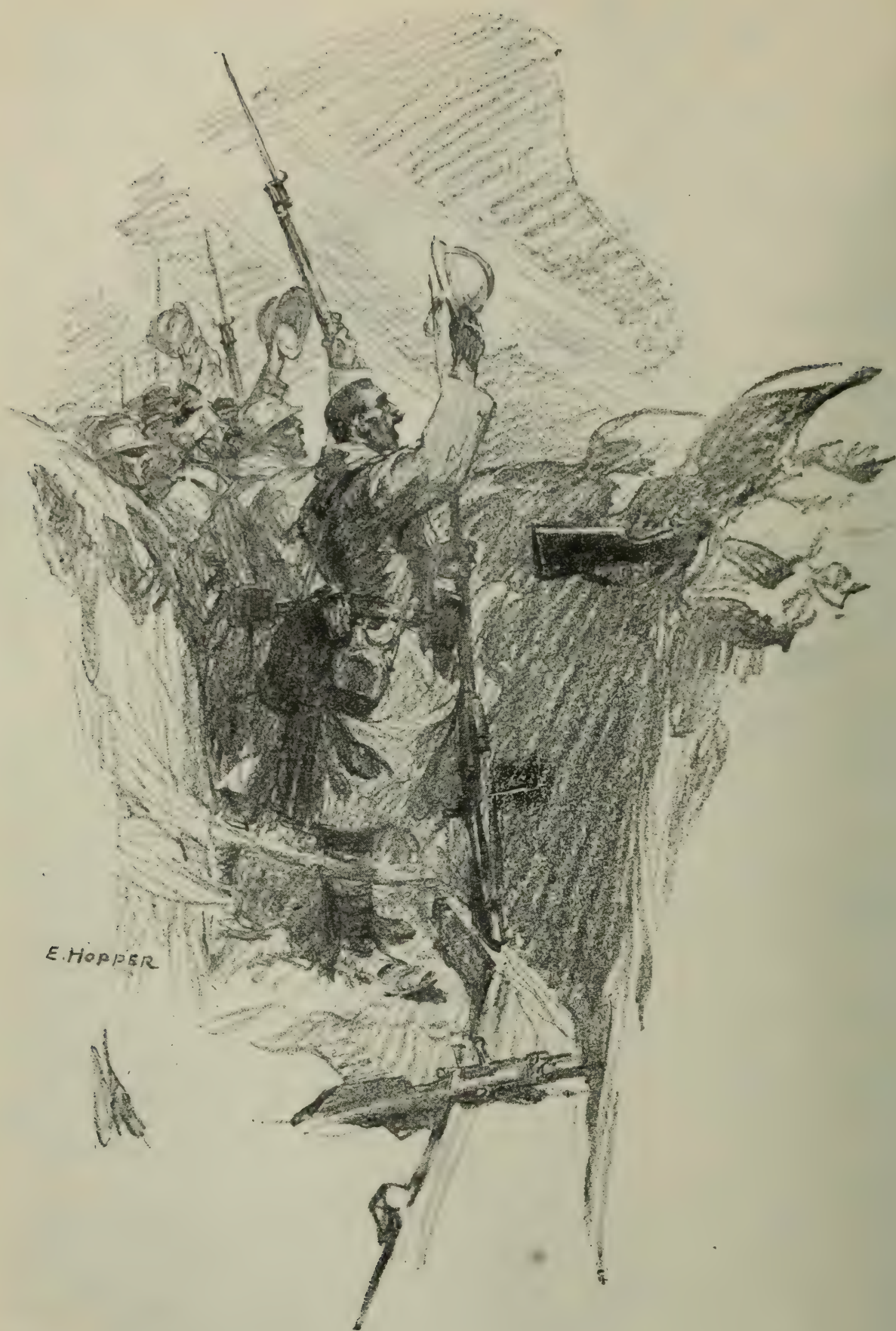
towns when a group of seasoned officers were sent to lick us into shape. Among the other officers was Randolph, and when he came upon me he gave a shout of welcome.

"Good old MacDonald—at last!"

I'll confess that his "at last" carried a sting, and I remember feeling the injustice of our equal rank, as I set his years of privation and hardship against my few weeks in a training camp.

He was very glad to see me, and the very first night he made me a Brunswick stew. This time there were no squirrels, but he begged young rabbits from the old





*Drawn by E. Hopper.*

"C'est l'Empereur! C'est l'Empereur! He returns to lead us."—Page 209.





couple who had once been servants in the château where we were billeted. They had trudged back at once on the retirement of the Boches, and were making the best of the changed conditions.

There was, of course, no chafing-dish, and the stew was cooked in an iron pot which hung over an open fire in the ancient kitchen. Before they sold the rabbits the old people had made one condition:

"If we may have a bit for mademoiselle——?"

"For mademoiselle?"

"She is here with us, monsieur. She had not been well. We have been saving the rabbits for her."

Randolph made the grand gesture that I so well remembered.

"My good people—if she would dine with us——?"

The old woman shook her head. She was not sure. She would see.

Perhaps she said pleasant things of us, perhaps mademoiselle was lonely. But whatever the reason, mademoiselle consented to dine, coming out of her seclusion, very thin and dark and small, but self-possessed.

I have often wondered what she thought, in those first moments of meet-

ing, of Randolph, as with a spoon for a sceptre, the manner of a king, he presided over the feast. She spoke very good English, but needed to have many things explained.

"Do gentlemen cook in your country?"

Randolph sketched life as he had known it on his grandfather's plantation—negroes to do it all, except when gentlemen pleased.

She drew the mantle of her distaste about her. "Black men? I shouldn't like it."

Well, I saw before the evening ended that Randolph had met his peer. For every one of his aristocratic prejudices she matched him with a dozen. And he loved her for it! At last here was a lady who would buckle on his armor, watch his shield, tie her token on his sleeve!

He sat on the edge of the table in his favorite attitude—hunched-up shoulders, folded arms. His hair was cut too short now for the dark lock, but even without it I saw her glance at him now and then in a puzzled fashion, as if she weighed some familiar memory.

But it was one of the peasants who voiced it—the old man carrying away the remains of the stew muttered among the shadows to his wife:



"C'est Napoleon."

Mademoiselle caught her breath. "Oui, Gaston." Then to me, in English: "Do you see it?"

"Yes. We called him that at school."

"Bonaparte?"

"Yes."

She was thin and dark no longer—illuminated, the color staining her cheeks. "Oh, if he were here—to save France!"

I protested. "An emperor against an emperor?"

"He was a great democrat—he loved the common people. For a little while power spoiled him—but he loved the people. And the Bourbons did not love them—Louis laughed at them—and lost his head. And Napoleon never laughed. He loved France—if he had lived he would have saved us."

Out of the shadows the old woman spoke. "They say he will come again."

"Oui, Margot." Mademoiselle was standing, with her hand on her heart. Randolph's eyes devoured her. He had taken no part in the conversation. It

was almost uncanny to see him sitting there, silent, arms folded, shoulders hunched, sparkling eyes missing nothing. "It is true," mademoiselle told us earnestly, "that the tra-dee-tion says he will come back—when France needs him—the soldiers talk of it."

"In almost every country," I said, "there is a story like that, of heroes who will come again."

"But Napoleon, monsieur—surely he would not fail France?"

The thing that followed was inevitable. Randolph and Mademoiselle Julie fell in love with each other. He drew her as he had drawn us at school. She was not a Madge Ballou, mundane and mercenary; she was rather a Heloise, a Nicolette, a Jeanne d'Arc, self-sacrificing, impassioned. She met Randolph on equal ground. They soared together—mixed love of country with love of lovers. They rose at dawn to worship the sun, they walked forth at twilight to adore together the crescent moon.

And all the while war was at the gates;





we could hear the boom of big guns. The spring drive was on and the Germans were coming back.

I shall never forget the night that Randolph and I were ordered to the front. Mademoiselle had come in with her hands full of violets. Randolph, meeting her for the first time after a busy day, took her hands and the frail blossoms in his eager clasp. He was an almost perfect lover—Aucassin if you will—Abelard at his best.

"Violets," he said. "May I have three?"

"Why three, monsieur?"

"For love, mademoiselle, and truth and constancy."

He took his prayer-book from his pocket, and she gave him the violets. He touched them to her lips, then crushed them to his own. I saw it—sitting back in the shadows. I should never have thought of kissing a girl like that. But it was rather wonderful.

He shut the violets in the little book.

They sat very late that night by the fire. I went in and out, not disturbing them. I saw him kneel at her feet as he left her, and she bent forward and kissed his forehead.

He talked of her a great deal after that. More than I would have talked of love, but his need of an audience drove him to confidences. He felt that he must make himself worthy of her—to go back to her as anything less than a hero might seem to belittle her. I am not sure that he was braver than other men, but his feeling for effect gave him a sort of reckless courage. Applause was a part of the game—he could not do without it.

And so came that night when a small band of us were cut off from the rest. We were intrenched behind a small eminence which hid us from our enemies, with little hope of long escaping their observation. It had been wet and cold, and there had been no hot food for days. We, French and Americans, had fought long and hard; we were in no state to stand suspense, yet there was nothing to do but wait for a move on the other side, a move which could end in only one way—bayonets and bare hands, and I, for one, hated it.

I think the others hated it, too, all but

Randolph. The rain had stopped and the moon flooded the world. He turned his face up to it and dreamed.

The knowledge came to us before midnight that the Huns had found us. It became only a matter of moments before they would be upon us, the thing would happen which we hated—bayonets and bare hands, with the chances in favor of the enemy!

Somewhere among our men rose a whimper of fear, and then another. You see, they were cold and hungry and some of them were wounded, and they were cut off from hope. It wasn't cowardice. I call no man a coward. They had faced death a thousand times, some of them. Yet there was danger in their fears.

Randolph was next to me. "My God, MacDonald," he said, "they've lost their nerve——"

There wasn't a second to spare. I saw him doing something to his hat.

As I have said, there was a moon. It lighted that battle-scarred world with a sort of wild beauty, and suddenly in a clear space above us on the little hill a figure showed, motionless against the still white night—a figure small yet commanding, three-cornered hat pulled low—oh, you have seen it in pictures a thousand times—Napoleon of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Friedland—but over and above everything, Napoleon of France!

Of course the Germans shot him. But when they came over the top they were met by Frenchmen who had seen a ghost. "C'est l'Empereur! C'est l'Empereur!" they had gasped. "He returns to lead us."

They fought like devils, and—well, the rest of us fought, too, and all the time, throughout the bloody business, I had before me that vision of Randolph alone in the moonlight. Or was it Randolph? Who knows? Do great souls find time for such small business? And was it small?

His medals were, of course, sent to the colonel. But the violets in the little book went back to mademoiselle. And the old hat, crushed into three-cornered shape, went back. And I told her what he had done.

She wrote to me in her stiff English:

"I have loved a great man. For me, monsieur, it is enough. Their souls unite in victory!"



# FLAGS

By Harriet Welles

Author of "Anchors Aweigh!" "Duty First," etc.



HERE is only one flag that takes precedence over the Stars and Stripes.

At a given hour on Sunday mornings aboard the dreadnoughts and battle ships of the United States Navy the American flag is hauled down. When it is hoisted again it takes second place under the banner bearing the emblem of the Church of God. Aboard dreadnoughts, battleships, and transports of the navy, except for the time that white flag holds the place of honor, the chaplain is a free-lance; but this does not mean that the chaplain is idle.

The huge transport alongside the stone pier had suddenly ceased being the centre of interest. For ten days a constant stream of cargo, provisions, army equipment, stores, and baggage had gone up the gangways, but on this eleventh day, except for the usual activities of the sailors—the transports are manned by officers and sailors of the navy—and the lowering of four gangways, two forward, two aft, there was a suspension of activities.

Breakfast in the improvised ward-room was over. The chaplain, realizing that on this eventful day there would be small opportunity for him to pursue his regular duties, went to his cabin and after reading the lesson for the day and, as was his practice, the lesson for the approaching Sunday, turned to the last mail, which had just been put aboard.

Such a quantity of letters! Forwarded from a dozen places by a score of harassed officers to whom anxious relatives hoping to reach an official eye—and ear—had written last directions, messages, complaints, and warnings. There was an almost monotonous pathos in the recurrence of the words "my boy."

The chaplain read all of them and made many notes, commencing with a reassuring letter to the worried wife of one of the transport's crew who questioned, "The allotment officer, in his report, changed

my little girl into a little boy. Will it make any difference in my allowance?" and ending with a comforting answer to a tear-stained scrawl from a sick and elderly mother.

"War is easiest on the men," commented the chaplain, looking with wistful helplessness at the pile of letters.

From outside, far away to landward, came the high, faint call of bugles. On the transport arose sounds of increasing activities; a petty officer and a company of sailors marched across the deck and descended to the pier, where they were stationed in twos at the foot of each gangway. The executive officer called a sharp question, which the officer of the deck changed to a quick command. Some noisy tugs approached. The chaplain, unheeding, took up his last letter; it was from his daughter, who as a Red Cross nurse was serving in a hospital just behind the lines.

"DEAR DAD:

"It seems too good to be true that I shall see you so soon! I'm counting the days. Well, I finished my time in the wounded prisoners' ward satisfactorily. If such a thing is possible, I worked even harder for them than I do for our own men—and I had my reward! The day before I left, one of the Germans actually thanked me for doing something! I was startled! I couldn't decide whether to take his temperature or paste an adhesive-plaster medal on him.

"Quite unexpectedly before I went to my new ward I was sent up to Paris about some delayed supplies, and how I longed for you! However, I did see three American sailors and, except for their air of stern, uncompromising rectitude in what they had evidently been warned was a gay city, I should have gone up and spoken to them—and been snubbed for a brazen, designing Jezzie-bell! As it was, I smiled at them—to their great embarrassment.

"Dad, dear, isn't it a beautiful privilege to be allowed to help win this war?



All of us—the boys in the army, marine corps, and navy. You and I. The women at home. *Every one.* Putting our shoulder to the wheel, so that defenseless small nations may know that to only a few blood-drunk, lust-mad brutes does might make right.

"Lately German aviators have been busily engaged in trying to bomb our hospital buildings and the houses where the nurses are lodged. It's boring, after you've been on your feet all day and have just achingly hoisted yourself into bed, to have to get up and speed down to the cellar and cling to some one. I wish I had a long-range voice and could hoot into those aviators' ears: 'Never touched us, you big bullies!'

"But when it's all over—all cleaned up—you and I are going to have our house in the country, with mother's portrait over the mantel—and you can raise asparagus and I'll raise chickens. Do you mind if I specialize on white Wyandots? I know that Rhode Island reds are the best layers, but they're such a homely color.

"This letter should reach you before you leave America; I'll have another letter or a message waiting for you when you arrive in France. I can't tell yet whether I can get off or whether you'll have to visit me here. At any rate, every day now will bring you nearer to

"Yours most lovingly, dad, dear,

"ROSE.

"P. S.—Do you know that sometimes when the horror of all this suffering used to get the better of me I *longed* for our garden—the one we are going to have. But lately I've felt that I could almost plan how I would have the flowers planted—they are actually 'casting their shadows' they're so near! What is it you say when you go into a room where some one is very ill: 'Peace to this house and all who dwell therein!' Isn't it?

"I wonder if *any* garden can ever equal the beautiful peace of these scarred battle-fields when the wild flowers and blossoming orchards cover them again? God grant it may be soon! But, dad, I feel so strongly that *peace is very near.*"

The chaplain's eyes were bright with excited anticipation as he laid the letter

down. He could hardly wait to see his daughter and tell her the great news.

A week ago, while spending forty-eight hours' leave with a friend of divinity-school days at his parsonage in a Connecticut village, the chaplain had gone for a walk to the top of a near-by hill, and had chanced upon the house of his dreams. White, and low, and old, it nestled in a sheltered hollow and faced seaward to where the Sound glinted in the sunshine and gulls on flashing wings swooped and quarrelled. And inside, a wide centre hall—just as Rose and he had so often planned! But the miracle—the incredible miracle—had been disclosed when the brass-knobbed door swung back on a square parlor, panelled in white painted wood from floor to ceiling.

The chaplain, remembering Rose's wistful remark, "We *never* can afford the *real*, so we'd better not even think about it," had gasped. "The original panelling?" he had questioned barely above a whisper.

The woman who was showing him over the house and who had told him that the old farm was for sale because a son who had gone West was "doing so well that he wanted the old folks to join him," had nodded disparagingly: "That parlor's just the way great-grandfather built it. We never had the money to make any improvements," she said.

The chaplain, pausing, had visualized the mellow old room when Rose should have installed their household treasures. Her mother's portrait—painted by a great artist in the spontaneous days before fame had claimed (and hampered) him—would hang on the wide panel over the fireplace. On the narrow mantel would stand the ivory carving acquired in Kyoto. There had only been enough money to buy a kimono *or* the carving, and Rose, after a longing glance at the embroidered roses on the delicate silk ground, had chosen the unfading beauty of the Japanese maiden standing on tiptoes to light a fragile ivory lantern—"To guide you safely home when your sea-going days are over, dad," she had interpreted. Then there were the Chinese bronze, the old embroidery, the grooved and fretted Moro bowl—waiting patiently for that long-anticipated home.



And the price named for the house and eight acres of orchard and meadow had been within obtainable reach. The chaplain had paid the first instalment that day.

"It's too good to be true!" the chaplain had whispered, standing in the neglected garden and looking to where the gnarled old apple-trees showed the pink of blossoms against an unclouded sky, and irregular stone fences were silvery gray across the springtime green. From somewhere near a robin had fluttered down and, balancing, had called—and waited—and called again.

That robin was a last drop in the brimming measure of the chaplain's delight and satisfaction. He could hardly wait to tell Rose—

Across his day-dream the increasing noise outside struck sharply. The silvery bugles were very near now and drums added their pulse-like beat. In the passageway the doctor, hurrying past, called cheerily: "Better get up on deck, padre—*they're coming!*"

Quickly the chaplain gathered up the scattered letters into a neat pile and, putting away his books, reached the deck just as the bugles sounded at the pier end and the band swung into position. There was a flash of red, white, and blue as the flag whipped out on the breeze and the color-bearers wheeled into line. Again the bugles, high and clear, sang their overlapping orders; behind the flag, row on row, filling the wide pier with the olive drab of their uniforms, came the men of America's new army, and marched toward the transport, while the band fared cheerfully into the music of "The Long Trail."

The doctor and the chaplain watched the lines of soldiers advance and divide. At the foot of the gangways, sailors, stationed there, threw around each soldier's neck a cord, to which was attached a card bearing the number of that soldier's compartment, his bunk, and his food-station. Also certain instructions for troops.

At the top of the gangways naval officers waited and, when one hundred and fifty soldiers had gathered, led them to the compartment assigned. And all the time the band played steadily the songs of the old and new armies: "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Tipperary," "Good-bye, Dolly Gray," "Sons of America,"

"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," "There'll Be a Hot Time," and "Over There."

For two hours the monotonous tramp of marching feet continued, broken only by the occasional soldier who lost step smuggling some favorite animal aboard. "When all those felines get shaken down and feel at home, we will wake up some night and imagine that the ship has sprouted a back fence," remarked the doctor, as he observed the struggles of one youthful soldier and a large, unabashed, and needlessly conspicuous gray cat.

"He's hungry—so am I!" volunteered the boy.

So were all of them. Hardly were they aboard when they became one vociferous, empty interrogation-point. The tugs, puffing and shrieking alongside, assailed ears that were deaf to all sound but the impending mess-call. Lined up, their mess-gear in hand, they were conscious that the ship moved—and did not care when, promptly at noon, more than a dozen modern cafeterias broke all speed records in serving food to the long lines of marching men. Thousands of soldiers were fed in less than twenty minutes.

In the ward-room the executive officer took his seat at one end of the lengthened table and smiled at the chaplain, far away at the foot. "Our family's grown, padre," he called cheerfully. "Feel as though I were looking at you through the wrong end of a telescope!"

The army officers commanding the regiments aboard joined in the conversation gradually. Slowly there came the hum of the engines—the transport was under way.

When the chaplain joined the officers in the ward-room for breakfast the next morning the transport was well out to sea and already, among the thousands of men aboard, an organization for efficiency in the daily routine, and in case of emergency, was being perfected. The chaplain, returning to his cabin, heard the army officers explaining to their men the need of cleanliness. "They were not to add to the work of the transport's crew by throwing anything on the decks. And nothing was to be thrown overboard, for fear of leaving a trail by which an ene-



my's submarine could track them over the road of the sea. Every compartment must be ready to bear inspection at all times."

The chaplain finished reading the lesson for the day just as the bugle sounded "quarters," and he lined up with the other naval officers who handed the report for their divisions to the executive officer, and accounted for such sailors as were absent in the sick-bay or the brig. The chaplain, having no department, merely answered, "At quarters, sir," when his turn came. ("I'm always glad to know that you haven't fallen overboard, padre," the executive had jocularly remarked when, at different times, the chaplain had absent-mindedly forgotten "quarters.")

This finished, the chaplain started on his rounds. The sick-bay harbored three patients, and the chaplain spent an argumentative hour discussing the Red Sox's last game. Perhaps because he had been a well-known athlete during his college days, his reign as umpire of games between the baseball and football teams of rival ships had outlasted that of many less-qualified judges, particularly as the chaplain had acquired the necessary boon of deafness during certain hotly contested crises.

"I guess it's lucky that I really don't understand *what* they *are* yelling, sometimes," the chaplain explained apologetically to the executive, who was only too glad to enlist "the padre's" assistance in dealing with a certain type of sullen trouble-maker. It was an unusual brand of moodiness that could withstand a boxing-bout with the chaplain, who staged his performance on the hilarious lower deck.

Outside, as he left the sick-bay, he stopped to watch a company of soldiers who were taking instruction in the adjustment and use of life-preservers, and smiled to see one intent lad seriously considering their adaptability to his feet.

"That attempt to stand on the water never gets outlawed," mused the chaplain, edging his way past a group that were busily engaged in preparing a mountainous heap of vegetables for dinner.

The brig was sparsely tenanted; the chaplain, after a short talk with the sailor there, found the trouble to be one of misunderstanding rather than the apparently deliberate intention of wrong-doing. A

few moments' conversation with the executive released the prisoner and returned him to the busy deck, where lookouts were being selected and instructed, boat drills carried forward, meals being prepared, watches arranged, and cleaning and scrubbing always under way.

On deck, as the soldiers lined up for mess-call, some one started a song. Around the ship it swept from one group to another; a second and third song followed until the opening of the cafeterias made a vitally important and serious interruption.

At the ward-room luncheon-table the chaplain found himself precipitated into a discussion on the nationality of religions and was promptly appealed to for a decision. "I didn't hear the first of this," he apologized.

An army officer leaned forward: "I started it, sir, with a story that one of the English naval officers in Washington told me. It was about sending church-parties ashore from their ships when they are in port, and he said: 'So, on Sunday morning, when the ship's company was mustered, I called out, "Church of England, fall in on the right! Catholic Church, fall in on the left! Fancy religions, fall in at the rear!" and still there were three men left over. "Why didn't you fall in?" I demanded. "We didn't know where we belonged," one of them answered, and added: "We're Mormons!"

"Did you ever hear such cheeky beggars? "Mormons!" I told them. "Well, if that isn't fancy I don't know what is." And then he asked me: 'It's an American religion purely, isn't it?'"

"Is it, padre?" called several voices. But the chaplain laughed and denied any information on the subject.

"If there's one person in the world that doesn't know anything about fancy religion it's the padre," affirmed the executive warmly, and added to the army officer next him: "The chaplain's the finest sportsman I know—with all a sportsman's intolerance of cowards or sneaks."

After luncheon he spent two busy hours giving out books from the library, answering questions about new regulations, compulsory and voluntary allotments, and explaining the new war-insurance act.

"Of course I know it's good," he as-



sured a cautious sailor. "I wouldn't sleep so well at night if I didn't know that, in case anything happens to me, I've taken out enough insurance to give my daughter a start."

Later the chaplain had his first intimate view of the soldiers, who when not busy spent their time on deck. Shyly he approached them, wondering if they were discussing the hardships they would bear, the sacrifices they must make, the battles in which, no doubt, some of them would lay down their lives.

But no! The conversations swung from the dignitaries of their little home towns to the leading characters in the latest Broadway shows; from the description of a closely contested polo-match to the grim details of a coal-mine accident; from the account of the escapades of a college fraternity's hazing delegates to a laconic outline of the experiences of a band of prospectors during a desert sand-storm.

The chaplain went from group to group of the heterogeneous crowd who, in response to the call of their country, had put on the khaki or the blue. There were men from all the professions; there were multimillionaires and laborers; country lads who had never seen more water than flows through a farmyard pasture; adventurers who had voyaged on all the Seven Seas; men from little hamlets; others, familiar with the great cities of every continent; men speaking three or four languages, and others who could scarcely achieve understandable English.

"It's amazing!" mused the chaplain, searching about for lonely or homesick-looking boys—in need of cheering.

Later he drifted into the daily moving-picture show and viewed the hair-raising episodes of a modern cinema courtship. This reel was followed by a film depicting the visit by a murderously inclined tramp to a lonely house, where a lady in evening dress, after a heartrending scene with her mercenary and nomadic cook, faced the very long, very dark night unprotected. When this was finished the chaplain thankfully moved outside and enjoyed a few moments of unalloyed gratitude for the kindly fate that permitted him to pursue a quiet and peaceful life aboard the transports traversing the war zone.

"There's nothing for me to do here," decided the chaplain. "Guess I'll tackle some of those letters."

But before he sat down at his desk he paused a second. Far away—he saw a low white house facing seaward—and an orchard where robins called—from blossoming apple-trees. The chaplain was growing old—and Rose—and home, and happiness—beckoned enticingly.

Long afterward, looking back over the events of that voyage, the chaplain remembered with curious clearness that each lesson for the day had seemed, with a strange insistence, to sound a note of warning. Almost monotonously the old prophets called across the centuries their messages against the futility of human hopes and plans. Ezekiel—that "son of man" from whom the desire of his eyes was taken at a single stroke; Isaiah—Hosea—and each day he read the lesson for Sunday, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, with its supplication: "And when thou hearest, forgive." But he went his unheeding way.

His hours were crowded with varied duties. He was, to the crew, an encyclopædia of information on all sorts of subjects, and already he was scheduled to preside at several weddings and christenings when the ship should be in port, after the return voyage. He taught a school for those desiring to attend; he gave short talks on French history, and his voluntary audiences soon outgrew the quarters assigned; he held a Bible class. And the letters received from the relatives of soldiers on the day the transport sailed must be answered and, when the voyage was over, the sentence added: "To-day I saw your boy, well and happy, land, and march away upon the soil of France." Meanwhile the busy hours sped by; the end of the journey was near.

Sunday morning found the transport on the edge of the war zone, and, even as the bugler sounded church-call, the lookouts were trebled and gunners took their places at the loaded guns.

On the quarter-deck row after row of mess-benches filled the entire space; chairs, for the captain and officers, stood at right angles, facing the improvised al-



tar—a table, covered with an altar-cloth, and holding a brass cross. Behind it, against the bulkhead, was draped an American flag; in front of the altar, to the right, was the pulpit; to the left the portable organ.

Promptly, in answer to the bugle-call, a steady stream of soldiers and sailors came from all directions, until every foot of available space was filled. The captain and officers took their places; a master-at-arms reported all aft, and the chaplain, stepping to the pulpit, gave out the hymn. It was an old hymn, and they sang it vigorously—thousands of boyish voices ringing out across the serene, sunshiny sea. The lesson for the day emphasized the general peacefulness. It was Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple—that prayer with an almost bell-like refrain: "Forgive, forgive, forgive."

There followed another hymn; then the chaplain read the text and commenced his sermon. It was very little like a sermon ashore; no tinge of "fancy religion" colored the plain, straightforward discourse. The chaplain had been dealing with enlisted men for years; he knew their problems and their temptations, as well as their tendencies toward certain mistakes, and watching their intent faces, he knew when a remark went home—as he warned, explained, rebuked, in words of incontrovertible simplicity. And in closing he spoke of courage—that high, clear answer to the call of duty which has nothing in common with bravado or excitement or the enthusiasms that are so often only imitative.

The service ended with the singing of the national anthem.

During the last verse commotion spread among the men nearest the rail, and, even as the chaplain pronounced the benediction, "The peace of God—which passeth all understanding—" an orderly waited impatiently to report to the captain, "Convoy of destroyers sighted, sir!" and the men crowded to get a view of the slim, knife-bowed greyhounds advancing, with amazing rapidity, on the scent of trouble. Swiftly they came, swept in a wide circle, and fell in their places, passing so close that as they swung into formation the chaplain, going to his cabin, overheard a junior naval officer on the

transport—under cover of the soldier's cheering—warily hail a chum on the bridge of the nearest destroyer: "Hi, Muggy! Made a special trip to Philadelphia to see your new son! Looks like you—but maybe he'll outgrow it!"

That night every one aboard the transport was ordered to sleep in their clothes and to wear life-preservers, and in the passages dim blue lights marked, at rare intervals, the turns or ladders.

But in the morning land was in sight—and later a port in France; a great, cheering crowd; the excited confusion of the soldiers, packing; good-bys; a stone pier; the lowered gangways; once more the monotonous tramp of feet, this time turned shoreward—and over all the sprightly cheerfulness of the band, the call of bugles. The voyage was over.

The chaplain, after numberless good wishes and a lengthy stand at the rail watching the protracted disembarkation, turned tiredly away as the last row of olive-drab uniforms disappeared between the cheering crowds up the old street.

Already the tide of cargo was turning again toward the ship; some mail-bags were coming aboard, and the chaplain, remembering Rose's promised letter or message, hailed the passing orderly.

"Why, yes, sir," the sailor answered. "I couldn't find you, so I left a telegram in your cabin, about five minutes ago."

Joyously the chaplain hurried to get it. He had forgotten, in the depression of seeing the young soldiers go ashore, that his daughter was so near. Perhaps the despatch would tell him that, in a few hours, he would see Rose and tell her of the old house, the panelled parlor, the blossoming orchard where robins sang. When the war was over, there need be no delay in hanging the portrait over the fireplace and domiciling the white chickens.

But first, perhaps, they might have a vacation together in Paris, if Rose could get away. There were pictures and statues to see; churches and tombs to visit; a present to be bought. Rose's twenty-fourth birthday was next week, and even in war times wrist-watches must be for sale in Paris. She didn't care for jewelry—but a watch was different.

And if she couldn't get away he must find how to get to her, for, after all, that



was the main thing. Outside, the executive officer, hurrying past, called, "Good luck—and a good time, padre," as the chaplain tore open the envelope and read the message.

Long afterward—when he raised his head—and faced the future, the years stretched grayly beyond. There would be no old house looking seaward—no fireplace with a portrait above it. A robin had flown with the unreturning spring. And Rose—with the bright hair—the deft fingers so quick to aid the sick or suffering—the happy spirit that answered so readily to laughter or tears—crushed into silence.

The German aviators had struck their target under the Red Cross flag.

For every human being there is some key that unlocks the gates of memory. It may be the vagrant scent of lilies; a bar of music; the aching grind of car-

wheels; the intonation of a voice; the earliest call of a bird across the dawn; the sight of rain-soaked, wind-blown lilacs; the lilt of an old song; the grim smell of hospital waiting-rooms—and behold! the gates swing back on the garden of memory, dream-heavy days of other years, and the drenching radiance of the light that never was.

For the chaplain it is the sight of blue smoke from the chimneys of small homes and the words of a chapter in Kings—Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple—with its lovely, bell-like refrain. In the chaplain's work it recurs at intervals as part of the lesson for the day, and he reads the stately measured words in a level, emotionless voice.

Statesmen may decide what constitutes victory and reparation; when and where flags may float and what they shall signify to brave and honest men; but one flag and the soldiers who serve under it the chaplain will never forgive.

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## COMPLINE

By Georgiana Goddard King

WHEN in my bed myself I lay  
 I have not bent my head to pray  
 For all on whom dim trouble lies,  
 Or give God thanks for streams and skies;  
 But with hands folded on my breast  
 And thought a moment laid at rest,  
 —Like saint who every night will sign  
 On brow and bosom the cross divine,  
 So I, with inward peace the same,  
 Say twice or thrice a single name  
 Then add: Dear heart, this farther day  
 That's passed since in your arms I lay  
 Falls not aside, a pebble cast  
 To swell the cairn above our past;  
 Nay, goes to build the palace wide  
 In which our dreams together bide,  
 Fond stewards! who but occupy  
 Till the glad hour when thou and I  
 Through sunrise and through sunset's doors  
 Treading its so-long-yearned-for floors  
 Sleep in the fragrant halls thereof  
 With but one guest, and that third, Love.



# THE FUTURE OF THE WOUNDED SOLDIER

By Allan McLane Hamilton, M.D.



It is a long call from the crude methods of the great Ambrose Paré to the surgical wonders of the recent war. Until 1536, when Paré became personal surgeon to the Maréchal Monté-Jan, all dangerous complications of wounds were believed to be due to a poison generated by the combustion and contamination of gunpowder, and the customary barbarous attempt at that time was to pour boiling oil over the bleeding parts, which were afterward seared with red-hot irons to stop the hemorrhage. With the coming of Paré all this was changed; arteries were for the first time ligated, and crude measures of cleanliness were adopted.

Paré's experience extended over many years, and he lived until eighty, surviving the siege of Paris by Henry IV. To him is due much that has been adopted or rediscovered by modern surgeons; it even appears that the "shell-shock" of this war was described by him, for in 1545 he pictured the nervous condition that was caused by "the wind of a cannon-shot." Since his day surgery has made mighty strides and protéan changes have taken place. Within the past half-century (thanks to the help, first of antiseptic and later to aseptic methods—the first consisting of the free use of germ-destroying agents and the latter depending upon the taking of protective precautions which diminished the risk of infection) the danger has been reduced to a minimum, and in the best hospitals septic accidents are less than three per cent. All manner of hitherto perilous measures are now undertaken with impunity, and radical operations, which perhaps consist in freely opening up the great internal cavities of the body and removing important organs, are successfully undertaken even by the country doctor. As an instance of progress the Cæsarean operation, which was responsible for the safe and unusual entry of Julius Cæsar into the world, and which until a few years ago was regarded

as a surgical curiosity, is now every day performed to save the lives of the mother and unborn child, and with the happiest results.

Modern surgery, then, really begins with the invention and use of the means for destroying certain bacteria and preventing inflammation in what is known as "aseptic surgical technique," and by helping the white corpuscles of the blood, which are known as *phagocytes*, to destroy virulent poisons secreted by these bacteria, such efforts being often seconded by the administration of special vaccines or sera.

With this advanced knowledge of the requirements of his work, the surgeon who entered the recent great war gets altogether different results than his father or grandfather, who were called upon professionally to care for the wounded men of the Civil War, whose injuries were altogether different in a large proportion of cases. Surgical knowledge then, measured by present standards, was most primitive, and tens of thousands of men were lost who might have been saved by the advanced methods of to-day. No effective or conservative reconstruction existed, and the number of surviving crippled and useless men was enormous. It is estimated that in the War of the Rebellion from twenty-five to fifty per cent of the wounded were irrecoverable, while it is stated upon good authority that in the recent great conflict those who survived the first day mostly recovered. At least ninety to ninety-five per cent did, and the Germans claimed that ninety per cent of their wounded were able to go back and fight within a month or six weeks. The death-rate from preventable disease was in the recent struggle greatly diminished, thanks to inoculation and other sanitary safeguards. In the war of the sixties more than half the deaths were due to disease. Instead of the streets, chronic hospitals, soldiers' homes, and workhouses being filled with deformed and indigent victims, intelligent and ad-



vanced means of restoration and well-thought-out schemes have been devised to make new men of them, and reference to these will later be made; but first we are concerned with the steps undertaken by the surgeon to correct immediate defects and physical handicaps.

#### NEW BONES FOR OLD

Before the year 1914 there was a *renaissance* which was shown in making men over and correcting deformities due to disease of the bony framework of the body; in other words, hunchbacks and others of the kind were made straight. An American surgeon named Albee at this early date found it actually possible to remove large pieces of bone from one place and transplant them elsewhere, to take the place of destroyed and unserviceable bones, and he found that they would take root and grow, fulfilling the offices of the missing fragments. Nothing more striking could illustrate this than the substitution of vertebra and straightening of the spinal column. Albee's usual plan was to take pieces from the front part of one or both *tibiae*, which are the heavy bones of the leg. In the recent war his discoveries and suggestions have been amplified so that in many instances where bones have been shattered or are almost altogether missing, the substitution of new bone is possible. This surgeon and others have even gone so far as actually to replace a broken and useless lower jaw by a piece of rib—a seeming miracle that has its inspiration in the twenty-first and twenty-second verses of the second chapter of Genesis, which recounts the first surgical operation leading to the anatomical and vital origin of our first mother—Eve. The utilization of bone-grafting is possible, and is also easily made when considerable portions of the long bones of the upper or lower extremities have disappeared, or even, it is said, to make new ends or heads for these important parts, so that articulation is obtained. It really bids fair to be a great discovery—if not as important as any in recent years. By means of the X-ray one can see the exquisitely delicate process that takes place when the shin-bone is deprived of its anterior part and reconstructs itself, the same process taking

place where the distant graft has been made. In an exceedingly readable article by Sir Robert Jones he says: "To watch these grafts gradually obeying nature's law, by adapting themselves to the work of restoration, was very interesting. Thus in one case, when the whole length of the shaft of a boy's shin had been destroyed by acute inflammation, the bone was replaced by a strip cut from the opposite shin. This was laid in between the muscles of the original bone. The muscles grew into it and gradually began to use it as a purchase point from which to exert their active force in moving the foot. It was interesting to watch, in successive X-ray pictures, the gradual thickening of the bone, and how it slowly began to assume its duties and functions, proving that the bone-cells build new bone to meet emergencies."

#### THE ART OF BUILDING FACES

The writer well remembers the clumsy attempts at plastic surgery undertaken nearly fifty years ago at the old New York Hospital by the then venerable Doctor Gurdon Buck, who contrived, by taking a heart-shaped flap of skin from the forehead and twisting it and attaching it to a "freshened" surface on the face, to make a new nose, but with indifferent artistic success. Later came skin-grafting for burns, and still later a variety of measures of reparative surgery of a more important kind. Marvellous results have lately followed the reconstruction of the face by means of the transplantation of bone and cartilage as well as skin. The horrible deformities that have followed extensive destruction of the face by wounds of great magnitude and extent were at first the despair of surgeons and the cause of mental agony upon the part of the patient himself. Instances are even recorded where horror-stricken wives have deserted the hideously disfigured soldier-husbands who have returned to their homes, and hopeless and half-crazed men, after looking upon their own awful faces in the mirror, have committed suicide. Now all is different.

Of course the process of repair is a difficult and protracted one, but is carefully carried out with the help of a sculptor, who first makes a careful mask from



a photograph and measurements, which serves as a guide for the surgeon. After the patient is fully anæsthetized, pieces of ribs are obtained from his own body and dissected out to replace the jaws and various bony eminences that have disappeared; cartilage is obtained for the nose, and an extensive area of skin is detached from the chest and neck with apertures made for eyes, nostrils, and mouth, and this is used to cover the newly constructed face, and then after the sunken parts have been built up with solidified paraffin, the bones and cartilage being *in situ*, the skin is twisted and applied over all, and soon circulation of blood is established, nutrition goes on, and after a few months the reconstructed man is ready to have a fresh photograph taken, which depicts him as a fairly presentable and often good-looking person. Of course all the cases are not as serious as that just described, for minor areas of destruction are repaired by smaller flaps of skin obtained from the cheeks or forehead.

This is the acme of cosmetic surgery, and calls for all the delicate skill of the trained operator, who must also possess a familiarity with tissue changes. This latter knowledge of histological and biological development is that which has so much contributed to the success of Doctor Joseph A. Blake, now at the head of the Red Cross Hospital in Paris. During all the slow processes of manipulation many complications are to be feared, among them sloughing of tissue and the formation of sinuses, but the results as a rule are wonderful.

#### REPAIRING THE NERVES AND MUSCLES

Again it has been found perfectly possible to join the ends of severed nerve-trunks, so that the function of paralyzed muscles or insensible skin may be restored. Motion and sensation may in this way be brought again into existence, and the patient made to feel and to execute ordinary acts. Large sections of nerve-trunks may even be replaced by the aid of animal contributors. When this juncture or supply of nerves is impossible, it has been found that the tendons of certain unaffected muscles may be twisted and attached to others at a distance that

are concerned in the mechanical operation of important parts. For instance, when the great nerve in the shoulder known as the musculospiral is hopelessly injured, the muscles that extend or lift the hand are permanently paralyzed, and a loss of power and deformity known as "drop wrist" results, which is distressingly incapacitating, as the individual cannot raise his hand, nor can he lift his wrist or straighten his thumb or fingers. Now if the tendons of the counteracting or opposing muscles—the flexors—are utilized and attached to the distal extensor tendon after being twisted so that they play over the back of the forearm, instead of on the other aspect, which is the normal one, the subject will get very good use of his hand and fingers.

The same procedure is of avail in the lower extremity, where the muscles that are uninjured may be transplanted and attached to tendons of paralyzed muscles, and in both instances subsequent training will result in an attainment of function which is sometimes almost perfect. This training requires great patience and care, for not only do the muscles require friction and massage, but a tactful appeal to the will-power of the crippled man, as well as the development of motor impulses and co-ordinating ability and the actual re-education of the brain. Even when these aids to restored function are successfully made, the duty of the surgeon does not end, for there must be prolonged training of the reconstructed tissues. A muscle newly utilized in the manner stated above can be made to do things it never did before, but the patient must be taught to cerebrated and co-ordinate for the freshly acquired tasks. A muscle that has hitherto been concerned in flexing the fingers, as Sir Robert Jones has shown, must be taught to extend them. New impulses must come from nerve-cells in the brain, and "nerve-cells will learn to send messages to the muscles in their new work, and a new limb, as it were, will be created."

What is known as "adaptive growth" is a term applied to the regaining or substitution of function dependent upon this kind of patient training, which develops that great natural law that "all living tissues," whether animal or plant, "adapt



themselves to the work they have to do." When mutilated or incapacitated, with the aid of nature man will surely, unless entirely deprived of an important organ, reconstruct himself so as to meet the new conditions.

For many years neurologists have seen the practical results of re-education in paralysis, locomotor ataxia, various cramps and other disorders of motility, and this enumeration does not include the important subject of speech defects which belong to aphasia. In all the motor disabilities, if the patient has a mental image of what he has done when whole, and what he is to do, the road to recovery will be an easy one and will result in his rehabilitation.

#### HOSPITALS, SURGEONS, AND NURSES

Hospital care at the front, it need hardly be said, is full of difficulties, because of the constant danger, the hurry, and the uncertainty of supplies, not to mention the extreme difficulty of securing cleanliness. It is indeed a wonder that in roughly constructed buildings, dugouts, or converted ruins, the results are so good. Heroic measures have been found to be necessary, and the more delicate forms of procedure in vogue in hospitals in peace times, or far behind the firing-lines, are out of the question; so when gross wounds exist, with much destruction of tissue, with consequent danger of infection, it has been advisable to remove large masses of injured muscle, so that clean surfaces are left and, thanks to irrigation by the wonderful solution of Dakin, or even flushing with pure sterilized water, recovery is not only rapid but the time of the healing process is capable of accurate and precise determination. Besides all, the immediate use of special sera has reduced the danger of tetanus, or lock-jaw, or gas gangrene, to a minimum.

In the many large hospitals out of the danger zone very elaborate reconstructive operations are daily performed by the best available surgeons, and those of the Harvard units at Etaples and elsewhere are doing good work. When the writer was in England in 1914-15 the facilities for taking care of the wounded were insufficient, there being a base hospital only at Boulogne, and the naval and army hos-

pitals already in existence were crowded. To-day there are nearly one hundred large hospitals, while in the United States, since the war began, no less than fifty general and debarkation hospitals have been provided, besides those in existence before the war. In addition to these, numerous institutions for the care of "shell-shock" cases and those of insanity are in full operation. About twenty per cent of all the doctors in the United States enlisted as military surgeons. At first there was some confusion and some rigorous intensive and not altogether pleasant training for well-known medical men of age and distinguished position, who from motives of the highest patriotism had given up enormous incomes from civil practice to join the colors. These were trained like the most ordinary "rookie"; made to clean their barracks and empty latrines, were taken upon long hikes, and generally bullied by some tyrannical non-com. At that time men with special scientific equipment were not utilized as they have since been. At one time a surgeon of international reputation was engaged in caring for the minor ailments of women and children at several large camps, and had little or no opportunity for the exercise of his great talents. One bright young man in Kentucky who was allotted to ordinary camp work, and who was a clever bacteriologist, examined two thousand drafted men who had been rejected for alleged tuberculosis and found that they all had hook-worm disease, and after a treatment of a few weeks were saved for the army and sent to fight in Flanders. Later the surgeon-general's office found itself, and things moved more swiftly.

Great credit is due to the small contingent of surgeons who went to Europe before April, 1917, and entered the British service. Such men as Harvey Cushing, the two Cabots, George Brewer, Eugene Poole, Foster Kennedy, and others, left lucrative practices and important interests here, and worked hard. Too much praise cannot be given to the many good and competent nurses who flocked over to do their part. In the beginning it was found most difficult to secure nurses. From England went many notoriety-seeking women with no ex-



perience, who flirted with the wounded officers and smoked cigarettes in the wards, until driven out and shipped back home. Nowadays all is different, for capable and self-denying nurses had been trained, and have suffered the dangers and discomforts at the front without a murmur.

The importance of good nursing has been recognized by all of us, and Doctor H. S. Souttar, in his book, "A Surgeon in Belgium," says: "I would rather have a good nurse than a good physician, if I were so unfortunate as to have to make the choice. A surgeon is a dangerous fellow and must be treated with respect. But as a rule the physician gives his blessing, the surgeon does his operation, but it is the nurse who does the work." This enthusiastic utterance does not underrate the importance of after-care, not only of the wounded man immediately after the receipt of injury, but later when his physical or mental condition needs her attention. In this work, as well as that of reconstruction, the valuable helper is the sensible, patient, and tactful woman, and not the one who is self-conscious, superficial, and obstinate. Attempts have recently been made to teach nurses how to become psychiatrists, but a little knowledge improperly used is worse than none at all, and the capacity for harm in a mental case especially is very great. Physicians have no use for self-sufficient amateurs.

#### "SHELL-SHOCK" AND OTHER SHOCK

The writer was in London on the Sunday when the retreat from Mons took place. No one in that great and orderly city seemed to realize that in a region less than two hundred miles away their own army was in danger of extermination, and no one except one man—Mr. Asquith—knew of the horrors of the terrible and overwhelming onrush of the German forces, which was speedily checked, but with such awful consequences. It was very soon, however, when wounded, shocked, and dazed men slowly found their way back to England, and the peculiar psychic state of the English and French soldiers was known. We then heard authentic stories of the temporary débâcle that had taken place—of whole

battalions of English troops suddenly stricken deaf and dumb or even blind; of curious mental states of a hysterical nature, of actual insanity, and of vague psychoneuroses for the first time called "shell-shock." I soon recognized many of these cases as old friends, for at home I had found identical symptoms in persons who had experienced the horrors of railway accidents or sudden great mental shock of other kinds, and saw at first nothing distinctive in their expressions of nervous derangement; but what impressed me most was the epidemic of imitative psychic exaltation that was manifested in the form of hallucination: The stories, well authenticated, of the French soldiers who saw a troop of avenging angels in the sky, headed by the Archangel Michael, who blinded the horses of the Teutonic host so that they threw their riders and saved the day; some saw Jeanne d'Arc, and all were keyed up to a pitch of neurotic tension.

For months after this I met returned soldiers who suffered from the temporary or even permanent effects of this kind of shock, and to-day, in England and elsewhere, there are many enduring examples of deaf-mutism, hysterical blindness, and psychoses developed in those men with predisposition.

"Shell-shock" is, with many psychiatrists, an unreliable term, for it may have nothing whatever to do with shells. It may be due to intense fright, to repeated emotional elation or depression, anger or the suppression of fear, or depression and anxiety from a dread of being thought to be afraid. In seventy per cent of the cases there has been no antecedent history of mental weakness, and in the remaining thirty per cent a definite history of predisposition has been elicited.

The French medical men consider this curious mental state always due to hysteria, or, as Babinski calls it, *Pithiatism* (from *πειθω* = *I persuade*) and (*ιαρός* = *curable*), with reference to its disappearance under proper psychopathic treatment. This form can be cured speedily by all forms of suggestion, including hypnotism or persuasion (counter-suggestion).

Its manifestations consist of such protean symptoms as palsies, loss of sensation to painful impressions (analgesia),



mutism, deafness, blindness, vomiting, loss of memory, somnambulism, various obsessions and fears (phobias), and a number of heart symptoms.

The term *cafard* has been recently applied to a form of war-psychosis where an intense loss of will-power is associated with the appearance of supposed shamming. There is also much physical exhaustion, which is supposed to be due either to a failure of the adrenal glands situated above the kidneys or a lowering of tone of that division of the sympathetic nervous system known as the splanchnic.

It is never directly due to gas-poisoning, but the fear of this form of attack is a contributing factor.

But there are two forms of so-called "shell-shock"—one of the nature just described, and the other far more serious, as Foster Kennedy has pointed out, and this latter is expressed by organic paralysis such as myelitis or inflammation of the spinal cord, and is due to actual concussion. W. T. Porter, of the Rockefeller Institute, has investigated and described a still more serious form of shock that follows extensive crushing wounds especially of the thigh-bones, which liberates small particles of fat from the contained marrow of the bones, and these getting into the circulation plug up the minute arteries so that the blood remains in the great veins. Collapse and death usually follow in a short time, and so, although a theoretical method of treatment has been suggested by its discoverer, it has so far been inefficacious.

The management of the patients of the first kind is now less difficult than in the beginning, and it is possible by various means to rapidly cure many. Much conflict of opinion has arisen as to what should be done, for all the cases vary in origin and expression, and cannot be helped by any routine treatment. As has been said, hypnotic suggestion, persuasion, the method of inducing the patient to talk freely, and known technically as mental "catharsis"; or again diversion, occupation, or isolation are all suitable in different cases.

One dumb soldier was taken to see a Charlie Chaplin movie film, and immediately burst into laughter and spoke for the first time in months; another man

who was hysterically blind recovered his vision when he accidentally fell into a pond, and others recovered after vivid dreams; in fact, the curious and sudden amelioration or disappearance of symptoms is familiar to those persons who have treated the hysterical in civil life long before the war. Cases of "shell-shock" have been cured in two weeks, and if the treatment be undertaken sufficiently early, the man may be returned to duty in from three to six months.

#### UPON FINDING AN OCCUPATION

In other days the earnest of full effort consisted in keeping the wounded soldier alive and ultimately turning him out to make his way in the great world as best he could. The aim now is, by the surgical and other means just enumerated, to save the crippled body and restore its functions, and to provide occupation and a trade, so that he may not be a burden upon the community, but will remain a self-respecting and self-supporting individual. More than one observer has shown that if the discharged man is encouraged to believe that he will be provided for without any effort on his part, and will get a pension and therefore need not work unless he so chooses, he will soon relapse into idleness and mendacity, will cumber the earth and be in every way an unproductive person.

In no cases do we see the evil of this resignation and lazy martyrdom as in those who suffer from so-called "shell-shock" or mental perversion, and familiar instances are met with in litigants in railway accidents. In these a rapid cure is usually brought about by a favorable verdict or as soon as a settlement of the case is reached—one way or the other.

Some countries do not give a pension at once, but require the wounded man to undergo a certain amount of reconstructive training, and in England this has worked out very well, the morale of the soldier being greatly improved. No longer shall we see mutilated beggars on the street corners playing upon hand-organs or holding their hats for alms as in the past. I once knew a veteran of the Civil War who had undergone a serious operation upon the skull, with the substitution of a silver plate in his head where bone had been. His condition at



this time was so unique and his political importance as a "heeler" so great, that he not only received an extravagantly large pension, but continued to turn a neat sum by exhibiting his head to medical students and to frequenters of the numerous barrooms which he haunted. He was an able-bodied man and capable of great physical endurance and effort, but was nevertheless a hopeless and lazy fraud.

For the making over of wounded men repair should begin at the bedside, and the subjects should be taught to do useful things which at first require little effort. Sewing and embroidery now in use are not the occupations of men, but typewriting, designing, and the use of light tools in manufacturing leather and other goods are ways of not only keeping the soldier busy, but taking his mind from his troubles, and may be the beginning of a profitable occupational career.

In Great Britain at an early period of the war returned and wounded soldiers were given the chance to learn and take up useful trades and forms of employment. It appears that 358,160 officers and men were discharged and pensioned from 1914 to May, 1918, and that they were trained from one to two weeks to one to two years, and could in measure at least support themselves in one hundred and thirty-five available occupations. These included agriculture and horticulture, poultry-farming, bee-keeping, carpentry, boot-making, tailoring, motor-tractor work, electrical engineering, switchboard and telephone work, chemistry and prescription dispensing, textile processes and power-loom work, cinematography, tram-car driving, diamond-cutting, commercial work, oil-can making, glass and lamp blowing, dental mechanics, furniture-making, watch and clock repairing, plumbing, basket-making, mine operating, bookbinding, salesmanship, hotel work, and many others; all of the art and trade schools, as well as private factories, electrical works, municipal plants, electrical and telephone exchanges, motor-car builders, hotels and various public institutions, being open to them; in fact, the long list of occupational opportunities were inviting and suited all kinds of disability.

Those engaged in restoring the lost

working ability of the maimed and crippled have done excellent work all over the world. In France, especially, we find the invention and provision of ingenious apparatus instead of artificial limbs of a more pretentious kind, which latter are as a rule kept for show, and these are to be attached to the stumps of amputated legs or arms, and terminate in a species of "chuck" or holding appliance with which a tool or agricultural implement can be grasped or affixed, and the method has been called *prosthesis*.

For useful as well as artistic display, artificial limbs, almost lifelike in operation, have been invented, and are reserved for hours of recreation or Sunday use, or are worn by those engaged in light work like typewriting or in commercial pursuits. The prosthetic appliance, however, remains as the most serviceable and rough-and-ready aid to hard work, and all have a special adaptation.

The recent war has also resulted in a decided improvement in the methods of amputation, which in other days were crude and undertaken without any adequate idea of fitting artificial limbs or the saving of the possible utility of the tendons or muscles above the point of amputation. Thanks to the surgeons of Italy, a method has been devised by which certain tendons were left and healed in such a way that button or loop-like projections were left that could, by means of pulleys, actuate artificial limbs, desired movements being obtained by little effort. It is true that the old peg-leg exists that is so familiar to those who wander through seaport towns or look upon old-fashioned prints, but this is bound in time to disappear or be worn only in emergencies. The post-bellum restoration of every kind bids fair then to make life vastly more endurable for the men who have so bravely fought for honor, decency, and freedom; and in their own efforts at adjustment to the new life they will be looked upon as heroes, encouraged and always tactfully helped, and their own consciousness of what they did to win the war will go far to minimize their disability, which happily, by the intelligence of the many workers in the field, is made less than it has ever been in any great preceding war. *Qui facit per alium facit per se.*



# CONFIDENCE

By Carroll K. Michener

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER



JORRIS, planting flower seeds in his eight-by-ten "garden" at the rear of the flat-building, did not see the girl as she rested her pint of milk and paper of doughnuts on the gate-post and paused to watch him. He was an odd chap; somewhat seedy, too, especially in his present costume of frayed trousers held up by uncertain suspenders. His shoes were broken and his flannel shirt was torn at the sleeves. The girl smiled a little, as most of the flat-dwellers did when they saw him indulging in his hobby. She rustled the doughnut parcel, but even that did not attract his attention. Then she spoke to him.

"Phlox, aren't they?" she asked, referring to the flower seeds.

The gardener looked up without changing the stooped position of his body, glanced at her briefly, and then went on planting.

"No," he answered, as if dismissing the subject. "They're cosmos."

The girl flushed, not at the error, but at the rebuff, and, picking up the milk and the doughnuts, passed on toward the back door of the flat-building.

The gardener, having finished planting his cosmos, looked up again and caught sight of her just as she entered the door. Not until that moment had he given a thought to the matter of her identity.

"Girl who thumps the piano—third floor—directly overhead," he thought, as if he were classifying and card-indexing her. "Not a girl, though. She must be all of twenty-eight."

The gardener went on with his digging, and the girl climbed three flights of stairs, deposited her purchases in the kitchenette, then drew a chair in front of the window and sat where she could see the garden-plot.

"Who is that funny man?" she called to her mother in the next room.

"What man, my dear?"

"The one who's always grubbing about down there in the back yard where the ash-cans used to be."

"Oh, the bachelor on the floor below us. They say he works for a newspaper—at night. Isn't it a pity he doesn't marry and settle down? Why will men act that way?"

"I don't know," laughed the girl—who really was not a girl, after all, but was fully twenty-eight, as the bachelor had observed. "Perhaps I'd better ask him."

The laugh scarcely lifted the corners of her lips, and presently, as a certain thought came to her, all mirth left them.

"I guess I'd better not," she amended. "He might ask me the same question by way of reply."

There was bitterness in her voice.

"Hannah—" began her mother chidingly, but the girl interrupted.

"Oh, don't call me 'Hannah'! I hate that name. It's as ugly as I am. Why can't you call me Eileen? Oh, why did Eileen have to be my middle name?"

"Hannah!" repeated her mother. "You don't—why, I couldn't call you any other name—*now*. It's my name, too, you know. And your father always liked it. . . . You're all tired out, Hannah; that's all's the matter with you. You must have had a hard day in school. Were the children trying? Go lie down a bit before supper."

But Hannah, the twenty-eight-year-old school-teacher, who was not ugly, as she had said, but at least was not pretty or handsome, went into the next room and wept against her mother's knees. . . .

Down in the eight-by-ten garden-plot Jorris, surveying his handiwork, which promised something far more pleasant than the ash-cans it had displaced, recollected suddenly that he was still a member of the night staff of a newspaper. He put away his garden tools reluctantly





"No," he answered, as if dismissing the subject. "They're cosmos."—Page 224.

and went away with the attitude of a galley-slave on an expired parole.

The next time Hannah the school-teacher spoke to Jorris the eccentric bachelor she did not, as she had suggested, ask him why he had never married. She asked him, merely, which of the little green sprouts were the cosmos. Jorris pointed them out to her, this time not in any apparent indifference, but quite the contrary. He even noticed that

though the girl was all of twenty-eight and had lines beneath her eyes and in her forehead that should not have been visible, there were three very healthy freckles on each side of her nose. Jorris, frankly, liked freckles. They were so sort of "gardeny" and "outdoorish," as he would have coined the expressions.

How the subject ever got around to newspapers Hannah was very uncertain; for, though she had not gone to the point



of asking him why he was unmarried, at least she found herself inquiring why he persisted in being a newspaper man when it appeared he would make such an excellent farmer! Jorris looked his surprise.

"By George!" he exclaimed, leaning on his hoe handle and looking at her. "By George! . . . Well, you're right. Why am I a newspaper man? I'll tell you. It's because I'm always falling short of what I aim to be."

"Every one does."

"Oh, no. Not the way I do."

"What did you fall short of?"

"Oh, a number of things. For instance, I was going to be an author." He laughed ironically. "That's what landed me in a newspaper office writing 'penny-grabber' head-lines. You see, they didn't like my book and, when I had starved almost to death trying to sell it, one of the editors kindly took me into a quiet corner of his office and diagrammed to me (Q. E. D.) that I was far from an author. He got me the newspaper job."

"Why didn't you write another book?"

There was in the girl's voice a note of sympathetic defiance that surprised him.

"Bless my soul, I don't know," he answered, looking at her keenly. Then he laughed. "That was a long time ago. Fifteen years, I think. Oh, I didn't seem to want to write any more books—then. I guess that was all."

"But plenty of people have written books that never got into print. You shouldn't have minded. . . . Didn't you have other aims?"

The conversation about the book, light enough, and jesting enough on his part, seemed to have drifted into a strange channel of seriousness. He wondered what could be leading him on to make a confessor, as it were, of this girl. His cynicism told him it was masculine vanity. Whatever it was, he decided to indulge it.

"Oh, there were a few—two, at least," he announced with a casual note in his voice.

"One of them was a woman!" said the girl with an emphasis that made him start.

"Why, yes," he began slowly. "How——"

But almost before the words had died on her lips her face went crimson, and,

stammering an apology, she fled, leaving him standing mystified, confused, in the midst of his garden.

When Hannah again walked through the rear court of the flat-building past the little plot of greenery the sprouts were much taller. In fact, they were fast assuming familiar forms. They were like babies who have reached that point in their growth when unfeeling males are wont to announce they have "begun to look human."

"It was very tactless of me to say what I did the other day," began Hannah.

"Tactless?"

"Yes. Surely you remember?"

"Oh, that. . . . You're foolish to think of it. The truth is, I haven't the slightest objection to speaking of the matter. I can approach it with absolute calm, which may shock your romantic nature. You *do* seem to be romantic—is that true?"

Hannah laughed.

"Romantic? I, romantic? You mustn't flatter old maids that way!"

The tone of bitterness did not escape Jorris. He resented it and wanted to reprove her for it. He would have contended, chivalrously, that for him there was no such thing as an old maid; but he contented himself with returning to the subject of "the woman."

"Yes," he said ruminatively, "she was another of my aims. . . . Please let me rave on a bit about myself. . . . We grew up together. She was going to be a great singer; I was to be a great novelist. Then we should wed, and live famously, and happily, of course, ever after. Well, she became the great singer, but I became a copy reader on a newspaper. Why should she have married a copy reader who had failed to become a novelist? She married a theatrical producer and now has curly-headed children and fame."

He spoke with that dispassionateness that is the possession of schooled souls, the product of tried philosophies. To the girl, who was without much philosophy and still full of the insistent spirit of youth, his recital was disturbing. She could not precisely say why, but she felt somehow that his words should be tinged with a mysterious melancholy. It was





"You're all tired out, Hannah ; that's all's the matter with you."—Page 224.

the woman's way of looking at things, perhaps. He seemed so cheerful about it! As if to announce to the world: "Well, I'm tolerably well off without her, you see!"

And then she realized the absurdity of her unconscious desire to justify him. She laughed as if to dismiss the whole ridiculous subject.

"Oh, let's don't talk about those old 'aims' of yours any more," she said. "Let's talk about flowers and things."

Whereat they did, to a great extent.

Hannah's mother spoke of him that evening, and the freckles on Hannah's cheeks seemed to glow almost as redly as her fiery hair when she snapped out the apparently irrelevant but emphatic re-



mark that she "didn't believe that man was conscious of whether she was woman, child, bird, or fish!"

"Good gracious, Hannah!" was all her mother could say. And it was not until many hours afterward that her woman's heart was able to fathom the meaning of her daughter's words. She could have understood sooner, perhaps, if she had seen Hannah looking scornfully and un pitying into the glass as she did her hair at bedtime, hating the three freckles on either side of her too-slender nose, hating the red hair that she twined more viciously as it came under her notice, hating but pitying the wrinkles that came from a roomful of trying school children, and burying her wet face at last in an uncomfortable pillow held close to act as a sob-absorber. She was undergoing her first real experience of the condition so many of the world's women weep over—the fancied martyrdom of being born with an unlovely face.

It was on the afternoon of the next day—which was a Saturday, accounting for her presence at home throughout the day—that Hannah made her great discovery. She learned from the janitor that it was Jorris who played the piano in the room on the floor below, almost beneath the one in which hers stood. She had been in awe of this unknown player, who filled the house with the strength and passion of his music. She would not go near her piano when she felt this player was within hearing. Her own efforts, it seemed to her, were pitiful in contrast with his. Now that she knew the player to be Jorris, she felt a strange excitement and a stranger resentment because he had not told her. She wanted to talk to him at once—to reproach him—but, though she saw him at work in his garden often, she felt a sort of shyness now and avoided him. She conceived a mild self-contempt for this and certain other new and strange characteristics developing in her.

When she did, at last, talk to Jorris, there were buds that promised early blooms in his little garden-plot.

They bent together over one of the young promises, but when they stood facing each other again nothing was said about flowers. Instead, in a reproachful

voice, Hannah spoke of his music. Jorris only laughed at her.

"Just another of my aims—the ones I've fallen short of," he explained carelessly. "I was going to tell you about it one day, but the conversation drifted away from it somehow. I believe you ran away before I got to it."

"But how have you fallen short of this one?"

"Oh, that's quite a story. I'm not sure you'd be interested, but vanity leads me on. Well—it's mostly about Ned, the young chap I've sent to Europe. I took him out of a moving-picture theatre, because I thought he could sing, and gave him an education. I found he *could* sing. I could play, too, *then*. We had great dreams of how we should go on the concert stage some day—he to sing, I to play his accompaniments. Then I sent him to Europe. It has kept me poor; but, then, I have no one else. . . . I love the boy, you see. And I think he loves me. But he has become a great singer. He's in grand opera at Hanau, and when he's in concert the greatest pianist in Europe accompanies him. . . . I can't fly so high—I can't play for him now. . . . You see how it is, don't you?" he finished, smiling a bit pathetically.

"I see how it is," answered the girl in a voice that was strangely quiet considering the burning tumult within her—a kind of rage at the ungrateful Ned and rage at the humbleness of this man's self-sacrifice.

They seemed to have little more to speak of, and were merely puttering about among the flower-stalks, so that it was no real interruption when the agent of the flat-building apologized for intruding upon them.

"It's a matter of business," explained the agent. "I'm sorry to say we'll have to disturb your garden. We're putting in a new coal-chute, and I want to get in a lot of fuel right away while it's cheap. Funny to be thinking about coal in the middle of the summer, ain't it? I've got to put a driveway here where your garden is. It'll have to come up right away. You'll have to move 'em somewhere."

Jorris looked at the agent and then at the girl.

"Another of those aims," he said to



her in his characteristic, half-smiling resignation.

"I don't think they would stand transplanting," he said to the agent. "Just dig 'em up if they're in your way."

Then both of the men were startled by a half-hysterical cry from the girl as she turned away and walked blindly toward the door.

"You beast!" she hissed in the general direction of the agent. "Oh, you beast!"

"I'm sorry," muttered the agent to

where the twilight stillness caught it up soberly, to the ears of Hannah, the school-teacher, as she sat above, looking down at the greenery of the doomed garden. There were tears in her eyes and a certain expression that made no secret of the cause of the tears. The flowers in the garden must have known, if none else, that the school-teacher with the very plain, tear-stained face here confessed she was in love with a totally indifferent, seedy bachelor.



"That's what landed me in a newspaper office writing 'pennygrabber' head-lines."—Page 226.

Jorris when the door had slammed behind her.

"Oh, that's all right, old man—business is business," answered Jorris. "Women—are funny about these things; that's all."

When Jorris went up to his rooms he put away, with an air of finality, his little collection of garden tools and began to play at his piano, idly at first, then with moody application, a melancholy fragment of something by Liszt. Over and over he played it, accenting it anew with unconscious emphasis of the lowering gloom within him. His outpouring of soul sounded through the open windows,

Presently the piano ceased to mourn with Jorris, and his music trailed away into a chanting, philosophic motive. He was his gently cynical self again.

After a silence Hannah heard a rattling of pans and a tinkling of china, mingling with the humming voice of Jorris in his kitchenette. He was a real bachelor, then, cooking his own meals! What a pity! It meant, of course, that he was underfed.

There was a pot of jam in Hannah's china-closet, there miniscence of a fitful burst of housewifely enthusiasm. Hannah brought it forth and ran down the flight of stairs to the floor immediately



below. She knocked timidly at Jorris's door, and heard the rattling of pans and humming of his voice come to a surprised stop. Then the door opened and revealed Jorris, coatless, collarless.

"I've brought you—*mother* sends you this jam," murmured the girl. "It's home-made, you see, and perhaps you don't often have home-made jam."

"I don't; that's true. Thanks, tremendously. Won't you—won't you come in?"

"I mustn't stop. It wouldn't be proper," she laughed. "But I'll throw convention to the winds if you'll play that piece again."

"You mean——"

"The one you played just now—the melancholy one."

"Oh—I should like to, but I can't."

"What do you mean?"

"It's hard to explain, but I can't. I never play for any one. When I'm alone it's all right, but when others are present it's impossible. Lack of self-confidence, I suppose. Oh, I'm a queer fish."

"But I don't see—I can't understand."

"Then I must demonstrate. I owe it to you—the jam, you know, and your other kindness. You'll see."

He sat down to his piano, drew a deep breath, and began to play. There was strength, sureness in the opening bars, but then came a halting cadenza. Perspiration began to appear on his brow and a tremor took possession of his fingers. His heart beat so strongly and so rapidly that the girl saw the swelling pulses in his neck. Grimly he went on with his playing, but it was mechanical. He made frequent errors—insignificant in themselves, but magnified by his painful consciousness of them. The girl pitied him.

At last he ceased and leaned his moist brow upon his arms, folded across the music-support. Then he got up and went to the window, where he stood for a long time looking out. When he turned to her again he was smiling his old apologetic smile.

"You see," he said, "what a pitiful incompetent I am. Oh, I have physical strength" (drawing himself to his full height and expanding his chest). "I could face machine-guns or bayonets in a

charge. I'm not a coward when it comes to physical courage. But see what I am on a piano-bench—a craven cowering before the eyes (ears, rather) of a young woman. It's the same with others present—with any one."

"Self-confidence is all you lack," said the girl reproachfully. "You must cultivate it."

He shook his head.

"You must," she persisted. "Don't you realize what a wonderful player you are?"

"You almost flatter me into self-confidence," he laughed.

"Perhaps I can," rejoined the girl seriously. "Let me try it. You must play for me often."

"It's a bargain. Your jam already has won an unprecedented victory."

Back in her own flat Hannah recalled that remark about the jam. The jam had won a victory! She had the impulse to be furious. Jam a woman's weapon—one of the mightiest and most victorious! And she laughed at this first acquaintance with a great truth, only half-recognizing it as such.

So Jorris played often for the school-teacher, and played better. He even began teaching her his pianoforte method—another triumph of the jam; or perhaps this time it was the triumph of the hot biscuits or the cakes she sent down frequently to the bachelor apartment—from mother. Jorris had no lack of opportunity for the gaining of confidence!

Then came the day when fate served Jorris an unusual pill. It was bitter-coated, but inside— Well, on this day Jorris had gone rather absently about his jam-inspired piano-tutoring, and Hannah perceived it. She paused in the midst of a crescendo and made him tell her.

It was simple enough, even without the simplicity of his unresentful resignation. They had fired him, dismissed him, replaced him with a younger man at his desk in the newspaper office.

The girl said nothing but stared straight ahead for a minute, then went on playing.

"Softly, softly!" cautioned her tutor as she smashed into a mellow phrase. "This is no battle charge. Your notes are too harsh."





"Play that melancholy bit—the thing you played the day the garden was dug up."  
—Page 232.

But she smashed the harder for his correction, and then ended with a tremendous discord caused by a tumultuous precipitation of her head and arms upon the protesting keyboard.

Jorris stood behind her, helplessly, trying to understand the tremendous phenomenon of this woman's tears. He paced up and down for a long time, stealing puzzled, furtive glances at her con-



vulsive figure. When she became quiet and sat up at last, she spoke without looking at him.

"What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know."

She was silent. Then she said:

"Play for me."

"You know I couldn't get through a bar correctly," he protested.

"You *can*," she persisted almost sharply.

So he sat down and began.

"Play that melancholy bit—the thing you played the day the garden was dug up."

Without music, glancing up at intervals to meet her eyes, he played the melancholia. He played as if he were alone, perfectly; perhaps because he had so accustomed himself to her presence, perhaps because of something compelling in her glance. When he had finished he gazed at her, astonished. He had played often enough before her, and had shaken off a little of his diffidence, but it seemed to him now that complete emancipation from his old timidity had come all at once. As if to convince himself that he had not been mistaken, he began the piece over again. In the middle of it he stopped and almost shouted at her:

"What's the matter with me?"

"Matter? Why, nothing. You're just gaining confidence in yourself."

"Getting fired from a newspaper doesn't, as a rule, give a person any too much confidence," he laughed.

"It isn't that," she answered, shaking her head soberly. "You don't understand, that's all."

"I feel as if I could play before kings!" he exclaimed.

"You're going to," she said quite calmly.

"Another 'aim' for me?" he asked cynically.

"No, you're going to do concert work. You're going to-morrow to show the conservatory people what you can do. You're going to spend all your time with your music after this. You're——"

He broke in with a laugh and dashed into a fortissimo of impromptu composition almost boyish in its vigor. When he ended he faced her soberly.

"Thanks for these kind words, but to-

morrow I go looking for a place at another copy desk."

Nevertheless, Jorris did not go the next day searching for a copy desk; nor did he ever go. He sat, instead, at his piano, feeling a profound new sense of confidence, vindicated as often as the tired school-teacher, back from her pupils, gave him an audience.

The marvel of it grew upon him. He could not understand it.

"Why is it I've lost my old difficulty?" he would ask. "It is as easy to play before you as if I were alone."

But the girl would respond only with silence—silence a bit reproachful, because the reason she could have assigned would have bared a heart's secret; reproachful that he should not be the one to perceive it without the telling.

There came a day when Jorris went to play before the great man at the conservatory, and the school-teacher went through her tasks with the pupils absently, thinking anxiously about the outcome.

That night she found him, head buried in his arms upon the beloved pianoforte. She knew without asking that he had failed.

He stood up and looked at her haggardly. Then a light came over his face.

"Why, it's all very simple," he exclaimed. "I know now."

The beating of her heart was very loud.

"I know—you give me the confidence. When you are present I can play. With you in the audience I could play before the whole world. If only I could see your face! What a marvel! It must be something magnetic. Are you a sorceress or a hypnotist?"

The beating of her heart ceased to be so loud.

"Yes, I am a sort of hypnotist," she answered sadly. "Hypnotists have power over the head, though not over the heart, as you know."

Jorris was puzzled by her remark but did not in the least gather its significance.

So, the secret having been learned, Jorris played again, one evening, in his own room, for the great man of the conservatory. The school-teacher was there, sitting so Jorris could catch an occasional glimpse of her face as he looked up from



his keys. And the great man of the conservatory expressed astonishment and made promises.

So Jorris at last was coming into his own. It needed but a bit of luck to confirm the changed course of fortune his good fates now were leading him upon. And that good luck came in the person of Ned, back from his triumphs in Europe. Whereas the great man of the conservatory had little to give save encouragement, here was Ned to repay everything in kind; here was Ned to hook the wagon of his benefactor onto the beams of his own star. For Ned had returned for an American tour in concert.

Jorris's confidence had grown rapidly under the eyes of the school-teacher, and now, at last, it was strong enough to stand alone. He found, to his surprise, as the rehearsals went on and as he came and went, always before audiences, that he no longer needed the face of Hannah before him. The mere thought of her was enough, though it is doubtful if he realized that this was so.

In truth, throughout these busy days Hannah was very nearly displaced from his consciousness as she was from his presence. She still brought biscuits and jam—"from mother"—but she seemed shy and aloof in the presence of the magnificent Ned. At last there came a day when there was no longer any occasion for offerings of biscuits and jam. Ned was not pleased with the little flat and bundled Jorris off to a hotel. And Hannah, the freckled, the wearied confidence-maker, heard no more the so-familiar melancholias from the piano in the room beneath. When the concert tourists were gone she subscribed to a clipping bureau and read each morning of the triumphs of the wonderful Ned and of the mild triumphs—accorded usually in the critics' last paragraphs—of Jorris. To be sure, she had a post-card from Jorris, written in Kansas City, but that was all. That appeared to be the confidence-maker's sole reward.

There were many things in Jorris's mind when he came back at the end of the tour. Among them was a certain uneasiness, a sense of want. He was one of those poor

mortals whose senses are not keen enough to perceive until they have gone home from a search that they may have been sitting all day on the wishing-gate. (You know the old children's tale?) So, when Jorris came home triumphant, an "aim" achieved at last, and not fallen short of, he wandered with a vague desire toward the flat-building that had held most of his sorrows. Hannah was in his mind, of course, but so was the little garden-plot that drove away the ash-cans only to succumb to the coal-chute; so, also, were the old memories of copy desks, and unpublished novels, and perhaps of an unattained woman. . . .

He mounted the steps at the front, but descended again on a second thought and went around to the rear. There a sight greeted him that rooted him to the court paving. It was no other than Hannah in a sun-hat bending over a row of flowers bordering the fateful driveway to the coal-chute.

And, standing there, looking at this woman in the sun-hat, Jorris at last attained that rapturous beating of the heart that indicated to his slow sentiment what had been his want. He advanced with sureness of foot and stood by her side.

"Here is your handiwork," he said, causing her to turn toward him, startled. "Here is the man to whom you gave confidence."

"I gave you confidence *to play the piano*, perhaps," she replied almost bitterly, yet unable to control the sunshine that filtered from her eyes.

The emphasized words did not escape him, and he laughed as he encroached more intimately upon the tiny garden. He surveyed the walls and windows of the flat-building and looked up and down the alley. No one was visible. So he took the face of the school-teacher in his two hands and turned her lips upward toward his. . . . He kissed the freckles nestling on either side of her nose, and they were promptly drowned in glistening tears. . . .

"You are trampling on my cosmos-bed," she said when she could speak at all.

"I could trample the feet of kings," he laughed. "You see what confidence you have given me!"



# MADEMOISELLE MARRAINE.

By Elizabeth W. Black

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ALL day troops were passing like a gray-blue river of steel helmets floating on and on in columns. With knapsacks on their backs and guns on their shoulders the men marched silently except for the clumping of their heavy boots on the hard road. Armed motors and big guns rattled by, mingling their din with the heavily lumbering "camions" and the clattering hoofs of the packed horses or tooting of staff cars that shot past at top speed. Next day we would hear the long, monotonous roar of artillery seven miles away at the front lines, like surf beating on the seashore. A little later the rattle of ambulances over the plank road leading to our hospital would leave mangled remnants of what were once the physically fit of France.

The French Field Hospital was situated between the main road to the front lines and a railroad with an ammunition centre on each side, which means we were frequently under bombardment, especially when a Taube observer caught sight of troops marching to the front. From a little hill near by we could see far away over the plains the spire of the cathedral of St. Quentin, then in German hands and miraculously spared, while the rest of the country looked as if a giant mowing-machine had run across it, leaving only broken chimney-stacks and tree-trunks behind.

In contrast to the devastated region our little village and hospital at Cugny seemed almost a town. The hospital consisted of row after row of wooden sheds stretching away on every side, connected by plank walks. Inside, the corridors have floors of earth and little light, so that they seem to be subterranean caves. The wards are

wooden huts connecting these corridors on each side. There are forty-six or fifty beds in each, always occupied, for as soon as a blessé is strong enough he is sent to a base-hospital out of the war-zone, where he can spend his convalescence far from the sound of guns and danger of nightly air raids. Sometimes the wards look more like a railroad-station than a hospital, the arrivals and departures come so quickly.

We are billeted in a hut like the ward, with paper ceilings (full of mice) in-

stead of wood and yellow windows of some kind of paper instead of glass. No one opened these windows at night. There was no need, with the wind blowing up through the cracks in the floor. Instead we shut them tighter, with cotton stuffed along the cracks. Each one has a little space of her own, with sheets for walls, so that the general impression on opening the door is of a Pullman done in white. Our rooms were quite cheerful, with bright-colored chintz concealing trunks, shelves, and rows of hooks, and a



The blessés are evacuated as soon as they can be moved.—Page 240.





The hospital in winter.

It seems to be a place set apart from everything one has grown to expect in life.—Page 238.



The author's ward.

Even when there is no special event or "fête" the ward is diverting. There is always something going on.  
—Page 239.



blanket on the floor for a rug. For furniture we have wooden tables, camp-stools, an electric light, and a gas-mask.

Let no one trained in a large New York hospital suppose we had a furnace to heat the wards or running water or bath-rooms or diet-kitchens. We had barely the necessities, as we were only located temporarily, and our equipment had to be light to facilitate moving in case an order came to evacuate immediately. We lived in

did not like to see my fingers stained, so I flourished the stick as if it were an artist's brush, and amused them by starting off with initials or pictures. Those whose beds were unavoidably in drafts had bed socks of various colors on their heads. I envied them, snuggled under nine heavy blankets like hibernating animals, and wished I could stay in bed until the winter was over. When I tried to warm my fingers, which were usually numb, by lit-



It was like a great fraternity, and I was very proud of all my bearded godsons.—Page 237.

On the left is "Monsieur le Valet."

constant expectation of following the attacks to another part of the front.

These temporary constructions were little protection against the cold weather, which was more penetrating and painful than the dry cold of American winters. The wind blows down the stovepipes, putting out the fires, and almost tearing the roof off. Snow sifted into the ward through cracks in the ceiling or around the windows, so that I had to rearrange the beds every day, pulling them into the centre of the room at all angles, giving the ward a demoralized aspect. I often had to move my own bed in the middle of the night to avoid a shower of snow.

Every blessé had a cold. The "caporal" whittled a stick for me to use when I painted chest after chest with tincture of iodine each night. These Frenchmen

erally placing them upon the stove, the blessés would cry out in protest and rub them for me so I would not have "engelures." But in spite of their care my hands would become quite lifeless, and often cracked and bleeding, as I made my tour of temperatures the first thing on a cold morning, or tried to hold icy bottles for the doctors as they did the dressings.

How I dreaded each trip to my little supply-room at the end of the ward, for the back door was always opened by the orderlies on their various errands. The wind would sweep in, leaving a path of snow. With a wall separating me from the stove in the ward and a sheet of ice for a floor, I had to spend a great part of my time in this room preparing the dressing-cart, sterilizing syringes and needles, and cleaning instruments which were con-



tinually in demand, as nearly every man in the ward had a dressing each day. While doing these things I would try to hurry by making drinks and copying the various orders in the note-book, all at the same time. When the hot-water boiler gave out I would even have to heat icy water on my little alcohol-lamp, which was continually burning like a vestal altar. If I could only have had hoofs! The cotton which I stuffed inside my white tennis shoes kept popping out at the sides like a fringe or the spikes horses wear when they interfere.

And yet through everything I had to keep up the morale of my ward. I had read somewhere about "hospital wards, cheerful and pleasant, with trim, nice-looking girls as nurses, whose air of coquetry was deemed helpful to the patient." This was more difficult than one would suppose, but the *blessés* helped a lot. In fact, I was never quite sure whether I was taking care of them or they were taking care of me. True sons of their native soil, they had never left their own country and never ceased wondering how I could make such a long journey and stay so far from my home. I was quite a curiosity and source of unfailing interest, from my American accent to my American shoes. They felt a responsibility for my happiness and comfort that was almost equal to my desire to keep them from suffering. I considered myself responsible for the morale of my ward and took it as a personal affront when any one had the "*cafard*"—that slough of despond that overpowers one with longing for the pre-war days and anxiety for those dear ones who are in danger. During the harrowing moments when the doctors were doing painful dressings, I would try to wear a mask of cheerfulness as I handed compress after compress to the doctor to cover a large expanse of torn flesh or poured ether or "*mencière*" on an open wound. I did not want them to see by my face what a serious wound it was.

The first time I had this task a little boy of seventeen, whom we afterward called "*Le petit Parisien*," as he was typical of his home, saved me from uttering a cry of horror and almost running away. He was one of the happiest in the ward and seemed to be quite free

from suffering and worry. Therefore the shock came unexpectedly when I first took off his bandage and revealed a right hand frightfully mangled, from which the fingers hung down, fastened by a mere thread. He held it up without a quiver while the doctor dressed it, and when he saw my expression, though there were tears of pain in his eyes, he smiled at me reassuringly.

"*Monsieur le Coiffeur*" could not forget his original profession, though he had served three years as "*maréchal des logis*." He always informed me in a distressed tone when my veil had slipped to one side or had some black from the stove-pipe on it. "*Monsieur le Valet*" was even more useful, as he often mended tears in my sweater for me. To show what friends we were we had special names for every one. It was like a great fraternity, and I was very proud of all my bearded godsons. Only once did we have a disagreement. That was when the song of the soup got on my nerves, and I went ruthlessly from bed to bed trimming the long, drooping mustaches. At first I cut them like tooth-brushes, but with practice I perfected my style and the last half of the ward looked rather well. But they did not think so. Even telling them they looked like Americans failed to appease their wrath, and it took many cigarettes and crackers and chocolate to reinstate me in favor.

We went on duty at eight o'clock each morning, with two hours off in the middle of the day for lunch and a walk, but if there was a great deal of work to be done we would take much less time.

We left the wards at seven o'clock, when night-duty began. One of us did night-duty for a week alone, being replaced in her ward during the daytime. If there are many new arrivals, she sends for assistance, and the nurse in charge of the operating-room hurries over to help the surgeon on guard.

For a while I had a maid to help me, as well as two orderlies and the "*caporal*," but I preferred to give the baths and make the beds myself. Though they were her own countrymen, she was rough and careless, and the *blessés* complained that she hurt their wounds by walking so heavily. On Sunday she refused to do anything but sit around on the beds gos-



siping. When I reminded her that if men could be wounded on Sunday, they should be taken care of on that day as well, she flounced out of the room, saying I was "too young to give orders." I never let her come back again.

We did not have regular days off, but I never wanted one. The first time I was given an afternoon to myself I was so lonely and bored that I went back to the ward in a short time. I was happier there working with the blessés than anywhere else, and I never felt tired.

It always seems to rain at the front, as if the desolate plains and dreary boom of the cannon were not enough to make one realize that war and gloom are close by. It seems to be a place set apart from everything one has grown to expect in life, a place covered with mud and surrounded by a curtain of rain. Past or future seems far away; only the actively busy present is real.

The danger and dreary sameness in which we lived forced us to seek distraction. We were always looking for entertainment, not so much as a rest and change from the physical strain, but from the nervous tension. As an English officer said:

"War is damn dull, damn dirty, and damn dangerous."

We could not endure our existence if we did not have the precious gift of forgetting ourselves in laughter. It was almost as hard to be cheerful on days when nothing happened as it was during a bombardment. It takes so much courage and faith to resist boredom and weariness.

Sometimes there was a moving-picture show, and all the blessés who could limp or stand the strain of being carried on a stretcher to another part of the hospital were allowed to go. I felt so sorry for those left behind that I tried to have a "fête" for them too. Every afternoon for a little while they would play their favorite marches and songs on the "phono," with a few records of American ragtime in my honor. As there was little work with so many gone to the "cinema," I decided to amuse the unfortunate ones who remained by singing to them. The drag of our ragtime pleases them, so I sang a few things I had heard translated into French in Parisian vaudevilles. "The Broken Doll"

and "They Didn't Believe Me" sound almost sensible in a foreign language. This started the "concerts," which became an evening custom.

When no one was in great pain in the interim between "soupe" and sleep, while I gave them rubs and tucked them in for the night, the singing would begin. It was really a most serious and formal event. Mayou was master of ceremonies, walking up and down the ward commanding order, with a little hooked cane over the end of his left arm where his hand used to be before the Germans tried to impress their "kultur" upon the world.

These farmers and taxi-drivers and craftsmen had very good voices and sang many of my favorite selections from grand opera. A corporal in the artillery with a "Croix de Guerre" had the most dramatic repertoire and almost flung himself out of bed in the excitement of "Le dernier Tango." Sometimes their eyes twinkled mischievously as they sang some improper ballad. I do not understand the most improper and the airs are always pretty, so I do not mind what words they sing.

Some of the performers have not good voices and yet insist upon taking part. This is often quite trying, especially when it is a sergeant who wishes to honor us. Their songs are even longer than those sung by the good voices, as if in defiance of criticism they would show their superiority in memory at least. Nothing will stop them until every verse is done, and some of the songs have so many, many verses. If they get hoarse or choke and are unable to continue, I am summoned to administer a remedy. So in the midst of our "soirée," the sound of gargling is often heard as an interlude between "Sur les Bords de la Riviera" and "Mon Cœur s'ouvre à ta Voix." But no one laughs, for, though extempore, this concert is a serious affair. Even I am reprimanded severely by Mayou when I speak, if only to ask if some one is comfortable or am I hurting him.

I like the marching songs, in which the whole ward joins, especially the "Marche Lorraine," the poilu song, "Quand Madelon vient nous servir à boire" and "Paname," a sort of Paris Tipperary. I taught them a French version of "Over There" and "Tipperary." They are



eager to learn English and join in the chorus of "Smile, smile, smile" proudly. We were rather pleased with our choruses, but a nurse coming in from another ward to borrow some aspirin said she "never heard such a noise, every one in a different key!" "Tant pis!"

When any one appears with a camera there is a wild scramble for any sort of clothing available. Men whom I had thought were beyond caring for anything but sleep and peace will stand around in the snow with long lavender bed socks pulled up to their knees over faded and patched pajamas and a sweater or blanket over their shoulders. With his "kepi" on his head, a poilu can pose happily and with dignity for hours. There were so many demands for pictures that we sometimes had to pretend to take them in order to get them back to bed quickly. Then some time-exposures had to be attempted for those who could not get out of bed or there would be tears. Such babies, these great bearded godsons of mine!

Most of the blessés have been decorated with the "Croix de Guerre" for valor, or the "Médaille Militaire" (and a pension) for the mutilated. This is an impressive ceremony, though it happens often. Sometimes one man will receive both decorations. The citations are read by the médecin-chef, followed by a kiss on each cheek. The whole ward compliments the hero and the walking delegates shake hands with him. It always makes me feel rather sad. The two little medals pinned on the patched shirt of an "amputé" do not seem a fair exchange for a leg or arm. They look sort of cheap.

Even when there is no special event or "fête" the ward is diverting. There is always something going on, and no matter how monotonous the work might be, I was never bored. The blessés made even the temperature rounds amusing. It gave me a chance to know each one separately, his special worries and family photographs. They were all people to me and never cases, to be shuddered at, attended to quickly, and passed by as soon as their physical needs were cared for.

It was a military rule that the charts for temperatures and pulses should be complete, with the dressings and opera-

tions marked on them as well. In the morning, before they were thoroughly awake, this did not take very long, but by afternoon some were trying their crutches or playing cards, and all of them were feeling too well to see the necessity of a second round. It was a difficult task to bring each one back to his bed, and the confusion of guests and "phono" made it necessary for me to count the pulses out loud in order to concentrate. But if an attack was going on and they saw I was rushed with new arrivals, operated cases demanding much attention and countless interruptions, each blessé would be in his place. They like to tease, but never hurt or exasperate, and are ever willing to help. Some rolled cotton for the dressing-cart, others made their beds, fed their comrades without hands, and helped the orderlies.

It was always a relief to reach the bed of "Monsieur le Boxeur," for a wound in his leg kept him from wandering away. He also had both hands bandaged, one being so mangled there was doubt about saving it. I had to take his pulse in his forehead, and he liked to delay me by chewing, to confuse the count. He had to be fed, and yet was always joking about something. I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry when he pretended to box with his big, bandaged hands.

"Camouflage" was next to him, with white bandages across his face, making him look a part of the bed. He was a tall "mitrailleur," and showed me a photograph of his pretty fiancée in her Alsatian costume.

"Tell me, Mademoiselle Marraine," he would always say anxiously, "do you think she will care for me when I return a poor 'mutilé,' with a changed face? She always thought I was so good-looking, so much more so than the other men. Maybe she will marry Jean after all, when she sees what they have done to my face, those 'sales Boches' and these doctors. O là, là, what a terrible war!"

"Mademoiselle, you are a thief!" called "Rigolo," when I had progressed several beds beyond him; "I accuse you of stealing four sous."

This was a never-failing source of merriment. When I am not noticing, some one will put some joke in my pocket. As the doctors' visits come right afterward



there is much stifled amusement when I put my hand in my pocket to find my pad and pencil to take orders in my most dignified manner, and pull out a champagne cork or a pipe. Every one claims it as his own, and I am called a thief by ferocious men with mustaches bristling in feigned wrath.

"Where is 'Monsieur le Moqueur'?" I asked, looking about for a handsome boy of nineteen who had come into the ward with a shoulder wound which did not depress him in the least. He was almost too gay, teasing everybody all the time and usually getting into trouble.

"There he is by the stove! See, he is trying to make the thermometer go up!"

I rescued it just in time, threatening him with a punishment of a thermometer for a whole hour. When he is not teasing he is working away at a silk table-cover which he says is for me, so I cannot be very severe.

"Monsieur le Crocodile" is one of the oldest men in the ward and usually in tears about some pain, real or imaginary. One day it is because he was hurt at his dressing, and must cry "O là, là, how my leg hurts!" for hours afterward, until one hopes it will not be necessary to dress his wound for some time. Again he will be whining because "Look, mademoiselle, there are two whole days since my dressing has been changed. O là, là, what a miserable life! I am not being well cared for. They forget me."

However, he is easily pacified with some cough-drops or a pair of new socks, "sent all the way from America for M. le Crocodile, because his crying was heard far away." But, poor man, his home is in German hands and he does not know where his family is.

The blessés are evacuated as soon as they can be moved, some to base-hospitals, and others to the front after a short furlough, some going to their home as "re-

formés" never to return to the firing-line. It is hard to see them go, all these men whose sufferings I have shared and with whom I have experienced the occasional joys as well as the horrors of war. They come into the ward crying and go out crying, but there is a difference.

There is great confusion in the ward before a train goes. The "caporal" brings in a mass of uniforms, caked with yellow clay, and the personal effects which were taken from the men on their arrival. These have to be sorted out and returned to the proper owner, even to his special "bidon" for wine. Socks, shirts, and anything that has been destroyed or lost must be replaced from the hospital supply. Each blessé has his papers in a large envelope, tied to a button of his coat, making him look like a helpless child travelling alone for the first time. They are quite pathetic in their misfit uniforms, many of them bearing decorations pinned proudly on the shabby coat that has seen rough service. The others wear their glory and reward inside their chests or shining in their eyes.

They have been brave as only the wretchedly unhappy can be, for one cannot be really brave unless one is suffering. It is in the hospital that the individual courage is shown in this war. The romance of the sword and the old-time heroic tactics and strategy have been revolutionized by modern inventions. There is little opportunity for individual heroism and achievement when war is run on such a business basis, with the men fighting like members of a firm trying to put a big deal across. In such a contest victory came in the end to the side with the biggest numbers, the longest purse, and the most enduring nerves. But in the hospital the old-time Spartan fortitude and heroic endurance go on every day as each individual fights his own battle against pain.





# FITTING THE MAN TO HIS JOB IN THE ARMY

By Lieutenant Harold Hersey, A. G. D., U. S. A.

Author of "The Faith of the Man in the Ranks"



THE spring of 1917 found the army facing the greatest problem of its history. The men who had been studying the war did not approach the subject with blind eyes. They had witnessed the unparalleled and satanic efficiency of the Germans; they had made close observations of England's splendid efforts with her citizen armies after the never-to-be-forgotten obliteration of the old army at the Marne. To those of the General Staff it was plain. A huge force must be gathered together quickly. It must be trained, equipped, and sent overseas. There were many major problems, such as man-power, shipping, uniforms, ammunition, aviation, the consistent production of steel and fuel, and among them the training of specialists. The last named did not reach the public eye. It remained under cover, but by no means did it remain untouched. The situation was acute. Speed and accuracy were the fundamentals. Huge levies of human material were being dumped into camps and formed into divisions. Something had to be done to see that men were rightly placed. The Secretary of War accordingly formed a committee of men who knew about employment problems under the direction of Doctor Walter Dill Scott. These men took up the proposition from the start. It was partly a problem of adopting civilian ideas in a citizen army and partly a matter of developing and carrying into effect new ideas. It was recognized then that no hope could be held out that every man would find his place. The army is primarily formed to fight. The specialists are there to soldier. They are not set aside as are the highly organized corporation specialists in rooms or laboratories where they may work undisturbed. On the contrary, they must expect to perform their duties under varying circumstances that

would try and bring into force every element of their previous experience and knowledge. It was also admitted that many high-grade specialists would not obtain immediate positions analogous to their abilities. For instance, in a company of two hundred and fifty or more men there might be a need for thirty specialists. This would mean that there were other individuals in the same unit with corresponding ability to those already selected. This could not be helped. At most, some attempt might be made to fill the list required and the ones who remained in surplus could be used as occasion demanded. Later on they might be assigned to other units. What was required was an accurate system of records which would at all times give information as to the whereabouts of men of unusual caliber, knowledge, and experience.

The overwhelming increase in our armed forces created a demand which easily exceeded all previously known estimates. Many men skilled in civilian trades were needed by the army. The Germans, however, had for many generations trained men especially for certain tasks. We were to take men already fitted to their tasks but trained under varying and individual conditions. If one were to put the employment problems of the railroads, oil, steel, lumber, and ten other industries together and multiply them tenfold, some conception might be obtained of the work laid upon the shoulders of the committee selected to study conditions and provide remedies to the authorities in command. It was fortunate that many corporations had developed departments of employment management, by which labor-supply was accurately gauged and used in large industry. It also brought about a new type of man—the employment specialist, or what might be called the practical psychologist and economist. These terms



are confusing, but as this article develops it will be seen what they stand for in this connection.

Each part of an army is organized down to the last private in the ranks. Complex tables are provided for this purpose, specifying each position and what is required in every case. The problem was how to find men for the highly graded places, the particular trades, and for the average. The committee which took up this under the direction of the Secretary of War at once saw that nothing but a practical solution would suffice. A card was drawn up which aimed to outline individual records. Interviewers were selected in the various camps and each soldier personally interrogated. This record was filed away in each case under the man's name. It was the rough beginning of what has now become a highly specialized form of selection in use throughout the army. The old system of depending upon the non-commissioned officer for information as to the qualities and experience of men in the company was done away with and in its place there was substituted a highly practical and simple system for the instant finding of the right man for the right place. Secretary Baker phrased it exactly when he said:

*"A system of selection of talents which is not affected by immaterial principles or virtues, no matter how splendid, something more scientific than the haphazard choice of men, something more systematic than preference or first impression is necessary."*

I might add here that the Committee on Classification has adhered strictly to this, and their system is not technical nor hard to understand and operate. It will be seen later that the one thing always insisted upon has been simplicity and practicability. It was remembered that we needed a large army and we needed one quickly. The only attitude to take was how to accomplish this end. Involved ideas and conceptions had no place.

The man in the army looks at reality with pretty level eyes. He is not to be "kidded," as the saying goes. He is out of sympathy with any movement which does not conspire to produce fighting material. He does not look with favor upon entangling alliances with weak ideals, well meaning though they may be to out-

siders. I am squarely with them in this idea, and when I first came into touch with the classification scheme, over a year ago, I applied the usual army test to it at once. It worked. I was a loyal supporter from that moment of the Secretary of War and his wise policy, not merely as an officer but as a believer in the adaptation of economical needs in civilian life to a citizen army of this great size.

Doctor Scott, in introducing the Secretary of War to a school for personnel officers which I recently attended, said: "We have heard all sorts of single factors referred to as the one factor that would win the war. We have heard of food, coal, transportation, air, tanks, infantry, and ships. We have never heard from the Secretary of War what the single factor is; in fact, we don't think there is any single factor. We do know, however, that the Secretary of War was the first official directing the war energies of any nation who appointed men to make a study of personnel in order that every soldier in the army should be placed where he has the best chance to develop his own talents and to serve his country. And we therefore know that he believes in the work of personnel."

Such a thing would have been laughed at in Napoleon's time, when men were thrown into war like so many animals. Who could have thought in those days of the time when each new man when he enters the army would be given an opportunity to prove his worth and be assigned to tasks for which he is fitted? It takes much of the hardships out of warfare and makes possible an army of the people where the new soldier is placed in his proper niche.

The Secretary of War has built up throughout the army an organization for the classification of men according to their occupational qualifications. As before stated, this information is entered on cards and filed away for immediate use, the idea being that if a particular man is an expert carpenter, for example, he can be of more use to the army in that capacity than merely peeling potatoes.

Due to the rapid expansion and need of the system, literally thousands of men have been assigned to particular grades of work which corresponded with their pre-



vious training. The committee in one of its pamphlets states that "A good example of the service comes from one of the Southern cantonments. A colonel of a regiment of Engineers came to the division personnel officer for help in finding a man for the most responsible position an enlisted man can fill, that of regimental sergeant-major. The colonel was looking for a mature man of commanding presence and force of character, with military experience. He wanted some one who had clerical experience, preferably as an accountant, and who also had engineering training. The personnel officer found him a man who met even these varied specifications. As a lad this man had enlisted in the navy and risen to the rating of machinist's mate. He had then left the navy and worked for two years or so as a stenographer and bookkeeper; and at the time of his enlistment in the National Guard, in the fall of 1917, he was a senior in the Engineering School of Tulane University. Moreover, he was a private in the colonel's own regiment."

It will be seen from this example that the card system opens up the entire personality of an organization. No man is lost in the crowd. He is interviewed immediately upon induction into service. The new qualification card is a highly efficient instrument. It has developed through many stages. The information called for carries each history from the date of birth. The educational requirements are more fully set forth than in the first cards issued: The man's military experience, the branch of service he prefers, his religious preferences, his talent for furnishing public entertainment, his fraternal organizations, his experience as a leader, if any, before entering the service, his main occupation, and an exact statement of what he did, the years engaged in the work, and his status in the trade as an apprentice, journeyman, or expert. Much care is taken to find out details of any other occupations in which he may have been engaged. For instance, he may have been a cost accountant for eight years, but during that time he owned and drove his own car, making repairs, and taking a general interest in cars of all kinds. Upon investigation it might be found that he was thoroughly capable of taking care of

any car on the market. It follows logically, then, that this man can also be rated as an auto chauffeur and mechanic. Let us add the supposition that in his work as a cost accountant he was in direct charge of a large force of employees. We can deduce from this that the army has a valuable man who could make an excellent non-commissioned officer in charge of some section where automobiles were largely used, or he could be assigned to clerical and executive work in the regimental headquarters. This can be carried very far in some instances, but on an average the drafted man proves to be efficient in but one occupation. His knowledge of other kinds of work will be noted, however, and if an immediate call is issued for men to fill one of them, he could be selected as excellent material for training. We must not get away for an instant from the fact that the first demand of an army is for fighting men, but the support branches such as the quartermaster, medical, ammunition, and general supply organizations are likewise as necessary to the service as the fighting element. And among the ranks of the line troops there are hundreds of positions that must be filled by highly trained specialists. There is great need always for electricians, telegraphers, machinists, aeroplane mechanics, bakers, and cooks, auto mechanics and chauffeurs, stenographers and typists, musicians, surveyors, cartographers, tailors, and so on unendingly. The list covers every conceivable trade and profession. It can be seen at once how important, how far-reaching are the reforms instituted in classification by the Secretary of War and his committee of specialists. With so large an army much of the work would have been abortive without this intelligent handling of the placing of men.

We have covered so far the interviewing and placing of the information gathered on the cards. The question now arises how are we to know whether the men's statements concerning their previous qualifications are accurate or not? It is not so much that men prevaricate but rather that the average individual is not equipped mentally to set a seal upon his ability or experience. This requires authoritative handling and it has received



the serious consideration of the Secretary of War. Two kinds of tests have been promulgated: the trade and intelligence tests. The former is in great demand, due to the fact that where a man is sent abroad an absolute rating must be placed upon him. Chauffeurs are of prime importance, and a well-worked out test is given to each one before he is qualified as such. These trade tests take three forms: oral questions, picture tests, and performance tests.

The oral ones consist of questions asked in the language of the particular trade and concerning matters which are of direct interest to that particular trade. These oral examinations are produced in the shops around Newark, N. J., by a committee of experts working in close unity with the central committee at Washington. In other large industrial centres there are branches where the work is carried on, but the headquarters at Newark reviews and formulates the final scope which the oral tests are to assume. The first stage is to get a general survey of a particular trade and opinions from intelligent workmen connected with it. The various operations are closely watched, and from these are developed the first large series of questions. Then follows the collection and compilation of the rough material. The questions are closely studied, finally revised and weighed in every conceivable scale. When the test is edited and published, it is reduced to a few questions which demand brief answers, where the element of chance is left out entirely. From this an accurate judgment can be placed upon a man, and his rating as apprentice, journeyman, or expert determined.

The oral test may be supplemented by the picture test, where tools of the trade in question are produced and the soldier is called upon to identify them, to state what they are used for, and often to point out which should be used as specific jobs are named.

The performance test consists of the actual accomplishment of some task in the trade. Take chauffeurs, for example. A man claims he is an expert. He passes the oral and picture tests. There is always a reasonable doubt as to the absolute finality of these tests. He is accord-

ingly taken out with an examiner and made to operate a machine under varying conditions. There is no need of describing this part of the work further. A general knowledge is of more value to the public mind than a technical one because of the rapid changes which are going on at all times.

The intelligence or mental tests are given to obtain an accurate rating upon the psychological sides of men. They have been in use for some time by large industry, but under the direction of Major Yerkes and the committee these tests have been adapted strictly to contemporary needs in the army and are of the most practical nature. Both the mental and trade tests produce certain ratings which are entered upon the qualification cards, providing further means of finding men for particular places.

In addition, the committee is carrying on work for the education and training of specialists in various institutions over the country. Constructive work is done on the paper work in the army, selection of aviators, and the hundred and one other branches of the service where study and help is needed. The classification of men ramifies every department of the military and naval forces. "It is a novel contribution to the making of armies," as the Secretary of War has said, "and in making this assortment of persons we are under the unhappy inhibition of taking any man's judgment of himself."

In the future the new man who enters service can feel that he will receive just treatment, and if he is a specialist he will be given ample opportunity to work along the lines best fitted to his previous training. It is a great innovation. The system as it now exists is the patient result of over a year's tireless investigation. It has been found to work. That, after all, is the supreme test. General Hutchinson, Director of Organization of the British Army, recently stated that before another twelvemonth the work we are doing will be regarded universally as of paramount importance.

"The right man in the right place" is a slogan which has been adopted in every department of the American Army. A skilled man adequately placed does much to increase the efficiency of the Amer-



ican Expeditionary Forces. Not only that, but it will heighten the morale of the men by giving them a concrete interest in their work, and opening up unlimited opportunities for the man of special training.

We have made the maximum use of our man-power. The intelligent and thorough analysis of men has helped to hammer our army into shape, and will be a supreme factor in helping to solve the problems of Peace.

## MUSIC

(FROM A HILL)

By Danford Barney

A BAND is playing down below in the street  
Waking the dirty village from the still  
Deathly vale where moon and the hill shades meet,  
Fearfully poignant under the dark of the hill,  
Terribly sweet, aye, and a bit too sweet.

Hark, the bugle notes to their startled wings  
Flutter unseen, shiver along the hills,  
Die in the vale; now the old melody swings  
Time to the weary heart, as sweetness thrills  
Over God's finger-board, and tautens the strings.

A dream-girl came to-night from over the sea  
To sing the road for dusty tattered fellows;  
God! for the rhythm that wanders eternally—  
Lithe, swift body—sweet of the eyes that mellow  
Trodden turf for blossoms of memory!

Premonition of death in darkness sleeping,  
Then the trilled bugle's dance below the hill;  
Beyond the hill, the same dumb figures creeping  
Across the land of no-man, watching still  
As that woman somewhere down the dusk, weeping.

Surging, feeling out of the numb of sleep,  
Miracle melody yearning along the hill  
Breaks as the wave—drum-taps—last, the deep  
Longing over the night the mind hears still,  
The song foregone, the swing of the planets' reap.

Will dreams fester when our song is done?  
We'll mind not that! A cloud is bringing rains  
Across the moon, all past and present gone;  
Yet the rumbly squeak of unseen wagon trains  
Keeps with the frogs their stupid monotone.

Mobile Hospital 39, A. E. F., France,  
August, 1918.



# A SABINE FARM

By Julia M. Sloane



ONCE remarked that I thought New York City a most friendly and neighborly place and was greeted with howls of derision. I suppose I said it because that morning a dear old lady in an oculist's office had patted me, saying, "My dear, it would be a pity to put glasses on you," and an imposing blonde in a smart Fifth Avenue shop had sold me a hat that I couldn't afford either to miss or to buy, for half price, because she said I'd talked to her like a human being the year before—all of which had warmed my heart. I think perhaps my statement was too sweeping. Since we have changed oceans I notice that the atmosphere of the West has altered my old standards somewhat. There is an easy-going fellowship all through every part of life on this side of the Rocky Mountains.

Take banks, for instance. Can you picture a dignified New York trust company with bowls of wild flowers placed about the desks and a general air of hospitality? In one bank I have often had a pleasant half-hour very like an afternoon tea, where all the officers, from the president down, came to shake hands and ask after the children. Of course that is a rather unusually pleasant and friendly bank, even for California. Always I am carefully, tenderly almost, escorted to my motor. At first this flattered me greatly till I discovered that there is a law in California that if you slip and hurt yourself on any one's premises they pay the doctor's bill. Hence the solicitude. I was not to be allowed to sprain my ankle, even if I wanted to.

Probably the same geniality existed in the East fifty years ago. I have been told that it did. It is a very delightful stage of civilization where people's shells are still soft, if they have shells at all. There is an accessibility, a breeziness and camaraderie about even the prominent men—the bulwarks of business and public life. We are accused of bragging and

"boosting" in the West. I am afraid it is true. They are the least pleasant attributes of adolescence.

Banking isn't the only genial profession. There is real estate. Of course about half the men in California are in real estate for reasons too obvious to mention. Providence was kind in putting us into the hands of an honest man, better still, one with imagination, when we came to look for a winter bungalow. He saw that we had to have something with charm even if the furniture was scarce, and took as much pains over realizing our dream as if we had been hunting for a palace. It was he who found our "Sabine farm," which brought us three of the best gifts of the gods: health, happiness, and a friend. We had almost decided to take a picturesque cot that I named "The Jungle" from its tangle of trees and flowers, even though the cook could reach her abode only by an outside staircase. The boys had volunteered to hold an umbrella over her during the rainy season, but I wasn't quite satisfied with this arrangement. Just then we saw an enchanting bungalow set in a garden of bamboos, roses, and bananas, and looked no further! It belonged to an Englishwoman who raised Toggenburg goats, which made it all the more desirable for us, as the goats were to stay at the back of the garden and provide not only milk but interest for the boys.

J—— dubbed it "El rancho goato" at once. Our friends in the East were delighted with the idea, and many were their gibes. One in particular always added something to the address of his letters for the guide or diversion of the R. F. D. postman—"Route 2, Box So-and-So; you can tell the place by the goats"; or during the spring floods this appeared in one corner of the envelope: "Were the goats above high water?"

It wasn't just an ordinary farm. There was a certain something—I think the names of the goats had a lot to do with it, Corella, Coila, Babette, Elfa,



Viva, Lorine, and so on—or perhaps it was the devotion of their mistress, who expended the love and care of a very large heart on a family that I think appreciated it as far as goats are capable of appreciation. If she was a little late coming home (she had a tiny shack on one corner of the place) they would be waiting at the gate, calling plaintively. There is a plaintive tone about everything a goat has to say. In his cot on the porch J—— composed some verses one morning early; I forget them except for two lines:

“The plaintive note of a querulous goat  
Over my senses seems to float.”

Of course that was the difficulty. Creatures of one kind or another do not lie abed late. Our Sabine farm was surrounded by others, and there was a neighborhood hymn to the dawn that it took us some time to really enjoy—if we ever did. Sopranos—roosters; altos—pigeons and ducks; tenors—goats; bassos—cows and one donkey. There was nothing missing to make a full, rich volume of sound. Of course there is no place where it is so difficult to get a long, refreshing night's sleep as the country.

One rarely comes through any new experience with all one's preconceived ideas intact. Our first season on the Sabine farm shattered a number of mine. I had always supposed that a mocking-bird, like a garden, was “a lovesome thing God wot.” Romantic—just one step below a nightingale! There was a thicket of bamboos close to my window, and every night all the young mocking-birds gathered there to try out their voices. It was partly elocutionary and partly vocal, but almost entirely exercises—rarely did they favor me with a real song. This would go on for some time, then, just as I dared to hope that lessons were over, another burst of ill-assorted trills and shrills would rouse me to fury. I kept three pairs of boots in a convenient place, and hurled them into the bamboos, paying the boys a small reward for retrieving them each morning. Sometimes, if my aim was good, a kind of wondering silence lasted long enough for me to fall asleep. There is an old song—we all know it—that runs:

“She's sleeping in the valley, etc., etc.,  
And the mocking-bird is singing where she lies.”

That, of course, would be impossible if the poor little thing hadn't been dead.

By day I really enjoyed them. To sit in the garden, which smelt like a perpetual wedding, reading Lafcadio Hearn and listening to mocking-birds and linnets would have undermined my New England upbringing very quickly had I had time to indulge often in such a lotus-eating existence.

Then there was “Boost.” He was a small bantam rooster, beloved of our landlady, which really proves nothing, because she was such a tender-hearted person that she loved every dumb creature that wandered to her door. Had Boost been dumb I might have loved him, too. He had a voice like the noise a small boy can make with a tin can and a resined string. He had a malevolent eye and knew that I detested him, so that he took especial pains to crow under my windows, generally about an hour after the mocking-birds stopped. I think living with a lot of big hens and roosters told on his nervous system, and he took it out on me. Great self-restraint did I exercise in not wringing his neck, when help came from an unexpected quarter. Boost had spirit—I grant him that—and one day he evidently forgot that he wasn't a full-sized bird, and was reproved by the sultan of the poultry-yard in such a way that he was found almost dead of his wounds. Dear Miss W——'s heart was quite broken. She fed him brandy and anointed him with healing lotions, but to no avail. He died. I had felt much torn and rather double-faced in my inquiries for the sufferer, because I was so terribly afraid he might get well, so it was a great relief when he was safely buried in the back lot.

Though I love animals, I have had bloodthirsty moments of feeling that the only possible way to enjoy pets was to have them like those wooden Japanese eggs which fit into each other. If you have white mice or a canary, have a cat to contain the canary and a dog to reckon with the cat. Further up in the scale the matter is more difficult, of course. One of our “best-seller” manufacturers, in his early original days, wrote a delightful tale. In it he said, “A cheetah is a yellow streak full of people's



pet dogs," so perhaps that is the answer. The ultimate cheetah would, of course, have to be shot and stuffed, as it would hardly be possible to have a wildcat lounging about the place. I think the idea has possibilities. So many of our plans are determined by pets. "No, we can't close the house and go motoring for a week, because there is no one with whom to leave the puppies." "Yes, we rented our house to Mrs. S—— for less than we expected to get for it, because she is so fond of cats and promised to take good care of Pom Pom"—which recalls to my mind a dear little girl who had a white kitten that she was intrusting to a neighbor. The neighbor, a busy person with eight children, received the kitten without demonstration of any kind. Little Lydia looked at her for a few moments and then said: "Mrs. F——, that kitten must be loved." That is really the trouble, not only must they be loved, but they are loved, and then the pull on your heart-strings begins. We have a pair of twin silver-haired Yorkshire terriers who are an intimate part of our family circle. I sometimes feel like a friend of mine in San Francisco who has a marvellous Chinese cook and says she hopes she will die before Li does. I hope "Rags" and "Tags" will live as long as I do—and yet they are a perfect pest. If they are outdoors they want to come in, or vice versa. It is practically impossible to sneak off in the motor without their escort, and they bark at my best callers. Since they made substantial sums of money begging for the Red Cross, they have added a taste for publicity to their other insistent qualities, and come into the drawing-room and sit up in front of whoever may be visiting, with a view to sugar and petting. And the worst of it is, I can't maintain discipline at all. Rags has had to be anointed with a salve compounded of tar and sulphur. It is an indignity and quite crushes his spirit, so that after it has been put on he wishes to sit close to me for comfort. The result is that I become like a winter overcoat just emerging from moth-balls rather than hurt his feelings. Of course it makes some difference whether the pet that is annoying you belongs to you or a neighbor. I doubt whether I could have

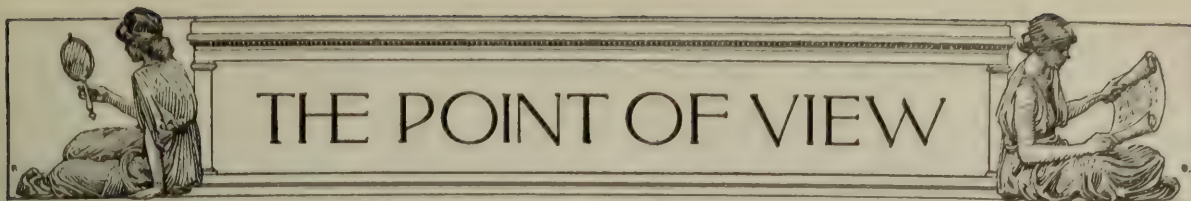
loved Boost, however, even if I had known him from the shell.

In spite of these various drawbacks we led a most happy life. It was so easy. The bungalow was so attractively furnished; our own oranges and limes grew at the door. There was just room for us, with nothing to spare, that had to be kept in order, and our landlady was as different from the cold-hearted ones we had known as the bankers and real-estate men. She seemed to be always trying to think of what we might need and to provide it. Dear Miss W——, she will never be a good business woman from the world's point of view, she is too generous and too unselfish! We all loved her. Many were the hours I inveigled her into wasting while we sat on bales of the goats' hay and discussed life and the affairs of the country—but mostly life, with its curious twists and turns, its generousities and its stinginesses. The boys spent their time in the goat-pen making friends of the little kids, whose various advents added so much interest to the spring, and learning much from Miss W——, whose attitude toward life was so sane and wholesome for them to know.

"Buckaboo," the only buck on the ranch when we came, was a dashing young creature prancing about and kicking up his heels for the pure joy of living. Joedy informed J—— that he reminded him of him, "only in a goat way, father," a tribute to the light-heartedness that California had already brought to at least one member of the family.

If our Sabine farm's vocation was goats, its avocation was surely roses. We were literally smothered in them. A Cecil Brunner with its perfect little buds so heavily perfumed covered one corner of the house. The Lady Bankshire with its delicate yellow blossoms roofed our porch, while the glorious Gold of Ophir, so thorny and with little fragrance, concealed our laundry from the road. There was a garden of bush roses of all kinds to cut for the house; and the crowning glory of all was a hedge of "Tausend Shöen," a kind of Dresden rose, growing luxuriantly, and a blaze of bloom in May. After years of illness and worry, it was good to feel life coming back joyously in a kind of haven—or heaven—of roses.





## THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE is one good among the hundreds brought about by the recent war which, though not much in itself, may be counted as one of the benefits resulting from a necessary evil. The war has served to bring the airman down to earth, so to

How Does It  
"Feel" to Fly?

speaking, and make him human. Heretofore the airman was a daredevil of the spectacular and professional variety, to be seen only rarely either as an attraction at an exposition or when representing some airplane manufacturing company at an aviation meet. But the recognition of aviation as a means of offense and defense in warfare has changed all that. The airplane caught the popular fancy; the airman became the modern hero.

There was no difficulty in securing the necessary personnel from which to make aviators. The spectacular appeals to a young man. To be an aviator was the thing of the hour. The result was that aviators began to be seen more frequently. The training camps and stations turned them out, finished fliers, in a remarkably short time. People no longer turn in the streets to stare at a pair of gold, or silver, wings on somebody's breast.

However, non-flyers still look upon the flyer as something out of the ordinary, and will take a keen interest in meeting and talking to him. The first question asked is: "How does it 'feel' to fly?" His answer, if the question is asked by a lady, will probably come in the shape of thrilling stories. If the flier is a little tired and feels like clearing the thing a little more quickly, he will make a few straightforward statements to the effect that flying is very much like driving a car. Thrills can be found if sought, or hours can be spent in the air as monotonous as guiding a motor-truck along an uninteresting country road. There are thrills galore to be found in "stunt" flying. But the greater part of the airman's flights, especially if he is an instructor at a training station, are not orgies of stunting. They are countless, colorless, monotonous merry-

go-rounds filled with exasperation and disgust.

However, there is something fascinating about the mere act of having flown which seems to create a change in the person having learned to fly, as seen through the eyes of that person's friends. The flier has acquired a something that makes him different. He has about him an indefinable and vague quality which causes him to be regarded in a new and entirely different light. He is not the same man.

But there is a deeper meaning in the question, "How does it 'feel' to fly?" than the questioner himself suspects. It has nothing to do with the sensations of flying, but deals directly with the actual "feel," the sense of feeling, of flying. This leads into what might be called the psychology of flying; the effect of flying on the flier; the effect of the flier's make-up or characteristics upon his flying.

Right here let me make a statement that will be disillusioning: The difference between a man before he can fly and after he has learned to fly is about the same as that in a man before he learns to drive a car and after.

The flier, of course, has different qualities from the car-driver, but he had these qualities before he learned to fly. Flying, in itself, did not produce any new qualities, it merely brought out those qualities which were latent in the flier before he took up flying. For that matter, the qualities might have been fully developed, it being merely a case of adapting those developed qualities to a new set of conditions.

What, then, are the qualities of a flier? What qualities go toward making an expert flier, and what qualities ruin a man for flying? Any one who could make a definite statement in answer to these questions would indeed be a valuable man to the government. He would be an infallible expert on man and human nature. Of course it can be predetermined to some extent, but to no degree of certainty.

An instructor of flying has a wonderful



opportunity to make a study of human nature. In fact, in order to be a good instructor he must be able to size up a man to some degree of accuracy. It is interesting to see how the old theories formed by one work out. In some cases they are upheld, and in others are altogether upset. Innumerable conditions govern the simplest acts, and indications of the reactions to these conditions are sometimes hard to find in the face of a man.

I have known men, athletes, and with every mark of courage and determination upon them, give up in their attempts to learn to fly, while others, little men, altogether unimpressive in appearance and with what would seem to be weak faces, would prove to make most expert and daring fliers.

In this war, romance has played a big part. The love of adventure and excitement has drawn together a class of men from whose ranks most of the modern heroes have emerged. It is this type of man, the adventurer, who seems to make the best flier.

Flying is an entirely mechanical operation, if reduced to its simplest analysis. It can be figured out according to formulas; so much lift and so much drift, the L over D ratio of ground school-days. A certain speed must be maintained to remain in the air with a given machine. A bank of so many degrees may be used with perfect safety in a turn of a certain radius. A certain climbing angle can be maintained with an engine of so much power. But there is something about flying that marks the difference between the mechanical flier—the air chauffeur who can merely keep his machine in the air—and the flier who flies not according to rule but by “feel.” It is the difference between the machine operator and the artist. It is the difference in the machine-made article and the work of art. It is the difference seen in the man who learns to ride through constant and painstaking practice and the born horseman.

There is a “feel” to the air that seems to come hard to some. Others sense it immediately and easily adapt themselves to it. To me it becomes plainer every day that the man who makes the good flier is the man with a bit of idealism about him. It is the man who seemed eccentric or “queer,” who had a touch of the artist in him. Musicians, painters, dancers, those with a dash of devil-may-care and abandon,

who have, at the same time, a mind that possesses keen judgment coupled with quick action. *Sensitive*, that is the word. It is the sensitive man who seems to have the touch and sense of balance that enables him to fly and perform manœuvres with the greatest of ease and without knowing exactly how he did them. He seems a part of the plane, and operates the controls instinctively so as to get the effect in his plane he desires without realizing or knowing the motions he used with the controls. He sees the plane in the position he wants it without having to visualize the effect of the different controls to get the final effect in the plane. But there are positions in flight, in which the controls act differently than they ordinarily would. In other words, the control is reversed, as is the case in the ailerons when “stalling,” or the flippers of a seaplane when taxi-ing before a stiff wind. It is at such times as these that the reasoning faculties and quick action of the pilot must come into play.

These qualities the artistic type of man seems to have in as great a degree as any other type. Perhaps it is that he senses the different effect and “feels” it out, rather than really reasoning the thing step by step. It is the man who reasons things out step by step who, to my mind, does not make the good flier. The deep thinker, or, rather, the plodder, seems to do better in the engineering end of aeronautics than in the actual flying itself. It is this type of man who makes the ideal mechanic—the man who can design a plane or engine with mechanical exactitude. Perhaps it is because this man is always thinking of the different mechanical parts of a plane while flying. His mind is too much occupied in thinking of wires, struts, strains, etc., to allow him to devote much of his attention to the art of flying. Of course every flier must be on the alert to detect anything wrong with a machine in flight, but my experience has been that the man who is quick-witted can usually realize that something is wrong, and what is wrong, in time to make a decent landing somewhere if a landing is necessary. If a man were to concern himself about all the parts of a plane and examine the wings, wires, struts, etc., carefully before each flight, most of his time would be spent in examination and very little in aviation. It is much easier on a man, and the effect will



be shown in his flying, when a plane can be accepted at its face value. The average mechanic in the service is a careful man. He can be trusted to keep a plane in good shape, not allowing it to be taken up unless it is in perfect order. If the flier were to worry about wires breaking, spars giving way, etc., the effect on his nerves would show itself in a very short time. He would soon worry himself into a state where he would be unable to fly.

The mechanical flier, the man who maintains level flight by lining up struts and rocker-arms, or by keeping the edges of the wings level with the horizon, is usually the man who is worrying about his plane. He is always expecting something to happen, and has not the confidence in his own ability to bring the plane out in case it actually does go wrong. As a result he is subjecting himself to a constant nervous tension that another flier does not experience. This man must check his flying with his eye. He does not trust his sense of balance, and as a result does not develop the instinct of flying by "feel." In a haze or fog, or even when in a machine where it is not possible for the pilot to see the edges of his wings, this man would be lost. It is a known fact among water-machine fliers that the man who learns to fly in an F-boat, where the flier has nothing obscuring his vision, or anything by which he can mechanically check up his levelness of flight, becomes the best flier, and can fly any other type of machine with ease. He has learned from the beginning to rely on his sense of balance, flying by "feel." As a consequence, this man has confidence in his ability to fly through a fog or at night.

This sense of balance is largely developed in horsemen. It is for this reason that, as a usual thing, good cross-country riders make good fliers. They have already developed that keen judgment and good sense of balance which is as well adapted to flying as to riding. It is this "feel" that flying instructors try to inculcate in the student flier—to have him acquire the knack of having operated several different controls with different motions, and yet have his mind free to observe what is going on about him. After a time, flying becomes an instinctive operation, and until that time arrives the flier is of no use as a pilot. He must be able to fly under the most trying conditions and at the same time give his attention to a map

in the plane, the ground below, an adversary, or, as is the case in seagoing planes, to his compass and the surface of the water beneath. A submarine periscope makes but a slight trail in the water, and a keen eye is required to spot it.

I have heard people say that they can pick a flier from a crowd of men, or the good flier from a number of fliers. Personally, I doubt this. There is nothing in the appearance of a man which would indicate his being a flier, or his ability, if he is a flier. A poor flier may have just as "keen" a look (as I have heard it expressed), and just as much a dare-devil expression, as the crack. In fact, it often proves that the expert flier is a man who does not seem particularly interesting, as far as appearances go. Some interesting facts are going to come forth when the medical experts of the army and navy have completed the experiments on aviators and would-be aviators now being carried through. Of course one of the conclusions will be that any normal man can be taught to fly. The interesting point will be to see which type proves to make the best flier and which the poorest. Some types will tend toward acrobatics and "stunt" flying, others to conservative flight. I do not think that a man's actions, or behavior, out of a plane will be any indication of his behavior in a plane. I think that it will be found that the men who have been accustomed, throughout their lives, to excitement and irregularities will be found to be among the ranks of the good fliers. By good fliers I mean the men among whom there are fewest smashes and accidents, despite the fact that these same men are those who are always trying something new. To be sure, they get into scrapes, more so than do the others, but they always seem to be able to extricate themselves before the crash comes.

The plodder, the rule-by-thumb man, will be found to be among the conservative fliers. It may be that he has never had an accident. This is due more to the fact that he has never allowed himself to try things out that would put him in a position other than that of normal flight. It is this latter type of man who, when he does get into trouble through any fault not his own, does not seem able to help himself and loses entire control of the machine. His mind works by steps, if it works at all in moments like



these, and by the time he has reached a conclusion, or just a little before that time, his falling plane has reached the ground or water, a crash resulting.

THERE'S a certain commonplace fellow that I know who sits all day at his desk. He has a comfortable and regular job, this fellow, bending to his task a mind inclined through long usage to the grooves of Duty. The things that come under his hand he does, skilfully and faithfully, and at the end of his thirty days there's a check.

Desk-Ridden

Thus the days tick by, while a dusty grayness creeps back from his temples and fine little lines spread fanwise from the corners of his eyes.

He is clean as to the manner of his private life, this fellow, and he is happy with the thin, pale happiness of one who has never tasted bitterness on the wide ranges of experience.

But—and here's the pity of it—his ears, as he sits at his work through the drift of precious days, lift to the distant call of Romance ten thousand miles away, his nostrils quiver with the breath of perfumes coming down the centuries from age-old gardens of delight, and his eyes pierce the city's smoke to far-off reaches of silver beaches and the white sails of stately clip-pers plying up and down the world.

Almost as if he were confessing a secret vice he half-whispered something of these things one evening, fearful of my ridicule, and laughed with affected carelessness as he spoke. Yet I could see that he was opening to me an inner sanctuary—the men that one meets in the market-place do not so strip the soul; wherefore I was very gentle.

Beauty was a fetish with this man—the beauty of little things. He was horribly sensitive about symmetry, for example; he hated anything out of line, deformed, or abnormal—a picture hung aslant gave him “the willies”—things like that.

He had a way, he said, of watching the eyes of the people that passed in the street for the wonder of them. They kept drifting by, like pairs of beetles riding down the wind (he had read that simile somewhere, I think), until the effect was hypnotic. Watching them, block after block, their setting vanished like mist, until he saw nothing but eyes—legions of them drifting by forever and ever. He would watch, subconsciously, for a pair that didn't match, a gray eye and a blue together, for instance, and felt that if that ever occurred he would scream or go insane or something. In fact, he wasn't altogether certain that he wasn't crazy anyway. He wondered if I thought so.

I said I thought he was quite sane, that he lived his subconscious life more intensely, perhaps, than most men. He nodded. “But it is my real life,” he said; “that's the queer thing about it. All this stuff”—his gesture collected all the dream dust he had been scattering—“is more real to me than the things I actually do—sleeping and eating and walking and eating and sleeping—the ‘dreary intercourse of daily life.’”

I talked to him a long time; we argued. In the end I told him he ought to commercialize his dreams, and elaborated the notion for his benefit; and he shook his head and said he had hoped I wouldn't suggest anything so silly. “I can't even write a letter,” he said.

This all befell a number of years ago. In the interval there have been long periods when Fate or Fortune has sent me racing over the planet with the dust of various affairs forever rising from my nervous heels. And always, returning to my own, I have found my meditative friend, desk-tethered, in the shackles of Habit, with the blue dreams of all the ages peopling the shafts of sunlight from his office window.

And somehow I feel that he will sit there until his candle gutters out, and I think that I would like to find the master key that would unlock to the world all the gardens in the hearts of desk-ridden men.



# THE FIELD OF ART

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE ROUND  
Dwight Franklin's Groups Modelled in Wax

HOW shall a great truth be brought home to every soul in the population? With faith in art as "a universal language," the Liberty Loan Committee for the district of New York lately cried aloud to the artists for their help in telling the tale of an immense national need. Finance appealing to Art! We were wrong if we had thought that this was just a bright fable from the mural painter's palette. We saw now that it was a fact of workaday life, bearing witness to a good understanding between two groups of citizens equal in

loyalty to their country, but bringing different gifts for her use. The response of the artists to the bankers was glad and immediate. Their co-operation with the public-spirited men and women of the Fifth Avenue Association was whole-hearted. Thus the artists' plan and the merchants' purse together made a poem out of a thoroughfare, and people called that poem the Avenue of the Allies. It was verse which all who ran might read, a very visible epic, with its many-colored flame of flags against the sky, and its line upon line of pictured or sculptured war-history and war-prophecy meeting the passer's eye everywhere from the Altar of Liberty to the Plaza. United in a common appeal, these pictures and sculptures differed widely in technic, subject, and scale. Pictorial publicity experts say that certain small groups modelled in wax by Dwight Franklin, showing the dough-boy or poilu or Tommy in his daily life, attracted a universal attention not always given to some of the more majestic creations.

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Mr. Franklin's groups are modestly dramatic illustrations in the round, each one sequestered within a mimic stage, the place of the proscenium arch being filled by a flat curtain of glass, or gauze, or both. The figures are modelled at a scale of an inch or so to the foot, and are colored and lighted in whatever way their author deems will give the maximum of pictorial enhancement with the minimum of loss in other qualities, such as historic detail or emotional appeal—qualities whose importance varies according to the special aim of each work. Note that the draperies are modelled and colored. To clothe these figures in scraps of actual



Copyright by Dwight Franklin.

"Home."

fabric, inevitably out of scale, would be to turn them into dolls, and this is not Mr. Franklin's dream. The lighting is simple, yet highly important; an orange film or an azure film may make or mar.

Even quite hardened observers like myself paused before that group called Home, with its lone poilu sent back by the fortunes of war to his native village, and standing in heroic calm beside his ruined cottage. The light is cold; there is no gesture, no rhetoric, no breath of overstatement. The group confutes at least two of our ancient tribal misconceptions as to the French soul: first, that the Frenchman's *du calme* exists but for jocose ends, and second, that the French have no word in their language corresponding to our English word "home." But that is not the reason why we are moved by this fragment of drama. The reason is too long to tell, too complex to be untwined all at once out of that rugged and venerable arabesque where human secrets hide. Probably the oracles, far from being dumb, will



tell us that Mr. Franklin's media, borrowed freely from many arts, sympathetically convey an extraordinary sense of tactile values. I heard one of them stammering something of the sort, and I took it to mean just this: that the passer pauses before a window, and on seeing behind the glass a solitary soldier in sad case, suddenly finds himself saying, half aloud, "'Soldier, soldier, home from the wars,' little soldier whom I could hold in the hollow of my hand but for this window-pane between us, soldier with your little tin hat that I could pass my finger all around, and your heavy pack that I could easily lift off, how would I feel if I were in your place? *Allons, dis-moi, p'tit poilu, toi si brave, toi si fort,*" yes, long before you know it you are instinctively saying *toi* to him; not that you feel his dignity the less, but his sorrow the more. And perhaps the fact that Mr. Franklin's figures are



Paul Jones on the *Bon Homme Richard*.

little creatures, so small that you naturally say *toi* to them, helps to make their appeal more engaging and more intimate. They are "pictures in three dimensions," to be sure, but those dimensions are so far from being formidable! Mr. Franklin believes,

from his seven years' experience in modeling animal groups for our American Museum of Natural History, that more people are "reached" through the small groups



Pirates.  
Walking the plank.

than through those built on a grander scale; just as there are many persons who can honestly clasp the Tanagra figurines to their hearts, but who sidle away as if feeling a draft in the presence of full-grown masterpieces, the progenitors and even prototypes of those pleasing Tanagr ennes.

The screen of glass which Mr. Franklin places before his groups leads atmosphere to what otherwise might be too precise an assemblage of forms. It unrealizes mere reality. It even invests his scenes with something of that sense of dream which broods over all the poignant happenings of our actual world. What Nature does in kindness, Art may do in craft; always with care, however, and never with a heavy hand, since the artist will do well not to abuse with many veils his godlike privilege of showing to you a mystery. The honestly dramatic opportunities of the theme itself are surely not to be neglected. In that pair of groups which might be named Piracy, Old and New, a world of dramatic suspense hangs over both the sinner at the plank's end and the innocent hospital ship. Again, dramatic tension plays phosphorescent around the figure of Paul Jones, flaming spirit of the *Bon Homme Richard*, and dramatic interest envelops all the actors in the group called Kamerad, in honor of that sly *salutamus* which to-day connotes for us not so much "we who are about to die" as "we who are



about to kill, if we can." It is a conflict; which will win, the towering man with the bayonet or the cowering man with the bomb? And those stretcher-bearers, will

put in her word. It is no small triumph to have made such a model for such a museum, and to have satisfied alike a learned directorate, a prosperous adult public, and a battalion of story-hour school children, future guides of our destiny in art.

Museums have always known the value of the architectural model as an object of intellectual interest. To-day, with a still broader view, they show models so designed as to be of emotional interest also. In the near past, any pedagogue might hale an innocent child before the great white cast, and say: "Child, this is from a narthex. I show it to you for your own good. It will teach you to appreciate architecture." Out of one hundred children so treated, ninety-nine and nine-tenths perished miserably, as far as their

appreciation of architecture was concerned. And though the remaining one-



Pirates.  
German U-boat sinking a hospital ship.

they arrive in time, even if they arrive at all? A wounded marine stood looking at that group. One could understand the long intensity of his gaze. A moment later he was telling his mate: "The man who made that was *there*, or else he had the hell of an imagination."

Besides these works of emotional appeal lately used by our Liberty Loan Committee and then in the hands of the kindred organization in Canada, Mr. Franklin has created a host of groups, beast and man, which are being studied with enthusiasm by teachers and classes in many museums. His subjects range from the polar bear to the fireside kitten, and of course include apeman, cave-man, Bedouin, buckskin man, Afghans, vikings, and many other actors in the drama of ethnology. On a little eminence between zoology and propaganda are the three groups in the Metropolitan Museum. One shows a mediæval monk illuminating a manuscript; another represents the narthex of Santa Sophia, rich in color, with a delightful imperial procession; while the third, perhaps the most finished example of Mr. Franklin's unique craftsmanship, is a model of the banquet-hall of Penshurst Castle, with lord and lady, page and steward, jester, forester, and man-at-arms. Everything is just as it used to be in the Middle Ages, as far as research may now declare; where research has faltered, romance has happily



Copyright by Dwight Franklin.

"Kamerad."

tenth of a child recovered, and is to-day in Washington erecting temporary buildings (at least we hope they are temporary) with the sure and happy touch born of his infant encounter with the narthex, still it has been felt that this percentage of recovery



is too low, too low! Hence Mr. Franklin. To make a model as complete as the Santa Sophia, or the still more alluring Penshurst, a man must be sculptor, painter, carpenter, moulder, stage-director, and, indeed, a very Viollet-le-Duc of a fellow when it comes to window-traceries and open timbers, surcoats, pole-arms, and all "the mediæval grace of iron clothing." But even though

implications have in any way strengthened our art students (or ourselves) in the foolish thought that "fine art" is something consecrated solely to pictures, statues, cathedrals, and so not to be expected in army badges, dining chairs, or calicoes. Yet the fault is not in our words but in ourselves if we make false standards from them. The French, in using their phrase "Beaux Arts,"



"Afghans."

In the Children's Museum, Brooklyn.



The Feast of the Vikings.

In the Museum, University of Illinois.

he could thus turn a Protean hand to many trades, and still had not the paramount gift of a loving imagination, his sin of omission would find him out. So would the story-hour school children.

Some one has just solemnly asked me (I had a hope the question might be spared) whether these story-telling groups are to be classed as *fine art*. With equal gravity I am moved to reply, quoting the curt young lady who lately sold me a rain-coat: "There is no guarantee." If we were discussing sand-paper or sugar, combs or saws, the case would be different; one could then speak positively as to fineness and the degree of it, oo or A1. And I confess I have often been revolted a little by the false finery of that phrase of ours, *fine art*. There is even something grossly illiberal in the implications we allow it. So much the worse for us if those

do not suggest an ignoble line of demarcation separating fine art from industrial art, but take for granted a spirit of *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, between artist and craftsman. So much the better for France in her dawning day of industrial rebuilding. Meanwhile, we can at least assure our anxious questioner that in the French Salon des Beaux Arts intelligent visitors give serious attention to small models of stage sets with their accessories, even when these models lack the added lure of players well bestowed, such as these gallant little figures by Mr. Franklin. As to Art's not telling a story, ah, well, that prohibition is only one layer in a rich impasto of colossal *verbotens* which the critic in his unhappy hours puts up in the way of the creator. Who minds such things nowadays?

ADELINE ADAMS.



# THE NEW DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

## A NECESSITY FOR FOREIGN TRADE

By Gerhard M. Dahl

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DOLLAR diplomacy has been a term of reproach directed at those who would utilize our national diplomacy to further our economic progress. Our ante-bellum insularity served to shield us from the logical disaster of this critical attitude. But with the change in our political and economic relations with the rest of the world, our hope of playing a conspicuous part in the world's commerce, as well as our domestic prosperity, will be seriously impaired, if not entirely destroyed, unless there is created a New Dollar Diplomacy frankly designed to promote our economic development. This does not imply the growth of our trade and the increase of our national wealth by unfair or grasping methods or at the expense of others. It must mean a recognition of the fact that between nations as between individuals there may exist friendly trade and competition with beneficial results to both competitors. Neither the idealism of the American people nor the higher standard of business ethics achieved as the result of a developed public conscience should be sacrificed to dollar diplomacy, for they can and should go hand in hand.

A number of years ago Mr. Hartley Withers, in a consideration of international commerce, divided the nations of the world into three classes: first, those young and growing nations which need large amounts of capital for the development of their resources and, therefore, borrow abroad more than they loan abroad and, consequently, have an adverse balance of trade; second, those further-developed nations which pay in export of goods more annually than their interest charges on their debt abroad, and so have a favorable balance of trade, and, third, those most highly developed nations which loan capital abroad but collect more interest annually on their

accumulated foreign loans than they loan abroad. They have an adverse balance of trade or an excess of visible imports, because goods are sent to them to meet interest charges.

Canada is an illustration of the first class, the United States before the war of the second, and England, France, and Belgium of the third. Sir George Paish estimated that before the war England had invested abroad approximately some seventeen and one-half billion dollars, on which amount England ought to receive some nine hundred million dollars a year interest. It was also estimated that England loaned abroad about eight hundred million dollars a year, leaving a balance of about one hundred million dollars a year to be paid in goods.

Our country has emerged from the second class into the third, first, by repurchasing from Europe some four billion dollars of our securities and, second, by loaning to Europe some ten billion dollars.

England has been for years the greatest banking, shipping, and foreign investing nation in the world. We, as a nation, must now elect whether to continue along this road of international economic relations into which the war has led us or to return to our former insularity. If we would go forward we must first meet the acute needs of a war-devastated world for our goods and our credit. Of the two, credit is probably the greater and more urgent need. At the conclusion of the Civil War there existed a great reservoir of investment credit in England, France, and Holland, and this reservoir was liberally resorted to for financing the rapid and expanding development of our great natural resources. These old and highly developed countries became our creditors for vast sums, and we continued as their debtor until our war-created prosperity



enabled us to repurchase our securities. The Civil War credit reservoirs have been depleted, and this nation now is confronted with the necessity of supplying the vast immediate credit requirements of those nations which have suffered most and have relatively exhausted the credit resources of their own people, and also of those young and growing neutral countries which have heretofore sold their securities in England, France, and Belgium. The credits here spoken of are not bank credits—not short-term credits for the movement of goods which are self-liquidating, but long-term credits or investments outside the scope of ordinary banking.

There is certain indispensable machinery for any permanent successful foreign-trade policy. We must have commercial banking facilities, shipping facilities, and the American investor must learn to put his savings into foreign government, railroad, public-utility, manufacturing, and other sound enterprises. It might be possible for us to elect to exist and be reasonably prosperous without any great expansion of our foreign commerce. We might not feel any moral obligation toward the rest of the world permanently to develop our foreign trade. We might consider the question solely as an economic one in which we can pursue our own broadest selfish interest. But the present acute needs of the Allied peoples presents a moral obligation, and the only way in which we can in any measure discharge this obligation is by extending our credit and investing our capital abroad.

The greater part of our loans thus far have been made by our government to other governments. To some small extent, American capital has been invested in the securities of European governments. But hardly to any extent have we invested in their railroad, utility, and industrial securities. Our government has recognized its duty to make advances directly to the Allied governments. The American investor holds the obligation of the American Government, and the American Government in turn the obligation of England, France, or Italy. The needs of these countries will continue, but the place of the government must be

taken by private capital in both countries. Therefore, the railroad, utility, manufacturing, and other securities of these and other countries must be marketed directly in the United States to the American investor. And that involves a governmental policy on our part. To a certain extent, and within reasonable limits, the American Government must support the American investor. These are obligations of all of our people, and all of our people cannot ask some of our people to meet this obligation without assuming a measure of responsibility. Aside from the moral obligation, the economic benefits inure to the nation as a whole, and a public opinion must be created understanding that the healthy development of our foreign commerce—directly dependent upon such foreign investments—will serve not only to give a return to the investor, profit for the manufacturer, the banker, or the merchant, but will also contribute largely and directly to the prosperity of the small merchant, the laboring man, and the farmer.

American commercial banking facilities have been, during the past few years, extended to a great many foreign countries. Branches have been established and corporations organized for the purpose of doing an international banking business. A discount company has been organized in New York. The bankers are eager to meet their responsibility and to contribute their part toward the building up of our national commerce in so far as they can do so with safety to their depositors. Of course it is not easy to displace London as the financial centre of the world. We have yet a long road to travel before the popular supposition in that regard can be realized. An editorial from one of the leading daily papers in New York, of December 29, 1918, said, among other things: "World trade was financed in London because British shipping focused at the British Isles. Soon American shipping will focus on our coasts, and the financing will be done here." It is not so easy as it sounds. Shipping has had something to do with financing world trade in London, but not everything. Just what the writer means by ships being "focused" on our coast I do not know, but this editorial illus-



trates the chief danger to the American people at the present time, namely, an assumption that world commerce and world finance will drop into our laps in the very nature of things. England's banking system is the most elastic in the world. English bankers have had years of training and experience in foreign banking and investments. London has created a ready discount and acceptance market, and a draft on London has been accepted anywhere in the world. Before the war London was the only financial centre a draft on which carried with it the certainty of ready convertibility into gold, and so London's prestige as the great banking centre of the world is difficult to compete with.

There will be many opportunities for Americans to invest in foreign securities at attractive rates and in reasonably safe enterprises, contingent only upon the attitude of those of our people who are not foreign investors toward those who are. Foreign investors and those engaged in foreign trade must not be sneered at as dollar chasers. The strong arm of the government must reach out to protect against deliberate confiscation the American who invests his money in foreign enterprises or who goes into foreign countries to promote our trade. England's experience in reselling us our own securities is the most striking illustration in the history of the world of the value of foreign investments. The investor has an unsentimental habit of inquiring as to the probable return on his investment and the certainty of recovering his principal. Is there not a well-grounded suspicion that American public sentiment has been hostile to business for a number of years past, and is it not inevitable that if such hostility continues we cannot be a factor in the commerce of the world? American business, handicapped and shackled by hostile government action and critical public sentiment, cannot compete with foreign business supported, aided, and in some cases subsidized by foreign governments.

While we have been assuming our permanent predominance in the world's commerce, other countries have been acting. Great Britain has created a state subsidy of \$250,000 a year for ten years as an aid

to the British Italian Corporation, Ltd., a private company with a capital of \$5,000,000 subscribed by twenty British and colonial banks and private banking-houses and other British firms together with the Credito Italiano of Milan, Italy. This corporation has for its objects the development of the economic relations between the British Empire and the Kingdom of Italy and advertises that it is prepared to consider business propositions requiring such financial assistance as is outside the general practice of ordinary banks. This financial assistance is the extension of credit for longer time than the usual banking credit and also the floating of permanent investments. The British Government recognizes the importance of this kind of financial assistance in developing foreign commerce. Among the banks owning the British Italian Corporation are Lloyds Bank, Ltd., with deposits of \$1,500,000,000, and the London County, Westminster & Parr's Bank, Ltd., with deposits of \$1,250,000,000. Can the reader imagine the reception which would be given any member of Congress in Washington who would dare suggest that a private corporation, owned by the leading banks and banking-houses in the United States, should be subsidized by the United States Government? Probably a committee in lunacy would be appointed. I am not suggesting that a subsidy should be granted to an American company, but I am pointing out the competition business will have to meet and that, at least, in the absence of subsidies it should not have hostility but encouragement and protection.

Primarily, our foreign trade would seem to depend upon our skill and capacity in producing goods. Without any particular stimulus we must and will produce raw materials such as wheat, cotton, copper, coal, etc., and we must manufacture our own raw materials into finished products instead of shipping them abroad, there to be manufactured by our competitors and resold to us. The production of raw material is the simplest part of our foreign-trade problem. The encouragement and development of our manufactures are important, but the most difficult part of the problem is the crea-



tion and maintenance of the machinery of transportation and credit. The manufacturers can produce and, under the Webb Bill, passed by Congress in the pursuit of an enlightened policy in dealing with our foreign trade, they can create co-operative organizations for selling. The Department of State can negotiate treaties, the Department of Commerce may gather and disseminate information, and the Federal Reserve Board may exercise financial supervision. But all of the foregoing combined cannot create for us success in trading in the markets of the world without an efficient transportation and credit system nor without a national sentiment appreciating the problem, eager to overcome the difficulties and free from the petty envious fear that some one may profit out of the co-ordinated result.

In all of the discussions dealing with the development of our foreign trade during the past few years the importance of supplying our own transportation facilities has been emphasized. We must have American-owned ships. Success in trade, after all, depends on service, and if our competitor transports not only his own goods but ours, he will invariably give preferential rates, terms of shipment, and speedy deliveries to traders of his own country and discriminate against our merchants and manufacturers. We have to meet and compete with the economic nationalism of other peoples. This war has created and is still creating an American-owned merchant marine, the chief part of it now the property of the American Government. In the meantime the government has commandeered privately owned American ships. Shall the government enter permanently the field of shipping? Shall it own and itself operate the American merchant marine? If so, what is to become of the privately owned ships it has commandeered? Shall they be turned back to their American owners and relegated to competition with their own government? Shall we sell our government-built ships to private capital with the hope or expectation that private capital can operate them in competition with the ships of other nations? But

other nations grant subsidies. Will the American people do so? But even in the absence of subsidies, can privately owned American ships compete with foreign shipping under the La Follette Seaman's Act, which imposes a higher standard of wages and a higher standard of accommodations upon American ships than is imposed upon foreign ships? Already shipyards in the United States are idle because the government will not permit the construction of steel ships for foreign account. Private capital in the United States cannot engage in building ships for private account because of doubt as to the policy of our government and the fear of practical confiscation through government competition.

Our future prosperity is dependent upon world-wide economic forces which must be appraised correctly and realistically, and upon our proper understanding of them and of their just utilization will depend the continued employment of labor in the mills and shops throughout the country. The war has put an end to our traditional policy of political as well as financial isolation, and may we not assume that hereafter the American investor in foreign enterprises will receive the protection and co-operation of his government? With the assurances from our government that such protection and co-operation would be given the American people—the small and large investor—the millions who invested in Liberty Bonds during the past eighteen months will be prepared to invest their future savings in foreign securities; such securities would but represent the credits our country must grant to the nations associated with us in the war to enable them to pay us for our manufactures and materials required by them for the reconstruction of their devastated lands and crippled industries, as well as to the friendly neutral nations to permit the development of their natural resources. This in brief is the underlying principle and creed of The New Dollar Diplomacy which can and should be fostered through the close and hearty co-operation of our government and the millions of American investors.









*From a painting by F. C. Yohn.*

“WON'T YOU GIVE UP A TRIVIAL THING LIKE ROYALTY—FOR ME?”

—“The Queen,” page 273.



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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## REAR PLATFORM IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST

By Lawrence Perry

ACCOMPANIED BY REPRODUCTIONS OF PAINTINGS BY THE TAOS SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

**T**ESTIMONY as to the Southwest comes to the prospective tourist in various forms even before he leaves the East; the result, a net impression that the journey has been delayed until practically all that the region once signified in terms of romance has passed into the pages of history, of popular fiction, or the cinema.

So much, as I found, depends upon the point of view—even in the Southwest. One might almost say that one finds what one seeks, although in the present instance this hardly applies, since a preconceived impression has degenerated into a state of doubt about the passing of the wild West which even at this writing has not been resolved.

"Neighbor," said the rear brakeman, who boarded the observation-car at Kansas City, "it all depends upon what you expect. Cow-punchers don't come up and shoot the windows out the cars; but then I don't know that they ever did. I used to be a cow-puncher in Arizona, and I never did; never saw it done. Of course, things are a little milder now that the State is dry. But even so, I wouldn't go 'round promiscuous lookin' for trouble if I was you."

There was the suspicion that this kindly railroad man was bent upon constructing an impression agreeable to the less than half-hearted aspirations not difficult to read in the mood of the tenderfoot at his side, a suspicion strengthened later when a man, obviously a type, drifted upon the rear platform.

He wore a sombrero, was sallow, lean-jawed—a mining-camp barber, the spur of whose migrations from mine to mine was a wanderlust which, high and low, is one of the dominating traits of the mining fraternity of the Southwest.

"I was born and raised in this country, the Big Blue," he said, sweeping his hand toward the Missouri River. "Thought I'd come up to Kansas City and see if the old home still stood. It does. But I didn't know any one; nobody knew me. So I only stayed around a day or two. I'm going back to Arizona to stay."

"Don't like civilization, eh?"

"Neighbor"—he gestured pathetically—"if you *knew* Arizona you wouldn't say that. What hasn't it got that any other place you can name has? All the comforts? Sure. Civilized! Why, you can go out alone with a bag of gold anywhere, night or day, and be as safe as you are in this car. It's a mild country, neighbor, and that's a fact. You'll find good English spoken, and spoken soft. There ain't four men in all Yavapai County that would make a mouthful for one bad man from Kansas City. They're too mild; that's what I hold against 'em; too mild."

Obviously a point of view at variance with that of the railroad brakeman. And yet—and yet question arose why one so guileless and sincere and simple and so steeped in conviction should have deemed it necessary to carry a gun, the butt of which I noted when he changed his coat in the sleeping-car. The thought occurred as I was about to dismiss his testimony

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as designedly misleading and maliciously unreliable that the hidden weapon might have been part of his precautions against the Kansas City sojourn.

From the standpoint of an Easterner there was something alluring in the thought of an Arizonian enlisting the companionship of a deadly forty-four as the bulwark of a visit to Kansas City.

That concealed gun, however, persisted as an anachronism, at least until we passed Emporia, leaving behind leagues of waving corn as the familiar East began to merge into a domain which was at least unfamiliar. Here were Mexicans—track workers—and their families living picturesquely in freight-cars and unending acres of Kaffir-corn and sage and irrigation ditches.

"Well," smiled the barber, "you might be in Illinois or Indiana, eh?"

"You might be," I admitted, "but somehow there's the feeling that I'm not. It's different—different. Out there, right now, for instance, is a herd of cattle. To be sure the men driving them look like farmers, except for their black sombreros. . . . Are they cowboys?"

"You may call 'em so; they're shipping cattle up here from New Mexico and Arizona because of the drought. Yes, you may call 'em cowboys—might make 'em feel good."

The significance of this cryptic remark was remembered and appreciated later. Even at the time it would have evoked a query had not a jovial copper magnate with fighting blue eyes, who takes riches from the ground in Arizona and spends them in New York, appeared in the doorway.

"Gentlemen," he said, "there is one of the finest mirages I have ever seen in the West."

A mirage! We piled out on the platform, and there, sure enough, was the mirage—a vague agglomeration of shapes hanging upon the evening sky in the midst of inscrutable desolation. We watched it in silence until it faded in the dark, while to at least one mind there came out of the limbo of things forgotten many a boyhood story of wagon-trains wandering from the old historic trail, still to be discerned by the track side, to their doom.

That night I bade farewell to the rear

brakeman, a veritable guide and friend whose route ended at La Junta, Colorado. I wouldn't miss much in the night, he said, as this section of Colorado was uninteresting.

"In the morning, though," he added, "you'll be going over the Raton Range of the Rockies. Be up early, for it will be about as much of the West as you get anywhere."

So indeed it proved. Las Vegas was a few hours behind when I sought the observation platform, the train at the time toiling its weary way up to a 7,000-foot level. The terrain seemed to resolve itself into a series of immense basins of brownish-gray grass dotted with clumps of green sage or stunted cedar, with surrounding mountains, gaunt and gray, sparsely clad with pines, sleeping in an alluring purple haze. Here began the region of adobe houses. You would describe them nestling under some rocky hill—always a dull leaden gray, very difficult to be distinguished from the background.

Or there would be ruins of adobe villages, some of them centuries old; all buildings, whether of past or present, so low and inconspicuous in color and architecture as to give no impression which might temper the sense of vast desolation.

Beyond Lamy, New Mexico, as the train crawled into a vast plateau bounded by distant mountain peaks, a cloud of dust appeared down a trail faintly marked on the mesa. As the cloud drew nearer two horsemen broke from its shelter, rode close to the platform of the slowly moving observation-car, emitted two or three *ki-yis*, and then, wheeling suddenly, clattered off on their course.

They were attired in black sombreros, gray shirts with red kerchiefs, chaps, lariats, and, in fact, all the paraphernalia of the cowboy of song and story.

"Is it," I asked of the copper magnate, who was passing expensive cigars about the platform, "some moving-picture show?"

"Movie show?" He regarded me curiously.

"I mean those alleged cowboys."

"Movie cowboys! No. They come, I suppose, from the San Cristobal or Pankey ranches, which are somewhere hereabouts."





Twilight, Taos Pueblo. By E. Irving Couse, N.A.  
This painting was awarded a silver medal at the San Francisco Exposition.



"You mean to say," I began, "that there are still real cow—" But as smiles were beginning to pass about the platform I desisted, realization beginning to dawn why the barber said that the men we had seen driving cattle back in Kansas would be pleased to have been called cow-punchers.

The trip at once began to assume a new interest, and when the mine barber came back on the platform I eyed him with something of that reserve with which one contemplates a deceitful man. But nothing could penetrate his drawling sang-froid.

At a tank station farther along there was opportunity to stretch our legs; opportunity, also, to observe at close range a bronzed, dark-haired cow-puncher who had paused on his mustang to observe the train. The barber approached him confidently.

"Neighbor," he said, "I bought a gun up in K. C., Mizzou. What do you think of it?"

The puncher took the wicked 44, balanced it in the palm of his hand, twirled it around on his forefinger, and then brought it to bear upon a tin can lying in the road about twenty feet away. Bang! The can leaped into the air. Bang! It rolled five feet farther along. Bang! Again it flew into the air and rolled. Bang! It rolled again. Bang! The can disappeared in the dust.

"It's a good gun," said the puncher, handing it back, "only it shoots a little high."

A little high! Rather a nice criticism, I thought. The barber snapped out the cylinder, reloaded the weapon, and passed silently into the background. My impression was that he was avoiding some questions on my part relative to Kansas City bad men; but I may have been wrong.

We began to fly through level ground, perspectives on all sides dotted with peaks upon which clouds rested. Suddenly along the trail appeared an altogether amazing, unlooked for, almost unbelievable spectacle—two Indians jogging along on horseback, wearing moccasins, wide black trousers, red or pink shirts, their black hair secured by scarlet bands about their foreheads. Thoughts of op-

tical illusion vanished a few minutes later when a squaw trudging along with a papoose upon her back came into view—Navajos, they told me. Then more Indians, afoot or on horseback. I am looking for the man who convinced me that Indians were no longer picturesque. Most certainly those fulfilled everything that imagination had pictured concerning them—quite the most eye-filling redskins I ever saw in book or magazine.

Memories of this section of the journey hold a vivid picture of a buck riding down the mountainside into Gallup, N. M., a veritable Remington conception. He wore a black sombrero trimmed with red; a red-and-gray blanket was wrapped closely about him, shielding him from a light rain and covering him to the knees. He looked as grim and inscrutable as the rocks which formed his background.

This came some hours after we had passed an Indian pueblo near Albuquerque, a community bordering upon the Rio Grande which left nothing at all to the imagination, the buildings always flat, of gray adobe, with relieving high lights contributed by festoons of scarlet peppers, or pimiento, hung upon the walls or spread upon the roof-tops.

The train lay an hour at Albuquerque, giving opportunity for rather extended observation. It is a city of some twenty-five thousand and suggests any other community of its size, East or West—trolley-cars, motor-cars, business buildings, department stores and the like. The only exotic notes were the Mexicans in their picturesque garb—usually half intoxicated—standing on the street corners, or cow-punchers threading through the traffic, or Indians in their native garb wandering about. They all seemed as anomalous and out of place as they would in Yonkers, N. Y., Montclair, N. J., or South Bend, Ind. It should be recorded, however, that the golfing clothes worn by the present scribe were equally anomalous and attracted a great deal more attention. I think my firm friendship with the copper magnate began when a swarthy cowboy, emerging from a saloon, saluted me with the suggestion, "Oh, take 'em off."

Beyond Albuquerque we rolled into a volcanic country filled with brown lava-



beds and towering hills formed like the Palisades of the Hudson, but streaked and lined with bands of red (sandstone), gray, and brown—beautiful to behold, especially at sunset.

This New Mexican country, as later I

this vehicle of modernity does not always triumph over the desert land, as the story of a resident of Las Vegas and his family, touring from that city to Caliente, shows. It appeared in a New Mexico newspaper which I picked up on the train and relates



Fiesta Day. By Victor Higgins.

This painting was awarded the first Altman prize at the National Academy, 1918.

found the Arizona country outside the deserts, is not the vivid gray one expects to find; not the vivid gray of Newport gorse lands, but brown, always brown, with purple sage, green scrub-oak, mesquite, cactus, and hardy grasses. And so lonely!

There was nothing, in fact, to suggest the advance of civilization except an occasional motor-car plunging along in the midst of unvarying desolation. And even

how the driver took the wrong pass through the mountains, and after motoring seventy-five miles discovered his mistake. The gas in the tank was getting low. There was but a quart of water to go among the five members of the party, a small can of beans, and a few crackers. The owner of the car took a small supply of water and started to walk seventy-five miles to the nearest settlement for help. This at 3.30 on the afternoon of August



17. After walking twenty-eight hours, most of the time without water and with no food at all he reached a village in pitiable condition. An excerpt from the newspaper account follows:

"The little party left in the car suffered

nearer, managed to return to the car, exhausted by her terrible walk of eighteen miles."

The party were eventually rescued, but there is enough of the wild West in this, certainly.



The Goat-Herder. By Robert Henri.

severely from lack of water and food, and as the weary hours of waiting in the heat of day and chill of night dragged on, they became convinced that Doctor Martin had failed to reach assistance, and that all must perish. Miss Lewis determined to seek water in the desolate sink of the river, which appeared to have clumps of greenery in it, and walked nine miles away from the car in the search. She failed to find water, as there was none in that section, and, after being terrified by two coyotes which were slinking

At Prescott, Arizona, the following morning, the copper magnate made a proposal which could not have been more opportune or more welcome.

"I'm getting off here with my party," he said, "to inspect one of my mines. The only way to know the West is to get out of this train and live in it for a while. Come along." All of which resulted in many alluring things, primarily a luncheon at the Yavapai Club where the visit of the magnate had been awaited by many eminent citizens with



exalted emotions. This being a purely American community—and a very attractive one with its modern buildings, its surrounding mountain peaks, and bare-boned buttes—the luncheon was charac-

At the moment a man of official mien entered the room and conferred hastily with a diner, who nodded and then arose.

"I just have a report," he said, "that a highwayman last evening killed a



Copyright by Julius Rolshoven.

"Deer Track" and "War Cloud," Indians of Taos, New Mexico. By Julius Rolshoven.

terized by the purest of American oratory, a tendency noted in the earlier courses.

"You of the East," stated a learned and silver-tongued advocate, "come among us as though to a foreign country. But let me advise you, ladies and gentlemen, that this *is* America, pure, unadulterated. Here is law, here is order, here, I may say, are all those advanced——"

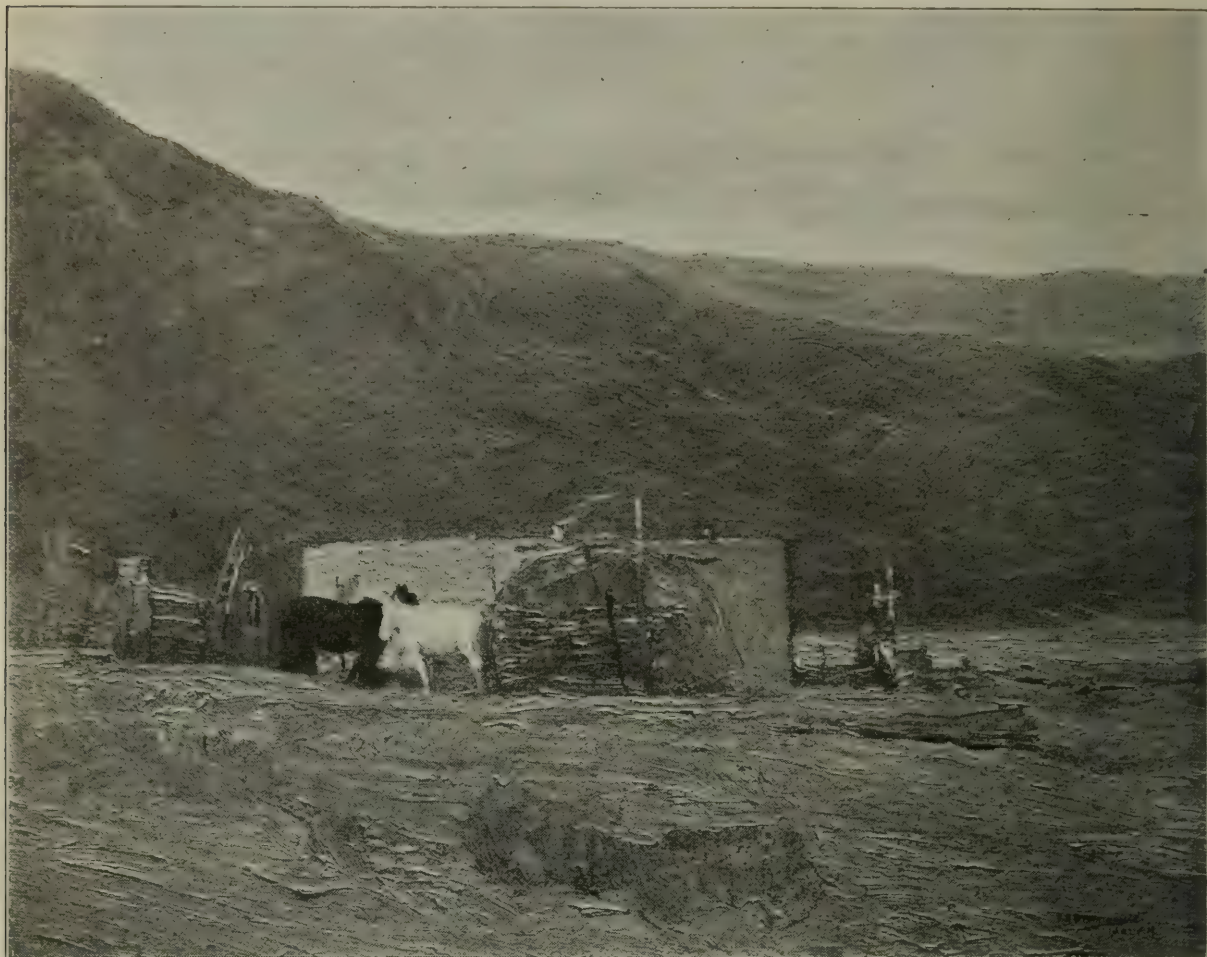
prospector out near Stoddard—shot him from behind with a Winchester which he took from a cowboy. There's a posse wanted."

Aside from the drifting out of the room of several tall, clear-eyed young men the incident created little, if any, interest. Posses, as a matter of fact, have not at least the thrill of novelty out here.



"We don't get many convictions for shooting affairs," confided a metallurgist at my left, "but we're progressing. Some time ago in Prescott a father and son came down to a store. While the son went inside and shot up his victim the

shooting—and shooting. Now a few months ago a travelling salesman, driving from town to town through the State with his wife, was held up and shot on the mesa near Humbolt. The woman's screams later attracted the attention of a bunch of



A Mood of the Mountain. By O. E. Berninghaus.

father, with his Winchester, stood guard outside and prevented all efforts at assistance. It was rather cold-blooded, and there'll be convictions if we bust."

"I lost one of the stockholders of my mine last spring near Mayer about in that manner," observed the copper magnate. "He was a valuable man."

"Did I hear something about law and order," said I sotto voce to the metallurgist.

"Sure you did," was the solemn reply; "but—but, well, you know, this is only shooting. Now you get caught with a bottle of whiskey on you, and you see what'll happen."

"Of course," said a neighbor, "there's

punchers who happened to be riding along. They caught the man, put one of their lariats about his neck, attached the other end to the Ford, and then ran the car along the trail at forty miles an hour or more. That was the way they fixed *that* coyote."

"What they've got to get out of the minds of these people," whispered the copper magnate, "is that when you've made an enemy, if you don't get him first he'll get you first. That's the cause of all the trouble."

"But I thought—I understood—they had become effete in this country, that—you just heard that speech about Prescott and New York——"

"Well," was the withering reply, "do



you ever hear of gun-play in New York City? Seems to me I have."

There was no answer to that, of course,

corded that, while the packing of a gun is not unlikely to be the corollary of a difference of opinion, it is by no means



The Start for the Hills. By W. Herbert Dunton.

even were one inclined to argue with a man who was to be one's host on a motor trip into the mining country some forty miles out of Prescott.

None the less, be it in all justice re-

the rule. Arizona, theoretically and conversationally—especially with strangers—holds no brief for gun-play. Rather she is given to extolling the possibilities of the State not only in the province of



ore production but in making things grow.

They took us from the club to the Chamber of Commerce in the splendid new court-house, where the display of peaches, casaba melons, grapes, pears, fancy apples, and, in fact, fruits of almost every sort afforded extraordinary evidence of the opportunities which this benign climate offers.

Followed a quest for motor-cars, which because of the demands of primary day were few enough. However, they were eventually obtained, and men to drive them recruited from various unprofessional quarters. The driver of my car, in sooth, was a cow-puncher, who, riding in from the range at noon, had been lured by promise of dollars into service by the garage man. The boon of a seat at the side of a moving-picture type who knew the country intelligently was hardly, for my part, to be estimated in dollars.

So we drove away while our hosts of the Yavapai Club—most delightful of institutions, where lawgivers, mine-owners, ranchmen, metallurgists, engineers, and cattle-raisers and businessmen foregather in delightful relationship—waved God-speed.

The highway—the Dewey-Humbolt-Mayer Road—led through country such as an Easterner beholds only in dreams, passing, as it does, among the fastnesses of the Bradshaw Range—mountains shoulder-high into the heavens on either side. Sharp, precarious turns in those sections of the narrow road which have been hewn out of the mountainside revealed an interminable perspective of hills, one overtopping the other until it seemed in very truth as though the Creator had selected this section of Arizona as a relief-map of his inexorable majesty.

And there was the most intimate sort of feeling about the sky, nowhere so blue and the clouds nowhere so near. As we dipped into a ravine the cowboy turned his head from the road.

“This used to be a great place for Apaches to attack the stage-coaches,” he said. “That fellow down there wouldn’t be placer-mining so pleasantly twenty-five or thirty years ago.”

Placer-mining! The gold-miner and

his family—wife and two little towheads—lived in the prairie-schooner at rest near the roadside; the mules that belonged to it were grazing near by. The wife was cooking over a log-fire, the children were playing together, and the miner was operating a steam-scoop which ran along the bed of a dried river.

“If I was in fifty-fifty with that fellow,” observed the copper magnate, leaning forward, “I’d make about \$7.50 a day—when luck was good. Copper is better; more of it—if you happen to have a real mine.”

Leaving the ravine, an opening in the mountains afforded view of a plateau stretching away a hundred miles, with mountains in the middle ground forty miles away which were mere blue-black hummocks. It was like gazing upon a domain leading to heaven.

I was surprised at the coloring of this country. Expectations had involved a gray monotone with relieving touches of green cactus; mountains rising stark and gray. This is not at all the prevailing scheme, at least of northern Arizona, nor any part of Arizona outside the deserts. The mountains are brown, dotted with vivid green scrub-oak, while the mesa is also brown and covered with green cactus of the prickly-pear variety, bear-grass, and broomweed, which has a small yellow flower. The soil is alkaline, and alkali dust is brown, not white or gray dust as I had believed.

We stopped at Humbolt—for ice-cream! This town, a few years ago, had the reputation of being the wickedest community in Arizona. Then the streets of one-story buildings, with the inevitable covered verandas extending out in front, were for the most part saloons and gambling-halls. Now they are dry-goods stores, drug-stores, or mere vacant shells. Strange it was to gaze upon Humbolt of the reformation; all the physical properties of the old “bad town” remain; mustangs still stand by the door-posts, cowboys loafing on the verandas; half-effaced signs and legends, indicative of the days that are passed, are still in evidence. And yet the fluid inspiration and the aleatory curse which accompanied it have gone, and with it a host of vices and crimes which seem vastly more alluring



in fiction and on the film than they were in real life.

"But," said the cowboy chauffeur, "there used to be a lot more money in the country when they had rum and lots more doin'. A Saturday afternoon in

punchers imitatin' the movies, the young punchers especially. They've even taken to wearin' the three-yard chaps when they ride and actin' up to the stuff they see in the pictures. It sure does get your goat."



The Delight-Makers of Taos. By Ernest L. Blumenschein.

Humbolt or Mayer now is no better than a funeral."

As we stood talking at the soda counter four cowboys cantered up, twirling the ends of their lariats negligently, as gallant equestrian pictures as one whose ideas of Western life were based upon the cinema could wish to see.

"Look at 'em," grumbled my cowboy, "with their four-quart Texas hats. Nobody in this country wore 'em until the movies came. Makes you sick seein' the

As testimony to the potency of the Western film drama in the land, and among the men it seeks to represent, this may be regarded as not uninteresting.

He said, however, that most of the young cowboys had gone to the war.

"They weren't locoed about the idea of war at first on account of the ocean trip. But later, when we all got riled up, there wasn't any trouble. Uncle Sam don't want me because I got hurt internally when a horse fell on me last year.





View from the Studio of the Copper Bell, Taos, New Mexico. By J. H. Sharp.

But at that I reckon I could take care of a couple of Huns."

I looked at him, and reckoned that he could.

Between Humbolt and Mayer we hailed a man who was making camp on the mesa, his prairie-wagon near by, the mules turned loose to graze. He had a wolfish face, steel-gray eyes, and long, pointed beard.

"He's a trapper," said the driver as we went on. "Picks up a pretty good living with coyotes, skunks, mink, and things. He'll be going down to the Mohave Desert in a month or two to pass out the winter."

My idea had been that trappers in this region were as rare as grizzly bears. But not so; there are plenty of them. One of this guild had captured a mountain-lion cub in the mountains, and was bringing him into Mayer as we arrived. It was a beautiful little animal, about two and a half feet long and playful as a kitten. He hoped, the trapper said, to make a life-long pet out of the animal.

From Mayer onward we came into the region of mesquite, celebrated in song and story; the sun was setting, the mountains

turning blood-red, and the mesa melting into pinks and purples and mauves beautiful beyond words. Occasionally we would dip into an arroyo, whereat the cowboy chauffeur would look fearfully at a dark cloud arising to the eastward, and urge his car at top speed until we had regained higher ground.

The traveller, whether afoot, on horseback, or in a car, has no greater enemy in this country, as I afterward learned, than a sudden cloudburst. The arroyos fill with from four to ten feet of water as though by magic and woe betide those caught in the arroyo section of a trail at such times, or indeed in a canyon. Early last summer two officers detailed by the French army for instruction in an Arizona cantonment were overtaken in an arroyo by a cloudburst; their bodies and their car were eventually found some eight miles down the valley. A suddenly arising dark cloud is a signal to take high ground which only tenderfeet ignore.

Diving into a bottom-land filled with cottonwoods and watered in the spring by a small river in whose dried bed, some miles farther down, a year ago was found the body of a prospector who had died of



starvation and thirst—this phase of Western life has by no means vanished—we emerged from the trees, turned sharply to the right, and were confronted by the mining-camp. It consisted of a row of one-story buildings, which included the company's offices, a general store, barber-

I think, relates itself to those wonderful Arizona nights when we sat on the veranda smoking, listening to Francis Viele's stories of applied power in the wilderness, to wit, electricity, or the copper magnate's early prospecting experiences, while the electric lights from the mine



In the Land of Manona. By Walter Ufer.

This painting received the Frank Logan medal at the Chicago Society of Artists, 1917.

shop, post-office—all with the inevitable projecting verandas and sloping roofs. In the rear, the homes of the shift bosses, mucker men, mill-workers, and the like were scattered up the mountainside, with the mine-shaft flotation-mill and other buildings crowning the summit. Upon the crest of a peak, nestling under the mine proper, was the club-house which was to be our home.

With that abode are associated many delightful memories; but the most vivid,

above pierced the velvet black; the stars brightening and drawing ever nearer until it seemed as though you might touch them; songs and the music of stringed instruments arising from the Mexican settlement in the valley, and all around the rustling of breezes, which filled you with a vast peace and yet with an untold impulse.

Memory recalls, too, a drop down a narrow ore-shaft into the bowels of the mountain and subsequent wanderings



through dripping levels while George Johnson and Sam Chaney, masters of subterranean lore, their faces lighted wanly by acetylene torches, descanted upon various sorts of ore, of stopes and rises, and the like.

Next afternoon saw a reluctant de-

gone too." He gazed sadly toward a group of punchers who were engaged in a sort of lottery, wherein for two bits a man is entitled to stick a pin in any one of a myriad holes and receives the sum of money printed on the back of the paper covering the hole. He may win a



Looking Backward: Indian Boy of Taos. By Bert G. Phillips.

parture via mail-stage from this mining-camp, so faithful in its reproduction of every phase of frontier society. Mayer, a typical Arizona mining and cattle town, offered sufficient allurements of novelty to spend at least half a day there. The cowboys and miners were coming in to register for the draft, their mustangs and wagons congested in front of the principal saloon, where now only soft drinks are sold.

I talked to the barkeeper, a shirt-sleeved type, who said that his patrons did not take kindly to lemon soda and ginger pop.

"But they have to drink it," he added, "or go dry. The roulette and three-card monte and all the other attractions are

check for one hundred and fifty dollars—and then again he may not.

"It's a popular game and so are the nickel-guessing machines," the man said. "I don't know how long they will last; the State has kept hands off so far."

"What's going to happen," said a man in broadcloth who has the reputation of six notches in his gun, "is that every one will get out of this country if it's dry after the war—as it will be—and go where they can get a drink once in a while. The country will go back to the Indians—that's what'll happen. You'll see the old frontier days."

As for the future of prohibition in Arizona, it is the testimony of the mining men that absence of drinking accounts



for two hours more work a day on the part of the miners, and that while they like a drink themselves they wouldn't vote for the return of liquor under any consideration. And Arizona's mining interests speak even louder than her cattle interests. In fact, I found no good citizen, whatever his personal leanings, who was willing to say that he would ever vote against the continuance of prohibition.

In the Mohave Desert were the grays and the whites, the pitiless sunlight, and the choking dust-clouds and the infinite, not to say grotesque, forms of cactus which I had regarded as characteristic of Arizona, but which are not. For Arizona,

or at least a major part of it, is infinite in its color and in its charm benign.

Of the Southwest of romance and story the vast, inscrutable mountains, the desolate open spaces remain; the cowboy still herds his cattle on the mesa, and rides gallantly into a settlement to pass a weekend; hard-eyed prospectors seek hidden gold and silver among the mountains; grizzled frontiersmen trap animals for their fur; in short, I begin to feel it is still the storied Southwest, sans hostile Indians whose places have been taken in some small degree by bad Mexicans who do things that necessitate not infrequent man-hunts—and sans alcohol.

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## HER TEARS—AND MINE!

By Edith M. Thomas

I HAVE a truth for women's ears:  
So listen! There be tears—and tears!

As orient pearls her tears arise,  
To make more beauty of her eyes—  
As orient pearls, and sooth as they;  
And of such price (so he doth say)  
That never one hath been forgot!  
Her tears are sooth, but mine are not:  
With scalding of the heart they run—  
As geysers, leaping to the sun,  
In lands adust, untrod by men;  
And all their drops sink back again,  
To nourish but the flowers of fire,  
Sprung from consuming, Vain Desire!

What are such tears save torture-bath?—  
For mine have brought me but his wrath,  
Whether it wear a smile or frown;  
And I, am fain to drink them down  
To that deep well where they were bred. . .  
But all as pearls her tears are shed,  
And make one beauty of both eyes  
That, then, are as his very skies,  
Wherefrom both rain and light divine  
Are his—and every heavenly sign:  
Ay, Love, with crystal grail, stands near,  
To catch and hoard each easeful tear.  
But mine?—Hate flings a hair-cloth rough,  
To dry mine eyes, and chides, "Enough!"  
Oh, there be tears—her tears—and mine;  
And both be of the bitter brine;  
But hers be changed to sweetness—yea!  
For such I with my life would pay!



# THE QUEEN

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. JOHN



HE old fat, cross Queen stared gloomily from the window of a room cluttered with expensive ugliness. She stared at a radiant landscape; it was May, and deer glided, tame as sheep, across the park, through shadows dappled with sunlight, over lawns by a river. The old Queen stared gloomily at the shining, historic river, at the groomed landscape, masses of rhododendrons, puffy pyramidal trees spaced down the park in misty sunlight. Many springtimes—for she had been a Queen since eighteen—had she seen the gray walls of the castle glorified by this magic of new life, of ever-coming youth.

At much such a landscape she had gazed, with awe and dreams in her young eyes, the morning after that sudden night awakening when the archbishop and the lord chamberlain had sprung to meet her, a bewildered child, as she came to them alone in the palace in the early May morning, her nightclothes and her blue dressing-gown clutched about her, her fair hair loose. "Your Majesty," the grizzled ministers had called the little girl; they had knelt as they kissed her hand. Even now the wonder of that greeting could stir her. She had stood at this very window later with a baby in her arms, the boy who had died—she had not forgotten that springtime; later still others had crowded here, blond youngsters, squealing rapturously as she showed them the bird's nest in the oak. The bird's nest was there this year, but the children? The lines in the old face set to bitterness. The children! She had loved and served them like any shopkeeper's wife, and what had they cared? They were married to princesses and dukes, one to a king; they had each his own greatness, his own affairs, and while not one was as great as she, did they really care

for her? They had clung to her as babies; they overwhelmed her now with attentions—but she was the Queen. Naturally. Her children paid court to her as the rest of the world. It was to their interest.

The old Queen, dumpy, ungraceful in her chair by the window, gazing out with dull eyes, thought such thoughts. The thoughts focussed in a sore point—the boy John, her grandchild. It was like the ashiness of this farce called life that the lad whom she adored should do this. But she would not have it done; her house and her dignity should not be disgraced; the boy might come to be king; Henry, the older brother, was not strong; it was her duty, as the head of the family, of the kingdom, to control this madness. Joy of life might be over; power she had and would use.

A deferential knock at her door; some one announced that some one else announced that the appropriate official had announced his Highness, Prince John.

The boy came in, tall and tanned and good to look at, and wheeled at the decorous footman and nodded imperiously to close the door, and the footman all but smiled as he decorously and rapidly did close it; Prince John's nods left smiling faces. Then the boy turned the key firmly, and then he found time to pay attention to the Queen of England.

"Hang these brutes of footmen and equerries, grandmother," was his opening remark. "It took me a good quarter-hour to break in here." With that he had an arm around her shoulder and was patting her as he bent to kiss her. "How's the rheumatism in the little tootsey-wootsey this morning?"

There was something so lovable and human in touch and manner that the old cross Queen laughed. All at once a bird sang from the nest in the oak; she heard the sound of the placid river; sunshine splashed into the window; things seemed



to happen when the boy came in. Yet—she pulled herself together, and with that, though she was old and little and fat, it was evident that she was a stately and powerful Queen.

The boy caught the shift. "Come now, granny," he complained, and he took her pudgy hand with its blazing jewels in his big lean, brown ones. "Don't let's have any 'Her Majesty' rot. Let's be just granny and John. Won't you, now? You're going to be properly unpleasant anyhow—I know that; it'll add to both our sufferings if you put the Queen game over me. Won't it, granny?"

The Queen hesitated, then lifted her hand to the smooth face with its square jaw and gentle mouth. "Johnny, you're the only one I've felt really cared for me."

"I do care, grandmother," Prince John made answer gravely. His straight brown eyes glowed.

"I've believed it. I've trusted you," the Queen considered. "It's lonely to be a Queen; one grows not to trust people, not even one's own. I realized long ago that youth is cold-blooded, thinking only of its own interests. But I have believed you different; I have believed"—the clean-cut old voice shook a little; she went on with an effort—"that you are not—a time-server; that you—have a heart."

Prince John nodded. "Rath-er," he stated. "And I keep you in it."

The keen, lined face smiled. She went on. "If that is so, Johnny, I want you to tell me that you will not disappoint your grandmother, who has faith in you." He looked at her steadily and the question in the candid young eyes changed to pain. He said nothing. "I want you to tell me that you will give up this girl, who is not the right girl for you, and who would later not only make you unhappy but would be unhappy herself. Will you promise me that?"

The brown eyes still stared straight into hers. "No, grandmother."

"My dear," the Queen said, "don't make it hard. I love you very much; it will be a terrible blow if I have to use force."

"Force couldn't pull off a lot, grandmother."

"John," reasoned the Queen patient-

ly, "I am your grandmother, but I am the monarch of this country. I have a great deal of power; if I use force it will be effective. I can change your career. And I will. I won't allow it to happen that a nobody out of an American steel-shop should sit beside you on my throne."

"My hat, grandmother!" burst out the lad; "she doesn't want to sit on any throne; no more do I; we only want each other. I'm a prince and that's all right, I suppose—I'm used to that, and I'd rather enjoy making Muriel a princess—but that's plenty. I'm perfectly willing to sit back and admire Harry as king when the time comes, and here's hoping it won't come for fifty years. Cut off the succession; it won't worry me a particle. Only let me marry Muriel, and you receive her and like her a bit for me, and then more for herself—that's all I want. You and I are pals; come, granny, do the sporting thing; throw down conventions; see that a man and a woman are man and woman before they're prince and commoner. All the rest is junk. Artificial—pitiful—that's what it is, this legend about rank. Why, granny, if you saw Muriel! She's a beauty—but that's not it—it's personality. There never was anybody so full of the joy of life, so sincere, so ready to love the world and eager to help it. But there's no use telling; I might talk a week and get nowhere, and she'd speak three words and you'd love her—you would, granny."

The boy was on his knees, his arms about the stout figure, his impassioned face flaming up to the old face. The Queen smiled down mistily as he made oration; some long-silent chord in her throbbed a disturbing answer to this mad lover's talk. But she shook her head.

"It's no use, Johnny. You always begged with your whole soul for whatever you wanted, and sometimes I had to refuse you. I have to now. You'll get over this, much as it hurts for the moment. I know. Once I—" The Queen hesitated, caught her breath, and hurried on. "You cannot marry this young woman, John. You have a duty to your house and to the nation, and I hold you to it."

The boy sprang to his feet and stood before her, tall and splendid, and it came



to the fat old woman sitting there in her black dress and widow's cap, gazing up with dim eyes at the magnificent youth of him, that he was not only every inch a prince but every inch a man. On the heels of her thought flashed his words.

"You can't hold me against my heart, grandmother. I'm a prince maybe, but I'm a man first. I've thought a lot about it, and I believe life is important and the frills that we've trimmed it up with and covered it over with are unimportant. I've decided that I won't give up life for frills. They've always choked me, don't you know." He thrust strong fingers into his collar and pulled it about as if to relieve physical pressure. "I want my life."

The Queen's pulse quickened to the words. She loved this rebel grandson; she loved him for his rebellion; but she was the ruler. "John, I have power. I shall use it."

Prince John stood rooted. "What power?"

"I am the Queen."

"Granny," said Prince John, "I never gave a whoop whether you were the Queen or not. I've loved you because you've been ripping to me all my life, and because you are a sweet, wise, strong person. But you're not wise about this," he considered.

"John," repeated the Queen, "I have power."

"What power?" asked the boy again.

"I can cut off your succession."

"Yes," answered Prince John. "Do. I don't mind, granny."

"And I can cut off your income."

"Can you do that?" The boy whistled. There was no touch of resentment, only dismay. "That's awkward."

"You'd find it so with your upbringing."

"Oh, very," agreed Prince John. "All the same"—he threw out lean hands and looked at them—"I've got hands like other men, and a middling brain and a great education—you saw to that. I can work; men do. And support their wives." The shining head went back and he shouted young laughter. "It wouldn't be a bad game, granny, making my own living. 'Boots and shoes. Cobbling done promptly by Prince John of

England.' Some sign for Piccadilly Circus! Dollars to doughnuts Harry would be green with envy. A lot more amusing than opening charity bazaars and representing you at funerals, don't you know?"

The brown face was alight but the Queen's was sober. She put out her hand and the boy was on his knees before her again.

"John, it's no joke if you separate us."

"Why, nothing can separate us, dear. Not even Muriel. We belong to each other. She wouldn't, and she couldn't. You're part of me. I have to have you always."

"But, John, if you persist we shall be separated. It's inevitable. I've told you how you came to be so much mine—a hundred times, haven't I?"

"About a hundred and one, granny."

"Listen for the hundred and second. When I went to see you at a day old I bent over the bassinet and you opened your eyes and they seemed big and dark, the indefinite eyes of a baby. And I cried out: 'Oh, he's going to have brown eyes; I never had a brown-eyed baby.' And your father said: 'Take him, mother. Have him for your very own. We said to-day that this one should be especially yours. What will you name your boy?' So it flashed into my head that I would give you the name which none of our house has had for generations, but which seemed to me always the manliest and most beautiful name a man could carry, and I said on the instant, like the priest Zacharias: 'His name is John.'" The Queen stopped and turned her head to the open window framing the river valley. "When I was quite young"—she spoke, flushing slowly across a network of wrinkles—"there was some one called John whom I knew and—and cared for, for a short time. It was out of the question. I made the sacrifice for duty and my country. But I have not forgotten. I know what I ask of you to-day." With that she smiled the sarcastic smile of a clever, worldly old woman. "The sanest of us is silly at times," she said. "But I have never told that episode; no one has ever known before why you were named John." She went on impulsively: "You did have brown eyes." She put a jewel-weighted hand each side of his face and



gazed into the brown eyes. Then she kissed him. "You see now how very much mine you are? It would well-nigh kill me to give you up."

The boy, turning his face, pressed his mouth on the jewelled hands. "Granny, I'll never give you up. I care more for you than ever for telling me this. But, granny, you must know how I can't give her up either. How the succession and the rank and the income and the duty to the nation—all those *fol-de-rols*—are junk compared to Muriel! Didn't you ever—why, you must have known how it was to feel that such stuff simply doesn't weigh against—a big feeling. Granny, I can't give her up."

Feminine softness suddenly died out of the old Queen's look. "Is that your decision, after what I have said to you?"

"It must be, grandmother." He flashed to his feet again. "Granny, it must be—forever. I can never give her up. Never."

The woman was gone; in her place there sat a determined ruler of a nation. "You may go. I shall let you know the details shortly. You have forfeited your rank and connection with my family. Definite steps will be taken. Go."

And the boy, with a miserable face, stepped backward to the door and was gone.

That night there was a state dinner in the Waterloo room, and in the company was the newly-arrived American ambassador, commanded to dine and spend the night at Windsor. His first interview with the Queen would doubtless take place at some time during the evening. It did not look, the ambassador reflected, flashing a glance at the sovereign lady, as if that interview would be exhilarating. The band played excellent music, old music of the Queen's youth it was to-night, Rossini and Bellini; great people in fine clothes and gorgeous jewels were assembled; but the Queen was in one of her black moods, and the function as a social event was heavy wading. A cloud sank more and more solidly over the brilliant scene till one could almost feel gloom dripping off the edges of it. Something had gone wrong in high altitudes. After the solemn meal was over and the ladies

had gone into the drawing-rooms and the men, fifteen minutes later, had left the famous Waterloo room and joined them, an equerry came and told the ambassador that her Majesty wished to talk to him; he was conducted, not overhappy, to the throne-like chair where the old Queen sat apart.

Surprisingly, the Queen was gracious. Many ambassadors had been brought to her seated here, and the great lady knew to a shade how to deal out an atmosphere to each. The American, it seemed, was to meet bright weather. The ill humor which she had allowed to control her during dinner, which had turned that stately occasion into a proverb of depression, was put aside. With so much kindness and simplicity did she lead the easy sentences that in a few minutes the diplomat, practised man of the world that he was, had almost forgotten the monarch in the charm of the woman. For the old fat, cross Queen knew well, out of a life of great experiences and marvellous training, how to be charming. The American was enchanted, astonished.

"Your country has paid a fine compliment to mine," the Queen was saying, and the old voice let the words slip with high-bred, clear intonations, "to send you to us. England is happy to receive you, not only as yourself, fresh from distinguished services and the honors with which your people have covered you, but to receive the grandson of your grandfather, a former minister to England and a President of the United States."

The ambassador made the right answer to this gracious speech, and made it more right for a delightful personality. The Queen regarded him attentively.

"It is not only your grandfather whose name is known here," she went on after a slight pause; "I well remember your father, who came across during the administration of the President and stopped in England for three months. You are older, of course, but like him in look and manner. He—he was"—it seemed odd to hear the Queen hesitate—"a radiant lad. They called him here, you know, Prince John. The English statesmen said that his ability and knowledge were astonishing in a boy of twenty-two, and he had a great reputation as a speaker.



"I"—the Queen hesitated again—"I was but a girl—it was in the first year of my reign—and he seemed to me a young god out of Olympus. That was a long time ago," the Queen added, and smiled mistily. "Almost seventy years ago."

The ambassador's warm heart was touched by the words and by that dim old smile. "Your Majesty is good," he answered quickly, "to speak to me of my father. I know well that he had the honor of meeting you, ma'am. His visit to England and the wonderful hospitality shown him never faded from his memory. He died twenty years ago but I remember clearly his talks to me of that time; I believe it was the happiest part of his life. The impression of it as he told the story is so vivid to me that when the President asked me to take this mission the first thought that leaped to my mind was how much it would have pleased my father." Carried away by personal interest the impulsive diplomat, whose impulsiveness, being a diplomat, was one of his assets, smiled into the Queen's eyes as man to woman and thought only of the boy, "the radiant lad," who had been his father and who had been fêted and admired as never an American boy had been before, in this English court, when this old Queen was young.

"I danced with him," said the Queen.

"Ah!" The ambassador's handsome face was flushed, lighted. "He told me of that many times, ma'am."

"I loved to dance," said the Queen. "You American men are good dancers. Your father was the best I ever knew."

"I can believe it," said the son proudly. "He did everything best. And he was beautiful and graceful beyond most men."

The Queen, smiling again that dim smile of memories, assented. "He rode well. Did he ever speak of a ride when—a number of us were caught in a thunderstorm and I—was thrown?" asked the Queen.

"Your Majesty was thrown?" the ambassador repeated. "Thrown? Why, no. It's odd that my father should not have told me that."

The Queen spoke quickly. "Many things happened in those three months. He could not have told you all."

And with that the American was re-

garding her doubtfully. "It was as you say, ma'am, years ago, so that I trust I am not indiscreet to speak of one more incident. It had, of all the events of those three months, the most lasting influence. It may be known to your Majesty—he was twenty-two—he left his heart in England."

"In England?" The Queen's low voice was a bit lower. Her eyes were on the American's face with a guarded look which queens' eyes perhaps often wear. She said no more. "In England?" said the Queen.

The ambassador's keen gaze was for once unobservant; his thoughts were back in America with his boyhood. "Once a year," the ambassador continued, "on the 9th of May—and that will be to-morrow, ma'am—at dinner in our house in Richmond my father's family drank with him the health of 'the unforgotten.' There were always violets on the table; we drank it standing, all of us—my mother and her children. My father was to my mother as a perennial boy; I think she loved this bit of undying loyalty to his youth, almost as a mother might have loved it. I remember his look as he stood and gave the toast 'to the unforgotten'—he was, as your Majesty has said, radiant. It was a religious rite to him; we were taught to treat that moment in the year with reverence."

The pleasant, easy tones of the ambassador stopped for a moment; the Queen sat silent, the old fat, wrinkled Queen; her head was bent and she stared down at an ancient, priceless ruby gleaming on her hand. Was she bored possibly at this family tale of an American? One does not commonly tell so long a story to queens. Then she spoke.

"And the lady was—" the low, assured voice demanded.

"Ah, we never knew that," smiled the ambassador. "We were told only that she was a very great lady, that it was a love without hope because of that. My father said—" the ambassador laughed apologetically. "You will be amused, ma'am, at the romance of an old fellow, but so it was. He was a boy still at sixty-odd whenever the 9th of May came around. My father said that this English



girl had a voice like a bird's on a wet lawn of an early morning; that her eyes were violets, and her cheeks like roses; that she was slim and tiny as a fairy and honest as heaven, and faithful as eternity. Your Majesty sees how the charm of your countrywomen may hold a man through a lifetime. He never came back to England. He was many times in France—all over the Continent. But after that visit he never saw England again."

The old Queen lifted faded eyes to the ambassador's glowing face. He noted the ungraceful double chin and the sunken mat of purplish wrinkles about her cheekbones, and a prick of brickish red which is all that is left in old English faces of the glory of the English complexion; then he saw with a start the wistfulness of the look and a mistiness—were there actually tears in those colorless small eyes of a cold-blooded ancient ruler? Had he touched some simple chord left alive after a complicated lifetime, some remnant of the youth which even monarchs must know? As he looked, as his own trained eyes flashed a glimmer of surprise, she was once more, with no perceptible change in the smooth finish of her manner, a stately and gracious Queen.

"You have interested me very much. What you have told is most picturesque, and you tell it delightfully. It was charming of you to give me this glimpse into the life of a gentleman whom I remember so well. It is a pleasure that we are to have his son with us to renew his happy memory." And the interview was over.

Her Majesty of England slept badly that night. Long ago she had learned to dispense with post-mortems, to make a decision and then to abide by it without further wavering; she had learned also to put aside haunting memories. Every life runs more smoothly for the grinding down of such unevennesses in the machinery; to the life of a statesman or monarch these eliminations must be vital. Yet—her Majesty tossed on her sumptuous bed and considered these laws of hers and found them a dead letter. She could not, for all of her strong will, rule out the thought of her grandson, dearer and closer than any of her own children, thrown into a world for which he had not been prepared, to

sink or swim with no help from the hands which had cared for him—her powerful hands. She could not but dread the thought of days, months, years without him, the veritable sunshine of her life. And side by side with the boy crowded other thoughts which had long since, she believed, lost their edge of pain or pleasure. Here they were, those memories which she had fought and conquered so long ago, so long ago. Here they were, wringing her old woman's heart with a remembered pang and rapture.

Over and over she recalled the interview with the American, the inflections of his voice, like that voice unheard for three-quarters of a century, his smile, like the smile of a "radiant lad" who had grown old and died many years back. Was it possible that the human heart was so eternal, so uncontrollable, so unreasonable? She had had a full life, with joy and sorrow beyond what ordinary humanity knows. She had had youth and gayety and admiration, the love of a husband and children, and sorrow too and widowhood; also she had had power and great responsibilities, which had made her an expert in statecraft; she was aware of her own balanced judgment and wisdom in affairs, her value in counsels of nations. These things had been her life; why should it happen that in ripe age these things on which she had built her house should be torn from beneath her? The old Queen trembled in the night as she felt the rush of a hidden ocean stronger, deeper than reason, which sweeps through foundations of souls and carries away logic like driftwood.

Her Majesty was not widely read; her life had been too busy; she knew little psychology. She had barely heard about subconsciousness, and the huge, unseen forces which shape visible affairs; about the strength of a forgotten impression to assert itself with accumulated force. So she suffered in the night and found herself unreasonable, but failed to resist what was stronger than herself. "I am old," she whispered to the darkness. "My reason and will are weakening." And yet she was aware that a false note was sounded. Yet she felt, as that illimitable sea swept over her, that it was reality which asserted itself after many years of



convention, in a personality warped and set into conventions, but magnificently honest, faithful at the core to reality. The episode in her history when for one moment youth and sheer life had asserted themselves against "the frills," as her boy put it, when she had let life go and held to "the frills," the memory of that episode returned in force of joy and anguish and stood before her. Hand in hand it stood with a history she was shaping now for another life—her boy's. Hand in hand stood before her phantoms in the night, the lad and that radiant lad of her early youth—the two she had loved most in her days. And the lad she had sent away pleaded for the one of to-day.

"Let the little things go—rank and power and money; what are they worth after the years? What counts but faith and love? Give the boy the chance you did not give me, my unforgotten love; give it to him and it will be a gift to me," pleaded the voice unheard for seventy years, the voice heard again last night. And the Queen, torn with unused indecision, fell asleep.

At five of the bright May morning she wakened and, wakening, she smiled; she was at peace. "Sleep brings counsel" is the proverb, and the waves of the subliminal ocean, while she slept, had washed away the flotsam of much which her Majesty had built upon. Very carefully, so as not to rouse solicitous and inconvenient attendants forever guarding royalty, she got up and slipped into a brocaded and furred dressing-gown and stole through the open door of the cluttered, expensive sitting-room. She moved softly. The inlaid writing bureau which had belonged to Marie Antoinette stood open; she drew out a drawer and touched a spring and a second drawer slid forward. There was a package; carefully her Majesty lifted it, carried it to the window. Slowly, with gentleness, she raised the lid of the silver, jewelled box and lifted out a paper.

The pudgy hands shook as she opened the brownish folds. She stared down, creasing her double chin. What was in the paper? Dust. One might not say if those grayish, crumbling bits had been flowers or spinach; earth had very nearly turned to earth for the humble, ancient scraps of cosmos. But her Majesty

stared as if they were indeed of value beyond her empire, and with that she bent her head swiftly and the double chin and the yellow and purplish wrinkles and the bricky patch of color were crushed into the old, rotten paper and the broken fragments of—spinach, was it? And then her Majesty, with the paper in her thick hands, sat for a long time in the early May morning by the window of memories, and the birds sang inconceivably sweetly, and the river smiled and shimmered beneath the gray walls, and a deer stole across wet shadows of the puffy trees down the park. And the Queen with the dried bits of violets in her hands saw visions.

She saw the young American as she had seen him the night after his arrival at the ball, brought up to be presented by the prime minister, the son of the President of the great republic. "His Highness, Prince John, we should call him," the prime minister had said, smiling, and the name, for its fitness, had stuck to him. And the grave girl Queen had lifted blue eyes to a face which she was destined never to forget. The brown eyes of the young American met hers, and with that on the instant the shock of an unknown feeling astonished her. And the eyes held hers—a long half-minute. It was that night she had danced with him; she danced like a fairy always; he danced like a god; it was in such terms that the old gray Queen remembered. She had lain, with the violet eyes wide open, till daylight, smiling, trembling, only half understanding. There had been many meetings after, for English society went quite mad over the beautiful youth out of the West carrying buoyantly the honors of his father's name and the prestige of his great new country. She had danced quadrilles—for the Queen danced only quadrilles—with him again; he had played battledore and shuttlecock with her and her ladies, making the hush of the palace rooms gay with young laughter. And then of a May morning the cavalcade of the young Queen had gone out—thirty of them. Sir George Quentin and Mr. Fozard rode at first with her Majesty. All of her ladies wore long flowing skirts; all of her gentlemen wore blue with red collars and cuffs, the uniform of Windsor,



such as the little Queen herself was wearing. Then, shortly, she had called the American to ride with her, and for an hour he was close at her side. What was said was immaterial to both; the Queen had caught, once, wise old eyes watching her anxiously, but that was immaterial also. The two moved above the earth, closed in by a heaven of their own.

Then low thunder had rolled out of the blue day; the sky clouded and the party turned quickly and rode for home, but were overtaken by the storm near Queen Anne's walk and refuged under a group of big beeches. And suddenly her beast, the high-strung gray horse called Fearon, took fright at a flash of lightning and bolted through the packed group of uneasy animals and was tearing through torrents down the road. And even as she spun along, the animal quite out of hand, the unafraid little Queen laughed aloud at a thought. "His horse is the only one that can catch Fearon," thought the laughing little Queen, and wondered if she heard through the storm a thunder of following hoofs.

A mile of the breathless race, then Fearon hesitated, swerved at a corner, and plunged into a glade by a stream, and with that the plucky little Queen's long riding skirt caught on a branch and she was swept off. Minutes later she opened the violet eyes to dark eyes burning close; it was he; she knew it would be he. He was holding her in his arms as a man holds the woman he loves; he was kissing her lips over and over—the Queen's lips—and the Queen laughed; she was young, she was a woman, she too was to drink her draft of love. Reckless of royalty, of reason, she put up the red-cuffed sleeve, and a hand like a snowflake went to his cheek.

"You mustn't, you mustn't," she whispered, and laughed again, as he only caught her closer.

"I must—that's it—I must," the deep boy's voice spoke back, and then—"Your eyes are violets," and he kissed her eyes. "I don't care if you're a Queen; I don't care if you're an angel of God. You're mine," he said. "Mine, mine, you darling, my darling. You love me—don't you love me?"

And the Queen, utterly lost to queen-

ship, whispered into the face pressed against her face the answer: "Yes, I love you—I love you."

"Then what else is there? What does this Queen business matter? Half a dozen people **can** run England—only you and I can belong to each other. Won't you give up a trivial thing like royalty—for me? Won't you, you violet, you white angel—" Passionate, tender word had rained on word. Surely no man since the world began had made love like this American.

An hour the two were in the glade by the river, and the summer storm rolled about them and passed away and the sun came out on the wet leaves and on wild flowers thick in the grass, and for a long time they did not notice. Then the boy looked up with a start.

"The sun is out!" he cried. "They'll be finding us. I can't leave you alone. We must just wait till they find us—it will be only too soon," said the boy, and fell to picking violets. "Keep them," he said, as he brought her a blue bunch, dripping and sparkling. "Keep them forever. Even if—if they separate us—if they won't let me have you—we'll have had this hour—the violets are the sign of it. They can't take away this hour. *Will* they separate us?" demanded the lad fiercely.

The girl Queen lifted her head, with an air. "They will not," she spoke. "I will do—what I think right. I am the Queen."

The boy laughed a little. "Queen? You're an angel straight out of heaven," he threw at her. "Darling—darling—I've never thought of you once as the Queen, not since that first moment our eyes met, and we both—knew. It can't be that such a love as ours must come to nothing. What's politics, what's royalty, compared to this? There's nothing matters—nothing in all life but faith and love."

"Nothing matters to me but you," whispered the little Queen, and put up her fingers again to his face. It was such a daring deed, such an unheard-of deed, that she caught her breath, doing it. "I shall see the prime minister to-morrow; we are great friends, the prime minister and I; he is an excellent person; he is a



father to me; also he respects me as his Queen. I shall tell him that I shall—marry you,” spoke her Majesty loftily, shyly. And with that there was a clatter of horses, voices shouting. The top hour of life was over.

The Queen had seen the prime minister the next day, and for days after; she had expounded to this “excellent person,” this devoted and faithful minister, her wishes and her theories as to what was truly important in life; it had ended as it must end inevitably. A prime minister and a kingdom had been too strong for a little-girl Queen. And the “radiant lad” had gone away, suddenly, home, never to return, and the look of his face as he had mounted her on Fearon in the glade in the midst of frightened courtiers had been the last look of his which she was to know.

Later she had married, as a Queen must, and had loved the worthy prince who was her husband with a tranquil affection, and had known happiness and greatness, and then sorrow, and now old age; but the Queen was made of tenacious stuff; she had never forgotten, and through all her years she had known no hour like that in the glade by the river on the 9th of May when the century was young.

The old Queen sat by the window in the early morning; it was May 9th to-day; off on a hill to the left ran the thread of road down which Fearon had bolted; the tops of the trees above the hill marked the glade where violets unquestionably grew to-day. The Queen stared out from the window of memories till she could see no longer Fearon’s road and the trees of the glade for the mist filling her sight. Then she looked where the dust of old violets lay in her unsteady hands. Again she lowered her face, her fat face with wrinkles and small, colorless eyes, into the brownish paper.

“We had that hour,” she whispered. “Some time we shall have it again. It

was true what you said, dear lad, that only faith and love count.”

Later in the day, yet as early in the day as might be, a very depressed young prince was announced to his royal grandmother.

“Dear lad,” said the Queen, and said it, though the boy did not know, to long-unhearing ears, “dear lad, you are going to have your sweetheart and she is going to have all in my power to give her.”

“Granny!” gasped the boy and caught her hands. “Do you mean it? Granny, if you mean it you’re not a Queen—you’re an angel out of heaven.”

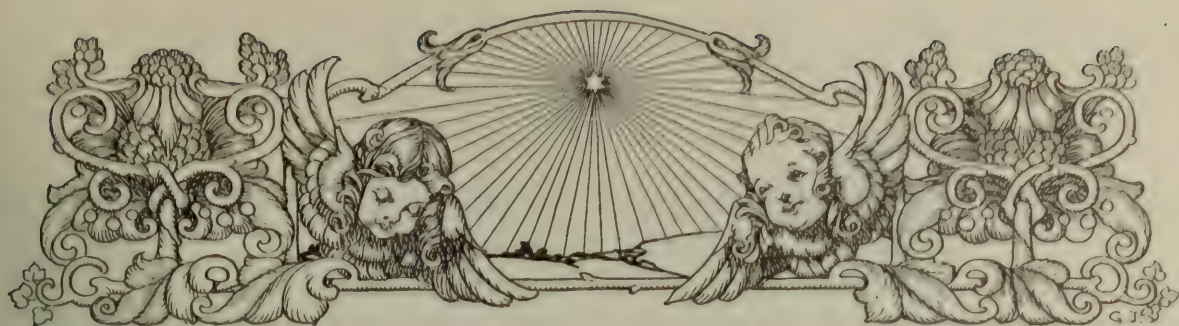
The Queen laughed a little. “I think only twice in my life have I been called an angel, Johnny, and it is quite a coincidence that both times it was on the 9th of May.”

The lad was on his knees before her again and his strong arms clasped her. “You dear, you darling, you’ve been a guardian angel to me always, and now this is the—the”—the boy laughed too, but there were tears in his eyes—“the crowning flap of your wings. However did you happen to do it, granny?” he demanded, squeezing the Queen’s stout waist irreverently.

The Queen patted his hair. “Most inquisitive,” she answered, and went on. “I—I had a vision. I was shown in a—dream that you were a wise prince and spoke deep truths. I came to see that, as you said, the conventions and frills, which were manufactured through painful centuries, are, as you eloquently put it, ‘junk.’ Also, laddie, I had a desire to give some one something to celebrate an anniversary—the 9th of May. And you happened to be an easy beneficiary.” And the boy, half understanding, his brown eyes swimming as he looked into the old face dear to him all his life, did not know that the gift was given to another boy long ago dust.







## LOVE IN MARRIAGE

By Hermann Hagedorn

### I

I ONCE made songs to honor your fair face,  
Your hands, your hair, your azure-tinted eyes;  
And praised your eager mind and called you wise  
And told you, times unnumbered, that for grace  
You were the most praiseworthy of the race.  
I would not cancel now those lyric sighs,  
Though I was only twenty and surmise  
I may have overpainted just a trace.

If I should lift the lyre for you again,  
I should say less of face and hands and hair;  
Even of your eyes would I be silent, giving  
Your spirit every trembling of my strain.  
And the first song I uttered should declare  
The clear dawn-beauty of your daily living.

### II

And if again I should uplift my lay,  
Not of your brow's cool courage would I speak;  
Nor of the stainless petal of your cheek  
That keeps in August the faint flush of May.  
But for your tenderness that knows no stay,  
Music most pure and poignant would I seek,  
To tell the warmth you bring the frail and meek,  
And those in caverns digging toward the day.

Around that well of love for all that breathes,  
For babes, but most for children when they know  
Hands only for the bitter cups they bring,  
Dear, I would lay most tender, fragrant wreaths,  
Seeing in wonder, in its overflow,  
How pure, how full, how constant is the spring.



## III

And if a third time I should sing your praise,  
Not of the slender form that mocks the years  
Should be the music beating at your ears;  
Of faith should be the song that I would raise.  
I would remember that in troubled days  
You trod like one in armor amid fears;  
And held the pass with hundred thousand spears  
One night when Death came up the winding ways.

Down the gray dark the murky chariots fled.  
"She sleeps," you said; and took my hand, and wept.  
(Oh, I can hear you weeping even now!)

You pressed my hand and sank beside the bed,  
And watched the face and watched, and smiled; and slept,  
Peacefully, with the pale dawn on your brow.

## IV

If I could sing one song, and only one,  
Not faith nor body-beauty would I sing,  
Nor hands whereto in grief babes love to cling,  
Nor the day's journey, brightly, bravely run.  
Not these, though they be mirrors of the sun,  
And turn rooms silver with their mirroring,  
Should have the music that my lips would bring  
The origin of light, high Love alone—

Love, in whose service faith and mercy move  
Through swirling waters and infested glades,  
Love-garmented, love-armored, and love-shod;  
Love only should have all my singing; Love,  
That makes your faith a forest of bright blades,  
Your loveliness a lamp whose oil is God.





# THE POINT OF VIEW OF YOUTH

By Gerald Chittenden



NO matter how violently a minority may disagree with them, certain definitions of success in life persist, and determine what shall be the ultimate aim of most college students. As a general thing the boys desire what their elders desire, and the purpose of education cannot therefore be very different from the purpose of national life. If the national conception of the use we shall make of our education is wrong, only more enlightened education can correct it, and to such improvement the national mind is still hostile; this vicious circle has been drawn as well by the unintelligent competition between technical and humanitarian instruction as by the peculiar conditions and opportunities which are characteristic of life in the United States. Chief among these are the chances for exceedingly large financial gain which in the last three-quarters of a century have enticed away from the learned professions an increasing proportion of graduates from our colleges of the liberal arts, and which have thereby apparently diminished the usefulness of such colleges in our civilization. Only apparently, however; that part of their teaching which is designed to increase the capacity of students to understand life, philosophically and historically, is more necessary now than it ever was, and will be indispensable when the war is over. The usefulness of the liberal arts is more difficult to demonstrate, especially to the mind of youth, than is the usefulness of scientific knowledge, for it does not deal with evidently material things; it is, indeed, so full of abstractions that it cozens its own priests into a sort of mental twilight, where they resent, instead of welcoming, the intrusion of youth. There is a tendency about it to become cut and dried, and the resulting didacticism is repellent to many, if not most, young men; instead of stimulating their divine curios-

ity, the humanitarians have done much to quench it, or at least to convince them that satisfaction of it cannot be found in our academic departments. The trouble is not in the subjects our grammarians teach—at no age are men so intrigued by abstractions properly presented, as between sixteen and twenty-five—but in the way in which the subjects are handled, especially in the paramount years just before the boy enters college. We may mark this era as the one in which the crime—nothing less than the murder of curiosity—takes place annually. And this is not the fault of the elementary schools, but of the colleges, and of the diverting nonsense which they demand that the elementary schools shall teach, keeping a straight face the while. The schoolmaster who prepares boys for college must prepare them for college examinations; Homer, consequently, becomes a drawn-out catalogue of ships, peppered with cognate accusatives, and Xenophon's "Anabasis" instead of being presented as the best work of the first of war correspondents, lags over dreary parasangs of sand, where treacherous participles lurk in every oasis. History, shorn of the characters of generals, courtesans, and kings, is reduced to a skeleton whose bones must be laboriously memorized one by one; even English literature, which should be a playground, is torn up like a city street when a subway is imminent, that an uninterested class of adolescents may observe its insides, and so, forsooth, cultivate the critical instinct before they have learned to enjoy beauty. Therefore, many a boy acquires a distaste for all the studies which can best teach him the art of life—a distaste from which he recovers by the grace of God, if at all. For this the colleges are wholly responsible; they demand from a full-blooded boy the chilled judgment of an anæmic and probably sinful octogenarian, and then wonder why he deserts them for technical schools or business.



The only wonder is that anybody goes to college at all.

The technicians and the financiers have blundered into a better understanding of youth. Romance is perhaps the most powerful influence in a young man's life, and a hard and practical thing besides; the technician appeals to it. Great effort and great reward—the overcoming of difficulties and the achieving of applause—are the very bones and blood of romance; they demand hardship, sacrifice, labor, and service, and give to their devotees a daily reward of personal satisfaction of which the financial reward that follows is but the symbol and the seal. Would you build a bridge where men who went before you have failed? Would you cause the wheels to turn faster, or tame a jungle, or utilize forces which have never been dreamed of, and develop products hitherto unknown? The technical school will set you on your way. And all you learn will be of evident value to you—there will be no lost motion in your education. It is efficient, exact, and you will achieve efficiency and exactness; these two are prerequisites of prosperity.

Certainly, the case for technical education is strong; classicists have admitted as much by the tragic compromises they have made with it. They have entered competition with forms of activity whose justification is financial success, and have completely lost sight of the fact that the greatest value of a humanitarian education lies in the fact that, from a commercial standpoint, it is absolutely useless. Science and art cannot be placed in competition; they complement each other, and the man who understands one but not the other is incapable of seeing life clearly and seeing it whole. The extremes of both types are out of place in civilization; one maintains that he can live without bathrooms, and the other that he can live without pictures, and both are wrong. Within institutions, at least, the discussions between the classical and the scientific departments are generally acrimonious and frequently personal, degenerating sometimes into fights for places on the schedule. Since the scientists have had more obvious evidence to support their arrogance than have the classicists, compromise and not

co-operation has been the usual result of the argument.

In giving up as much as they have done, however, the humanitarians have in a sense been true to their best traditions, for the attempt to find out the reasons for things as they are demands an open mind. But it is possible to have a mind so open that conviction will disappear, and the suspicion that the other fellow is always right will become a certainty. Technicians have not suffered from this attitude of mind, for their training has cultivated in them only a certainty of their own correctness, as well as an adoration of detail which makes them willing to fight for it. In the *mêlée* of educational theories, the object of all education has been lost sight of.

It is not easy to achieve this object unless we know what it is, and it is harder yet to discover a definition which will satisfy all the contending parties. Nothing less, however, will serve; we must have some fulcrum to work on, and the wide dissatisfaction with American education as it is constitutes proof that a change is needed. In part, education is the use and direction of human material and human energy—the discovery of what a man is fitted to do, and the placing of him in a position to do it. This of course is pure efficiency, and the technician's definition has stopped there. But efficiency, although the best of servants, is the worst of gods unless a nation is at war; we shall not be at war forever, and the vision without which the people perish—the vision which sheer efficiency can never see—must at all costs be kept clear. In addition to putting the right man in the right place, true education must provide him with the means of growth—not that sort of growth which will simply render him more efficient, but the purely personal variety that makes a man broad and tolerant, hospitable to new ideas as well as tenacious of old ideals. If a man's education does not do this, his only guide will be his personal experience, and the experience of men in past ages will be to him no light whatsoever. His personal reactions, and only his personal reactions, will be important to him, and eventually he may come to regard with contempt all but the purely



physical comforts and conveniences of life. To furnish man with a more reliable guide through life than his personal experience, and to cultivate in him a cosmopolitan if not a cosmic point of view, is peculiarly the province of humanitarian education, for the efficiency definition of life satisfies completely only the unsophisticated, creates bigotry and hardness of soul, and eventually and inevitably brutalizes all who follow it. The Germans followed it to the exclusion of all others for at least forty years; if by any bad chance we do the same, we shall lapse into savagery as they have done, for we no more than they are immune to the influences of ideas. It is possible that all our life might be Teutonized in a generation.

It is in danger of becoming so. In order to carry on the war with any hope of success, we have had to alter radically our national habits and customs, to imperil the very liberties we are fighting for in order to preserve them—in short, we have had to fight the devil with fire. This is all as it should be, and as long as the war lasts—probably for some time after it has been won—we must continue to organize as we have done, and to organize more perfectly. Obviously, it is the only sane way to wage war. Obviously also, a great many of our habits, especially our national extravagance, have been changed for the better. In more ways than one, the draft law is the best thing that ever happened to us, enforcing upon us the idea that duty is a thing we have to do, and not something we can do if we feel like it, without compulsion. These changes and many more are clear gain, and we shall make them permanent gain; we must have universal military training after peace is declared, and we will surely curb our extravagance, having discovered that we can be happy without spending money. Nevertheless, there is more than one kind of Prussian victory, and the danger from Prussian ideas will begin when the danger from Prussian arms has passed. Efficiency must be kept in chains, where it belongs and where it is extremely useful.

Technical education and efficiency are one; economic conditions now in incubation will tremendously stimulate scien-

tific work of all kinds. Moreover, technical schools have done indispensable service in the war; even the most hide-bound humanitarian has many times been forced to wonder if his theories were really as sound as those of his old antagonist. But along with the demand for knowledge of the exact sciences there is bound to arise a wide-spread curiosity about subjects which only the enlightened humanitarian is equipped to handle. It is for him to abandon the defensive for the offensive, to stimulate instead of ignoring the spirit and the curiosity of youth. His life depends on this.

Among the many illuminating comments on the undergraduate mind attributed to the late Professor Wheeler, of Yale, one is conspicuous: "The capacity of the human mind for resisting the introduction of useful information cannot be overestimated." It is an infernally accurate statement, as well as a caustic indictment of education in this country. Men who have attended French or English universities, or who have lectured in them, have not met with the same condition, certainly not in the same degree. It seems that a large proportion of students in foreign universities possess that mental inquisitiveness which is the prerequisite of accurate knowledge, and add to it a genuine respect for intellect and deductive reasoning. Many of our students have neither; they do not even know what the terms mean when they are applied to a curriculum, for they have accepted the fallacy that what they learn in college will be of no earthly use to them after they are graduated. Most French and English boys, moreover, have, by the time they matriculate, a very definite idea of what they intend to do in life, and take the pleasurable pains to be thorough in their preparation for it, exactly as do our students in the technical and post-graduate schools. These two characteristics of the foreign undergraduate make him radically different from his American brother; the problem is to naturalize the characteristics, for only so can our humanitarian education acquire the influence which it ought to possess.

It is generally admitted that the French or the English student is about two years ahead of our own. Certain factions in



the educational world have sought to redeem this time by requiring more work to be done by our schools in the same time, instead of changing the standards by which the work is judged. We shall not advance by making greater haste, nor yet by pruning from our schedules so-called "unnecessary subjects," for no man is wise enough to say what subjects are necessary for the development of men in the mass; what is of cultural value to one is worthless to another. The only way to improve is to change the point of view of youth, and to demand for entrance into our colleges proof that the candidate can think, not merely evidence that he can remember. The difference between the attitude of the young American and that of the young Frenchman is not innate, but is the product of different surroundings and different preliminary education. We cannot change overnight the surroundings, national or personal, of our boys, and we do not want to; imitation is not advance. We can make intelligent alterations in their early education. These alterations will not deal with the subjects taught in any grade, but are concerned almost wholly with the methods and purpose of teaching. For many years now, in our primary schools at least, we have not taught in order to educate, but in order to enable our victims to pass examinations; teaching, which is one of the greatest of the arts, has become simply a matter of drill, and the best drill-master has too often achieved the reputation of being the best teacher. It should be a commonplace that the object of all teaching, whatever the subject taught, is to make pupils think; there is no other justification for the profession. If the capacity for clear and logical thought were developed, all the rest of our educational troubles would become unimportant and vanish, the slack of the two lost years would be taken up throughout the system, and the boys and girls who attended our academic institutions would have as clear an idea of why they went there as students at technical schools have already.

But our mandarins have forbidden us to think until we are too old to learn how. Their requirements in modern languages are proof of this. The obvious reason for

studying French is to be able to speak in French, to write in French, and to understand the French people. Yet none of these purposes is served by the methods of instruction which we force on the schools. Grammar and formal exercises in composition are hammered into the unfortunate pupil until he can recognize an irregular verb at a thousand yards by the buttons on its uniform, blow the bull's-eyes out of one hundred and three idioms, and more or less accurately translate any number of English sentences, always provided that they contain no unfamiliar matter. He remains totally unable to write a French letter or essay, and gets so little training in conversation that he must needs sit mumchance when the language is being spoken. If he once had a speaking knowledge of it, as many boys have, he forgets it promptly because he is afraid to make mistakes.

Obvious improvements in this matter could be undertaken. The student, instead of translating some one else's ideas from English into French, might be required to write an original composition in French. Since this would be an exercise in expression, it would assist the teaching of English composition as well. It would not be utopian in higher education still further to correlate his studies and call upon him to answer the questions on a history examination, or almost any sort of an examination, in a foreign language. If the complete co-ordination of departments within schools and universities can ever be accomplished, it will diminish if not abolish the struggle for time on the schedule, and will at the same time go far toward convincing the student that everything he learns is useful. It does no good whatever to tell him so; the only way to convince him is to make him use everything he learns. As things stand, all departments are kept carefully separate; foreign languages, the best means of enlarging one's vocabulary, and therefore one's power of thought, compete with the instruction in English literature instead of co-operating with it, and mathematics, the best training in logical thought, never lead to anything but more mathematics.

Perhaps, this situation is the fundamental trouble with humanitarian educa-



tion to-day—it lacks focus. Perhaps, also this lack is the reason why technical education is gaining while it loses, and why its use in civilization is so little obvious. The enjoyment of clear thinking develops with the exercise of the faculty; it must be admitted that such exercise is almost completely absent in the schools, and is only indistinctly present in the colleges. The average student discovers his brain some time in the third year of his college course, and then becomes almost pathetically eager to use it, without in the least knowing how; he has the right to feel that he has been cheated not only of several years of the keenest pleasure but also of a great deal of training which might have better fitted him for life. The fragments of his freshman-year courses which he happens to remember become a permanent irritation to him—they are just large enough to bring home to him the fact that he has been wasting his time, or rather that other people have been wasting it for him. The resurrection of his curiosity has come too late, and is apt to be impermanent.

One line of activity in our colleges prevents the students from degenerating mentally. Extra curriculum activities have come in for a great deal of censure, and frequent attempts have been made to curtail them. If they are successfully curtailed before an appreciation of the curriculum develops, they will be a distinct loss and there will be no commensurate gain. For in them and in them only the college man finds a reasonable outlet not only for his physical but also for his mental energy; managing an athletic team, or playing on one for the matter of that, was an occupation of positive educational value, and the work involved in editing a college daily compares in quantity to that required by a daily paper anywhere. These activities called for initiative, intelligence, and hard work, and furnished the manager or the editor or the player with a knowledge of human nature such as he would not have acquired in ten years of classroom work. It would be interesting to collect figures showing how many athletes and managers are now holding responsible positions in the army, and to compare the total with that of "grinds" holding similar positions. Such

figures are not yet available, but if the present pursuits of any one man's personal acquaintance are typical, the grind would be far in the rear. College athletics, to take the most conspicuous form of extra curriculum activity, may have been far too much of a business and too little of a sport, but they will never assume a subordinate place until the studies for which the colleges exist become as vital as the occupations for which the undergraduates exist. And the time to give them this wholly desirable importance is in the years before the boys go to college, not after they arrive there.

Temporarily, the war has destroyed humanitarian education. Mars has no love for philosophy, and the time for weighing and valuing the results of war has not yet come. Our colleges no less than our technical schools are now military camps, and to carry them on as anything else would be shameful. The boys who have left college to go to war will hardly return to complete their courses, and the entire educational structure, as far as the academic side of it is concerned, must presently be built up from the foundations. Our army is full of professors also—philosophers, psychologists, economists, teachers of languages and literature—who will be eager, more eager than they ever were, to return to their old institutions and impart to classes some of the new points of view which they have attained. They will not take up other lines of work, for teaching becomes a passion which war cannot destroy. Closer liaison between ourselves and our allies will result, and it is not too much to expect that the boys who are now under fighting age will be in a more receptive mood than those who went before them. Most of them will have lost relatives or friends in battle, and the war will be a personal thing to them for the rest of their lives; they will be eager to understand it and the reasons for it, and the results of it. Whatever changes may occur in the social order will most forcibly demand their attention, for they will find themselves contending with new forces, and must find new ways to contend with them. It will be strange indeed if their interest in politics also does not become keener than it ever has been. All these



requirements of the rising generation must be met, and many of them can be met only by humanitarian institutions; they are quite outside the province of the scientific school, which will feel an equal or greater stimulus for similar reasons. The question of compromise be-

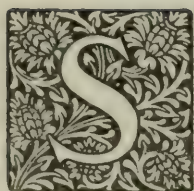
tween the scientific schools and the colleges should be eliminated, because there ought to be no competition between them; neither one nor the other is the torch-bearer of civilization; both are needed to carry it forward as rapidly and as far as it should go.

## FROM JAFFA TO JERICH0

BY JOHN H. FINLEY

Red Cross Commissioner to Palestine

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



SO great are the distances between two oceans in the United States that Palestine when seen by Americans will seem pitifully small—insignificant in area and natural product. From the top of a hill outside Jerusalem one can see both the Mediterranean Sea and the Dead Sea. For Palestine is not as wide as the State of New Hampshire, which I have crossed on foot in a day. It was the memory of this walk across New Hampshire that perhaps suggested traversing Palestine in the same way. Or was it, after all, the impulse which has driven hundreds of thousands, and even millions, over the same road in the two thousand years of the Christian era, that made me wish to travel the whole sacred way on my feet? At any rate, the longing of the first weeks, encouraged by memories of White Mountain walks of sixty and seventy miles, has had its satisfaction in accomplishment, and now has its memories as I look out from the Mount of Olives across the westward mountains through which I made my pilgrimage from the sea that lies toward America, and across the eastward wilderness through which I reached the other edge of the Holy Land.

This pilgrimage (for "pilgrimage" it was, and no ordinary walk) had a fit and glorious preparatory night out near Jaffa, one of those perfect Holy Land nights when the stars come nearer earth—such a night as that in which David must have

walked when he came from playing to the mad spirit of Saul, when "the stars of night beat with emotion." I slept in a tent on the very edge of the cliff overlooking the sea (as close to it as one could lie without danger of falling into the sea). The sound of the waves was as that of the wind in the trees of the Mount of Olives, which is seldom quiet.

And the "pilgrimage" had also a fit and glorious morning. The sun was received as he came resplendent and burning from the very moment of his appearance on the farthest Judæan mountain, by the sound of bagpipes (for I was with the famous "Black Watch" on this the fourth anniversary of the beginning of the war). And the timbrels of Miriam or the sackbut and psaltery of David could not have made more stirring noise unto the Lord of the Day. But it was only the preface to a service more memorable and impressive to me than even that which I attended in Edinburgh at St. Giles's the Sunday after the beginning of the war, when I sat beneath St. Gaudens's "Stevenson," saw the city councillors in their scarlet going in procession with the clergy, and heard the solemn and moving prayers for the men who were going out to Flanders. And here they were still fighting on a line stretching all the way to the edge of the Desert of Arabia and the Valley of the Euphrates—to the very cradle of the race. The Highlanders stood in a hollow square opening toward Jerusalem, with the sea close at their



backs. They sang the ancient hymns of the church (among them "O God, Our Help in Ages Past"), bowed to the prayer of the "padre" (as every chaplain is called), and listened with real interest, and not simply from Scotch habit, to his stirring but calm and simple sermon. The colonel had said that the "padre" was a "topper," and that he would "give me a — good sermon." And the padre rose to his reputation. He read for the Old Testament lesson the sixth chapter of

fire" in the morning sun. The young Scotch minister, standing before these men facing the fifth year of the war, was as the ancient prophet who, not fifty miles (but more than twenty-five centuries) away, beyond Shechem, on which the army was now advancing, made visible the celestial army; for he too made every man feel that the invisible forces of right were fighting with them—a faith that was strengthened by the message which came from the Commander-in-



Colonel John Stewart, commanding officer of the Black Watch in Palestine.

the Second Book of the Kings, which tells the story of Elisha and his servant who found themselves surrounded by an army out on the plain of Dothan, not fifty miles away; and for the New Testament lesson the description by St. Paul of the Christian soldier. He took for his text the verse from the Old Testament lesson (the words of the prophet to his panic-stricken servant whose eyes were suddenly opened to see the "horses and the chariots of fire round about Elisha") "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." His sermon was punctuated by reports from the guns not far away, but it had a startling climax when, just as he was coming to its close, an aeroplane flying overhead toward the enemy's lines, appeared as a "chariot of

Chief that morning expressing his "hope and confidence based on the justice of our cause and faith in the sustaining help of the Almighty."

The pilgrimage upon which I set out later in the day had been made by thousands, but at a pace suggested by the etymological derivation which Thoreau in an essay on walking has given to the word "saunterer"—one who goes "à la Sainte Terre," a "sainte-terror," a "saunterer." My pilgrimage was no sauntering, as will be inferred from the fact that I made the journey from Jaffa to Jericho, walking every step of the way, a distance of somewhat more than sixty miles as I walked, in twenty-two hours, elapsed time, or in between eighteen and nineteen hours in actual walking time.





The beach just below Black Watch encampment near Jaffa.

Indian troops bathing.

I have no doubt that Peter, hastening in the opposite direction toward the house of Tabitha or Dorcas, walked as fast, unless indeed he rode on a donkey. (I actually met an American Red Cross doctor going like Peter from Ludd to minister to some one in Joppa, but in a Ford car.) Many a Middle Age crusader doubtless travelled over some portions of the road in double-quick time, advancing or retreating. And no doubt many a traveller on the road to Jericho hurried over other portions of the way to escape the fate of the nameless one who has made the "good Samaritan" im-

mortal. But I think that neither disciple, crusader, pilgrim, nor sightseer (the last category being now no longer on the roads) usually went at this pace, or at any rate the whole way. Certainly the gait of pedestrians of to-day is more leisurely. I passed scores, and indeed hundreds, on the road, soldiers, fellaheen, Egyptian laborers. But I was alone till the darkness came on, when I became conscious not only of the moving presence of spirit pilgrims out of the past—of ancient warriors from Joshua's time, for Ajalon and Beth-horon were among the foot-hills, and of crusaders, for the great tower of Ram-



Shore of the Mediterranean, Jaffa in the background.



le stood for a time in majesty against the afterglow in the western sky, but also the living pilgrims of the night. Pushing along in the darkness, dimly luminous with the stars (and nowhere have I seen more beautiful nights than in Palestine), I would suddenly become aware that a procession of some sort was passing in the muffling dust of the earth road on one side or the other of the white metalled road in which I was walking. Bending

in the same direction with me in the metalled road. A little later I overtook large groups of these picturesque figures—who seem detached and mystical even by day, but as inscrutable as men from Mars in the darkness, which was not deep enough to obscure their differences from the man of the Occident. I found as I walked on, passing one sedate and silent group after another, that they were but the tired “stragglers” from the column ahead. It



Bridge over dry wady on the Jaffa-Jerusalem road, near the Judæan foot-hills.

low to get the forms against the sky, I would discover now that it was a train of camels with their mysterious burdens, or perhaps a pattering procession of pack-donkeys. Again it would be a body of Egyptians of the great “Egyptian Labor Corps,” which is giving such valuable service in building and maintaining the roads and other public works, going from one camp to another. Then the creaking of heavy wheels, or the clanking of harness, or the tramping of shod feet, or the quiet singing by a “Tommy,” would tell of another sort of procession to or from the front line, the flashes of whose guns were almost continuously illuminating the northern sky like heat-lightning. At one time I came upon many East Indian soldiers, in twos and in small groups, walking

took well on to an hour to reach the vanguard of this column so long was it—and so tired was it when I came to the very head of it that the men were lying down in their tracks in the white road, and evidently with as much comfort as if lying between white sheets on mattresses. I was not yet sleepy or tired myself, though I learned that they had started at the same hour as I and several miles this side of Jaffa. (A few hours later I was finding the rough stone coping at the side of a bridge a very welcome and as comfortable bed for a few minutes as they the road-bed itself, with its coverlet of dust.) I found the commanding officer, a fellow colonel, who offered me the courtesy which is universally characteristic of the English officer. (In all my travels, on





Scene on the Jaffa-Jerusalem road among the Judæan hills, near the ancient Kirjath-jearim.

foot, by train, or by car, I have known but one exception.) I then had a clear road alone for the rest of the night, except for the fellaheen with their camels or donkeys. Or almost alone, for shortly after passing the Indian column and saying good night to their English officers, I became conscious that some one was following me at a good pace on foot. I did not wish a companion, and so I quickened my gait, only to find that he was still close upon me. Faster and faster I went till I reached the camp at Latron, where I stopped for water. I was led back some distance from the road by the hospitable guard to a spring, as I supposed, but, as I found instead, the "fantasia," the universal fountains, the great rectangular cans such as the camels carry by thousands. (I estimated that if the "fantasia" that I saw on another journey, borne by one camel-train, were put end to end they would make a pipe-line or aqueduct nearly a mile long.) But while I quenched my thirst the mysterious figure, in costume that appeared to be white or very light, disappeared. I afterward learned that the place where I stopped was the traditional birthplace of the "good thief," canonized as St. Dismas. Indeed a church stands somewhere in the deeper shadows of the hill just back of the

camp. I suspect that my fellow traveller and follower was only the shade of Dismas walking in penance the path of his prepenitent nights, and that he turned in to his shrine for the rest of the night. At any rate, I continued alone my journey across the Valley of Sharon, its night-air pungent with an aromatic fragrance. But if there were roses growing in Sharon they were gray roses, for the dust was deep upon everything.

As I neared the foot-hills I followed the example of the Indian soldiers, choosing, however, as I have said, the coping of a stone bridge for my mattress and pillow. I would better have laid myself down on the road, for when I was wakened a few minutes later by a camel-bell I found that the cover of my canteen had fallen off into the wady (brook) below, and that all the water had followed it into the dry bed of the brook. The thought of four or five hours ahead without water only increased my thirst and made me sympathize with the genii of the wady, who receive not a drop from the skies or hills for months. But they must have been grateful for the drafts from my canteen, and have found a way to show their gratitude, for a little way up the pass through the lower hills, when I was about famished for a drink of water, I





The road to Jericho, showing the hills of the Wilderness, a bit of the Dead Sea, and the hills of Moab beyond.

overtook an Arab boy with two donkeys (on one of which he was mounted) and two camels. By signs I made known my thirst, whereupon he dismounted and led me to a place at the roadside from which he dipped cupful after cupful of as delicious water as I ever tasted. (I found on a later journey that this was a stone basin, or cistern, which is daily filled from a spring near by.) I wish that I had asked the boy his name that I might have thanked him more adequately and tangibly. However, he will have from a higher source the reward promised to those who give a cup of cold water in the name of Christ. He was certainly a Christ-soul boy. He was insistent that I should mount either one of his donkeys or camels (making a fork with his fingers to suggest the straddle). I declined as kindly and gratefully as I could, with no such effective symbolism available, and passed on. A half-hour away I could hear this Arab youth below me singing his happy but plaintive song as I was mounting through the olive-groves (where it is said David once lived when fleeing from Saul) to the heights of Enab, that was once known as Kirjath-jearim, where for twenty-five years the Ark of the Covenant rested in the house of Abinadab.

I missed the main road at the top of the hill and found myself on a rocky path down into the valley on the other side. If the ark was taken down this path, I can understand why the oxen stumbled, and why Uzzah put out his hand to stay the ark—an act for which one feels with David that Uzzah should not have been smitten. There is a threshing-floor not far beyond, the first that I had seen in Palestine on my first journey into Jerusalem, and I have wondered whether the primitive threshing with the unmuzzled ox had gone on season after season on that same floor since the time of Joshua and David. Perhaps it was the very threshing-floor of Nachor near which the oxen stumbled. At any rate, it must have been through this very valley that the ark was borne toward Jerusalem, with the playing on instruments of fir-wood, with timbrels and castanets and cymbals. Somewhere beyond, it was left (because of the untoward incident that angered David) in the house of Obed-Edom, where the three-months' blessing fell upon all his household, while all the house of Abinadab mourned the loss of Uzzah.

It was to me a valley of expectation and disappointment when I first passed through it by day, for I expected to see





The last hill before reaching Jerusalem on the Jaffa-Jerusalem road.

the Holy City gleaming below when I reached the height at the farther side of it, but I was disappointed to find, when I reached the summit, that there was still another range of hills that kept the City another hour or two from my view—a real disappointment, though my pilgrimage had taken more years than the Children of Israel wandered in the wilderness—that is all the years of my life—the wilderness of which I was having the first glimpse in seeing the faint mountains of haze toward the east.

But the next intervening valley, whose farther wall makes one of the “mountains round about Jerusalem,” is so beautiful as to help one forget the disappointment of the Kastel hill. In this valley it was that Mary came to visit Elizabeth near the fountain (pictured in the December number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE) that has drawn about it the most beautiful village in southern Palestine, and kept it high on the hillside from slipping down into the valley's depths. It was here that the boy, John the Baptist, was hidden to escape the threat of Herod. It was, perhaps, through this valley that Christ walked to Emmaus. And by night—though one could not see the beauty of the vale, one could the more easily evoke the past that had lived and loved and laid itself down to die in its dust, or had risen to immortality, and some of that past

but recently become dust; for at the foot of the last hill there are six graves of English soldiers who were killed there the day before the entrance of the first brigade of British troops into Jerusalem. I went back later and wrote this epitaph for the six graves:

#### THEY DIED CLIMBING

Beyond the hill the Holy City lies;  
These never saw its glories with their eyes,  
They never reached its crest;  
They perished climbing these last sacred heights,  
But when they died, like true Crusader knights  
Their feet were on the Quest.

But as I began to climb from this last hill, the gibbous moon was making a gray, silvery light in the eastern sky. It was, however, as was St. John of the true Light, but the “prodrome” of the greater light that was just rising beyond the Mount of Olives as I entered the Holy City.

It was not the side from which one would choose to enter, for one does not see the City till one is actually in it, and then one cannot see its beauty or feel its antiquity because of the modern shabby houses that line the Jaffa Road. It was the side, however, from which its recent conquest had been made, and it was by the Jaffa Road that General Allenby and his men entered the Inner City—where the Kaiser had cut in the ancient walls,





The graves of English soldiers under a tree, at the foot of the last hill before reaching Jerusalem, on the Jaffa-Jerusalem road.

beside the old Jaffa Gate, a few feet away, for his august and farcical entry, several years ago, in the garb of a Crusader. (See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1919.) There could be no more marked or significant contrast than that which General Allenby's unostentatious entry presented.

I stopped at the new reservoir in the hill, just inside the City, known as "Abraham's Vineyard," for a drink of water, brought into the City by the British engineers from the hills beyond Bethlehem. In David's day warriors went to the Bethlehem spring, through hostile lines, to get a drink for their leader. It took a British army to bring water from beyond Bethlehem, and it was only sixty-seven days from the day when they started at the springs of Arub—the old springs from which Pontius Pilate brought water to Jerusalem—that water was flowing at the taps in the Holy City with a capacity of three hundred thousand gallons a day. Had I reached the City two days earlier I should have had to find a cistern, for only the day before my arrival had the water-bearers, the British Royal Engineers, reached the City. I poured out a libation to them as David poured that which was brought to him, because it was "as the blood of those that went at the peril of their lives," but I also

drank in gratitude (for here was water enough for both the libation and the quenching of my thirst), and the water from the well of Bethlehem could not have been sweeter in David's memory.

After two hours in Jerusalem, where I had a bath and breakfast—the only food I had tasted on the way—I started on again down through the Damascus Gate, over the rough Via Dolorosa, out of St. Stephen's Gate, and down to the Garden of Gethsemane at the foot of the Mount of Olives. But instead of climbing over the hill by familiar paths, I followed the white road round the mount, enveloped most of the way by clouds of gray dust from the lorries and ambulances, down into and through the village of Bethany, white as the sepulchre of Lazarus from these same clouds. The Master could have found no rest there in these days and nights, where the great honking cars pass to and from the Jericho front.

Beyond Bethany there is not a tree—at least I did not see one until I reached the plain of Jericho. And never did I long more for the shade of one, however meagre. I even looked for the shadow of a rock when the morning sun became almost unbearable. I have never known such heat except at the mouth of a furnace. How the British troops spent months in that inferno is beyond my





Trees in Jericho under which I rested at the end of the journey from Jaffa to Jericho.

comprehension. I made other journeys down into the valley carrying hospital supplies and, later, refugees back to their beyond-Jordan homes, but most of the way by night. About two miles out of Jericho, and a mile from the plain, I came upon a cave, whose darkness was most welcome. It was large enough to hold the fifty prophets whom Obadiah hid from the hate of Jezebel, and fed on bread and water, but it had only the memories of tinned goods lying about. I rested, and even slept for a few minutes, with a stone for a pillow, and then pushed on, refreshed by the shadow, which was as food brought by a raven, and by water from my canteen, which was as the brook Cherith near by till it dried up. And my canteen was rapidly approaching the condition of the brook (which in this land does not have the habit of going on forever, as Tennyson's) when the prophet Elijah was commanded to leave this region and go to Zerephath, over on the coast from which I had walked. I found myself wondering how long it took the prophet to walk the same distance in the opposite direction.

There had been some movement in the air among the mountains, but when I reached the plain there was not enough to stir the frond of a palm. Everything was as if cast in bronze or brass, overhanging

mountains, sky, and the glistening plain with its motionless life. I could believe that Doré had come to this region for some of his illustrations for Dante's "Inferno." I felt myself to be clothed as some of Dante's creatures in hell, in garments of lead. Now and then a lorry or an ambulance darted across the sand as an insect, but there was otherwise only the silence and immobility of the solitude, for it was the siesta hour (2 o'clock) for all human life in the valley. There was no firing at the front. Heat had brought a temporary armistice—it had made this place a complete wilderness for the moment, and called it peace.

Entering the City, which had no challenging sentinel nor forbidding wall, as it had in the days of Joshua, I found the welcoming gate to the "compound" officially occupied by the military governor. He was not in, so I flung myself down beneath a tree—a palm I think it was, as it should have been in this city of palm-trees (I afterward found, on a later journey, from the testimony of a camera showing a real camel resting under the same tree, that it was not). I was by no means exhausted, but I felt disposed in the enjoyment of its shade to obey the injunction given to certain ones in Scriptural days, to "tarry in Jericho until their beards be grown."





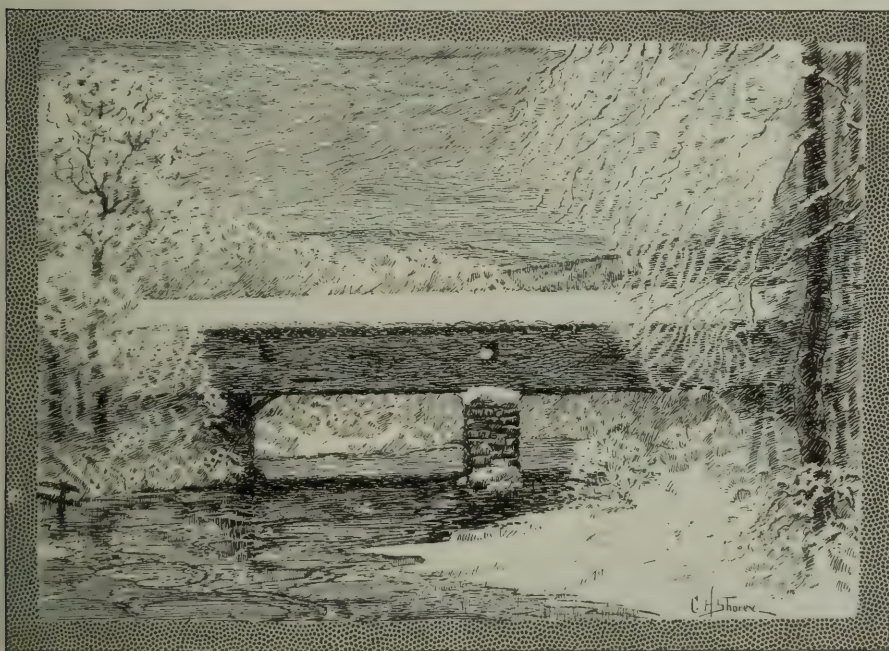
The tracery of the moonlight.

# WHEN WINTER IS KING IN THE BERKSHIRES

SIX DRAWINGS

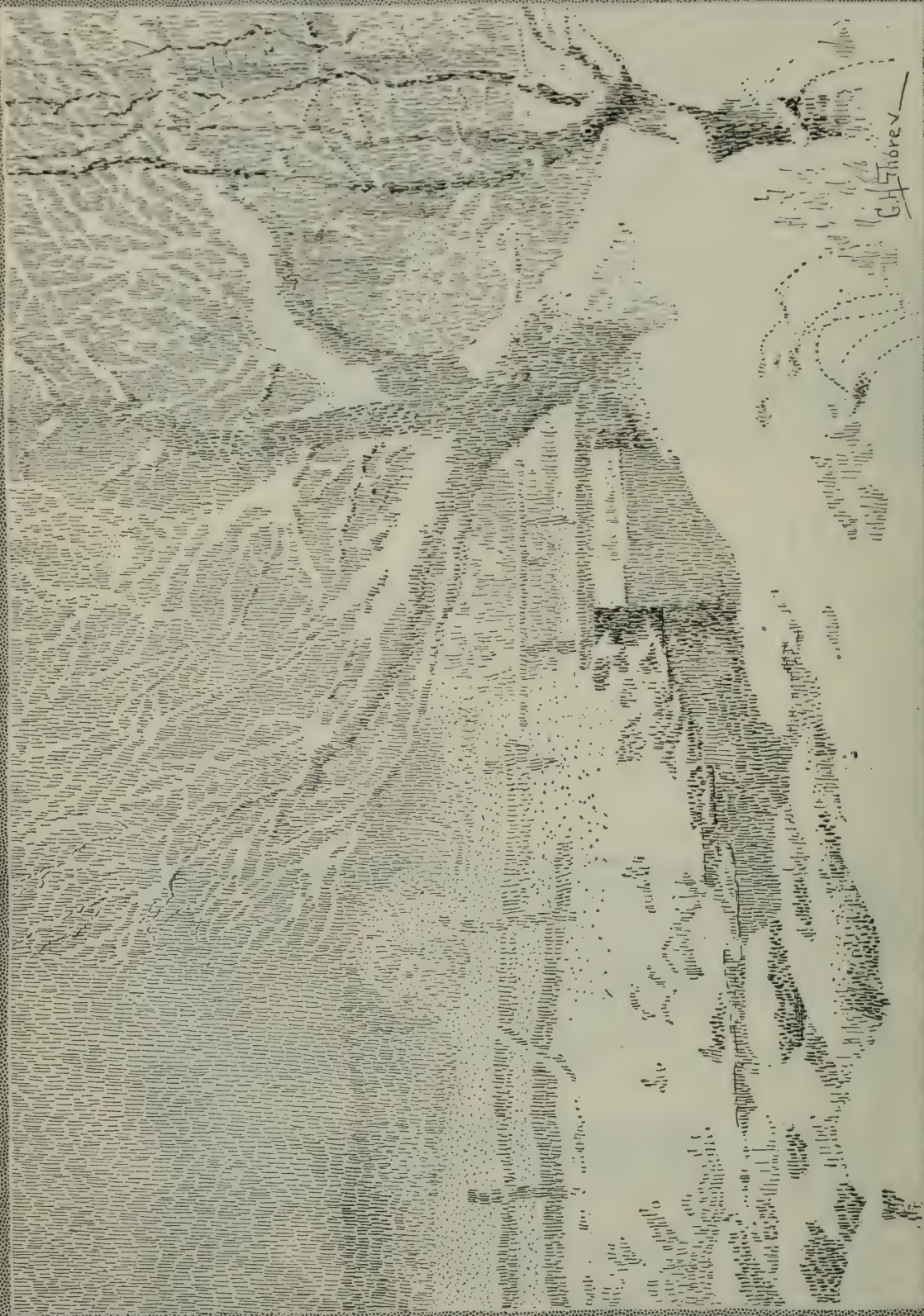
BY G. H. SHOREY

*"Winter comes to rule the varied year"*



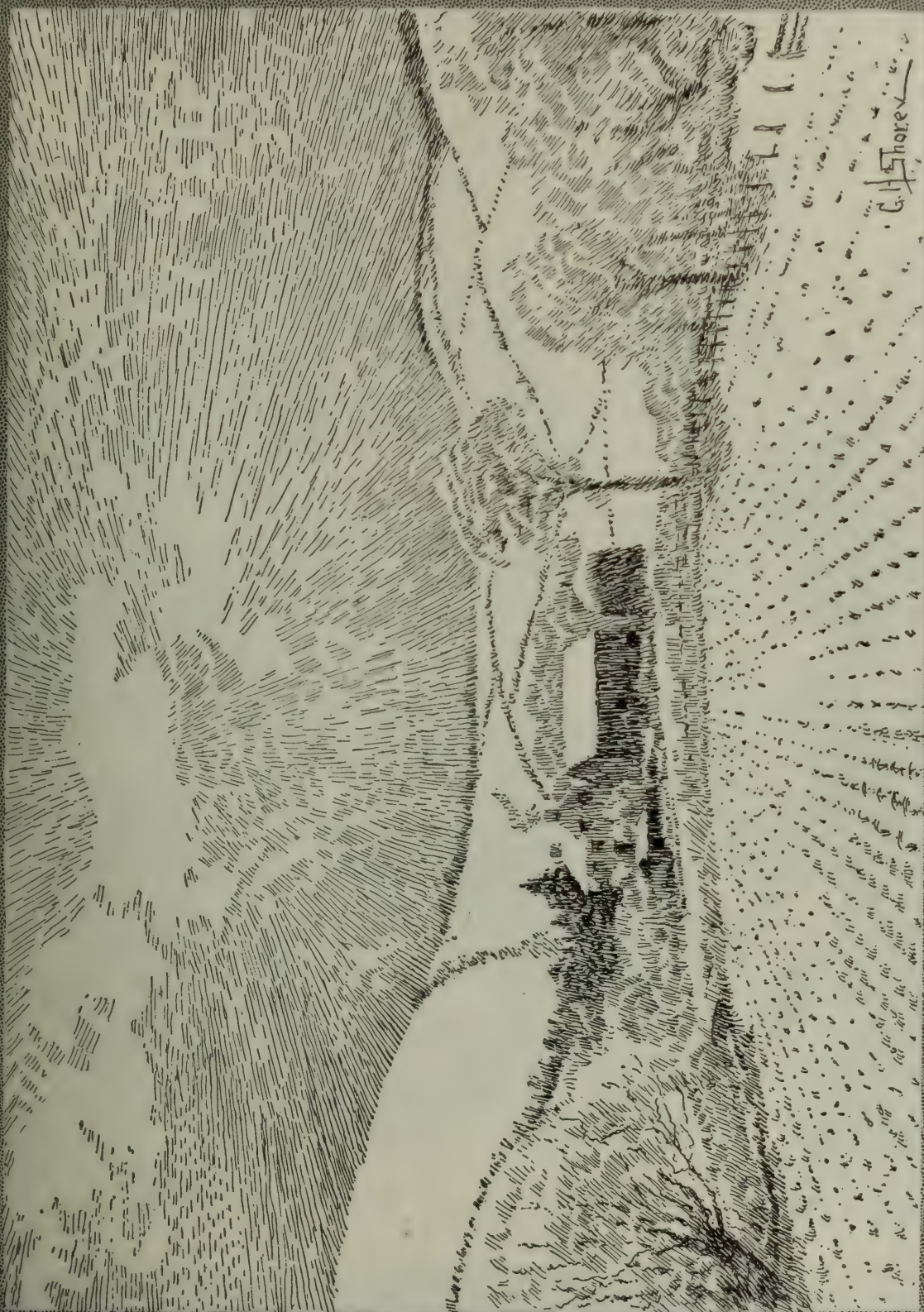
The old red bridge and the dark swift waters below make a sharp contrast with the surrounding snow.





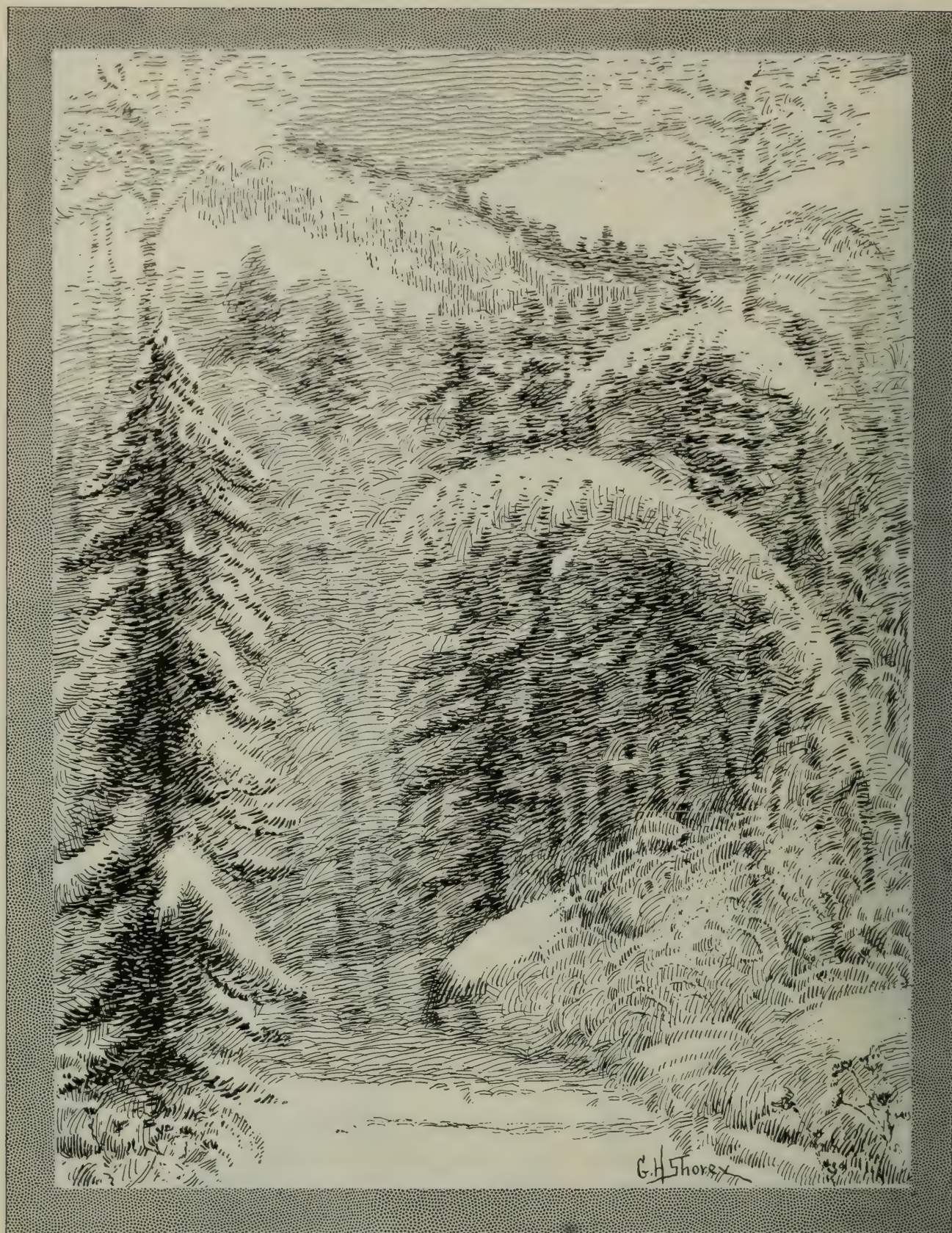
When the white silence covers all the hills and fields, and makes new borders for the streams.





The last snowfall of early spring lies heavily and warmly on the hills and as the sun breaks through makes a dazzling white splendor of the world.

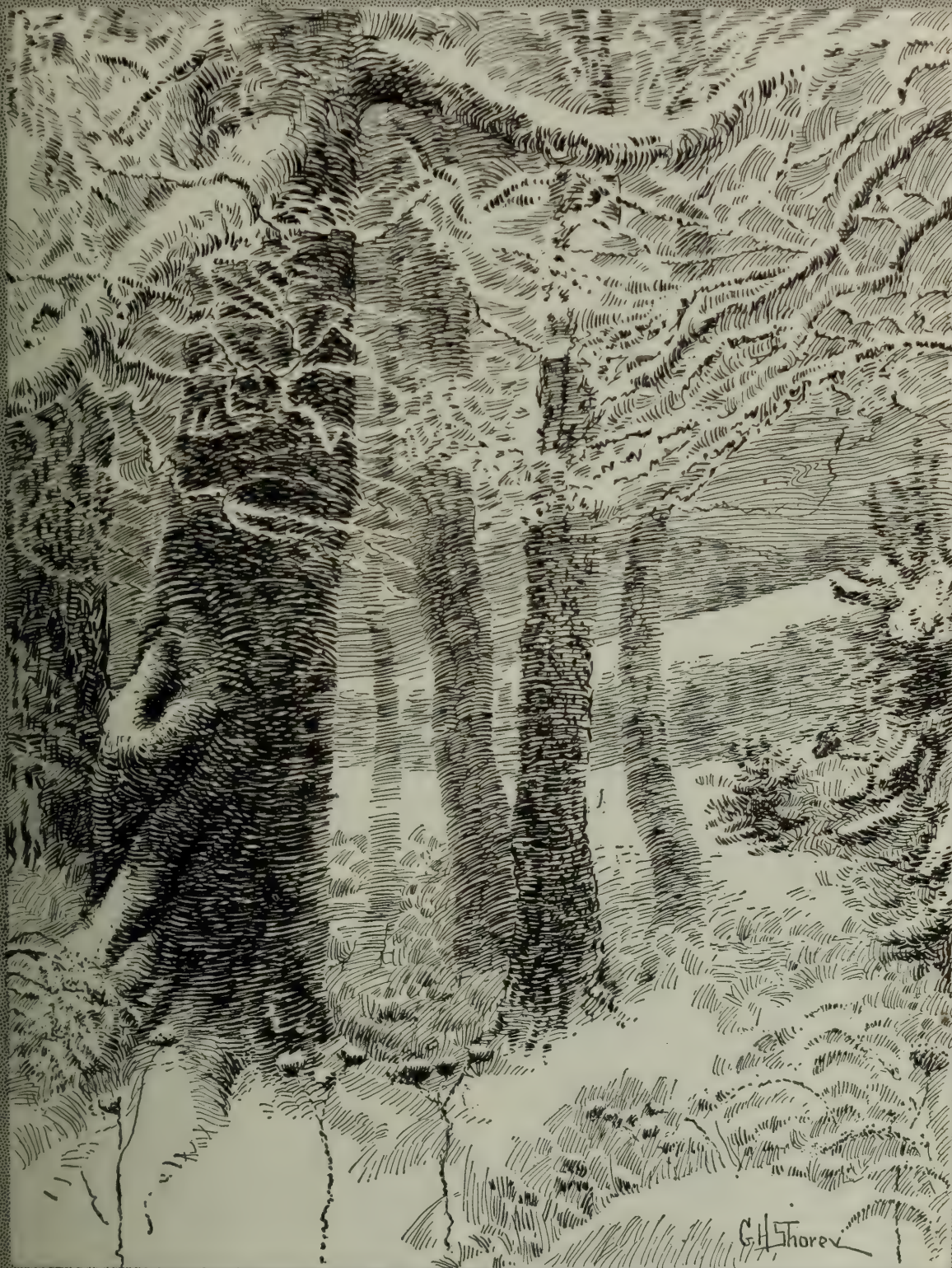




Snow-blossoms.

Every tree is festooned and heavily outlined in white, making a fairy forest of strange, new shapes, of bending, graceful curves and masses of dark shadows.





A Viking among the trees.

On the edge of the woods stands the old tree that has seen a hundred winters come and go.



# RACE

By Edward C. Venable

Author of "Pierre Vinton," "Lasca," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY DENMAN FINK



HEY lay about her around the room in a confusion to which she alone in all the world had the clew; on tables, on the walls, on the mantel-shelf, the bookshelves, and the chairs. In no direction could she look from her chair at the fire that her eyes would not rest upon one of them, pausing a portion of a second for the stir of the memory that belonged there. Fleeting, some of the memories were, and some were gay or tender or sweet, and some were as deep as her heart could hold, but none were bitter or sad. She had put all that sort away, not out of life, but out of sight, out of the daily round. The room held none of them. Once she had cried, she remembered, over the ivory fan spread on a little table by the window and afterward she had laughed at the tears, and now, when she saw the toy, she smiled, a smile that was half-way between the childish tears and the laughter of her girlhood. Many of the things were like that. They had been passionately grasped at and then ignored and were now dearly prized—with a smile. There were books that she never read and whose loss would have made a greater gap on her shelves than any she turned to every day, photographs whose scenes she had half forgotten and quite lost interest in, pictures whose workmanship would have offended her in a shop and which she carried with her always in closest intimacy. Each for her had another office than its own, that little stir of memory for some part of a second. They were links in the continuity of her own self, stretching back into the dimness where Time for her had never been. If one of these were missing, the chain would have been broken there and just so much of her life lost. For with her a consciousness of the Past was as necessary as a sense of the Future. She lived so, on a point between two infinities, Infancy and God.

She leaned back in her chair with her hands lying on the broad, carved arms looking very white and slender on the heavy black wood. She would wait long to-night. It was barely ten, and it would be one, two, maybe three, before he came. She had been used at one time to spend such hours in bed, but she could never sleep, and in the darkness the hours seemed unending, and now she had learned to wait down here among these things. They comforted her, and the darkness was unpeopled and lonely. One grew, she had found, bitter so easily, in the dark; facts stood out there so vividly against the blackness. And, worst of all, they stood alone. Each fact, each happening, every broken promise, betrayed hope, came one by one, each quite alone, to face with her. She preferred to wait down here where there was light and all could be seen together. Then there was Continuity—the sense of a progress toward an end, a meaning, some time, somewhere.

At first it had been a great matter to her how he would come—quite helpless, or stuttering, flushed, conscience-stricken, muttering excuses? For he was always plausible and kind, never brutal or coarse or truthful. Sometimes in these leaden hours she had wished for the other, for the thrill of physical fear. But now the manner of his coming meant nothing to her. Once, too, for a little while she had been weak enough to contrast this mood of waiting with an earlier one, this present apathy with the old-time, breathless expectancy, but those thoughts, like the Things that were not in the room, had been banished. The sense of living was too strong in her for such dalliance. Life had to be lived, and what could not be lived with, too, must be put away. There was no trace of such things in her sight as she sat waiting by the fire. Even on her hands there was only a single plain gold ring.

Once a friend—and even then he and





*Drawn by Denman Fink.*

From her chair by the fire she could look across at the portrait of her mother.—Page 304.



she both knew that only he of all men and women had the right—once such a friend as this had asked, looking at the plain circlet, where the other with the diamonds was.

"I've put it away," she answered.

Beating his stick on the floor, he cried: "Then why not, for God's sake, take this one off, too?"

She had never answered his question. She had never been able to answer it, because it was an obvious thing, and all her life she had never thought of obvious things. That was part of her nature not to talk of obvious things, part of her dislike of all overemphasis, just as she had a soft voice, moved without hurry, or used only the faintest scents. She had heard other women talk of their desire to have children and of their love for the children they had. It was impossible for her to talk of either, as impossible as it was to talk of Social Position or of God. She shivered a little at the false note of their mention. So she had never answered the friend's question because she was entirely unprepared. While she was silent he had waited expectantly fancying she was preparing. But no answer ever came except that she was not offended.

What could he have made of the only explanation? She often pondered this question, nothing, certainly. And yet his mind was, perhaps, nearer to her than any other in the world. She had loved one man, she had been partly understood by another, and except for these and the "confidences" of adolescence she had lived quite apart. From her chair by the fire she could look across at the portrait of her mother, the full-length portrait of a young girl dressed all in white looking out into the room. This mother had died before her own memory began. The portrait was all she had known of her, and in a queer, obverse way the portrait had been enough, obverse because she had grown to understand the portrait of the girl only when she herself had outgrown girlhood.

In her childhood she had looked up at it with awe. It meant to her a great, mysterious event of which she had been told very little, as of most great, mysterious events. Later had come sentiment of a sort. She had made a little show of the picture, proud of the beauty of the pure

young face and the air of the girlish pose. When love of it had come she never knew. It sometimes seemed to her that the painted face had changed as her love of it changed, becoming the face of the woman who had borne her rather than the face of the girl who was beginning to dream of love.

It was then she had changed the position of the painting. Before it had hung below stairs in the drawing-room. Now from where she sat by the fire she could put out her hand and touch the bottom of the heavy gilt frame, and the reading-lamp at her elbow was so placed that in its light the face came out of the shadows and looked down at her.

There was a likeness between her and the portrait, and, strangely, though the picture was of a girl nearly eighteen years her junior, the likeness had increased as she grew older. In her childhood it had been very faint, almost unrecognizable, and even in her early girlhood had been vague, a matter of color and bearing and not of expression, but now in her early maturity it had grown unmistakable. It was as if Life had aborted the variation and compelled by its silent processes a reversion to type. She had aided this development, too, perhaps, where she could, instinctively, almost unconsciously, by little alterations in the mode of dressing her hair and in the color of her clothes, preferring such as brought out most distinctly the resemblances of complexion and hair. But that was more the inevitable outward manifestation of a spiritual communion than a conscious effort at imitation.

If she could have visualized her inner consciousness of this portrait it would have been as a door, a door opening on a vista of the past. Not the immediate past of memory, for that was brightly lit enough by the little memorabilia of the room. The vista of the portrait was not lit by memory. She felt the presence of it as a child feels the phantom in the darkness, only without the fear of the child—with, instead, an inexpressibly comforting sense of companionship. She had often turned, during hours such as these hours now, from the brightly leaping flames at her feet to the still, lamp-lit face on the canvas, as she might have turned from unpleasant thoughts to the



face of a friend. And the picture never seemed near to her, but always very far away, and the eyes, though tender, were more watchful, more wistfully anxious than comforting. In some strange way it was she, she fancied, whose part it was to bring comfort. Sometimes even she turned so almost involuntarily as though the anxious gaze had suddenly touched her and gave an answering smile, like a watchman's sudden "All's well" in the night-time.

And quite as instinctively she felt also that some time she in turn would look down and watch. That had been her thought when they brought her first baby and laid it in her arms and she looked down into its face; it was not the beginning of anything, it was the continuance, the renewal of an unbroken vigil. And she had taken it up with pride, that grew daily and hourly as she watched, and that lived and grew along with, but quite apart from, the love of the child. It was even greater than the love, only the pride could die, and if it should then the love would crush through the empty barrier between and flow over all. So she could have loved the child better dead than living, or an outcast than triumphant. She was not sure of that about the picture. Rather she knew that if she failed she would be ashamed to lift her eyes to the canvas.

To-night it was very late. She fancied she was drowsy and could sleep. But the breaking of a log startled her, setting her nerves taut again, listening for the sound of wheels in the street outside, the noise of a latch-key fumbling for the lock. Sleep was still then far off, and to seek it meant only the same waiting, but alone in the dark. The pages of books stared blankly at her. There was no resource—only waiting. It seemed to her that so much of living was merely waiting while the last mysterious forces of Life in Silence perfected their ends, as she had waited for the birth of her child. Living was noisy, incoherent, and wasteful, but Life was silent, powerful, inevitable.

As Death is Living suddenly translated into Life, so the portrait always seemed, there in the flickering firelight, to be a moment arrested for Eternity, a little speck of mortality that, over all, had put

on Immortality. And as Eternity can have no beginning just as it has no end, she, from her tiny view-point of Actuality, gazed as she looked up at the canvas, deep into the two Infinities that bounded her Consciousness. Neither had any meaning for her. Whence she came? Whither she was bound? These were questions she had often heard asked but had never asked of herself. She did not have the questioning spirit.

Somewhere down-stairs a clock sounded once, paused, and was silent. There came faintly through the muffled windows the distant whirring of wheels in the mid-night street. She sat up quickly, alert. The noise passed and died away in the distance. The alarm had made her heart beat hard; now there was a reaction of disappointment. Her nerves were on edge, too finely strung, exaggerating every sound and feeling. She glanced about her at the room to steady her balance, at the properly drawn curtains, the placing of the books, filling her mind with details of intimate household things as a sedative. There were a score of tiny changes she would make and which once made would reveal themselves to no one but herself, perhaps, but to her would be tremendous alterations. That was true of this room but of no other in the house. It was not a pretty room; she had marred it by incongruous details; and yet no servant could enter it but that she, coming after, would find necessary many little retouches to restore the harmony it had for her. Very few friends ever saw it. Her husband never entered it.

Once some one of these friends had referred to it as her cell, and she had smiled in agreement although it was not true. The room only led somewhere. Just where she did not know, but the door to this misty beyond was the portrait on the wall.

She knew nothing of her mother except the traditions of the nursery and what her own maternity had taught her, but somewhere she knew this other had watched and waited as she did, for some one, for something, a child or a lover or a sorrow. And more vaguely beyond her there were others, and yet others still and others, until they faded from her consciousness as a single, thin blade of light tapers off in



darkness. This one plainly before her eyes in the light of the lamp was very close. She could recognize the meaning of every line in the delicate, sensitive face. Gradually the others, ever a little more blurred, lost meaning, grew unfamiliar, one by one, and coarser as they grew more distant, until she lost touch with them altogether, like rows of faces seen in the half light of a theatre. Sometimes, brooding alone by the fire, she could close her eyes and almost visualize it all so—the long rows of intent faces. And always she was herself among them, merely the most vivid figure at their head. The bright light was focussed upon her, the others silently, intently scrutinizing. Between her and them, as between an actor and his audience, she felt a hundred sympathies, understandings; out from them flowed an influence that could absorb her and back from her went to them their only consciousness of the life they watched.

It could be very vivid, for it was, all this, a part of her as her childhood was, as her first love, her motherhood were. And just as her childhood had been changed forever and irremediably by her marriage, by unhappiness, and was changed subtly by each little event of every day, so they, too, had been changed, in the degree of their nearness by these things. They were not past memories, but moments of which she, there, was the full completed hour.

All this lay beyond the room, this past which she could not remember but could feel beyond the past which she could remember. But while the little memorabilia of the room served to make more vivid the one, each touching some very nerve of her brain, the other had as aids to its realization in her consciousness only vague aversions, instincts, queer, inexplicable aversions. There, too, was absolute solitude, perhaps there only. A score of persons shared that other past, but none of them could pass beyond, not even her own child. Like an Eastern mystic, she found Nirvana only deep with her own self. And afterward always there clung about her some sense of her withdrawal. She did not have many friends.

And often some most trivial happening would bring these subtle forces to work. Once a letter, fallen from a long-unopened book, she could have fancied written by her own hand only the date was half a

century before her birth; once a gesture of her child brightened her with its familiarity. This power which had entered into her, then, had emanated from her? Whither was it bound? For the first time she questioned Life. She had caught the baby up and held it in her arms, looking long into the mysterious, unfaltering eyes. Then trembling so she was afraid, she had hastily put the child down and gone her way. There was no answer, she knew, but the look would never leave her eyes again until she was among those others who watched and waited tenderly, wistfully from their mysterious Life. And after that she felt closer to them.

The room had grown cold. Without glancing at the clock on the mantel-shelf, she felt that it was an unaccustomed hour. By such little apperceptions her daily life was guided. He would come soon. It was a strange life, her own. Sometimes she wondered at her own unhappiness, for she had had at the beginning so much to make her happy. And the opportunity had not gone yet. It was still within her reach. This the world was whispering every day, teaching by example at every turning. Her right to happiness was preached to her as a sort of gospel. She listened and looked, but she could not learn. Divorce was to her, after all preaching, spiritual suicide. It cut sharp through that sense of continuity that was her vital principle. She had never thought about it at all, feeling first a repulsion too innate for her mind to conquer.

When the sound of the long-listened-for wheels in the street, of the softly opened door came to her ears, she did not move in her chair. The footsteps on the stairway came up to the hall outside and passed, pausing an instant at the door of the room. She never looked up. When all was quiet once more she rose and walked slowly to the door, glancing from side to side as she moved. At the door she stopped and turned around for a final survey. All was well. Quickly she put out the light. Even then one moment she lingered. A faint glow came still from the hearth. By it she could see the eyes of the lady in the portrait still watching her.

Then she went out quickly, closing the door behind her, shutting in there her "Forty Centuries."



# THE VOYAGE OF A VICE-CHANCELLOR

By Arthur E. Shipley

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THE following extracts are from a private diary which I wrote whilst on an extensive tour in the United States during the autumn of 1918 as a member of the British University Mission. We had been invited by the Council of Defense at Washington and were sent out under the auspices of our own Foreign Office. For more than sixty days we went up and down this vast country, travelling many thousands of miles and seeing so many universities and colleges and so many presidents and professors that those amongst us who had not hitherto had the privilege of visiting the United States formed the idea that all its cities are university cities and that all the inhabitants are professors, an idea very awful to contemplate!

The members of the Mission represented the older universities in England as well as the big municipal universities of London and of the Midlands of the North. The Scottish universities and those of Ireland were also represented.

*Wednesday, October 9th.* Coming up towards Sandy Hook on a perfectly placid sea we were blessed with just that amount of haze which turned Coney Island into Venice. The sea was an Adriatic lagoon; we might have left Trieste overnight! The same merciful mist changed the clear-cut outlines of the sky-scrapers into Turner's pictures, and the Boy and the Poet became ecstatic with the ecstasy of youth. On landing, the joy of the Boy on being again on "terra firma," for New York is built on a hard gneiss, was so great that he waltzed along the dock until he reached his initial and awaited with such patience as he could command the official visits of the officers of the Customs. Everything was made easy for us, and that evening we began to receive the series of ceaseless kindnesses and unbounded hospitalities which continued all our trip.

*Thursday, October 10th.* Last night it was broken to me in the kindest possible way, in sympathetic terms which could not be more "tenderer," if we may quote Mr. Weller, Senior, that I am to be painted for the Harvard Club. This morning I gave the first sitting at a charming studio in Gramercy Park. I am not one who usually laughs much before noon, but the artist was so amusing and so bright that we hardly quit laughing from 9-11 A. M. The studio is decorated by a portrait on a large scale of the

four Harvard Professors of Philosophy, Royce, Wm. James, Parker and Münsterberg. The last named is represented by an empty chair. It seems that his habitual insolence and "overbearichkeit" was a bit more than the artistic temperament could stand. After a few sittings he was asked to leave the studio and to stay away.

The following is queer but true. When it became clear that the United States were about to enter the War, Münsterberg petitioned the authorities to intern him in the Cambridge gaol, as he thought that there his food supply, always an important item in a German's outlook, could be more generously supplemented than elsewhere.

*Friday, October 11th.* Raising the liberty loan has clothed Fifth Avenue in a mass of bunting, each section being devoted to one of the Allies. The effect is very brilliant as the flags flutter in the sunny, clear breeze. Dined with the hospitable members of Harvard University at their Club and made speeches.

*Saturday, October 12th.* Today being Liberty Day, Mr. Wilson put on a black coat and a top hat and marched with an interminable procession down Fifth Avenue. I saw it soon after 11 A. M. and again about 4 P. M. and for all I know it may still be marching. The whole thing was impressive, but the "moment" was the



passing of the President carrying a small flag. One could not help reflecting on the power of good it would do if the Pope would put on a black coat and a top hat and walked down the Corso, in Rome. Such things seem to bring folk together.

*Sunday, October 13th.* Motored some forty miles up the Hudson, a brilliant day in all senses.

*Monday, October 14th.* We left in the afternoon for Washington and dined on the train. We made no speeches.

*Tuesday, October 15th.* After lunch President Wilson received us and very cordially asked us to lunch on Thursday, 17th Oct. After leaving him we spent a couple of hours with Bishop Shahan at the great Roman Catholic University, where amongst many things we saw a fully equipped and entirely modern Chemical Laboratory, as large or almost as large as any in Great Britain. In this worked monks and priests of most of the religious orders.

*Wednesday, October 16th.* After a conference in the morning on Education, with the authorities of the War Department, we embarked on the Admiralty Yacht "Sylph" and left for Mount Vernon. It was a perfect Autumn afternoon and the brilliancy of the fading Autumn leaves was reflected in the still waters of the Potomac. Their colours were so blended that we could only wonder at the beauty of the scene, but our hosts were by no means satisfied. They apologized for the absence of certain red tints, which they attributed to a cold spell in September which had caused the fading foliage to skip one stage in its colour diminuendo. As the poet has pointed out "there's beauty in the colour of decay" but it was obvious that there is more beauty if the decay be gradual and not unduly hastened by cold spells.

As we came opposite to Washington's house the flag was lowered, a bell tolled and the ship's bugler sounded the "Last Post." A Naval Officer on the "Sylph" told me that this touching tribute to a great gentleman dated back to 1812 when the British Admiral of a fleet sent to fight Washington's countrymen as he passed Mount Vernon on his way up the Potomac to shell the Federal Capital saluted the grave of the first President with this

usage, which has ever after been followed. Well, sailors always were gentlemen.\*

The charm of the house, of the garden, of the several views both inland and riverwards was multiplied by the beauty of the afternoon, and we left as sundown was setting in, with buzzards circling over us and a solitary blue heron standing on one leg on a grassy islet near the landing stage.

*Thursday, October 17th.* Today we lunched with the President and Mrs. Wilson. Both were extremely cordial and friendly and did us the quite unusual honour of detaining us two hours. Later some of us visited the Carnegie Institute and tried to grasp the almost incredible variety of its many activities and the quite incredible number of dollars it administers. Later in the day the Trustees of the Carnegie Institute gave a banquet at the Washington Hotel where we met a couple of hundred of the most distinguished men in Washington. Here the speeches reached a climax, for they began with the melons. I spoke before the soup was served, and had to leave out quite a lot of points as I had expected to give an *after-dinner* speech. Whenever the band could be induced to pause for a moment some one made a speech, and there were so many, and so many of us lacked what the Railway folk call "terminal facilities" that we had well nigh three hours of speeches, mitigated by a very good dinner.

*Friday, October 18th.* Today we spent at Baltimore, and here perhaps we came across more evidence of the terrible plague which this Autumn is decimating the land than we had till now met with. At Baltimore we visited the new University buildings, new since I had been there. A fine set of libraries and laboratories built of a pleasant light-red brick with ample windows. There had been the usual fight between the people who were to use the buildings and the architects who designed them. In Johns Hopkins the Professors won and the university rooms and windows are large and let in floods of light.

We lunched at the Country Club beside the Golf Course and made speeches. It was four P. M. before we rose to hurry off for an interview which Cardinal Gib-

\* Germans alone excepted.



bons had promised us. His Eminence was a refined and kindly old man, 83 years of age, yet with strength and courage and truth in his face, just the sort of saint to steady the nerves and bring hope to the heart of a sorely stricken and largely ignorant population. He told us that he was the youngest prelate at the Vatican Council in 1870, and that now he was the oldest Roman Catholic bishop alive. He also told us that the celebration in honour of the centenary of his election to the Bench had just been postponed owing to the pestilence, and somehow he gave me the impression that he was not altogether sorry.

We were "off to Philadelphia in the evening."

*Saturday, October 19th.* In the morning we motored to the studio, in the University, of Tait Mackenzie, whose sculptures go from strength to strength. He is modelling a group of men going over the top, the finest war memorial I have yet seen. Later we visited the University Art Museum, full of beautiful things, beautifully displayed. The Museum has a circular auditorium of novel and stately proportions and with perfect acoustic properties. We lunched at Houston Hall with the faculty and made innumerable speeches; one from the Provost, a very charming Provost, contained some quite plain speaking about the way the old Universities in Great Britain had kept their door shut to foreign students; this and further criticism after dinner, when we all spoke over again, has set us all thinking.

In the afternoon we motored to the Quaker College of Swarthmore, a co-educational institution in which the education is not left out. As in other places, the buildings were set on a hill in vast grounds and the College is lavishly equipped. For instance there is a large open-air theatre, a fine swimming bath and an observatory with a 24 in. lens telescope, a finer instrument than exists in Ireland, as our astronomical member told us, and many other features hard to find in a boys' and girls' College in our country.

*Sunday, October 20th.* Spent part of the morning, where we lunched, at Tait Mackenzie's studio in his charming house. The Boy, who has for some days

been suffering from suppressed music, obtained a certain temporary measure of relief at their grand piano. In the afternoon we visited some dear old colonial churches in which Washington worshipped and then by way of contrast we went to a great magnate's palace and saw the finest private collection of pictures I have yet seen.

*Monday, October 21st.* The Admiral in command of the shipbuilding at Hog Island took us over his yards. Fifteen months ago students from the university were botanying on this swampy site. To-day there are forty slips, and seventy miles of railway track in the yards, 30,000 workmen, who with their families are housed in hundreds of dwellings which have sprung from the seafoam in the course of a few months. There are also numerous hotels and clubs for the unmarried hands. Here we met a camouflager, who "allowed," as I had seen in New York, that much more blue was used on their ships than on ours. He also told us that the design was by no means haphazard, but carefully thought out and drawn on paper before being adopted. [Each ship has a model and unless the camouflage succeeded in deceiving the enemy by a certain number of points in the compass—I suppose the Censor won't let me say how many—it was rejected altogether or revised.]

Later in the morning we motored to Bryn Mawr which was as charming as ever. Here we lunched and then went on to Haverford, an old home of mine, which with the Brown University at Providence, R. I., and doubtless others, has rejected the gilded unsectarianism of Mr. Carnegie. We dined at the Arts Club with the Director of the Drexel Institute, who had the happy idea of asking each of us to speak about ourselves. Never have we spoken better!

*Tuesday, October 22d.* We had a quiet day at Princeton, a really restful one. In the morning we visited some of the numerous departments turned into war-work, especially those connected with aircraft, for Princeton has specialized in this branch. After an informal lunch with my host at my old Princeton home—we had two hours to ourselves, a great boon in these hurried days. Then we attended a



Review, the President taking the salute and afterwards a short formal meeting in Nassau Hall with the Faculty. This was a very dignified proceeding. The speeches were short and to the point. It was a memorable day. Fifty years ago President McCosh, whose name you can still conjure with, took over the guidance of what was then a much smaller institution.

Five years ago to the day I had the honour of taking part in the opening exercises of the magnificent post-graduate college, now the home of the Paymasters of the Fleet. But these anniversaries are as nothing compared to the fact that over the Hall in which we met, the British flag was floating where it had not floated for 177 years!

*Thursday, October 24th.* Our visit to Yale was another restful one. In the two laboratories I visited, the pathological and the biological, I was impressed both by the thoroughness and the originality of the researches being carried on. Here as at other American universities there is ample room and a most cordial welcome awaiting the British graduate who wishes to study on lines hitherto hardly touched on in our Island.

*Friday, October 25th.* The President had in the most kindly fashion arranged a short conference between the Faculty and the members of the Commission. This my colleagues tell me was one of the most helpful meetings which had as yet taken place; unfortunately before it was more than half way through I more or less collapsed. The incessant strain of meeting hundreds of hospitable hosts each day, and constant speeches and the eternal lack of sleep, had proved too much for more than one of us. I retired to the handsome library of the comfortable club which put us up, a library where that blessed word "Silence" is not only enjoined but exercised, and fell asleep in an armchair. On waking I decided, to my great regret, to omit Amherst, Smith, and other colleges, and go straight to Boston. Here I took refuge with an old Cambridge friend in the quietest of hotels inhabited by great numbers of dear old mid-Victorian ladies who justified the proud boast of the proprietor that no one ever dies in his hotel. (On arrival I went to bed.)

*Saturday, October 26th.* Slept.

*Sunday, October 27th.* In the afternoon went out to the hospitable house of the President at Cambridge. On the way our most kindly guide and his wife drove us out to Concord through autumn-coloured roads and country lanes. We saw the homes of Hawthorne and Emerson. It was interesting to learn that the son of the latter, Dr. Emerson, was still living in his father's village, just as it is to know that Longfellow's daughter is still living in her father's stately house just around the corner from the President's house. We saw standing at the foot of the bridge the virile statue by a Concord sculptor of the young farmer who fired the first shot in the War of Revolution inscribed with these lines:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled  
Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world."  
19th April, 1775.

We also read on the battle field of Concord a touching tribute to our soldiers:

"They came three thousand miles and died,  
To keep the past upon its throne,  
Unheard beyond the ocean tide,  
Their English Mother made her moan."  
April 19th, 1775.

On the way home we stopped at the old cemetery at Sleepy Hollow where in peaceful setting Emerson and Longfellow lie. The sun was setting, a light autumn mist veiled all sharp outlines, it was four-thirty on a Sunday afternoon, a time when one's vitality is at its lowest, a time when at home I always read Thompson's "City of Dreadful Night." I felt at peace with the world and in complete harmony with tombs.

*Monday, October 28th.* Early in the morning we visited Tufts College pleasantly set on a hill. At 11 A. M. I lectured to some 700 students in khaki on some of the inconveniences they may meet at the front. Nobody coughed. The great crowds of splendid youths we meet everywhere seem almost overwhelming, full of fun, working hard and deadly in earnest. At least half of them everywhere are in sailor's uniform and are apparently in training for commissions though how such thousands are to find ships is difficult to



imagine. Of course, many of them are specializing in such subjects as sea-planes, wireless, etc.

*Tuesday, October 29th.* This morning we visited Boston College, a Jesuit College, which grants degrees. As usual the buildings are placed on a hill commanding beautiful views of river, lake, mountain and city, the outline of the last named tempered by distance. All this we saw from a roof garden. On descending in the elevator I noticed with envy that it was fitted with a mechanism, which if Mr. Edison could but fit on all politicians, orators and after-dinner speakers, would save an immense amount of time and enable us to get on with the War. The mechanism enables the lift to record: "This elevator automatically closes itself within 30 seconds."

The chapel, and indeed all the buildings, were stately, well-proportioned and satisfied the eye. The inside decorations were exceptionally beautiful and some of the more satisfying and restful were the work of one of the Fathers. An elderly priest seemed to take an especial and solicitous interest in me, and after a time he confided in me that though he had met many Oxford men I was the first Cambridge man he had ever seen. He watched over me as if I was an unique specimen and before we left gave me to understand that this singular experience had greatly widened his outlook on life.

On the way home I was pleased to find that the President was using and had used for years the Cambridge Pocket Diary. As the originator and for some years the author of that modest tome I felt a certain degree of pride. During the afternoon we met the faculty in their Hall and had many helpful talks.

*Wednesday, October 30th.* Yesterday it was 80 degrees in the shade and at 8 this morning it was already 70 degrees. The heat is indeed overwhelming. We are assured it is unusual, but except in the Tropics the weather seems to me to be always and everywhere unusual. The wife of our host took us to see "The House of the Seven Gables" at Salem. This is a delightful place and is maintained with the same pious and thoughtful care as is Mount Vernon. The whole arrangement recalled the merchants' houses at King's

Lynn, for behind the house was a garden running down to the water's edge where the schooners used to anchor and in the garden was a counting-house.

The headlines of the newspapers are as large as ever but not so quaintly phrased. However, I have just come across an old copy of a southern newspaper which records the capture of Nazareth in the following words:

"British Capture Christ's Home Town."

We left in the evening for Montreal, travelling luxuriously in the private car of the Governor-General, who had kindly placed it at our service.

*Thursday, October 31st. All Hallowe'en.* At Montreal after being received by the President of the Faculty in the Library of McGill University we went banking and shopping. Later in the day we visited the art museum and some private collections. A former pupil of mine is doing a great work in Montreal in getting together and setting out admirably great and varied collections of artistic objects. Like so many students of the biological sciences he has a real feeling for colour and form.

*Friday, November, 1st. All Saints Day.* In the morning some of us visited the MacDonald College of Agriculture near St. Anne's, a very efficient and as usual completely equipped institution. In the afternoon we went to three of the buildings amongst the dozen which scattered about in the French Quarter of the City constitute the Roman Catholic University of Laval. A second half of this great institution is in Quebec and just at present there is a movement on foot to separate one from another. We saw the Schools of Commerce, of Veterinary Science and of Dentistry. The students of the last two have proved invaluable at the front. At Laval the lectures are in French and it is primarily, tho not exclusively, the University of the French-Canadian.

In the evening the Boy and I dined with one or two of the big men in Montreal and listened to some lively criticisms as to the men in the Dominions the British Government "delighted to honour." I tried to assure them that the Dominion did not suffer alone.

*Saturday, November 2d.* We left early



for Ottawa, arriving at that "proud city of the Waters" soon after noon. The Governor-General gave us lunch at the new and magnificent Château-Laurier Hotel and here we met the Premier, upon whom I had conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. less than five months ago. Laurier as well as many of the present Cabinet Ministers were there but there were few speeches. We had tea with the Duke and Duchess at Rideau Hall, dinner at the Country Club where Bishop, the Canadian "ace," was also dining, a truly marvellous airman who has brought down fifty Huns.

*Sunday, November 3d.* Reached Toronto quite early in the morning after a somewhat chequered night. I spent most of the day with the mothers and friends of some of the Canadian officers who had stayed during the last four years at my Lodge. We had tea at the house of one of the leading financial authorities of the country who is however more proud of the beauty of his Bank's banknotes than of his outstanding business ability. He thinks they will live and certainly they ought to. To most folk the beauty of a banknote is in direct proportion to the dominant cypher and they seldom look beyond this, yet they should dwell on the charm of the portrait of Martha Washington on some of the U. S. issues.

*Monday, November 4th.* This was really a great day for us. We saw something of the magnificent buildings of the university with their complete equipment in every department. We had a helpful talk with the Faculty and learned much about the largest and wealthiest of the great Canadian Universities. Toronto is co-educational. They have the most absolute and the fullest equalities of the sexes and the ladies have the front seats in the lecture room. Immediately after lunch we were received by the Mayor and made speeches to the Corporation. The Mayor was kindness itself, and showered us with gifts, culminating in lovely silken Canadian flags. We dined at a charming club as the guests of the University. I sat between the Governor and the Premier of the Province, and here we were delighted by meeting again the unveiler of the recently erected statue to Lincoln at Springfield, Ill. We all made speeches.

*Tuesday, November 5th. Guy Fawkes Day.* We went to bed this morning before one o'clock, and got up at 6.30 to start for Niagara. We had as ever perfect weather and many picturesque views of streams, lakes, and woods. Hitherto I have always visited Niagara from the American side and this is I think the better course. Coming first to the Canadian side the views are less impressive. The Falls are much as they used to be and do not seem to have changed in the last thirty years. The Victoria Park on the Canadian side and the park on the American side and on Goat Island and the new hotels have however vastly improved the amenities of the section. On the other hand, the factories, power houses, etc., which desecrate the cliffs between the Falls and the Rapids grow in number and in horror.

We left in the late afternoon for Windsor and here we left our comfortable private car. Those of us however who had comfortable beds would not tear ourselves from Canadian soil and remained in the car, the rest of us continued in the train which embarked on a ferry, the ferry crossed the Detroit river and at 2 A. M. we were at home in one of the most comfortable of the many hotels we lodged at during our tour.

*Wednesday, November 6th.* Some of our party got up early and visited Mr. Ford's works. I did not. After all they did not see the works but heard quite a lot about them from one of the chief managers. The works are on a large scale and the workmen receive a minimum of five dollars a day. In addition to this their morals are carefully scrutinized. A woman cannot give her husband a black eye without Mr. Ford being phoned up and he at once adjusts the domestic difference.

At mid-day we left for Ann Arbor and here we spent a delightful four and twenty hours. One of the most inspiring sights we had seen was the march past of some two to three thousand men in khaki and sailor's kit. They were simply splendid as they moved on to the tune of the Michigan march familiar to our ears through Sousa's Band. Ann Arbor is the oldest and most renowned of the State Universities, and it was with peculiar pleasure and



pride that we received at the hands of the genial and friendly President the distinction of honorable degrees. The ceremony was simple and most dignified. We were each presented in short but graceful speeches by the Professor of Philosophy spoken in English. Latin would have saved many of our blushes. I was interested to learn that the University employs five "whole-time" Doctors to look after the health of the students. For the payment of about \$5. a year each student at American Universities and Colleges receives free medical attendance, free medicine and free treatment at one of the University hospitals. Ann Arbor has a very large medical school.

*Thursday, November 7th.* Peace, as the Armistice is called here, was declared at about 1.30 P. M. Ann Arbor is a small city and took the news calmly. The corner boy, that almost extinct mammal, continued to decorate his corner undismayed. But it was otherwise on the train. Passengers from Detroit told us that all work had ceased, all the factories had emptied, all the whistles and hooters were whistling and hooting, and all the flags were flying. The news seemed so overwhelming that it interfered with reason. Of course, Peace couldn't and didn't come like this, but the only one on the train who showed a reasonable apprehension of events was the elderly conductor who said to me in an inimitable drawl: "Yes, sir, we're celebrating the news of Peace on every section of this line, *but it ain't confirmed.*"

*Friday, November 8th.* We spent today at the University of Chicago. This is one of the youngest, one of the most original of the United States Universities. Youth accounts for much of this originality, President Harper—he was President of Chicago when first I visited it—accounted for more. Youth is also responsible for the fact that though at other centres there may be single buildings more stately and more beautiful than any at Chicago, it is on the whole the most complete and most uniform in its architecture.

*Monday, November 11th.* "Peace hath murdered Sleep." Hardly had we dozed off than we were awakened at 2 A. M. by a most infernal din. "Peace," as they

will call an armistice, seemed to have been declared again. We were naturally sceptical but being sceptical in bed whilst a million and a half were credulous and are outside doesn't bring sleep. The noise was overwhelming. All that night and all next day and most of the next night the hooters hooted, the whistles whistled, the sirens sirened, brass utensils crashed, tin-trumpets brayed, people yelled, motors rushed about with tin-can accompaniments, boys banged boxes, grown-up men frantically beat iron telegraph posts with crow-bars, every conceivable instrument was beaten, blown or twanged. But the hooters were the worst; they seemed to have an uncanny quality about them and as they moaned and boomed and shrieked they seemed to come into your room and you felt as though you could touch them.

The parading people were excited but good natured and friendly. An elderly divine who took part in these nocturnal celebrations told us next morning that quite respectable ladies had put feathers down his neck, and he added that after a time "one got quite used to it."

In the morning the noise increased. Thousands of lorries and motors pervaded the city packed with children and women, the latter by now beginning to look like Sisters of Mercy after a bump-supper. A peculiar manifestation of the enthusiasm of the people was the casting out from every window innumerable scraps of paper which blackened the skies and whitened the ground. It cost the City of New York \$85,000 to clear up their paper-litter after their dress-rehearsal last Thursday!

To-day we visited the North Western University. Like many others it has certain of its Departments in the City, such as the Medical, the Commercial, the Dental, and the Legal. We had time only to visit the last two and found them well-equipped and well-staffed. There is even in the last named a complete replica of a Law Court and here the students try cases. I don't know whether I am more afraid of dentists or of lawyers, I suppose one is a physical and the other a moral fear, but I was glad to find myself on the way to Evanston some twelve miles north of Chicago where the main buildings of the



North Western State University are situate. Our progress was impeded by parades, all the schools, all the organized Societies paraded and all made as much noise as they could. Finally, however, we arrived at the Campus, beautifully placed on the shores of the lake. We found here the same freshness of view, and belief in the future, the same numerous staff and adequate equipment that we had found elsewhere, but there seems always some new and original feature in each new institution we visit and at the North Western University we found a large building entirely devoted to Oratory. Any future Mission to this country before embarking on its career of speeches might well take a short course of Oratory at Evanston. After a comforting lunch at the charming University Club, which was somewhat prolonged by all of us making speeches, we returned to Chicago.

We dined this evening with the Association of the Presidents of State Universities. I was so tired that like the late Lord Hartington I nearly fell asleep during my own speech and I could not help dozing off again and again during those of my colleagues. Each time I lost consciousness I had a strange dream and it recurred again and again. I dreamed that I had heard it all before.

*Tuesday, November 12th.* The members of the University Club where we were lodged, whose hospitality is boundless, gave us a sumptuous lunch in their great dining-room which is a replica of Crosby Hall seen under a lens.

In the afternoon we attended a Meeting of the Presidents of State Universities and amongst other good things heard a masterly and witty Address from the President of Berkeley University.

*Wednesday, November 13th.* We left before eight for Madison which is the capital of Wisconsin, and the seat of one of the best known and most celebrated of the State Universities of the middle west. The University is set on a hill and a mile to the north on another hill the famed Capitol is set. The latter is built of a white granite resembling marble. The building is cruciform and crowned by a dome as noble as that of St. Paul's would be if the latter was clean; it is also a trifle higher. Many of the Professors hold

executive positions under the Government, and this happy combination of knowledge with statescraft seems to promote the welfare both of the commonwealth and of the University.

The weather was perfect, the sun blazing hot and the air as crisp as Switzerland's. We went an enchanting drive along the shores of the two lakes, Mendota and Monona, which flank the two hills. Their waters are as blue as those of the Grotto at Capri. We then attended a conference, important and heartening, but it hindered me from seeing all but the tail of a most brilliant sunset. The Boy saw it all and I was jealous.

We had a banquet with speeches in the evening in the spacious dining-room of the Madison Club where we are being housed. It is a delightful home and never have any of us revelled so much in perfect quiet and perfect views.

*Thursday, November 14th.* I and the Boy visited a few of the many Departments of the University, the Zoological, Botanical and Geological Laboratories and those of the Institutes of Plant Physiology and Plant Pathology. At Madison I saw the results of certain experiments which seemed to prove the inheritance of acquired characters, so often doubted. The experiments are not completed and of course there may be some flaw in the deductions but to me they seemed conclusive, at any rate for the four generations which up till now form the basis of the experiment. After dining with the President we left for Minneapolis.

They do not pay in this country their Professors or their University Presidents enough. Perhaps it is because there are so many of them. At Universities not perceptibly larger than Cambridge the teaching staff will be bigger than the whole "Electoral Roll." Their stipends are as low, in some cases even lower than in Great Britain, and yet in normal times the expense of living is higher. Well it is the old, old story:— "The cheapest thing going today," says the Satirist, "is education." "I pay my cook," said Crates, "four pounds a year; but a philosopher can be hired for about sixpence and a tutor for three-half-pence." "So today," writes Erasmus, "a man stands aghast at the thought of paying for



his boy's education a sum which would buy a foal or hire a farm-servant." "Fru-gality! it is another name for madness!"

*Friday, November 15th.* At the State University of Minnesota we were received at a Convocation held in the Armoury, no other building being large enough to seat the thousands who had come to welcome us. There were addresses and three of us made speeches which were listened to with the utmost patience and sympathy but the 'note' of the ceremony was the music supplied by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. This was really magnificent. The Boy and I stayed with the President who with all our hosts was most kind in seeing that we had some sorely needed rest. In the late afternoon we had a very 'nourishing' discussion with the faculty and the executive officers and made a few short speeches after dining with them in the Ladies' Building.

*Saturday, November 16th.* I visited the Zoological Department and found amongst its many admirable features an aquarium half as large as that of the Marine Biological Association at Plymouth, a "beavery" where young beavers were building dams and a Cinematograph Theatre fully equipped. The teachers make their own 'movie' films. After a most pleasant luncheon with many of the Professors, the Boy went to a Wisconsin v. Minnesota football match. I did not, my attitude towards athletics being that of the Rhodes scholar whose certificate from his home University testified "that whilst he excelled in none he was sympathetic towards all."

In the evening a reception took place in our honour at the President's House. We were introduced to and shook hands with some twelve hundred guests. This took some hours and the net result was that whilst our reason reeled, we seemed to have given pleasure to a great crowd of kindly folk, at any rate they were polite enough to say so.

*Sunday, November 17th.* In the morning I visited a famous private Art Collection with some wonderful Chinese curios and some fine pictures.

This city though slightly south of Ottawa and Montreal and very slightly east of Des Moines,—it is on the 45°,—paral-

lel, is the most northerly and until we reach Houston, Texas, the most westerly point of our journey. We now turn south and "nightly pitch our moving tent a day's march nearer home." In the evening we boarded the train for Des Moines, Iowa.

*Monday, November 18th.* I was rather apprehensive about visiting Iowa, as some Iowans we ran across in Minneapolis were so devoted to liberty that they seemed anxious to add to their own stock by taking it away from everyone else. However Iowa turned out to be all right.

The object of our going to Des Moines was to visit the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts at Ames some thirty-five miles north of the Capital City. Here it was impossible to visit more than the Veterinary School and the Entomological Department. In the latter I went through part of a well known Collection of Mites, and here I met with the first instance I had ever come across of a pathogenic organism conveyed to a plant (the beetroot) by the bite of an Insect (a leaf-hopper *Eutettix tenella* Baker). This "is the first plant disease definitely determined to be entirely dependent upon a specific insect for transmission." Like the yellow-fever pathogenic organism, that of the curly-leaf disease of Beets is ultra-microscopic. The insect only conveys the disease if it has fed upon a diseased beet, but a single bite of an infected leaf-hopper will infect the whole plant, and the disease only occurs in the beet when bitten by this one species of insect, further it takes two weeks after the puncture to develop. Also the insect is not capable of conveying the disease at once, it must have an incubation period within the body of the insect of at least twenty-four hours, often forty-eight. Thus this disease runs a course very similar to insect-borne protozoal diseases in animals. A somewhat similar history is now being worked out in a potato disease. These researches open up an entirely new field in plant pathology, and must prove of the greatest economic value to the agriculturist.

The members of the Des Moines Club put us up during our stay in the capital city, and in the evening gave us one of the best dinners we had received in this land of dinners. We left them feeling



as the tablets say in our redecorated churches "enlarged, restored and beautified," and making our way to the train started for St. Louis.

*Tuesday, November 19th.* The Chancellors and the other University authorities at St. Louis were most considerate and though placing themselves wholly at our disposal left much of the time to ourselves. Washington University is finely situate on rising ground with spacious views, some five miles from the centre of the city. It is approached through a fine park, the site of the World's Fair in 1904. The entrance is both beautiful and imposing, a broad series of low steps leading one up to the central gateway. All the buildings are planned by one architect, are built of the same red granite—a local stone—and on the same style, so that here even more so than at Chicago the campus has a unified charm rare in American universities. The University authorities gave us a sumptuous dinner, and although we said we would not make speeches, but just say a word or two, at the end the Chancellor said he trembled to think what would have happened if we had made speeches.

*Wednesday, November 20th.* We spent the morning at the Medical School and Hospital. These two institutions are practically one, and only some four years old. Everything is of the best and only to be equalled by such modern temples of healing as that of the University of Cincinnati, where, curiously enough, the Mayor of the town appoints the members of the Board of Regents. Such a complete hospital with a medical school at its disposal, or such a complete medical school with a hospital at its disposal—one does not quite know which way to put it—is unknown with us. Every patient can be analyzed, measured, rayed, tested with all the latest appliances of science, and the medical student is trained in them all, but when he becomes the practicing doctor in some small town or remote village what can he do in this way even though, and this is never the case, his patient could afford such refined treatment? Well, they must do the best they can and they must not envy the more fortunate folk at St. Louis.

We are beginning to come across the

problem of the colored people. At Chicago black and white lie in the same wards, but at St. Louis the patients do not mingle beyond the out-patient department, and further south they do not mingle at all. The black troops have fought gallantly. The Germans have complained about our fighting with colored troops, but they have done far worse, they have been fighting with German troops. The other day a darky soldier tried to break out of a camp in the South to see his folk, and after some dispute with the sentry, who told him he would be shot if he persisted, he replied, "Boss, t'ain' no sort o' use you stan'in' dere, cause I gwine out. I got a maw in Hebben an' a pa in Hell an' a sister in Memphis, an' I gwine see one of 'em dis night."

Later in the day we visited the Missouri Botanical Garden, presented and endowed by an Englishman, Mr. Henry Shaw, who had made a large fortune in hardware. The gardens cover an area of 125 acres, and there are grown some 11,000 species of plants.

In the evening we left for Lexington, Kentucky.

*Thursday, November 21st.* Everywhere had we been received well, but at Lexington there was a warm-heartedness about our hosts which made us feel at once inhabitants of "My Old Kentucky Home." We motored out some twenty miles to the Shaker Village, where we fed on the dishes of the South, and very good dishes, too, in a stately house with well proportioned rooms, and the date 1817 over the lintel of the front door. On the road we passed what we had not passed before, the homes of country gentlemen who live in them, and do not merely spend a "week-end" in them. They breed race horses and race them, and raise tobacco and smoke it; in fact, Lexington is a social and a trading centre. This possibly accounts for the excellency of the first-rate hotel where we were housed.

On returning we saw something of the University buildings, and inspected the Students' Army Training Corps, now all eager to get out of khaki. At dinner we were cheered by nigger minstrelsy and by a minimum of speeches. Afterwards we had a discussion with some of the Governors and members of the faculty. The



value of these discussions is always inversely proportional to the size of the meeting. At Lexington the meeting was small.

*Friday, November 22d.* After a hurried visit to the University Farm and to the Schools of Agriculture and Engineering we left in the morning for New Orleans, sorry to say Good-bye to Kentucky.

All the day and all the night we traversed Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, until on—

*Saturday, November 24th till Saturday, December 7th* we pulled about noon, into the depot at New Orleans. Most of the morning we had been crossing great arms of the sea, mouths of the Mississippi, or skirting inland waterways, bayous. One wished we would see an alligator.

We were disappointed with the weather on our visit to the South. During most of the week we spent there the weather was cold and wet, but we had one glorious day in New Orleans and another of typical Texan weather at Houston. Of all the cities we had yet visited, New Orleans was in many respects the most picturesque and attractive. The great boulevards, with grass-plots down the center and palms on the sides, flanked by noble houses with uncloistered gardens full of semi-tropical plants, attracted our attention even more than did the University, of which indeed we saw comparatively little. At Houston, on the other hand, we spent several days at the Rice Institute, a new and noble foundation. One may here remark in passing that the establishment of these newer centres of learning serve to stimulate their local

rivals, and we were pleased to learn that the State University of Texas is to receive this financial year an additional appropriation.

We traveled from Houston to Boston without a break, and in so hurried a journey one recollects little but a magnificent sunset in Alabama, and the fact that in Georgia the Legislature had forbidden all tipping. However, the kindly directors of the Southern railways had the care of their employees at heart, and so organized our passage through that State that it took place between meals.

Our second visit to Boston, where we met and took part in the formal meetings of the Association of American University Presidents and Deans, was the end-up of our most instructive tour.

At this point, I call to mind the story of an elderly Highland divine, a man of blameless character, who went as padre to a Highland regiment at the front. He was one of those unhappy men who was convinced that he was going to be eternally damned, and every now and then this consciousness of doom became too much for him, and he used to seek sympathy by explaining his predicament to any one he could get hold of. On one occasion he finished up his address to a fair-haired young subaltern in the lines by saying, "I veritably believe I am the wickedest man in France." The subaltern replied, "But you must remember, sir, what a deuce of a good time you must have had." Well, we are going back to Europe, and we shall "remember what a deuce of a good time" we have had in this country.

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## REMEMBERING

By G. O. Warren

THE others will forget, but you perchance  
Remembering, will entreat my prisoned shade  
For one word more, and then will veil your face  
Lest you should see too much, lest I should fade

Affrighted and be lost within the night.  
Hearing you I shall knock, and if the sod  
Will part for me, I shall arise like spring,  
And lean, and whisper—then sink back to God.



# OUR NEW POSSESSIONS

LOG-BOOK OF CHARLOTTE AMALIA CLIFFORD

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO

S. S. *Diana*, January 28, 1918.



AT Antigua we anchored and took a steam-launch to see the town, where we visited a very fine sugar-cane factory, watching the whole process from the cane-field to the market. We did not land at Guadeloupe, the hour not being favorable and the stay being too brief to compensate for the effort involved. But this morning at eight we approached Dominica, the largest of the Leeward group, the loftiest of the Lesser Antilles, and the loveliest—if one could or ought to make comparison—the loveliest of the West Indian Isles. The guide-book calls it "The Caribbean Wonderland," and Dolly and I were not disposed to quarrel with the phrase, after hanging over the deck-rail for an hour before breakfast and marveling at the beauty of the view. Mountains shimmered in the distance like visions seen in dreams, mountains like towering emeralds springing from a sapphire sea! We passed tiny hamlets, half hidden in lime orchards, and cocoa-groves with yellow patches of cane gleaming here and there against a background of forest. As we drew nearer we could see white torrents dashing tempestuously down through green valleys, for Dominica has a too plenteous water-supply, since in some districts three hundred inches a year is the average rainfall. It rained seven times in the three hours that we passed on shore, but the showers were gentle ones, and we found generous shelter in the wonderful Botanical Garden, where we spent most of our time.

Nature is sometimes a kindly mother; often she wears a tragic mask, and now and then she indulges in melodrama; but

I never conceived the possibility of her having a sense of humor until we witnessed her freakish mood in the Dominica garden. There were the usual varieties of magnificent palms and brilliant flowering shrubs; but the joy of joys was the sausage-tree, around which we walked in helpless mirth at the incredible veracity of the imitation. It reached a goodly height, and had a splendid girth and circumference of shade; but no factory in Bologna or Frankfort, or any other possible birthplace of the sausage, could rival this amazing, this funny, tree in fertility. Its product was just a trifle large, save for the omnivorous lover of sausage; but in other respects it was a faithful copy of the original—unless, indeed, the first sausage-maker borrowed the idea from the tree, instead of the other way about. These vegetable sausages hung in hundreds of strings and festoons and clusters from the topmost to the lowest branches. Because of the way they hung, the way they were strung, their shape and color, and the very manner in which the skin was neatly drawn over each one and fastened, no one possessing a sense of the ridiculous but would sit down under the tree and laugh at the joke. Oddly enough we could find no pictorial postcard of this phenomenon to bring home for the enlivening of winter evenings, though we bought a capital one of the cannon-ball tree, just as unique in its way but not so absurd.

Dorothea was enchanted with Dominica, and kept exclaiming every few minutes: "Oh, if only Great Britain would sell us this island! I think I'd choose to live in Dominica, because if I had a sausage-tree in my garden I should laugh every day, and the children wouldn't need any playthings."



S. S. *Diana*, February 1, 1918.

We have had a glimpse of France through a day at Martinique. The principal feature of our visit was a wild motor-drive up an eighteen-hundred-foot mountain. It was a steady climb from glory to glory, with tropical forests on every side. Our method of progress was not quite serene, for there was not a sufficient number of cars to satisfy the demand.

After a long wait Dolly and I took a small mongrel sort of motor that had been refused by all the *Diana's* passengers. The Creole driver, handsome, debonaire, persuasive, and fluent, though unintelligible, assured us that he had ascended and descended the mountain hundreds of times, a fact only too obvious to one who examined his means of transportation. None of the tires matched, and two of them looked like wounded soldiers just home from the front, displaying patches of adhesive plaster and bandages of cotton and woollen rags of every color, with an occasional inset of an alien material into the rubber. One could catch a glimpse of a tin tomato-can neatly introduced in the place of some vital bit of machinery; a Waterbury alarm-clock figured in an unexpected position, apparently adding its power to the engine; and there were stout ropes, here and there, which I never observed before in the rigging of any motor. I hesitated to enter, for the future, though not absolutely certain, looked full of hope and promise; but Dolly was firm and reckless. I am ten years her senior, but still young to be called a "fraid cat" with impunity; so I finally mounted the vehicle. The driver gave a gay, insouciant tap to a front tire, as much as to say: "*Courage, mon enfant! C'est la dernière fois!*"—then flung himself into his seat, and, blowing a horn, started his base-hospital up the mountain at a breakneck pace. The motor's own horn was out of commission, but there was a substitute by the driver's side. It was easy for him to blow it because he had no particular use for either of his hands, his steering being left largely to chance. Repeated expostulations in boarding-school French only elicited a reply that sounded like: "*Soyez tranquilles, mesdames.* You speak

American? *Bien! Leezy est parfaitement docile!*"

This conveyed no idea to me, although his broad grin convinced me that in his own opinion it was a subtle witticism. At length, however, it burst upon Dolly, who went off into irrepressible gales of laughter.

"You have lived so continuously in a rarefied Winthrop atmosphere, Charlotte, that you haven't any modern vocabulary. He is telling you the pet name of his car, to give you confidence. Nobody ever dies in a tin 'Lizzie.' Not only is the machine indestructible, but the people that ride in it. Isn't the driver a witty, reckless darling?"

He was, indeed; and, incredible as it may seem, Lizzie ascended and descended the mountain in safety—though only because a kind Providence watched over us. Then, when we had paid the reckless, danger-proof darling twice the sum he should have demanded, we sat on a bench in the Savanna, where we could be quietly grateful that we were alive and watch the coming and going of the Fort-de-France townspeople, so unmistakably French, with the bright costumes of the women, the pose of their turbans or hats, their sparkle and chatter and vivacious gestures.

Here in the Savanna travellers always gather to look at the marble statue of the Empress Josephine, which is called the greatest work of art in the West Indies. That is not fatuous praise, perhaps, but the figure needed the hand of no master sculptor to hold the eye and captivate the imagination. It is mounted on a huge pedestal and is of heroic size, the white glitter of its marble enhanced by its truly magnificent setting, a circle of towering royal palms. There she stands, the lovely Creole woman of Martinique, forever looking at "Trois Islets," as if she were remembering her birth in an overseer's shack and her girlhood passed in a sugar-mill. Straightway the crowds of native men and women chaffering in the market-place, the mothers holding up their crowing babies to the statue, the nurse-maids and groups of playing children, all vanished, and we relived in spirit poor Josephine's past, thrilling anew at the remembrance of her romance,



her triumph, and her bitter sorrow—the Creole girl who crossed the sea to become Empress of France and share a throne with Napoleon, but who sailed back to her island home a broken-hearted woman.

Good-bye, Martinique, land of Josephine; and land of St. Pierre, the scene of one of the greatest tragedies of modern times, when the fury of Mount Pelée engulfed the growth of centuries and buried forty thousand human creatures in its scalding lava. St. Lucia, of the Windward group, to-morrow, and then Barbados, from whence the *Diana* goes on to Demerara and returns a week or so later, so that we are able to rejoin her, taking up our former comfortable cabins and our much-liked captain.

S. S. *Diana*,  
Between Barbados and New York,  
February 11.

Here we are again on our homeward trip, making fewer landings and briefer stops, principally to take on passengers and thousands of barrels of limes.

Barbados, with its charming hotel at Hastings, was an unalloyed delight; and Dorothea, who had determined to live in each of the islands as it came along, would finally have transferred her allegiance for good and all had it not seemed more loyal for an American to choose one of our own possessions and "grow up with the country." We found ourselves in the midst of pleasant, even distinguished, society—British officials, ex-governors, and judge-advocates of the various islands, English and Canadian soldiers on sick leave, and officers commanding the U-boat chasers in near-by waters. Dorothea danced nightly and held court daily on the broad piazzas, reminding me of Rudyard Kipling's fascinating heroine in an Indian army post, who, whenever she appeared, caused the horizon to become black with majors. Her head and heart remained true to the absent Marmaduke—I am not so sure about her dancing feet!

Now that that experience is over, with the many others, we are at sea and quiet again, with one tranquil day just like the other.

"What a honeymoon journey it would make, Charlotte!" said Dolly one moon-

light evening on deck. "It is so difficult to grow in knowledge of people in New York or Washington. One doesn't even know oneself."

"All journeys must be good for honeymooners, don't you think?"

"Yes, in a way; but some places are created for lovers and newlyweds, who are, after all, only explorers, Charlotte, forever discovering new lands and annexing new territories."

"Yes; and sometimes falling into the hands of savages and cannibals, I suppose."

"Yes; that must be terrible—the awakening to find that one has been mistaken in a man!" sighed Dolly.

"I dare say we ought to worry lest men be mistaken in us; it might happen, you know."

"Your mind is so logical, Charlotte! However, this voyage wouldn't have to be idealized to meet the needs of honeymooners. In a Vermont village where I sometimes stay I remember a girl who had to be married on Sunday because she could not give up her position as telegraph-operator till Saturday night. That was dull enough in all conscience, but she was married in her high-school graduating dress, and went to her grandmother's house, ten miles away, for her wedding journey. I think it required considerable inward felicity to exalt that situation!"

I sat upright in my steamer-chair. "Dorothea," I said sharply, "you have been manufacturing conversation for the last five minutes—just killing time for fear that I should ask you questions. Is there anything on your mind? You have been absent-minded and nervous for days."

"Your imagination is working overtime, Charlotte," she answered. "We are nearing home, that is all; and life presses closer."

I could not gainsay her, for every mile of ocean crossed makes my heart beat faster. I seem to be living just now in a sort of pause between my different lives. There is the heaven of my childhood in the vague background; then the building of my "career," if so modest a thing can be called by so shining a name; then the steady, half-conscious growth of a love that illumined my labors, yet made them difficult and perplexing; and now

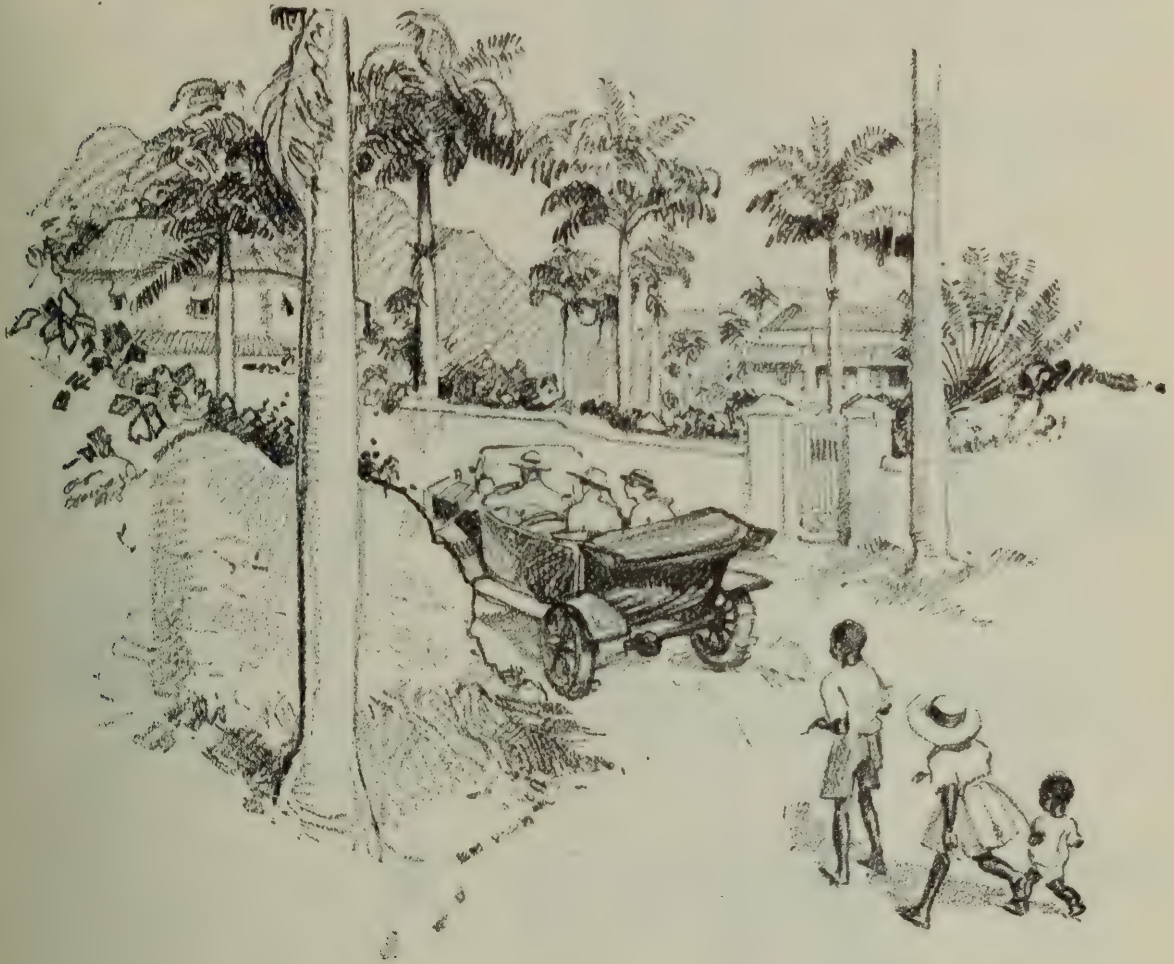


there is a sense of suspended activity, of waiting, with a glimmering air-castle rising like an iridescent bubble out of the hazy future. Sometimes there are two welcoming faces at a window and sometimes the indistinct figure of a woman

coaxed. "I don't want to be conspicuous. Wear your gray georgette and the broad hat with the roses."

"Why this sudden display of vanity and good clothes?"

"Hasn't your letter of introduction to



It was a steady climb from glory to glory.—Page 319.

stretching out a forbidding hand, my chief's sister, who may not want a third person in the family!

S. S. *Diana*, February 13, 1918.

Dolly went on the bridge this afternoon and stayed a half-hour with the captain, giving no reason save that she liked to talk with him, which seemed plausible, but did not satisfy me. At bedtime I discovered her unpacking and laying out in her upper berth a dazzling toilette for our landing at St. Thomas to-morrow. She blushed when I looked in upon her.

"Do dress up to me, Charlotte," she

Governor Oliver brought us an invitation to luncheon at Government House?"

"Yes; but I don't suppose it is a banquet."

"Charlotte, I must confide in you."

"I should think it was about time."

"What do you mean?"

"I have known for days that you were concealing something."

"I didn't want to be secretive, but I thought it was only fair to you to keep my own counsel. Now you can report to mother that you knew nothing, and that therefore you couldn't interfere."

"But what have you done? You can't be secretly married—with your chosen





There she stands, the lovely Creole woman of Martinique, forever looking at "Trois Islets."—Page 319.

man in Washington and you on board ship."

"No; but I'm next door to it."

"What do you mean by 'next door'? Have you a groom and a minister waiting on the New York dock?"

"No; mother will be there, but I fear she won't bring a minister. I'm so glad you imagined something far, far worse than I ever intended. It shows that you are more audacious than I—though nobody would believe it."

"I don't like your tone; but go on."

"I've been communicating rather frequently with Duke."

"So I fancied, from your changing money at every stop and doing continual sums on paper."

"It has made me a pauper—this tele-

graphing in war-time. The messages go by Jamaica or Porto Rico or Trinidad or Bermuda and lots of other islands, and I think some of the messages must be personally conducted straight to New York by powerful swimmers, judging by the cost."

"Go on. Don't temporize."

"I needn't repeat all of them, and in fact I haven't copies. Duke, after he had my first telegram from St. Thomas, wired back to St. Croix: '*You are willing to take my name. Why, after all, shouldn't I refuse your sacrifice and make one of my own by taking yours?*' Wasn't that noble?"

"It would have softened the heart of a suffragette or a feminist. What did you reply?"

"I said: '*Never in the world!*'"



"'Never' would have been enough. You wasted three words at a dollar or so apiece."

"I wanted to be strong. I said: *'Never in the world! I am not going to have you criticised and nagged and made unhappy, as if your name were a crime!'* Then he wired: *'But it would remove objections, and cost only six thousand a year.'* I had to wait two whole days and nights before I could cable: *'Objector will surely meet me in New York. She will probably forgive if we are both firm. My mind is made up. I would rather be a you-know-what than remain a Valentine.'*"

"That was strong enough."

"I meant it to be. He has been scurrilously treated, and somebody must stand by him. Now, to-morrow, February fourteenth, is his birthday. I remember it because we met on St. Valentine's day, and it wasn't many hours afterward that I guessed how he felt about me."

"Dorothea! Do you mean to tell me that a man spoke to you of his feelings within twenty-four hours of the time you met?"

"No, I do not."

"You certainly intimated as much. If it wasn't many hours after you met on the fourteenth it must have been the fifteenth."

"No, you are wrong, Charlotte. It was the evening of the same day. We met in the early morning."

"It sounds like a children's party with exchange of those snapping-mottoes."

"Duke is nearly twenty-eight, you know, Charlotte; so it is simply nonsense to jeer at him. You ought to be able to imagine what sort of things would be said between two persons mutually attracted to each other—when you remember that he was born on February fourteenth and my name is Valentine. The coincidence simply put ideas into our heads; but I won't go on if you don't sympathize."

"I don't actually disapprove, not at heart. Now, what has his birthday got to do with to-morrow and St. Thomas?"

"Why, I cabled him as soon as we arrived at Barbados: *'What would you like for a birthday present from the West Indies?'* I knew that he would remember we met on St. Valentine's day and an answer could reach me at St. Thomas."

"Couldn't you buy him a souvenir without inquiring at great expense what he'd prefer?"



Dorothea danced nightly.—Page 320.

"Ye-es; but I thought it was a nice, affectionate question."

"Well?"

"Well, he cabled one word, Charlotte."

"I guessed that the moment you quoted your message. When you asked: *'What shall I bring you from the West*





Dolly went on the bridge this afternoon and stayed a half-hour with the captain.—Page 321.

*Indies?* Duke promptly answered, *'Yourself.'* "

"Charlotte, you are positively uncanny! How did you manage to hit upon it?"

"It doesn't take as much intellect as you fancy. You are as transparent as a plate of glass. Well, when he said *'Yourself,'* how did you answer him?"

"It's the only thing I don't like to tell you, but I must. I reflected a full half-hour at Barbados. It was one of those heavenly moonlight nights not suitable for reflection. Then I wrote a message and sent it to the office by one of the colored waiters so that the hotel people shouldn't read it. It said" (and here she

turned her face away from me): "*'Deliveries from the West Indies are uncertain and expensive; come and get me.'*" Do you think that was forward?"

I laughed irresistibly and a long time. "It certainly was not backward, but it was delicious," I said at length, wiping the tears from my eyes. "However, he seems as impetuous and tempestuous as you—so perhaps it doesn't matter."

"You see, Charlotte, I knew that probably he couldn't meet this boat to save his life, so I was willing to say, *'Come and get me,'* just for fun. I hadn't the slightest clew as to when he would receive my message or the sailing dates of steamers from New York—everything is so changed in war-times. I only know that the time is slipping away, and Duke may leave the Shipping Board at any moment for the training-camp. I intend to have one brief, straightforward talk with mother, and declare my purpose. We are going to get your Mr. Winthrop to intercede for us, too. I shall be of age in March, and I don't intend to let a mere name stand between me and happiness."

"I think you are right, and that your mother will finally agree with you; but I still don't see the need of an unusual toilette for to-morrow."

"It's for the governor," said Dolly, "and one never knows what may happen."

"If a bromidic remark may also be cryptic, Dorothea, you have achieved the combination. Now I must ask you a direct question, for, although I am not your keeper but your friend, I am not disposed to let you do anything reckless. Why did you put that idea into Duke's head—the idea of meeting you in St. Thomas?"

"I wanted to talk things over before seeing mother. I knew I could trust him. He has some elderly cousins and a sister-in-law; surely, between them, he could find somebody to bring along with him; and I have you, safest and wisest of Charlottes! Duke is one of the legal advisers of the Shipping Board. Why shouldn't he have business in these islands? Besides, it is a practical impossibility that he should be able to reach St. Thomas on a given date."





"It was one of those heavenly moonlight nights not suitable for reflection."—Page 324.

"Then why did you suggest it?"

"I think, Charlotte, it must have been empty-mindedness."

"I regard it as a pure lack of self-control."

"I've practised self-control for one whole, endless year."

"You have practised filial obedience, I grant that. But what good do you expect

to achieve if Duke does surmount the insurmountable and meet you to-morrow?"

"What good?" Dolly almost shrieked the question. "What good, do you ask? You callous, cold-hearted Charlotte! Why, four heavenly days spent in his society, to be sure—with you and his chaperon having a lovely time together somewhere not too near."



"And you haven't any sneaking idea of marrying him in St. Thomas? Because I won't allow it."

"No such luck! He wouldn't let me, unless mother's attitude has been miraculously changed."

"Well, I can only say that you have made me very nervous and uncomfortable, Dolly," and I prepared to leave her cabin and cross the narrow space that divided it from mine.

"Darling Charlotte!" Here she drew me back. "If you are nervous and uncomfortable, it seems you think there's a bare chance that Duke will be in St. Thomas."

"I know nothing about the possibilities," I replied. "He might persuade the Shipping Board that he could be of use in this vicinity, and, of course, he would have advantages not possessed by ordinary tourists."

"If you had any experience with shipping boards, Charlotte, you would know that they can only be moved by chloroform or dynamite. Besides, Duke would never do anything underhanded; he is too patriotic; but, of course, he is inventive."

"Of course! And inventiveness is only one of his gifts, while his virtues are those of Sir Galahad, King Arthur, Marcus Aurelius, Abraham Lincoln, and a few others."

"Charlotte, I don't want to seem harsh, but I hope sometime you will get a faint inkling of what love really is. Your heart reminds me of the Rock of Gibraltar!"

"One doesn't wear the Rock of Gibraltar on one's sleeve, at all events," I remarked.

"Do you mean that if you ever did have a love-affair you wouldn't confide in me, when I adore you so, Charlotte?"

"I mean something of the sort, my child." At which she made a feint of beating me with her little silver hairbrush, but ended in kissing my cheek and whispering: "Good night! You are a darling, even if you have no sentiment."

Morning came. We anchored outside St. Croix at five o'clock; went through medical inspection at six, and if there was anything the matter with Dolly's heart or mine the physician did not offer any

comment. Then about ten we approached St. Thomas for the second time. If the Virgin Islands looked beautiful when we first saw them, they had grown in beauty during our brief absence, and my birthplace, in the shining distance, was a very dream of loveliness. We saw its outline rising above a rim of azure sea, with the mountains of Porto Rico standing out to the westward. The great palm groves on the shore led the eye upward to the green hills and the clouds topping the higher peaks. Gayly painted boats began to come near the *Diana*, and naked diving boys, slender shapes of brown mahogany, plunged into the sea to catch our pennies. Then we saw the red roofs of Charlotte Amalia, the little park near the landing, and the pink, toy-like fortress with the Stars and Stripes floating over it.

Dorothea and I stood near the deck-rail, her hand in mine. In her white dress, her broad hat wreathed with corn-flowers, and a scarlet sunshade, she looked a youthful Columbia, so radiant and bewitching that for the first time I secretly hoped Marmaduke Hogg might triumph over the obstacles in the way and come to meet his lady-love, although I saw many embarrassing and awkward situations arising from such a meeting. I could not be jealous of so bright and joyous a creature, and anyway my own happiness was only a few days distant if I chose to put out my arms and take it.

There seemed to be a crowd on the dock, which was made most unattractive by a colossal mountain of coal that concealed everything behind it. The *Diana* made a slow approach, but we finally passed the coal-heap and came within thirty feet of the shore. I could feel Dolly's heart beat through her pulse that lay under my hand. Then suddenly her quick eyes searched the outer edge of the crowd and found the shape they were looking for.

"I think I see him! I think I am going to faint, for I didn't really expect him! Yes; I know it is he, though he is wearing summer clothes that I never saw before. Look, Charlotte! Away back near that grove of cocoanut-trees! He's with other people—I knew he would find somebody! Give me the glasses. There's an elderly man in a Panama hat, and two ladies, and—why, Charlotte, take the



glasses yourself. It can't be, but it looks like your Winthrop!"

My hand trembled so that I could hardly hold the glass. I could scarcely believe Dolly's eyes or my own; but the *Diana* crept nearer, and it was true!

Dorothea; but I could not explain why the two men were not standing nearer together and what was the meaning of the wheeled chair, with the nurse's head rising above the back. The identity of the person in the chair was hidden by a



"One doesn't wear the Rock of Gibraltar on one's sleeve, at all events."—Page 326.

Inch by inch the picture grew clearer, and then a pathetic surprise met my gaze. I could see Clive plainly now, and felt that he was searching the line of passengers on the *Diana's* deck to find me. My heart gave a furious leap to think that a man like my chief would look for only one woman's face in that crowd, and regard it with all its blemishes as a precious thing.

Duke had separated himself from the little group and was swinging his hat to

tiny black frilled parasol with a handle bent in the middle so that it could be used for a shield. Did I know that little old-fashioned sunshade? I did! It was the property of some one whose belongings had a certain air of difference from those of other people. She lifted it at last, as we came close to the dock, and I met Ellen Winthrop's affectionate welcoming glance. Her eyes swam in unshed tears, and mine were so wet I could see only dimly that her beautiful hair was a





Gayly painted boats began to come near the *Diana*.—Page 326.

shade whiter, her face paler and thinner, that she had aged mysteriously in a month, and the hand that was holding the parasol trembled like a leaf. She had been very ill; there was no doubt of that. She had been ordered a voyage, and she had chosen this one because she knew Clive's wish. That meant she was willing to welcome me into the heart of the family; perhaps even that she wished to help me fit myself to take her own unique place in her brother's life. Oh, what joy to feel that I could not only take freely all that my chief wanted to give me, but that I could be of real service to her!

Down the precipitous landing-steps we

went, Dolly, as usual, well in the front. Clive and Duke were at the foot awaiting us, and, as we felt a sense of safety in the midst of strangers, Dolly flung herself at once into Duke's arms, while all the male watchers on deck or dock gazed at him with envy. Finding myself unobserved in this spectacular tableau, I could give Clive my own greeting as my heart dictated, while I told him that his sister's presence answered my last doubt.

When Dolly withdrew from the embrace of her adoring swain—rosy, joyous, unabashed—she adjusted her hat from its perilous position on one side of her head, and gazed upon Clive and me with



unflattering astonishment mixed with awe.

"You, too, perfidious Charlotte! You needn't deny it; I saw you both—just finishing!"

"Not at all, Miss Valentine," laughed Clive, putting out his hand to shake hers. "We were, in fact, only just beginning."

"And to think I never suspected, when I might have known that you are the only man in the world learned enough and good enough for Charlotte."

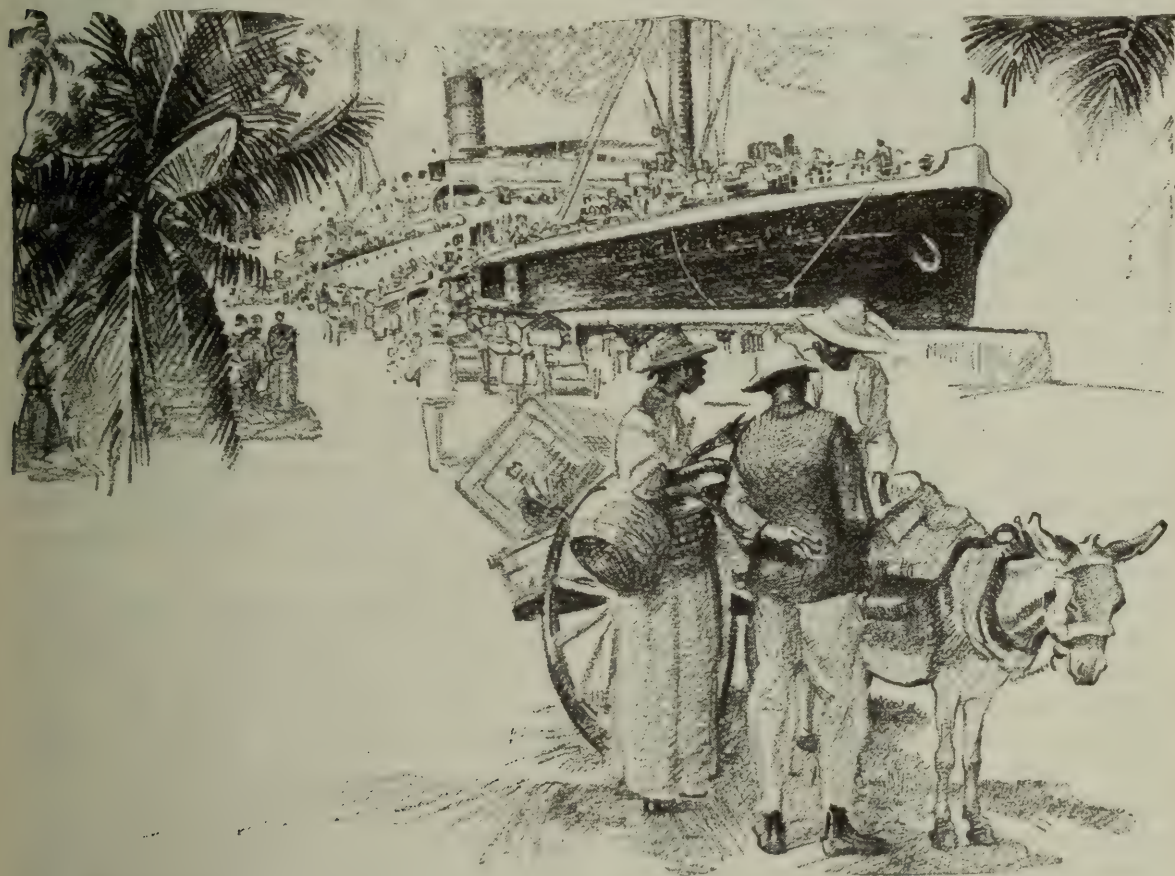
"You were too absorbed in your own affairs to think about mine, missy," I said. "Now, will you be modest and grateful for the rest of your life, since you see that my Mr. Winthrop has brought your young man to St. Thomas in a discreet manner that you never could have achieved by yourself? Take me to your sister, Clive; I want her to know without a moment's delay how I appreciate her coming with you."

"She has been terribly ill, Charlotte. For ten days after you left it was almost hopeless, but at length she rallied, and

since the doctor insisted on a change of climate her whole heart was bent on coming here. She has long suspected our feeling for each other, and you will be such a joy to her as well as to me, my dear."

"It makes me so happy, so happy!" I faltered, my eyes swimming with tears. "I was so unwilling to take all and give so little—now it will be more!"

"Don't go off by yourselves," said Dolly. "Be dignified and indifferent, like us. Take Mr. Winthrop's arm and I'll take Duke's." (Here she suited the action to the word.) "There's the governor, expecting us to luncheon and not knowing us by sight. He won't suspect what has happened; but after saluting him and asking him to put some more plates on the table, we'll all walk up to Miss Winthrop's chair, and you and I will say: 'Good morning, dear lady. Let us introduce to you our new possessions. We hope you'll think them as good a bargain as we do.' Then Duke and Mr. Winthrop will make a profound obeisance, and all will be over."





# "THEY CALLED HER ANNIE LAURIE"

By Frances Hathaway

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. SOULEN



HIS is a story of regeneration. It has to do with a man, a woman, and an island. If you will forgive me the island I promise to dispense with the usual setting of palm-trees and sandy beach. Also, I shall dispose of the necessary wrecked ship as quickly as possible.

Captain Slade, of the *Annie Laurie*, pushed open the saloon-door and stamped into the barroom. Snow chunked away from his boots where he stamped. He brushed his heavy coat and shook his wet cap. Having ordered the preliminary drink, he looked around.

"Everybody here?" he called out in a voice like the rattle of hawser-chain. Several men started forward.

"Where's Annie?" he growled. No one answered. The bartender looked uneasy. Captain Slade raised his voice.

"Out with it! Where is she?"

The mate, urged by his companions' dark looks, assumed his painful duty.

"It's this way, captain," he began. "You know Annie. Nothing would do but she must come with us, and—and—she's just had a drop too much, is all. She's sleeping now."

"Hell!" The glasses jumped at the impact of the powerful fist upon the bar. "Where!"

The bartender discreetly slid to one side and threw open a door. Captain Slade gripped the fury that possessed him and followed. There she lay, stretched upon a billiard-table, her hair loosened, her clothes in disorder—dead-drunk.

Then the storm broke. He howled, he cursed, he swore until his frightened bunch of men huddled together lest one should be unlucky enough to receive the torrent alone. Only Annie remained impassive through it all—Annie and old Pete Ramsen enjoying similar anæsthesia in one corner. At length he picked her up and started out, his orders, accom-

panied by a running crackle of profanity, trailing behind.

"Back to the boat, you ——! Get out of this —— hole before morning, by ——! To —— with navigation closing! We'll lay up in the Soo, by ——! Make ready to start!"

The men sobered considerably at this and remembered that they had not been paid off. If they were to reach Detroit or Port Huron that winter they had to have the cash, for the little lumber schooner could not take them. The last storm had forced her into this convenient harbor for shelter and repairs. In the meantime the locks had closed at the Soo. It was early December and no boats would go through until the break-up in the spring. The *Annie Laurie* intended to lay up here for the winter; that is, her captain (and owner) had been well satisfied with her shelter until a few moments ago, when it appeared he could develop objections in short order. It was too bad, but it could not be helped. They followed him out, lamenting their troubles among themselves and after the good old fashion charging them upon a woman. And this woman, not old, not young, who cooked for them and warmed the captain's bed, had long ago forgotten her good name; so they called her Annie Laurie.

The old lake chopped up a lively sea when the *Annie Laurie* pointed her nose to the wind and spread her sails.

"East-northeast—head wind." The captain swung his boat around. "Try for Keweenaw Bay."

The little schooner made good time, while the captain kept his eye on the wind and noted its tendency to veer toward the north. The men wore an aspect as forbidding as the weather. They had cooked their own breakfast that morning. Dinner would also be an affair of their own devising. Annie wept hysterically in her berth, with gulping, long-drawn sobs, like a patient recovering from ether. And the



wind bade fair to settle in the north. God help them if a northwester should lift them in its teeth and break them on the shore. The cold was bad enough; but cold and hurricane and decks weighted down with the ice of washing seas would be worse—the worst.

"Keep offshore a good way," instructed the mate to the man at the wheel. "If we don't make harbor in daylight we'll have to keep going all night for the range lights are dark. D—n the old fool, anyway!"

Night fell and the boat still labored out of port. The wind had risen until a true northwester, bearing a blizzard in its wings, swept the great lake. But why prolong the inevitable? She struck at two o'clock. Far enough out to ride clear of breakers, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of a churning, pounding surf with rock grinding under their keel. A reef! Somewhere beyond that reef must lie a lighthouse, but its lamps were empty and its fog-horns mute. Navigation had closed. Captain Slade shouted to his terrified men who had cast themselves upon life-jackets and the inadequate small boat.

"Leave the yawl alone," he bellowed. "Are you crazy? Stay here as long as you can."

True enough, an open boat could not escape swamping in that wild sea. Meanwhile the *Annie Laurie* jerked and lunged to loose herself from the trap. Her bow seemed to be free. She had been caught well up under her stern and moved at the turn of her wheel as if she were balanced upon a pivot. They set her as well as they could before the wind and waited for the goring rock on which they were impaled to precipitate action. The captain went back to rouse Annie. He found her dressed. She listened quietly and strapped herself with a life-preserver while he secured money and papers in an oil-skin belt. They were about to step on deck when a splintering crash sent them back. The floor of the cabin tilted upward. The ship seemed to be settling upon its haunch. Captain Slade threw open the door and perceived the bow and forecastle, with his men clinging to the rigging, riding away in the gale. The ship had parted in two.

A rat-in-the-corner rage shook Slade until his teeth chattered. He threw his cap upon the floor. He wept between curses in that futile way which is so terrible in men. Annie would have comforted him. She tried to reach him with a restraining hand. He turned upon her.

"You — you —!" he wailed. She fell back at the vile word. "You got me into this! *You!* Drunk in a saloon! And I go to hell for that!"

She cowered as much beneath shame as under the descending blow; for there are grades and grades of self-respect.

"Please—Jim! The boys were with me. It—it couldn't have been so bad. The boys would take care of me."

"Yes, they took care of you, all right! My God, yes! Leave it to them to take care of you!"

A dreadful groaning of timbers interrupted them and sobered their minds. Slade found an axe. With desperate energy he attacked the remaining mast. It fell, trailing rope and rigging across the deck. They secured it over the side and waited. The fragment of ship appeared to be settling lower even as the breakers reduced it piecemeal. It was just day-break when Slade said "Now!" and they swung themselves upon the bobbing spar. The icy water stiffened their clothing. They would probably perish with cold, but it was their only chance. Loosed from the wreck, the spar drifted out, dipped in breakers, followed a rocky shore, and gently washed up in the lee of sheltering woods. They had stranded upon an island.

In their perilous passage toward the land they had discerned the white tower of a lighthouse. They hastened toward it. In a little while it came into view. Silent, deserted, its red-brick dwelling nevertheless gave out warm promise of shelter and perhaps food. They broke open a window and found all that they hoped. The keeper had but recently departed so the very walls gave out the cheer of habitation. It was the work of a moment to kindle fire in the kitchen. Wood and coal were at hand, dishes and furniture in place, everything stood ready for return in the spring. The two castaways gave themselves up to the reviving



heat and received back what had so nearly been wrested from them—the boon of life.

They looked at each other curiously, these two, when their drenched garments had been spread to dry, and their own shivering bodies wrapped in the light-keeper's warm blankets. A feeling of newness, of past things washed away, possessed them. They seemed to have experienced a baptism (as indeed they had) of such cleansing power that the new day became a New Beginning. Annie lifted her long hair to dry. She settled herself to the blaze and closed her eyes. In a few minutes she was sound asleep. Captain Slade replenished the fire and explored the kitchen. He found some old garments hanging in a corner which hampered activity less than his blanket, so lost no time effecting a change of covering. The cupboard yielded him joy. He tried the pump, found it in working order, and began to get breakfast. Biscuits, bacon, coffee, with a gravy of bacon-fat and flour, compounded with genius and seasoning, evolved under his hand. When the clean dishes had been laid upon the oilcloth-covered table and the coffee had bubbled over the pot, Annie opened her eyes.

"Just in time," Slade announced.

She smiled out of the blanket-folds.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"That's more than I know," he replied, "but we can't be far from Keweenaw Bay. This might be Huron Island."

"I hope the boys had good luck," she sighed.

"They'll be picked up somewhere," he assured her, "if they don't freeze to death. Come and eat. We'll have to stay here until some one looks for us. Good thing we don't have to starve."

They breakfasted, resumed their dryest clothing, and began the investigation of the lighthouse. Slade looked for the "oil-room," or office, where oil and weather records were kept, in the hope of identifying their location. He found the little room, furnished with a long desk and brass reservoirs of oil. A case of books, with a medicine-chest on top, lined against the wall. He pulled open a drawer of the desk and drew out a wide book. A white square pasted in the middle of the cover bore the legend:

DAILY RECORD OF  
MARL ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE  
FOR THE YEAR 19—

Marl Island! His head reeled as he read. He pulled out the journal. It bore similar inscription. He went through letter-files. There could be no doubt. They had landed upon Marl Island, forty-five miles from land. Marl Island Light, the loneliest lighthouse upon the lakes, would be their home until——

"Until spring," he concluded, after he had made Annie understand. "The boys will never know where we are. We'll have to stay here until navigation opens."

"And starve?" Annie's eyes were wide with terror.

"We'll find out pretty quick," he promised as they continued research.

I am rather sorry that I cannot starve them a little. It might have made a better story. But truth compels me to relate what they found. The storeroom immediately reassured them. Beans, peas, corn-meal, rice, flour, dried fruit—the keepers of Marl Island took no chances with provisions. Long bars of yellow soap—they could keep clean at all events. There were pyramids of canned goods, pails of lard, and sacks of sugar. Strips of bacon and shoulders of ham hung from the ceiling. They descended into the cellar. I cannot deprive them even of potatoes, for a binful greeted them at once. A barrel of salt meat, half a barrel of kraut, and some boxes of sand were arranged on one side. The sand puzzled them until they dug into it, when carrots and beets came into view. Evidently Marl Island had a kitchen garden. All the necessaries in abundant variety seemed to be here. Butter, eggs, and milk were lacking, of course, although there might be condensed milk among the canned goods. They felt very rich after observing their possessions.

"I guess we'll live till spring," Slade laughed. "Think we can, eh?"

"I—think so," answered Annie uncertainly, for other complications, now that the food problem had been disposed of, crowded upon her mind.

So began the new life; the life they must weave into the tissue of experience





H. J. Soulen

Drawn by H. J. Soulen.

"You got me into this! You!"—Page 331.



until spring. A three days' storm set in, accompanied by the usual snow, which gave them time to become acquainted with their new home before exploring the island. They rummaged everything, becoming more and more impressed with the foresight of isolated man. They found that a well-kept, well-stocked lighthouse could be a most pleasant place, even in winter and forty-five miles from land. From the tower windows not a sign of the *Annie Laurie* could be seen. She had broken up completely on the reef. Perhaps they would find some wreckage later.

As soon as the weather cleared they set out to walk around the island. It was a small island, not more than two miles in circumference, and well wooded. A good deal of driftwood piled the south beach.

"Come to think of it, Annie," Slade said, "I must see about wood. We're going to need some before long."

"It will give him something to do," thought Annie. Already she had begun to fear she knew not what.

The lighthouse proved to be the only inhabited spot on the island. They were glad to see it curving into view. Quite an area of cleared ground surrounded it, and they easily made out the garden. Also they discovered chicken-houses and a cow-stable. Clearly the light-keepers knew how to solve the problem of butter and eggs. But bossy and biddy had departed for the winter, so they could only mourn their absence.

"Those fellows aren't so bad off, after all!" Slade declared. "They get good pay, and they can just about raise their living if they farm a little. Seems to be good land around here."

The problem of adequate winter clothing embarrassed them until they found an old sea-chest under one of the beds. It was nearly filled with huge skeins of yarn. A half-finished sweater lay on top with needles attached. Annie regarded this as the greatest find of all.

"I can knit," she told Slade. "I can finish this sweater and make another like it. I can knit caps and socks."

"Then, for Pete's sake, go to it!" Slade replied. "I'll have to put gunny sacks on my feet if I don't get new socks soon."

Annie began knitting industriously that

very day. Slade sharpened an axe and tackled the wood. She prepared the meals and kept the house in the same scrupulous order that existed before their coming. Instinct warned her to neglect nothing that might make their life more livable. She carefully varied her meals, employing all her cooking art to that end. She hoped—and she feared—for she realized that all might not be well for her on this lonely island, caged with a man who had never shown her reverence and who blamed her for this bad turn in his affairs. She dreaded the day when she would have to fight his depressed mood. She thought of it often and nerved herself—armed herself—as well as she could for the encounter.

Apparently her fears were groundless, for Slade was so well satisfied with their fortunate situation that he gave no thought to repining. His outdoor work kept him busy and the novelty of his position still interested him. He ate Annie's meals in cheerful good humor, approved her housekeeping, and made no unkind reference to the past. He watched her one evening manipulating the knitting-needles.

"Queer how you know how to knit," he observed. "Where did you learn?"

"I learned a long time ago," she told him. "The Good Shepherd sisters made me learn. I used to knit for the little ones. I was raised in a foundling home."

He remembered that in all the years of their association he had never inquired into her youth. She had been willing to sail with him and he had taken her as she came. During the winter she went her own way. He gave her little thought, for she always returned to her job in the spring. He had some vague idea that she sought out relatives, but her remark about the foundling home contradicted that. A curiosity concerning her took hold of him. He asked her to tell him more.

"I have no father or mother," she began. "None who ever owned me. I must have been a homely kid, for no one ever adopted me. I grew up with the sisters until I was fourteen. They were pretty good to me, although they made me work. I had plenty of company with the other children and I never knew any other home. So I suppose I was happy.





H. Soulen.

*Drawn by H. J. Soulen.*

There was nothing to do save watch for the expected boat.—Page 339.



"Then the sisters had a chance to place me in the country. They try to find good homes, and this one seemed just right. I would be with good people, they said, so I went out there. Good!" She made a wry face. "That was the trouble. They were too good. They didn't believe in dancing, card-playing, singing, smiling, or fun of any kind. And I was the only young person on the place. I didn't have a whole lot to do, so I got pretty lonesome. I wanted to have a good time. It's born in me, I suppose. They couldn't see it that way and tried to make me read when I wanted to be out with the young folks. I wanted to go to a picnic one afternoon. It was Sunday, so they said no. I watched my chance and ran away.

"That was the beginning. I couldn't stand their ways and at last I ran away for good. I picked up work easy enough, mostly around hotels and restaurants. I waited table. I learned to cook. Oh, I can't tell you everything I did during those years, but I lived and had a pretty good time too. There was no one to care what I did, so I got pretty reckless sometimes, I guess. That is about all until I went sailing. You know the rest."

Slade listened to the poor little story. He smoked absently for a time while Annie's needles slipped under her hands.

"Annie," he said at last, "what made you always come back to my boat?"

"I don't know," she replied. "Because I wanted to, I suppose. I'm like that."

Slade emptied the bowl of his pipe.

"Not much chance," he mused. "You're not to blame, Annie; you're not to blame."

Annie watched him reach for the tobacco-jar that had been partly filled when they arrived. Slade filled his pipe and observed that he could scrape bottom. Annie shivered with the fear that settled upon her heart.

A protracted storm period set in. Wind and snow and cold wrapped the lighthouse about for two long weeks. The great lake roared in their ears day and night. What Annie lived through in that time can only be imagined, for the tobacco-jar ran out, and the nervous irritability of an undisciplined man embittered by loss is not a thing to be lightly exorcised away.

She fought down her own loneliness in trying to keep him amused. She took great pains with her person, doing all in her power to make herself attractive. She could not afford to offend. She planned little surprises to break the monotony of the day. She ransacked the house to find interesting material. In the garret she found a broken phonograph and a box of dusty records. She wept when she found they could not be played. She tinkered with the mechanism awhile, then gave it up as hopeless. Still, it might do to interest him for a time; so she brought the broken machine down and turned it over to him.

The result was most happy. He took it apart, found the spring intact, and set about repairing it. For a long time he could not find the trouble, but so convinced was he that nothing could be radically wrong that he hopefully kept at it until he solved the puzzle. Some little, necessary part had been lost, and this he crudely replaced according to his own contriving. It did the work, and Slade rejoiced in it with an artist's joy. Annie brought out the records and they listened once more to old favorites of lighter days. Ragtime melodies, reminiscent of dance-halls, set Annie's feet to tapping. Slade roared over the coon songs and recalled certain swashbuckling minstrel days of his own. Annie began to breathe easier and to hope the weather would clear, for she had another little scheme in mind. So far she had quite successfully diverted his mood. He had been restless, it is true, and had craved tobacco and lamented his present situation, but not once had he given way to rage against Annie. He seemed to regard her with a mild surprise, as if he had never known her before. She wondered a little at this, but had no time to meditate upon it. She was not yet ready to recognize the change that had begun to take place in herself.

One morning the sun rose upon a quiet and dazzling world. No wind, no sleet, no storm; only blue lake and blue sky with white island and white tower in its midst. Oh, the blue of the lake in winter! Not the smooth blue of summer, catching the light in its sheen, but the blue of rumpled velvet, rich and dark. A blue of passionate depth, such as one sees in angry



eyes drenched with tears. Islands of white cloud floated in the swimming blue above. Blue and white, blue and white! And one blazing, golden eye!

Annie walked down to the landing. It was as she thought it would be. A mound of ice covered the dock. Every rock and boulder wore an icy cap. Icebergs had begun to form in the lake at several points. She walked toward the sheltered beach where they had made shore. A sheet of ice spread before her for some little distance out. It looked safe. She tested it carefully by chopping holes at intervals. It proved to be several inches thick. She knew that later in the winter the diameter of their island would be increased many times by the ice rim around it, and she well knew the possibilities under that rim of frozen ice. She hurried back to the house.

"Jim," she said, "what day is to-morrow?"

Slade consulted the almanac.

"Let me see—to-day is Tuesday—the twenty-third—to-morrow the twenty-fourth—the twenty-fifth—Christmas! Are we so near Christmas already?"

"Yes, indeed! and, Jim, wouldn't it be fine if we could get some fresh fish? There's quite a sheet of ice on the lee side of the island and if we could set some hooks we might get one."

Slade considered the idea feasible. Annie produced the hooks, which she had found and kept back until this occasion, and taking some fat pork for bait they set out. Annie walked gayly ahead, sporting with the drifts, for her world wore a bright aspect to-day. With the wood and fishing to keep him busy out of doors, she could hope for a measure of tranquillity that would give her time to prepare for the bad moments sure to come.

The saint of Christmas remembered them. A good-sized trout investigated their hooks, closed his greedy mouth over the bait, and thus ended a rapacious career. They held quite a jubilee over him next day. Annie made special preparations and decorated the living-room. Slade entered into her spirit, brought in great loads of wood, and followed her about, assisting her where he could. She rejoiced in the fulness of strength that

had come to her. Slade haunted the kitchen where she worked, and she saw to it that he worked too. She even began to feel a dominance over him. The fear that had spurred her to effort retreated a little. She felt more sure of herself. She had succeeded thus far. Might she not succeed till the end?

So it was a very merry Christmas indeed that they spent within the old light-house. Annie had insisted upon festive attire. She put Slade's clothes in order, transformed her own wardrobe as well as she could, and helped him trim his hair and beard. When the baked trout appeared upon the table and all was ready for the Christmas feast she laid a package beside his plate. He opened it and found a pair of wonderfully knitted gloves—the work of her hands. He held them a moment, then looked over to where she sat, pink-cheeked, across the table. He rose awkwardly and went around to her chair. Then he did an unprecedented thing. He put his arm around her and very gently kissed her.

"You're a good girl, Annie," he said brokenly. "You're a good girl. I'm sorry I've got no present for you."

But Annie rubbed her face against his coat and laughed a little and cried a little, and told him to never mind. For she had her Christmas present.

Annie's task became easier after this; but she could not relax her routine of cheerfulness for a moment. Shortly after New Year's a bad cold laid hold upon her. She battled for a time with all the distressing symptoms of grip, then gave in to the demand of her bursting head and aching bones. She read the directions in the medicine-chest, dosed herself with cold tablets, and let herself go. A change became apparent immediately. Slade prepared his own meals and cursed the dreary kitchen in so doing. He was kind enough to Annie, but he resented the change in atmosphere. He missed something—something that had made life worth living during the past weeks. Annie realized now how much she had accomplished in keeping him contented so long. She prayed that the incubus of cold might lift, so she could become her normal self. Slade kept the fire roaring in the room where she lay upon the couch,



wrapped in a blanket. He wandered restlessly in and out, cut a little wood, attended to his hooks, and tried to divert himself. But a black mood grew upon him in spite of all. He threw himself dejectedly into a chair beside Annie.

"Oh, hell!" he began wearily. "A man might as well be dead."

She sighed, for she felt what was coming.

"I had every damn cent in that boat," he offered moodily.

"Oh, it's not so bad," she ventured. "Can't you handle a boat for some one else?"

"Not after this. I'll have some music to face for taking out that crew after navigation closed."

She could say nothing after that. He brooded in his chair until late. The fear she had kept at bay so long returned to snarl at her. She joined desperate will to struggling nature and resolved to bestir herself next day. The emergency frightened her. What could she do? She thought herself of his mechanical ingenuity. But she could recall nothing he might become interested in as he had the phonograph. What he needed now was something sharper than mere interest. It must be something to compel action; something to stimulate hope. Before she slept it came to her—a heaven-sent inspiration, yet so obvious that she wondered why it never had occurred to her before. So do all great things dawn upon the mind of man.

The next day she felt better, and she glowed with eagerness to confide her inspired idea to Slade. After breakfast she asked him if he had ever looked over the fog-signals. They occupied a building near the shore.

"Not any more than to get out some coal," he told her. The coal-bunkers had been easy of access.

"Do you think you could make them work?" she asked him. "I know they run by steam. If you could figure them out and get them going, maybe some one would hear. That sound carries a long way."

"By George!" Slade bounded to his feet. "Why couldn't I? I don't know a blamed thing about them, but a fellow might try."

He hurried down to the signals and made a careful investigation. The array of polished brass rather alarmed him.

"Expect this has all got to be cleaned," he commented. "Well, here goes."

He filled the boiler, kindled a fire in the furnace, and watched the steam-gauge. Annie left him to set her house in order. Before dinner was well under way a long, triumphant blast announced that the unknown had been conquered once more. She gave thanks for the inspiration that might prove to be deliverance for them both, then ran out to congratulate Slade. She found him shovelling coal with the happiest and grimest grin of many a day. It would be hard to tell whether hope or success accounted for his satisfaction, so mixed were his emotions at the result of his work. All day long the fog-horns boomed their message to the far-off land. The wind favored them. Surely some one, somewhere, would hear and come to them.

Slade kept the fog-signals sounding for three days. Hope completed Annie's recovery. She made everything ready for the moment of rescue. Slade cleaned machinery and polished brass until no fault could be found with the signals upon which lives would depend. But the fourth day died without sign, and the next; and the next. By the end of the week they knew that no one would come. Slade suffered keenly from the reaction. Annie was in despair. She could not suggest the toil of the signals so soon after their disappointment. But Slade himself found the way out.

"Wonder if the light would be seen," he said. "It can't be anything but a lamp. Think I'll try to light up to-night. Some fisherman might see it."

Happily it was a fixed, white light, so he had no trouble understanding it. Here again the polished brass astounded him. He removed the cover from the beautiful prismatic lens and tested the glittering mechanism inside. He worked reverently, with careful fingers, until the burners gave out their clear cylinder of flame. Then he removed the shades from the plate-glass windows and found himself in fairyland. Every glass became a mirror against the night to reflect in endless vista the glory of the lighted lens.



And far through the darkness pierced the powerful rays from their tower of salvation and beacon of hope.

The days wore on. Every clear night the light burned, and every day of favoring wind the fog-horns called. A routine of work ensued which made the days of forced idleness welcome. Annie found the lighthouse library a charm against dark moments. She diligently read the books, then reread them aloud to Slade. When the stories ran out she began upon the more formidable volumes. It was better to read about George Washington than to discuss their troubles; better to repeat measured verse than sit in moody silence. At last she entered upon a travel series that aroused enthusiasm in Slade. True accounts they were of exploration and discovery: Du Chaillu in Africa; Cortez in Mexico; the Arctic explorers seeking the pole. He would listen for hours to the narrative, then call for it again to refresh himself upon forgotten points. He evinced keen interest in whatever was personal and true. The most highly colored romantic fiction could not stir him like authentic achievement, however obscure.

There came a day in March when something new breathed upon the little island. It was the first warmth of spring. The snow melted upon the roof. Little streams trickled from the eaves. The piled-up snow beside the shovelled path sank into the languid state preceding thaw. On that day Slade and Annie realized that their waiting would soon be over. In a few weeks—a very few—navigation would open. Perhaps the time could better be counted by days. If the spring advanced steadily, the first of April might set them free. Not later than the middle of April would they be forced to stay, and it was now the second week of March. They were glad, of course; but they no longer panted eagerly to leave. And it was a significant fact that from then on they burned the light and fired the fog-horns no more.

The routine of their life together had taken hold of them. They had pursued it steadily to shut out troubling thoughts. Now the time had come when certain situations must be faced. Why was it so hard? Annie did not try to analyze. As

the days counted off she watched the break-up of the ice with numbness in her heart. She had been happy here. From her first victory over the untamed spirit of the man she had risen to a height of purpose and self-control which made her truly another person. She could not go back to the old life. She had attained a dignity which craved respect. She did not know what to do. Old habit and old associations are strong. She loved the lakes, she felt at home among the rough men. Ah, well, she would not think about it any more. Perhaps it mattered very little what became of her. There was no one to care.

Slade appeared to be doing some wistful thinking himself. His own prospects were not cheering.

"I'm getting old," he told Annie one day. "I'm not the man I was ten years ago."

"You're not much over forty," she said.

"Forty-six," he replied. "It's a poor time to begin over again."

"And I am thirty-seven," she answered. Then a long silence fell between them.

Bare ground lay in patches around the lighthouse. The smell of damp earth rose. When spring comes in the North it comes with a rush. In the sheltered places among the trees trailed waxy arbutus bloom.

"Look for them any day now," Slade informed Annie.

There was nothing to do save watch for the expected boat. Slade and Annie spent hours together wandering about the island. It seemed that they could not bear to be apart. They must have been too old, or hardened, or reprobate to understand what was happening to them, for the very bluebirds laughed in their faces at their ignorance. So they continued to sigh and be miserable, and seek what solace they could in each other's company.

"What are you going to do?" Slade would ask Annie concerning her plans.

"I don't know," was always the listless reply.

Then one day he knew. But he had to put his arm around Annie to tell her. And so, at length, she knew too.



"I have no more boat," he said. "You can't go sailing with me. How would a partnership strike you? I've never spliced before, but if you're willing we'll try it together, Annie—for the rest of our lives."

"What—what do you mean?" questioned poor Annie. She had to be sure.

"I want you to marry me," he explained. "Do you think you can stand it?"

"Oh, Jim!" she cried, "I have always been happiest with you."

"Was that why you always came back to my boat?" he asked.

"Yes," she confessed. And he was satisfied.

In due time the smoke upon the horizon appeared. They watched it spread until it resolved itself into a tug which anchored as near the island as it dared. A small boat put out and two men rowed toward them. One wore the second keeper's uniform. The other, a very young man, appeared to be his son.

"The castaways of the *Annie Laurie*, I'll bet a hat," the keeper greeted them. "Old Swanson wasn't so wrong, after all. Did you cut the fog-horns loose any last winter?"

They related their experience upon the island.

"Then he was right. He was the head keeper. Poor fellow, he died three days ago. Sick all winter and swore he could hear those fog-horns on every northwest wind. Wanted us to go out and see about it. We thought he was bugs."

"How about my crew?" inquired Slade.

"They were picked up by a tug," the keeper told them. "They got the tug to turn back and circle around Huron Island, but could find no trace of the *Annie Laurie*. Had no idea you were so far out."

The time had come to go. They thanked the keeper for the bounty they had enjoyed in his absence, and hoped he would find nothing carelessly used or needlessly disturbed. They offered to compensate him for their food and shelter. He refused.

"It's what we're here for," he said. "I'd like to keep you the rest of the year. We need another man, but I'll bet I

couldn't hold you here for any money after the winter you put in."

"Oh, I—don't—know," said Slade uncertainly, and looked at Annie. "What do you mean by that?" Annie came closer.

"I mean that three men stay here all summer—two keepers and an assistant. Swanson died, and I am first keeper now. My son Otto is assistant. We need a second keeper and I couldn't bring one out. If you care for the job I'll sign your application, and I think you can get it fixed up at the custom-house in Marquette right away."

Slade considered. Should he enter the service? It might be the best thing he could do. The other man appeared to read his thoughts.

"It's a good chance," he urged. "After you've been here awhile you can qualify for a lighthouse of your own. You might have this one if you like it. I've made application for a shore light and expect a change."

"I'll try for it," Slade decided. "That is—are you willing, Annie?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I could be so happy here."

The tug landed them in Marquette. With their little store of money divided between them they betook themselves different ways, agreeing to meet later. Annie gave herself up to the delight of shopping. She had a whole wardrobe to replenish and she did justice to the opportunity. Clothes had so often been a stumbling-block and a weakness that she experienced a righteous joy in buying under necessity; nevertheless, she did not forget the respect due a certain impending high event and purchased accordingly.

A very radiant and blushingly girlish Annie encountered Slade at the time agreed upon. Her pretty spring finery had its destined effect for Slade stared at her with all his heart in his eyes. He held out some legal-looking papers which she took from him. But it was not the keeper's commission that made her break down and cry. It was the paper stamped with the seal of the county clerk and bearing the word "License"; for it meant that the old days of license and untoward living had come to an end.



# SNAP-SHOTS IN FRANCE

By Paul van Dyke

Director American University Union, Paris



LITTLE dining-room of the hotel in a city not far from the line—the building across the way disembowelled by a shell, the windows of the café boarded up or filled with muslin, four very young officers whose shoulder-bars were absolutely untarnished, dining at a table. Across the room two boys in khaki, without bars, dining together because discipline kept them from the others. After dinner, standing for an instant by the table as the officers pass out, “Hello, Jack! Hello, Bill! How goes it?” On the street outside a rigid salute, and “Yes, sir.”

A boy of nineteen in a crowded room of a hospital, with a machine-gun bullet through both legs, propped up on pillows, smoking a cigarette while I sit on the edge of the cot. “Oh, those damned Germans can’t fight. Our platoon started out with sixty men in Belleau Wood. After a while there were only fifteen of us left, and our last officer got a bullet in the chest. ‘Boys,’ he said before he passed out, ‘get back to the second line the best way you can; I am done for.’ We started back, and suddenly thirty Germans rushed out of the woods in front of us. I thought it was all over with us until I saw they had no rifles, and their helmets off. They put up their hands, crying: ‘*Comrade.*’ We thought we had better split up, so I took three with me. One of them could talk pretty good United States, and he said: ‘I have been trying for more than a year to surrender, but this is the first good chance I have had.’ When we came to the open field one of the other Germans jabbered to me, pointing off to the left and saying, ‘Boom boom!’ but I didn’t know what he meant, and I wouldn’t stop to listen to him, but started across. When we got out into the middle they opened on us with a machine-gun on the left. I got a bullet through the leg.

It didn’t hurt me much, but felt as if somebody had given me a kick in the shin. I kept on and got another kick in the other leg. Then I dropped down on my hands and knees and began to crawl toward the other side of the field, where I could see our boys lying down and shooting at the edge of the woods. The three Boches got on their hands and knees, too, and crawled along with me. When we got behind our line I tried to stand up—my legs hadn’t begun to hurt yet—but I fell down, and our boys said to me, ‘How are you going to get back to the dressing-station?’ and I said: ‘These Boches will take me back.’ Our boys said, ‘Can you trust them?’ and I said: ‘If they stood by me out in the field, they will stand by me now.’ So one of them took me by each arm, and the other helped behind, and we made a couple of miles back to the dugout. My leg was hurting pretty bad by this time. When we got into it there was an American there, wounded and shell-shocked, and out of his head. He jumped up and tried to kill the Boches. I could not do anything, but the surgeon threw him down and sat on him until he got quiet. All the time the surgeon was fixing my legs one of the Boches helped me, and he kept looking at me as if he was sorry for me, for it hurt pretty bad, and then they put me into the ambulance and they all nodded good-by to me. I’d like to know what became of those Boches.”

Three khaki uniforms meet under the shadow of a church. “Y. M. C. A., where is your joint here? We want to get something to eat.”

“I don’t know, boys; I just blew in last night, missed my connection, and got hung up overnight. I saw a good-looking restaurant just off the square back there.”

“Suppose we can find it? Why the devil do they build these streets so narrow and winding?”



There follows a three minutes' explanation of the effect of the existence of a circle of wall on the building of towns in the fifteenth century——

"Thank you, not much like Texarkana! But say, sir, that main place with the gilded iron gates at the four corners is some public square." (One of the most noted monuments in the world of the eighteenth century.)

"Yes, boys, not much like Texarkana, is it?"

"No, I guess Texarkana isn't in the same class—well, so long, sir, we got to find something to eat. Much obliged."

A military salute tempered by a smile, and the group of three disperses.

Here is one on papier jogle from the French machine which cannot be transferred to an English plate:

"J'ai rencontré hier mon ancien valet de chambre qui était en uniforme. Je lui ai dit: 'Eh bien, Jacques, il paraît que les Américains sont épatants.'

"'Mon Dieu! Oui, Monsieur, ils sont même plus épatants que nous!'"

Here is a little negative taken with a French machine and repeated on kodak paper: "I had a letter from my son the other day, overflowing with joy. He was next to an American battalion, just off the railroad, and attacked by the Boches. They couldn't stop the Boches by their fire, so when they were close to their lines he saw the American officers spring up and leap over the little breastwork behind which they were lying. The whole battalion was with them in an instant, and they ran forward into the open field to meet the Boches, man to man, with the bayonet. All that was left of the attacking force ran back to the woods like rabbits."

Here is a self-portrait of a gallant little gentleman who refused the chance of a commission and went into the ranks, "because he wanted to learn the game from the bottom up." He sleeps in a soldier's grave, but when he was in hospital, recovering from gas, he wrote: "I had a few burns on my body, and my eyes were very bad for a few days, but I feel fine now, and it is certainly a great relief

to be where I can enjoy the beauty of France in the springtime, without crawling along like a worm and camouflaging myself like a Mexican sand-lizard—not to mention the joy of a real bath after nearly two months of Christian Science baths. You see, a canteen supply of water a day doesn't allow for many plunges."

The major lay on his back with his wounded leg arranged in an easy position. "Well, I never was much on prayer-meetings, but I led one about a week ago."

"How's that?"

"Oh, when I got hit I knew I was knocked out. So I dragged myself under a tree and lay flat behind the trunk, to get some shelter from the machine-guns that were sweeping the ground like a dozen brooms. After a good while a man crawled up to me and tried to stop the bleeding, and he wouldn't keep down flat, no matter what I said, and then he got it through the chest, and fell on top of me, and after a little while he rolled off and lay beside me. I couldn't bandage him, and so I got over on my side, put my arm across him, and kept the hand pressed against his wound to stop the blood anyway. The shells were falling all around us like hailstones in a storm. He was a very young lad and he began to quiver all over, and he called out, 'Oh, major, major, what shall we do?' and I said: 'Boy, we can't do much. Pray to God, boy, pray like you never prayed before.' And he said, 'Major, I ain't used to praying,' and so I began to say the Lord's Prayer, and he said it after me, and we just lay there saying the Lord's Prayer together while I was trying to hold his wound with my hand and stop the blood. I don't know exactly what happened after that, but I kept hearing the shells going over us and hitting the branches of the tree. We lay there, I guess, all day. It must have been nearly night when the stretcher-bearers came up and got us both. I never heard whether he lived or died, but he must have been pretty nearly gone by that time, for I was pretty nearly gone myself.

A captain walking about among the flower-beds of a hospital court. He



limped on a stick held in his left hand, and his right arm, in a wire cage, hung in a sling. It had been many days since he had shaved, but the beard on his chin was not very heavy.

"Well, captain, you got it pretty bad. What was it, shell or machine-gun?"

"Both."

"What regiment?"

"— Infantry. We fought with the Marines in Belleau Wood."

"How did you take your company forward? In skirmish line, I suppose."

"Yes, at five-yard intervals, and it was hard to keep the line because we ran into very thick brush, and the men often had to lump up and form again on the other side of the thickets. Some of them wanted to go ahead too fast, but considering the difficult circumstances, they dressed pretty well on me in the centre, and my lieutenants and sergeants were on the job. The Boches had a lot of repeating rifles up in the trees, worked by two men, but as soon as we got behind them they were ready to climb down, because they couldn't swing all the way around."

"How about the food?"

"Pretty tough. They gave us two days' emergency rations, bacon and hard bread, and we went ahead so fast we had to make it last four days. We ate our bacon raw. We didn't dare to make a fire, because if we did the Germans would shell the smoke. The worst was the water. We sent a man back with a bunch of canteens swung on a pole, but he got into shell-fire, and came back to us with a lot of canteens half-filled, and a lot of them lost. But we cleaned up the woods in our front and licked the Germans, and we can do it again."

It was a beautiful summer day when I left the hot air of the highroad, filled with the fine white dust ground up by unnumbered three-ton trucks, for the beautiful beech-woods behind the headquarters of the — division. Deeper and deeper I plunged into the coolness, watching the sunlight that filtered through the green roof, high above my head, to dapple the purple shadows with golden spots, or to bring out the dull red of the slim, straight trunks of the plantations of pine. The hours passed in a half-dream of rest and

beauty, thousands of miles from my past life and a universe away from the terrible present. And then suddenly I awoke to realize that the crash of an occasional gun was nearer than it ought to be to a man who had no business in the front line, and no order to enter it. So I started back. But which way? I knew the lines curved around me in a horseshoe, but which way was the opening between the heels? An hour passed and I could only guess where I was, for now even the occasional guns were silent. Suddenly there rose over the top of the hill a khaki cap. I ran around the shoulder and saw an American officer riding slowly along a wood road. A waving of the arms and a shout and he halted. When I got up to him I asked: "Which way do I go for —?"

"Back along this road," he said, eyeing me the while intently and curiously. My coat was off so that he could not see what I was, and my appearance there certainly demanded explanation. "I am Doctor Paul van Dyke, of Princeton University, and"—the captain was springing from the saddle on the side away from me, and I had visions of a revolver coming around the horse's head, with an order to show my papers. Instead it was an outstretched hand. "Well, this is luck. Ever since you came over the hill I have been wondering where I had seen your face before. I used to be in your class eight years ago. It's a long way to Princeton. How in thunder did you get here, alone, close to the lines and just behind my battery?"

A snap-shot taken by a non-com. A company marching by files on each side of the road not far from the Marne. A mounted French officer appears around the turn and rides up to the captain, who checks the advance of his patrols and his column by signals. In somewhat broken English the French officer says: "Why do you go ahead on this road? You are going toward death."

"Well, I guess that is what we came to meet, wasn't it?"

"But there is a strong line ahead of you, and it is the Prussian Guard."

"The Prussian Guard? What the hell is that?"



A salute, a wave or two of the arm, and the column moves on.

The nightly war council was meeting in Room No. —, of Ward X, of Red Cross Hospital No. —. The West Point major, with a bullet through his knee, lay flat. The ex-lawyer major of the O. R. C., whose scalp was cut to pieces by shell fragments, sat up in the other bed with his head propped against the pillows and his brilliant eyes shining out under the heavy white bandages. The lieutenant, with a downy mustache and one arm in a sling, perched on the table; the school-teacher captain, from Idaho, reclined across the foot of the major's bed, with his heavily wrapped foot resting comfortably on his stacked crutches, and the Y. M. C. A. man, who was trying to get over trench dysentery, lounged across the chair. The turbaned major was speaking in his deliberate, judicial way. "My men didn't take many prisoners between the Marne and the Vesle. You see the first day we got into the fight there was a machine-gun in a little patch of woods that was off by itself. It got a good many of us before we found out where it was. But I had some pretty good shots in my battalion, and not long after we had spotted it they crept around a bit and one of them climbed up into a tree, and the machine-gun stopped firing altogether. Soon after two Germans dashed out of the woods, one after the other, the first one waving a red flag. They ran across a piece of open field into the thicket where the machine-gun was, and came out carrying a wounded man. Then they went back and brought another. My men didn't fire a shot at them, and they cheered the end of the second trip. But the next day when our advance was over we were counter-attacked in the afternoon, and had to fall back from the German line we had taken. Toward evening our chaplain came to me and said: 'Major, I hear there are twelve wounded men in a dugout up there where we fell back. Give me stretchers and bearers, and I will go and get them.' So I said: 'If you heard there were twelve there will be more before you get there. I will give you fifteen stretchers and thirty bearers.'"

"He worked around a long way through

the woods and found fourteen wounded men in the dugout. He formed a line of his stretcher-bearers and started back across the field. As soon as he got well out into the open the Germans opened on him with all they had, and I didn't expect a man to escape, but they came in on the run and got off with a couple more slightly wounded. After that I noticed my men didn't bring in prisoners; perhaps the Boches quit surrendering."

The West Point major said: "Humph!" The Y. M. C. A. man said: "Perhaps!" The young lieutenant had opened his mouth for some less vague remarks when the night nurse shoved open the door. "It is nearly ten o'clock," she said, and the war council broke up.

Taken by a Red Cross nurse from the lower Mississippi, with an accent as soft and smooth as the current of the great river on whose banks she was born.

"Well, boy" (this to a six-foot colored infantryman), "what you doing here so far from home?"

A sudden gleam of ivory which seemed to run all the way around his head.

"Well, ma'am, you see, this fool nigger always did have more curiosity than good sense."

The captain was a very ardent trout-fisherman, and even amid the hardships and horrors of war he was always talking about the pleasures of following the brooks of Vermont and New Hampshire in springtime. He was standing by the roadside after the Argonne drive, watching some detachments of prisoners go by. First came a stalwart little bunch of powerfully built Bavarians, and after them crawled feebly a file of worn-out old men of the Landwehr and slender, white-faced lads of the last class called to the colors. The captain watched a moment in silence, then his lip curled in scorn, and as he swung on his heel to walk away: "Oh, hell," he said, "they ought to throw them back under six inches."

We could see the shells breaking into thin wisps of brown smoke above the top of the high ridge in front when we got out of our car and started along and across



the little depression between us and its rather steep back slope. We got up onto it and moved along the lines of our supporting infantry, crouched in little holes they had scratched into the bank close to the top. As we passed along behind them they turned and looked at us with a very active curiosity. None of them spoke a word, but every eye said: "What the hell are you doing here?" This passing curiosity was quite evidently a much stronger force in their minds than the prospect of going forward in a short time under a possible German barrage. We climbed the steep bank and passed in front of them till we came up level with our foremost guns, a battery of 75's. One of the staff-officers with me said to the other, "It is just as well not to stay too close to these guns," and we moved ahead and to the right, some three hundred yards each way. Just where the other slope of the hill began to lead down from the top of the long flat ridge there was a convenient hole about four feet deep, evidently dug for an observer's post. We got into it and waited. The two men on either side of me attentively con-

sulted their wrist-watches and bade me watch the opposite hills across the Vesle, where the German guns were. I heard the distant whirring of motors and turned to see three aeroplanes moving toward us on the right. "Are those Germans?" I asked. "Perhaps," said my comrades as they crouched into the hole until their steel helmets were level with the top. Just at this moment a bird rose into the air from the grass close beside us, and as it climbed straight upward I recognized that it was a skylark. "The show is beginning," said the major, and the lark began to sing almost above our heads. The next instant the battery of 75's on our left opened, and a shell from a heavier battery half a mile behind us went screaming over us, but the brave little songster kept on singing, and while from all around us the great chorus of our guns grew and swelled, I could hear his clear, tinkling notes ringing through the enormous din as the vibrant voice of the soprano carries through the orchestra and the great chorus. Nor did he sink down into silence until the crash of guns seemed almost to rock the very sky.

## EVER THE WIDE WORLD OVER

By Elizabeth Herrick

Author of "After All," "The Unit," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES N. SARKA



HE gypsy came to him out of the morning, dazzling, like the sun in his eyes. He saw her first as his eyes swept up from his easel toward The Three Sisters etched cleanly against the azure sky-line—a glittering triplet of golden snow. She stood motionless between firs, a hand on each as on the posts of a gateway, and gave back his look with piercing intentness.

To his artist's eyes the life it lacked came suddenly into his picture. He understood his past depression, his dissatisfaction with his work—it had wanted the *living* beauty that had just come into it to warm and enliven its everlasting snows.

"Don't move!" he called, and fell to his brush.

The gypsy stood motionless. But her lips parted and a smile played in dazzling radiance across them. Overhead a bird burst into song. At her feet gambolled a chipmunk. Both went into the picture, and the still mountain scenery became suddenly alive with the life of the frisking squirrel and singing bird, the intenser life of the still figure with the dazzling face.

He dropped his brush with a breath of relief.

"There! I've got you! You may move now!"

The gypsy's hands dropped. She came toward him over the carpet of bluebells



and stood beside him. As he looked into her face, for the first time with a man's perception of its rare woman's beauty, she looked at the picture, peering over his elbow.

"Oh!" thrilled the soft Romany voice. "You've made me a picture, brother!"

Over Cambourne's elate mood passed again the breath of dissatisfaction. He looked from the beautiful, vivid face, with the warmth of sunlight, the shadows of dusk in its marvellous coloring, to its painted likeness, and felt the finiteness of genius.

"No," he said reverently, "God made you that!"

Under the bloom in her dark cheek the gypsy blushed. Over the dusky rounded throat, into the rippling dusky hair ran the rich color. Then, with a laugh, she lifted her beautiful shoulders under the gay-colored blouse and shrugged off embarrassment.

"A pity you should be a Gorgio, brother, when you talk such beautiful Romany!" And with daring camaraderie she laid her brown hand on the sleeve of his coat and stroked it wheedlingly.

"Beautiful Romany!" she repeated, then, with an upward flash of her eyes, so swift and sudden and luring that Cam-







bourne's own winced from the witching light of it, "I should love to hear you speak more, brother!"

"I don't know any Romany!" He was moving away. But the gypsy kept pace with him, her hand still on his sleeve.

"Ah, but you've stolen the thought out of the black language! You need not be ashamed of it, brother. It is good for a woman to hear."

Cambourne stopped trying to evade her and resorted to strategy to get his coat-sleeve out of her fingers.

"If you're going to stay, won't you sit down? I'll fold my coat for a seat."

"Oh, I'll fare on presently." But when he seated himself on the grass and began gathering his belongings she sat down beside him and, elbows on her knees, peered into his face.

"Are you a great painter?"

"Not unless you've made me one. You came in from nowhere most opportunely."

The gypsy, her chin in the hollows of her slim brown hands, looked up at her image with naïve admiration.



"A picture is always prettier with a woman in it," she commented. "Has it taken you many years, brother, to find that out?"

Cambourne looked at her sharply, then his glance relaxed. Here now at his hand was another picture with a woman in it—the gypsy studying her likeness with delighted eyes. He was already retouching it when, on another of those swift, bewildering uplifts, the girl's eyes fared again to his. They were gypsy eyes, dark and deep with the fathomless history of her race, free and haughty with centuries of unrestraint, but into them flickered a mischievous glimmer almost sophisticated, a sudden daring lure of the world worldly.

"Don't you want to paint me again, brother?"

The brilliant face was very near. The wonderful eyes drew him. Cambourne forgot all at once the wide distance between them. His senses tingling, he picked up the challenge the gypsy flung him.

"Yes," he said boldly. "Will you come here to-morrow at the same hour?—or as near as you know it?"

The gypsy arched her black brows.

"I shall know it, never fear! We gypsies go by the sun. It is better than a watch, brother. It never stops!"

With the quip and a trill of sweetly mocking laughter she sprang up and disappeared among the firs. From away in the woods the song that she lifted came witchingly back:

"Out of the wildwood the Romany girl—  
Truth he loved her dearly!  
The Gorgio rye shook a troubled head,  
'Lov'st thou me sincerely?'"

Cambourne stood like one enchanted, his pulses set to an accelerated pace, a queer something in his throat that impeded his breath. It was as if all at once he wanted something he had never known, and the dear unknown want and yearning made laughter and tears both catch in his voice.

"The devil! One would think me bewitched—by a gypsy girl!"

Yet for all his self-scorn he looked eagerly around at a leafy rustling, hoping to catch between the trees the flirt of her scarlet skirt. But the sound was only a

red squirrel leaping from bough to bough. So strangely had she come, so mysteriously gone that, he told himself, he might almost think her a dream, except for his picture. But she glowed there with a truth and vividness of portraiture he had not dreamed he possessed. He wondered if she would come back. He ought, he supposed, to have crossed her palm with silver—there's no other way of making good a gypsy's word. But his pang of disappointment on the reflection was entirely disproportionate to the lost chance of painting her again. There was something beyond her striking beauty—a subtle lure that spoke from the musical voice, from the witching eyes, that might, Cambourne recognized disquietedly, draw a man far.

Nevertheless, his uneasiness did not keep him from the trysting-place next morning. He came an hour before the time he had set that, if her timepiece were the sun, he might not miss her. But she appeared on the appointed minute between the tree-trunks where he had seen her first.

"I am not going to work now," he said when he saw her. She dropped her arms and came forward, with naïve surprise.

"I thought the Gorgio gentleman wished to paint me again."

"So I do, by and by. But I want to talk to you first. I believe you are a witch."

The gypsy's nod had a hint of black magic.

"My clock is better than yours. You have been here an hour."

"I wanted to catch the morning light on the mountains."

The gypsy's glance of amused contempt swept from him to the tree-tops.

"A pity!" she confided aloft, with her inimitable shrug. "A Romany rye would lie better or he would not lie at all. Do you paint mountains, brother, peering among trees?"

Cambourne tried to laugh off chagrin.

"Now I know you are a witch! How else could you know that?"

"A gypsy girl may look at a Gorgio, brother," she said demurely. "And I was among the trees myself. But what were you seeking there?—something you had lost?"

Cambourne flung caution to the winds.



"I was watching for you. I was afraid you might not come."

"Ah, well, that was nice of you." The gypsy seemed pleased. "But why were you afraid?"

"Because I wanted to paint you again."

The gypsy flashed a few steps away.

"Then, why don't you paint me?"

Perfunctorily Cambourne took up a brush.

"I am going to. Please stand where I saw you yesterday. In the same pose, if you will."

The gypsy's glance searched him, but she went docilely. Cambourne began painting. But an inexplicable rapid beating of his pulses made his hand unsteady. After a few unskilful strokes he laid down his brush.

"That's all. You may go."

But, as yesterday, instead of going, she tripped over the bluebells and stood beside him.

"It is beautiful," she approved. "You must be a wonderful painter."

Cambourne looked sharply for satire, but the gypsy's untutored face was candid as a child's.

"It is you who are wonderful," he conceded. "I've not done you justice. To-morrow, perhaps——"

Slowly the girl shook her head.

"To-morrow never comes, brother. It is always to-day."

"But you will be here, will you not—in the same spot?"

Again that slow shake of the gypsy's head.

"When to-morrow is to-day, I will be far on the trail."

"But when shall I see you again?"

The gypsy shrugged.

"Who knows? But I'll leave my patteran on some tree-trunk that you may know the way I pass."

Cambourne was on one knee, packing his box. He looked up suddenly into the beautiful near face and forgot all but its lure.

"Does that mean that you want me to follow?"

"That's as you take it, brother! It is deep Romance!"

Then, before he could speak, she had dropped on her knees beside him and reached a wheedling hand.

"Let me read your fortune before I go, brother! Maybe 'twill tell you where we're to meet again."

Half reluctantly he gave his hand. She settled herself on her heels, her slender fingers bending his back, and peered into his palm.

"I see here a wonderful fortune, much good and some evil. I see that my brother's hand has painted many pictures, but the world has not known them because"—a mischievous glimmer shot from under the dusky fringe of the lowered eyelids—"my brother has painted mountains instead of women. And mountains leave the heart cold. So my brother is poor, but"—her voice thrilled mysteriously. She bent lower, and Cambourne, mysteriously thrilled, too, in spite of himself, leaning nearer, their heads touched over his palm—"I see a change coming. I see rugs of great thickness and wonderful colors on the floor of my brother's room where now there is nothing but a bearskin." Cambourne startled, but the gypsy droned unconsciously on. "And I see chairs inlaid with pearl for the beautiful Gorgio ladies to sit upon, and wonderful carved chests and many luxuries. For Fortune is on her way to my brother. But first he must pass through evil—losing what he loves and cannot find again, and finding that which he can no longer love." She paused, brows knitted, lips tightly compressed, and shook her head ominously. Her musical voice passed into the fawning "dukkerin" whine. "My brother must not blame me. I but tell what I see. And I see that my brother will not marry the fair woman to whom his troth has been given—the fair tall woman with sunlight in her hair, for a dark woman with hair as black as the wing of night will come between them."

With a sharp ejaculation Cambourne tried to draw away his hand, but the gypsy's slim, shapely fingers, despite their light touch, clung to it firmly.

"A dark woman," she insisted, "who will make my brother's fortune. Does not," she soothed, "my brother wish his fortune to be made? But at first he will not know the dark woman for his love. Yet wherever he goes, in this country or over seas, it is her face that he will carry



with him. So he will keep a true trail and find his true love and great fortune at the end of it. That is all, brother!" Her eyes flashed upward, a golden sparkle in their midnight depths, into his flushed, incredulous, yet only half-offended face. "Will you give me a silver bit, brother," she wheedled, "for the beautiful fortune I've told you?"

Cambourne gave her the money, but as he handed it to her:

"I believe you know more of me than I do of you," he said uneasily.

The gypsy bit the silver to test it.

"Ay," she said, pocketing the dollar, "or how could I tell your fortune, brother? An old Romany mother taught me, who was as wise as a witch."

"I think you are a witch yourself. How else could you know about the bear-skin rug and the fair woman I am to marry?"

"But it is the dark woman you are to marry," cried the gypsy; then, under his amused glance, her rich color flared. "I did not say she was a Romany," she protested, and her eyes dropped to the ground to lift the next instant in dangerous coquetry. "For all that she may be a Romany, brother," she flashed at him defiantly.

She was more beautiful than ever, more subtly alluring, but the "dukkerin" had had its effect upon Cambourne.

"God forbid!" he said quickly. The gypsy's cheeks stung, but she held herself proudly.

"A Romany rye," she said, in a voice of disdain, "would not have spoken so to a Gorgio lady," and went from him over the bluebells into the spring woods. Their misty green lost her, but her voice reached back, mockingly yet sweetly, in a song that had a ring of challenge:

"Into the wildwood the Romany girl,  
Over the rise and the hollow;  
Into the wildwood the Gorgio rye,  
Bound by her spell to follow—

Follow her near and follow her far,  
Over the land and the water—  
Over the world to the end of the world—  
Follow the witch's daughter!"

When the song had died in the distance Cambourne went penitently home. The next morning he started East, carrying

with him the picture he had painted and, as the witch had prophesied, the face of the dark woman. In another point, too, the fortune-teller scored. The picture he had painted of her sold for a price that, to Cambourne, seemed affluence. Better, it brought him orders. His mountain-peaks had left the world cold, but the world's heart warmed to his beautiful women—though none of them, a fellow artist pointed out, had the *esprit* of his gypsy.

"I've been tryin' to dope it out," said that wise one dubbed "Sophy" for his philosophical drift, "and I get it this way. What gives that picture its soul is the fact that in it you found your own. You'd been mooning the world over after mountain-peaks, when what you wanted was a woman. You found her, ergo, the big thing was done. But what phases me is that Juliet"—Cambourne's fiancée—"wasn't the woman. In a story, she would have been, you know!"

"This is life!" Cambourne retorted, but he winced. It occurred to him that Juliet might be wondering the same. That she was, came out shortly. Cambourne was exhibiting his portrait of Henrietta Grayce to Miss Grayce's friends and his own. Miss Grayce was the dark type, and the flesh tones of the portrait recalled to some critics the gypsy. The petulant beauty scouted the likeness.

"It's not much of a compliment," she scorned, "to be thought like a gypsy!"

"The compliment is to the gypsy!" said the philosopher adroitly. Afterward he shamelessly recanted. Everybody had gone except himself, Cambourne's fiancée, and her friend. "Sophy," at ease on a teakwood chest, munched a caviare sandwich reminiscently.

"The conceited little fool!" he articulated between bites. "Why, there's only one woman in New York can hold a candle to your gypsy. If I hadn't known you were West, I'd have thought she posed for you."

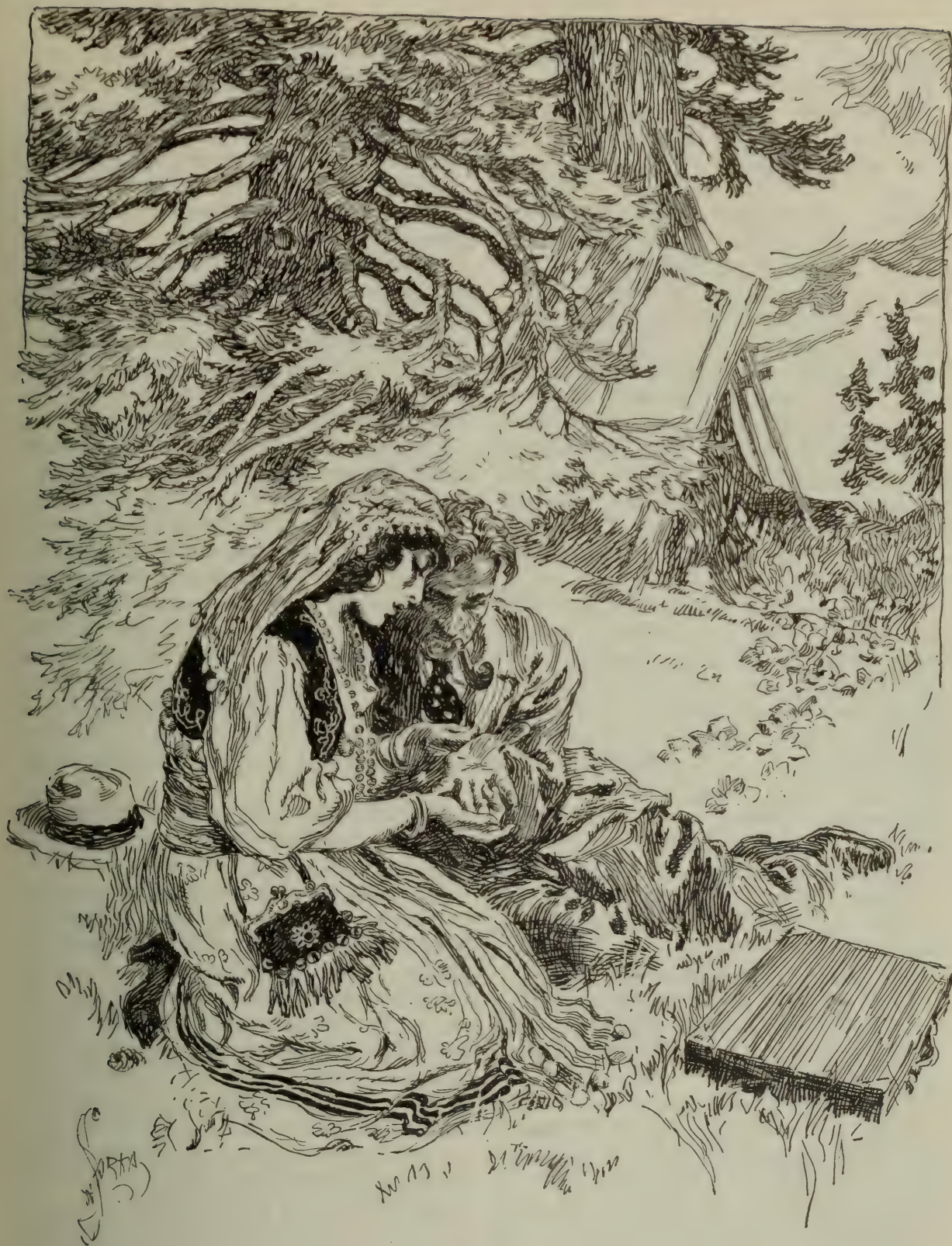
Juliet's tea splashed on the mahogany. But Cambourne went on spreading sandwiches indifferently.

"Who's that, 'Sophy'?" he inquired.

"Sophy" strengthened himself for revelation by another sandwich.

"Well, it's old man Hicks's daughter.





"I see a change coming . . . Fortune is on her way to my brother."—Page 349.

There! I knew you'd laugh! But she's got just such hair and eyes."

Cambourne gave a snort of derision. "Old man Hicks" was his landlord, a silent, sinister old codger, who went about

collecting his own rents, and incidentally squeezing the soul out of genius. The idea of his daughter posing for Cambourne's gypsy had the grotesque disproportion of caricature.



"No. To relieve your laboring mind, 'Sophy,' I'll confide to you Miss Hicks wasn't my model."

"May one inquire who *was* your model?" Juliet asked, in a voice that she tried to make casual. "I've often wondered."

Cambourne trimmed the edges of the sandwich with elaborate care. It sounded absurd to admit that he didn't know. He appended a sort of excuse.

"She came out of the woods just as in the picture and went back into them."

Juliet made no comment. She offered "Sophy" another cup of tea.

"I once knew a gypsy," reminisced Miss Hiller's friend. "But she wasn't like Mr. Cambourne's gypsy. She had stunning gowns. Her people owned a water-power or something. They were real gypsies, though, and went caravanning in summer. She had blue eyes."

"A blue-eyed gypsy," "Sophy" said pensively, "is like a pink forget-me-not—something to be remembered. Well, the type brought Cammy luck all right—set his feet on the highroad to fortune. I'm sittin' on a chest from a Buddhist monastery, and my feet are sunk in a priceless Persian carpet over the precise spot where, memory recalls, his mangy old bearskin used to repose."

Cambourne startled. Juliet gave him a curious glance.

"Do you think she was really a gypsy?"

Cambourne essayed a laugh.

"I'm not sure she wasn't a witch!"

"I don't believe there was any girl at all!" triumphed Miss Hiller's friend, with an air of acumen.

The painter's smile faded.

"Oh, yes, there was a girl. But I don't know who she was, nor whence she came, nor whither she went."

"You sound like a fairy-story, Mr. Cambourne," murmured the friend.

"And you didn't ask her name?" put the philosopher incredulously.

"I never thought of it."

"Was she really as beautiful as you have painted her?" Juliet asked, with obvious reluctance.

There was silence. Cambourne's look drifted away from her face. Into it came a curious exaltation.

"More beautiful," he said at last, almost with reverence.

The subject lapsed, or rather, Juliet turned it, with a little more tea on the table and a jest at her awkwardness.

Cambourne came back to the moment.

"I ought to have warned you that teapot doesn't pour. I bought it for its spout!"

"Well, you got what you paid for," the philosopher conceded, "but the thing belongs on a junk-heap. The idea of askin' a nice girl to pour tea out of a fat-bellied pot with a two-inch spout. Speakin' of antiques——"

And the talk drifted further.

A day or two later Juliet brought it back. She dropped in at the studio with some garden roses.

"They're Madame Edouard Herriots. The bed is a riot of color. I've been imaging your gypsy among them—the brilliant tints with the tones of her skin would be perfectly marvellous. Which reminds me to ask"—she led up to her question with studied insouciance—"have you never painted her again?"

"No!"

"But perhaps you couldn't from memory?"

Almost deliberately Cambourne cut her suspense. Oh, yes, he could. It was a face one didn't forget.

She drew quicker breath and returned to the roses. But under the smooth flow of her talk and laughter was a current of unrest. She went shortly.

"Why under heaven was I led to do that?" he angrily asked himself. And, suddenly, against the gray corridor wall glimmered his answer, the face of the gypsy, laughter-rippled, alight with arch triumph. After that he made little effort to tear down the wall of reserve which had begun to build between Juliet and himself, perhaps because the higher it grew the nearer to his desire looked the wonderful gypsy face. Accordingly he welcomed "Sophy's" suggestion that a man who could "do somethin' with figures" would find a great field waiting for him over in France—"somethin', you know, of the Meissonier sort"—and made the modest conviction his excuse to Juliet. But he was somewhat staggered by her answer.



"I have never believed your gypsy the best you could do."

Piqued for his gypsy, he visited the Metropolitan the day before he sailed.

Posed in front of the picture, his hands deep in his sagging pockets, his landlord stood absorbed. On Cambourne's speaking to him, he turned with his silent laugh.

"So! You're not yet on your wild-goose chase, Mr. Cambourne? When do you sail?"

Cambourne told him to-morrow. The old man struck his hands together in a heat of contempt.

"The fool and his folly! Why go to Europe when you can paint women like that? Are there not still women here?"

Cambourne's brows lifted whimsically. What was a painter to do, when he had painted all of the beauties?

"You have not painted them all," his landlord said with significance. "There is my daughter. I will pay you well—even ten thousand dollars for a portrait like that!"

So would a good many others! But:

"A picture like that is not painted every day, Mr. Hicks, because one does not find every day such a woman to paint."

"And do you expect," Mr. Hicks was sarcastic, "to find her in France?"

He was going to France to paint battles, not women, Cambourne explained.

His landlord laid a hand on his sleeve.

"Mark you!" he said. "It will take many pictures of battles to pay your rent. The world sickens of carnage—this reddening the good brown earth with men's blood. But I do not believe you will bring back a battle-picture. You will come home with the face of a woman. How do I know? I do not know, except as I read it there in your picture."

With a nod half friendly, half menacing, he went. Cambourne heard from him further in Paris.

Old Hicks, "Sophy" wrote, would let the rent run. At first he had "balked, but I sent him to the Metropolitan. 'Go look,' I said, 'on the face of genius!' He came back convinced—'not by the face of genius, but the face of a woman.' He added that he'd offered you ten thousand dollars for a portrait of his daughter. I told him that I thought at first you *had*

painted her, the gypsy was so like. He almost snapped his fingers in my face. 'Like her!' he said, 'as a firefly is to a star, as a candle-flame is to the sun! He has painted well the woman he has painted, but if he should paint my daughter, he would have a picture!' Better leave the Meissonier stunt to the movie-actors and come home and paint the incomparable Miss Hicks.

"P. S. Miss Hicks and I will meet you on the pier. Her father introduced me to her yesterday. Jove! her eyes laugh at and mock you all the time her lips sweetly smile. We talked about you. 'Dad wants Mr. Cambourne to paint me,' she said, with an adorable shrug. 'But I'm told he preferred to paint bleeding heroes. Now I'd rather paint a pretty girl, wouldn't you, Mr. Wentworth?' She looked up at me then, kind of sudden, and—well, I'm a seasoned veteran, Cammy, but I went weak in the knees. I won't say I didn't flop down on them, for I heard myself saying sort of foolishly that if I were an artist, I'd rather paint her than anything on God's green earth. 'Now, that's very nice of you, Mr. Wentworth,' she said, with a smile. 'When you *are* an artist, you shall paint me!' I ought to have been offended, but, by George, I was in heaven! Well, so long, Meissonier! Good luck to your battle-piece, and peace to your pieces if they rest in France."

Juliet's letter curiously supplemented.

"I have met Miss Hicks—your landlord's beautiful daughter, you remember," she wrote at the end. "Mr. Wentworth introduced us at a studio tea. She is charming, but not in the way of your gypsy. She is very sophisticated. Since he met Miss Hicks, Mr. Wentworth has a new theory. He avers that your gypsy is that curious emanation of genius akin to the poet's dream—an artist's vision. 'She *never was*, you know, so how could Cammy see her? He couldn't see what never was, you know!'"

Cambourne, travelling to the front, smiled over both letters, but Juliet's postscript gave him pause. What if the gypsy were only a vision?—a vision surely as she had shone out to him against the gray background of corridor wall—a vision certainly as she had laughed with soft



triumph out of that unseen wall so surely rising between the letter's writer and himself. Why not, then, a vision in the beginning, in those deep and misty woods?—so strangely and mysteriously had she come out of them, from nowhere into here—so strangely, so mysteriously gone back. . . .

His train ran into firing just then, and Cambourne forgot "Sophy's" theory and his own problem of solution. With the advent of martial excitement and the rapid succession, on the front, of martial events, theory and solution alike faded into the indistinctness of dreams. Heart and soul saturated with history in making, his eyes strained and hurt with its glory and agony, Cambourne set to work in grim earnest.

But he did not paint his battle-picture. Watching a movement of troops through the shrubbery screen that masked a battery above the shot-shattered tiles of Soissons, he made an involuntary movement that swayed the branches about him. Instantly a German lookout marked it, and, a minute later, a German shell marked it, too, spreading death and scrap-iron where, a minute before, had been living men and powerful guns. The first German shell went high, but only so little that the battery commander turned curtly to Cambourne:

"They have our range. Monsieur should retire!"

Cambourne went—not just in time, for a fragment of the shell that demolished the battery struck him down. He heard the whining drone of it, then its jangling explosion. He had a confused glimpse of a world gone muddy orange—then clearer vision of a red trickle between the white stones with which the artillerymen had edged the paths that led now to their sepulchre. Then pain and a dreadful numbing faintness that clutched at his heart got the upper hand of life. He swooned away out of it. He found himself, he could not guess how long after, alone beside a red pool into which the trickle ran. The shells still whined and droned, but now they passed overhead. No one came near him. He fell again into merciful oblivion.

It was dark when his eyes reopened, yet not dark, for stars shone overhead,

and a full moon looked down. The undisturbed serenity of the heavens bred in his mind a curious awe—the survival of traditional religion. Over the human protest of his shocked soul came a sense of resignation—the consciousness of finite will crushed and subordinated to unseen infinite ends.

"Thy will be done!" he prayed aloud into the tumult, and out of it, bringing into the reeking atmosphere a woods smell and the breath of wild flowers, a voice answered, almost in his ear:

"No, brother! You should pray the prayer Romany-wise. 'Thy will be done by *men* here upon earth as it is done in heaven!'" And suddenly he knew that his head rested on a woman's knees, and that a face bent above him that some witchery of the moonlight flickering over it transformed into a beautiful fantasy of some face that he had seen before. "Do not insult your Maker by believing this red horror his. If men were doing his will, these French fields would be sown with grain, not blood. Do not let this run away from thy soul!—But you are hurt! Ah, I see!" The touch of the slender brown fingers on the blood-soaked cloth had marvellous healing. "That is bad, brother! Oh, that is very bad!" The gypsy's voice winced as if the pain were her own. The face that looked into his melted with tenderness. From those wet, yearning eyes Cambourne felt the rain on his cheek. He struggled to rise. Gently, the slender brown hands held him back.

"Lie quietly, brother! They will come for you soon."

Exhausted, he lay as she bade, looking up at her wonderingly.

"How came you here?"

The gypsy answered with intimate simplicity.

"I followed my brother."

"But how did you know I had come to France?"

The gypsy laughed softly. In that place of sepulchre her laugh, pulsing with life, was pleasant to hear.

"That is a witch's secret. Not for naught have I straight hair that curls at the ends, which my grandmother says is the sure sign of a witch!"

Pouring wine from a flask into a cup, she



held the cup to his lips. Its metal flashed under the moon like the purest silver—loot, perhaps, from some ruined château.

"Drink," she bade, with charming imperiousness, and, as he obeyed: "May not a gypsy girl have a real brother?" she asked him demurely.

and the wine, could have lain there forever, looking up in her face.

"Won't you tell me your name—since you know mine?" he begged.

The gypsy's smile had an alloy of mockery.

"My name is Marili."



The touch of the slender brown fingers on the blood-soaked cloth had marvellous healing.—Page 354.

Cambourne's cheeks burned.

"But what is your brother doing in France?" he asked, to hide his chagrin. The gypsy looked at him mischievously.

"What are *you* doing in France, Mr. Cambourne?" Then, at his startle, she bit truant lips.

"A gypsy picks up a deal about folks to tell their true fortunes with." She peered into the woods anxiously. "Why do they not come?"

But Cambourne, revived by her touch

"Marili—a beautiful name!"

"It is the same as my grandmother's."

"And what is your brother's?"

"It is the same as his grandfather's." Cambourne was nonplussed.

"But I saw you in America," he began again.

"Yes. But we are English gypsies—an old gypsy family out of Yorkshire. You wouldn't think, now, would you, a poor gypsy girl could have an ancestry and be proud of it? But I have my



grandmother's taffeta wedding-dress laid by against my own wedding—unless I should marry a Gorgio!"—the beautiful moonlit face rippled into laughter—"and her silver jug and a dozen spoons. I told you when last we met that when tomorrow was to-day we should follow the trail. We went East, then war came and we crossed to England. My father was too old to fight, but he said: 'If you wish, we will follow your brother! When a rye's a Rom, anywhere's home!'"

"But how did you get through the lines?"

The gypsy gave her old nonchalant shrug.

"A hedge of thorn or a hedge of steel is all one to a gypsy! But what brought you to France, Mr. Cambourne? Were you following your—*brother*?" Cambourne's sick pulses leaped. He lifted both hands and brought her face down to his.

"You said that I would follow you."

But the gypsy repudiated her prophecy.

"Did I say that?" And before his lips could meet hers she had pulled herself free. "I remember now, brother!" she said, from safe distance. "I said you would follow a dark woman. I but hinted she might be a Romany. And you said: 'God forbid!'"

"But I say now—God grant! Marili, forgive me! Come back! Marili! Marili! Come back!"

She was gone. Cambourne dropped his futile beseeching arms and lay alone with the dead.

A shell burst with lurid glare somewhere near—near enough to shock, but not injure. As he lay half-stunned, the jangling musical quality of the explosion blended, in his confused brain, with that subtle music of her voice like silver strings plucked by a giant hand.

"Lift him gently, brothers! He is terribly hurt!"

But he could not see her, though he felt himself lifted. The pain of the stirred wound overcame him, and he fainted again. When he revived the stars were no longer above him, but a billowing sea of smoke-grimed canvas. From ahead came the steady, rhythmic beat of horses' hoofs. An old gypsy woman, bright-eyed and straight as a pine-tree, sat by the bunk on which he lay and fed him

broth with a silver spoon. But she would have nothing to say to him, only muttered to herself ungraciously in Romany.

The hell of sound was behind them, but little by little it seemed to fall away, and only the beat of the horses' hoofs go on monotonously, like the pelting of rain on the road. Then that, too, fell away, and he wakened to consciousness in a house with four standing walls and a roof, in a bedroom, with curtains to the windows and a pot of mignonette on the sill. The polite Frenchwoman, who stirred at his movement, looked blank when he spoke of gypsies.

Two men in a touring-car had brought him, she said, but they were not gypsies. Monsieur was doing well, *très bien*, so why trouble himself?

Cambourne continued to do well, so far as his fleshly wound went, not so well as to the wound in his heart. For no sooner had he found again that wonderful dark woman who had so mysteriously—and tantalizingly—crossed his path, than he had lost her, even if she were not—uncertainty teased him—a vision. But woman or vision, her face was always before him, though before him now as it had looked into his on the battle-field. During his convalescence he began to put it on canvas.

He finished it on a golden September day, with his room windows open to the cordial wine of the air, and had just signed it when his landlady entered with his letters. She gazed at the gypsy with filling eyes.

"It is good that she has found him at last—the poor stroller!" she said, and wiped away sympathetic tears. "Ah, bien!—love is ever the same the world over."

In a flash Cambourne's title came to him. As he painted it in bold strokes on the back of the canvas, a smile grew on his lips.

"Then you do not think, madame, the wounded soldier her brother?"

Madame gave him an incredulous look.

"But no!" she scoffed. "A woman does not give such a look to a brother, monsieur!"

When madame had gone, Cambourne stood long before his picture, more than an artist's elation in the triumphant rapture of his eyes.



But his letters, when reluctantly he opened them, damped exaltation. Juliet wrote inspirationally of the picture he was supposedly painting—that “red glory of battle.” He laid down her letter with a sharp stab of conscience and took up “Sophy’s.” Et tu, Brute! For that philosopher had been thinking of the gypsy again. Since Cammy hadn’t painted Miss Hicks and didn’t know whom he had painted, the conclusion was obvious. He hadn’t painted anybody. “It’s just your ideal woman, and you’ve gone like that what-d’ye-call-him Greek fellow, and fallen in love with it!”—to the distraction of talent and, “Sophy” disturbingly hinted, the distress of a sweet girl too good for the painter. “I’ll not say she’s pining away, but there’s something—a still, brooding sort of look in her face that isn’t of happiness. Don’t be a fool! Get that vagrant gypsy love that follows a trail nowhere, like the vagrant gypsy you’ve imaged, out of your system, and come home and be married.”

Cambourne winced over the words. He *didn’t* know whom he had painted in the Washington woods—and what did he know of the gypsy of the battle-field beyond the mystery of her name? Was he, in reality, following “a vagrant gypsy love” on a “trail that led nowhere”—except away from the normal happiness that belonged to him with the girl he was to marry?

But again, witchingly, through his mind flitted the gypsy’s disclaimer:

“But it is the dark woman you are to marry!” And again the luring eyes lifted to his. . . . Woman or illusion of a woman, she had this reality—she had come between Juliet and himself!

Nevertheless he did not tell Juliet the truth on his arrival. He left the picture to tell her. She saw it first at its studio exhibition.

“Why, it’s his gypsy again!” said “Sophy” on the crest of the instant, murmurous wave of appreciation. Then he sank his voice for Juliet’s ear. “Only there never *was* any gypsy, you know! Same flowin’ style and feelin’ for color—detail’s good—trees shot all to splinters—heap of scrap-iron over there where a battery was. Queer settin’ for romance, but he’s got the romance in it all right. But

of course there never *was* any gypsy!” he harped.

“Oh, yes, there was a gypsy,” said Juliet conclusively, her eyes on the marvellous face. “Don’t you read it under his title?—‘Ever the Wide World Over!’”

“Oh, that means,” the philosopher elucidated, “that love is just the same on a battle-field as in a parlor—just the same in a gypsy as in you or Miss Hicks.”

Juliet’s smile was tinged with faint irony.

“At any rate, it is a great picture,” she said, and moved away, proudly and graciously, among Cambourne’s guests.

But that night she wrote to him:

“However I might wish, I cannot blind myself to the meaning of this second gypsy picture with the old, old story in both the man’s and the woman’s faces. You did not bring back from the battle-fields of France what I hoped you would bring, but the face of your fallen soldier shows that you believe you have brought back something better. May you be right, and believe me, though no longer your promised wife, the most sincere of your friends,

“JULIET HILLER.”

The letter brought him to her next day with the candid reoffer of his hand, and so much of his heart as he could give. After all, the gypsy might be, as “Sophy” thought, only a vision. “And I’m not sure, Juliet, that you should let a vision come between us.”

Juliet saw with clear eyes.

“But it *is* between us and you have shown that it is your ideal of the woman you could love. We would never be happy—I would be jealous, perhaps, of a shadow, and you would always be looking for the woman you dreamed of, and not finding her in me. If you are right, you will find your gypsy herself again somewhere. And if Mr. Wentworth is right, you will find her some time in some other woman whom you will love as you could never love me. And so, I won’t bid you good-by, but Godspeed.”

Cambourne accepted his dismissal, but for the next months he moped in his studio. The freedom that a year ago he would have welcomed seemed now but mockery—the freedom one has to follow



a will-o'-the-wisp. The necessity for work—his second gypsy picture shared the common fate of masterpieces: it was still unsold—failed to drive him to it. During his absence a new portrait-painter had achieved metropolitan distinction and absorbed his clientele. If the wolf was not already at the door, he was—we quote “Sophy”:

“Slinkin’ in old Hicks’s shoes in the passage,” while Cambourne borrowed of his friends and lived on credit. But credit and the patience of friends alike have an end. Cambourne reached if one black day in December.

“If the fellers could see you beginnin’ anythin’!” complained “Sophy,” who had just “touched” a friend vainly for genius’s necessity.

But it’s not probable genius would have “begun anything” even then if its landlord had not, at the psychological moment, tightened the screws. Mr. Hicks was impersonal and importunate.

A man who borrowed and never paid was a man of dishonor. A man who had not paid his rent had borrowed of his landlord. What had the painter to offer?

The painter had nothing but intentions, at which Mr. Hicks snapped his fingers. But he had a suggestion.

“Among my people, when we can’t pay the money we’ve borrowed, we work it out. I suppose you would be above that—hey, Mr. Painter?”

“No, I’m not above it,” Cambourne forced himself to say. Then a grim humor twisted his lips. “Do you want your house painted, Mr. Hicks?”

The old man’s glance pierced him, suspicioning satire in covert.

“No—my daughter!” he said dryly.

“All right! I’ll do it,” Cambourne agreed curtly, but with the promise he felt the ebb of his art set in.

“Next, the butcher’s, the baker’s, the candlestick-maker’s daughters, I suppose,” he confided bitterly to “Sophy.” “Then I’ll be doing beauties for the cigarette market!”

But the philosopher found cheer in the outlook.

“It ain’t so bad! You’ll be doin’ somethin’ besides mopin’, anyway. Ever see Miss Hicks? No, I remember you haven’t. She’s a beauty.”

“So I infer from her father!”

“Well, the old top ain’t bad-lookin’, if he’d get his hair cut.”

“I mean, my landlord stated that his daughter was beautiful. ‘It requires a great artist,’ he said, ‘to paint her.’ So he came to me! Also, I owe him money. Reputation plus obligation. Damn! To be hung in the Metropolitan yesterday and paint Miss Hicks to-morrow! But I’ll bleed him! By the Lord in heaven! he’ll pay for his portrait! It’s in the contract that, if the picture does her justice he’s to pay what I ask over and above the rent up to ten thousand. By Jupiter, I’ll make her a beauty, if she’s got a nose like an apple-woman’s, and eyes like a china doll’s!”

“That’s the spirit!” “Sophy” clapped him hilariously on the shoulder. “But when you get the money,” he lapsed into sudden seriousness and whirled his friend round to look into his eyes, “don’t squander it in wild-goose chases, old man!”

A slow red flamed on the artist’s cheekbones.

“Are you a mind-reader or a wizard, ‘Sophy’?” he tried to put with a laugh.

“Neither. I’ve been through the mill. I never found her, but—well, I’ve not done anything since. Smoke that in your pipe, son, then condescend to Miss Hicks!”

Cambourne did smoke over it, with the reflection that poor “Sophy” wouldn’t have made much of a painter, anyway. With himself, now, the case was different. Accordingly, it was without undue condescension that Cambourne ascended the Hicks steps. He had a sneer for the newly Florentine front door, but in the subdued richness of the interior the sneer left his face. There were works of art, too. He thought he saw a Turner in the farther drawing-room, and crossed the room to make sure. What if his landlord turned out a collector? Evidently he knew a thing or two about pictures. Cambourne’s interest stirred.

Out of the drawing-room a conservatory opened, dark-foliaged trees, straight and tall, along its aisle like the trees in a wood. Cambourne’s artist eye seized on the vista. Why not paint Miss Hicks there, coming, like his gypsy, out from among the trees. It would please the old man!



The butler returned.

"Miss Hicks will see you at once, sir."

Cambourne turned back reluctantly.

... A gypsy came into the room, dazzling, like the sun in his eyes. She stood motionless a moment between the pillars of the doorway, a hand upon each, as on the posts of a gate, and gave back his look with piercing intensity.

"Marili!" he stammered—or was she a dream? But she came on into the room, a palpable vision, for she laid her hand—brown, slim, elegant—on his sleeve.

"Marili!" she repeated, with her low, musical laugh. "Did I not tell you a true fortune, brother?"

"Marili!" he said again, incredulously.

The gypsy gave her amused little shrug.

"Why not, brother? I'm homing now.

Do you not want to paint me again?"

But Cambourne was like a man stunned.

"You mean you live here—with the Hickses?"

"Where else should I live, brother? We Hickses have been gypsies ever since the world began!" Then, at his involuntary glance around him: "Is it the Gorgio law, brother, that a gypsy must be poor?"

"But your brother," he put hastily.

"You left him in France?"

She laughed at him slyly.

"No. My brother was wounded. We followed him home. But if you want to

paint me, Mr. Cambourne, you must pretend to begin. I hear grandmother coming. She is very old and deep, my grandmother, and she does not approve of the picture; but my father saw one you had painted of a poor gypsy girl which re-

mind-ed him of me—only, he said, I was much more beautiful in my gypsy dress—poor love-blind dad!—and that if you would paint me so, he would make your fortune. So you must make me a picture, brother!" She came close and lifted her face, dazzling, bewildering in its radiant beauty.

As in the wood, Cambourne answered her reverently.

"God made you that!" and would have said more, but the gypsy lifted her finger.

"'Sh! My grandmother!" she breathed, as an old woman entered, bright-

eyed and straight as a pine-tree, for all her years. Marili turned deferentially.

"This is the Gorgio rye, grandmother, who has come to paint my picture."

The beldame vouchsafed him a witch-like glance of sharp suspicion, and spoke to her granddaughter in a querulous tone:

"Why will you have your picture painted? Don't you know it will steal the blood from your face?"

"It is the way of most painters to put more into it! But I'll take good care, grandmother!"

"Never trust a Gorgio, child!" The crone's tone was hostile.



"What do you want me to say?"

"What is in your heart, brother!"—Page 360.



"For shame, grandmother! He has eaten bread in the black tents!"

"Ay, but that does not give him the black blood!" grumbled the crone. "When a Romany girl marries a Gorgio, she forgets her blood in the house of the Gentile."

Cambourne, watching Marili, saw the rich blood stream in her face. His own leaped in his heart.

"But I'm not like to marry the Gorgio, grandmother. I once suggested to the Gorgio rye that he might marry a Romany, and he said, 'God forbid!'"

"But he said later, 'God grant!' You surely remember that, Marili!"

But the gypsy had turned half away. She stood plucking to pieces a rose in a vase.

"I forget many things," she said distantly, "that I don't wish to remember."

"Then you wish—not to remember that?" Cambourne's voice shook. The gypsy shot him a glance from under her drooped lids.

"I wish not to be reminded!" Then under the jetty fringes glittered a golden sparkle. "A pity, brother, to talk so much Gorgiee, when you can speak such beautiful Romany!"

Her tone seemed subtly to beckon. Bewildered, Cambourne strained after.

"What do you want me to say?"

"What is in your heart, brother!"

There was just one thing in his heart, the old, old phrase that is common to all tongues. He spoke it with passion:

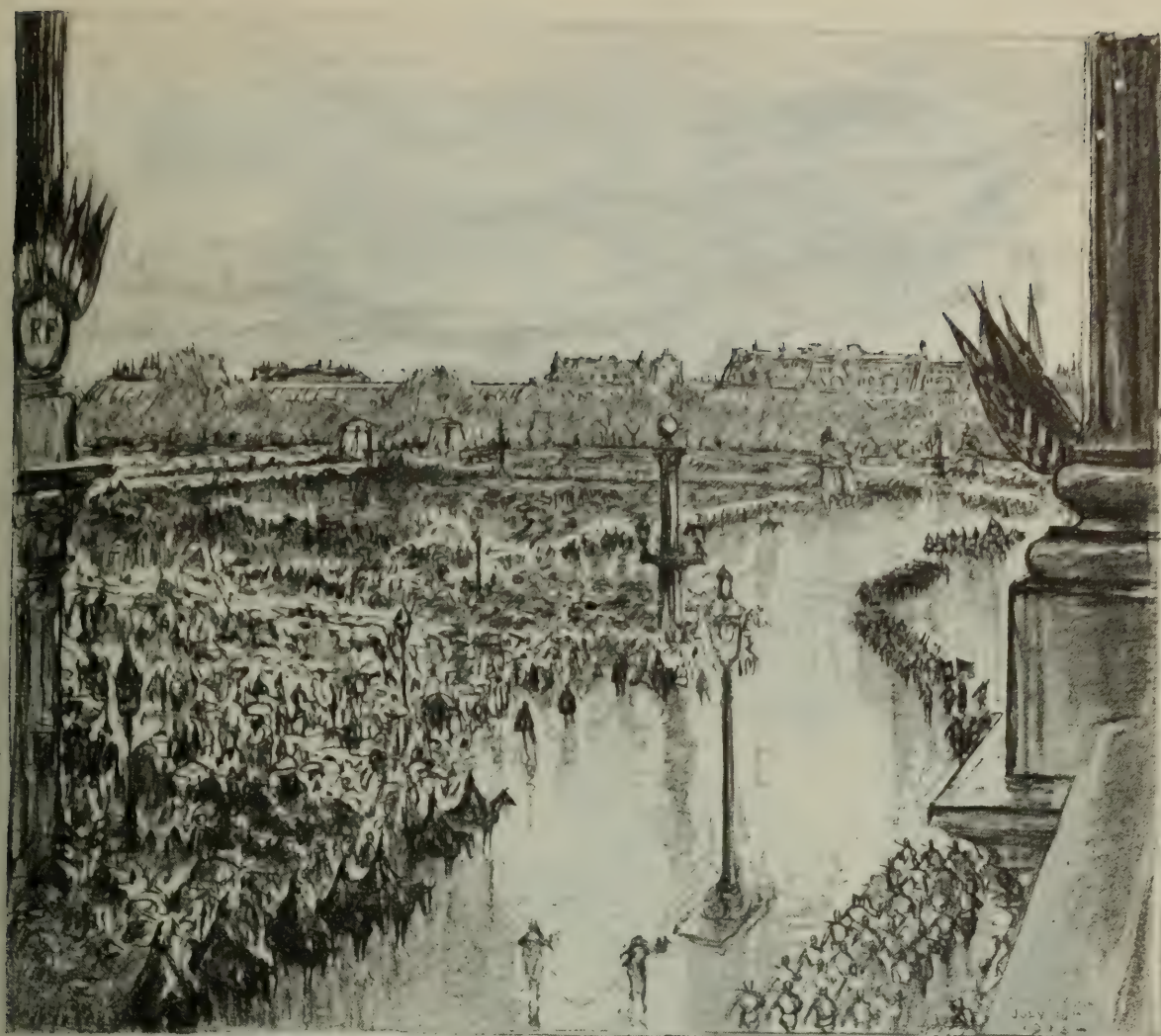
"I love you, Marili!"

The gypsy raised rapturous eyes between laughter and tears.

"Now," she said, "that is beautiful Romany!"







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American troops marching through the Place de la Concorde, Paris, July 14, 1918.

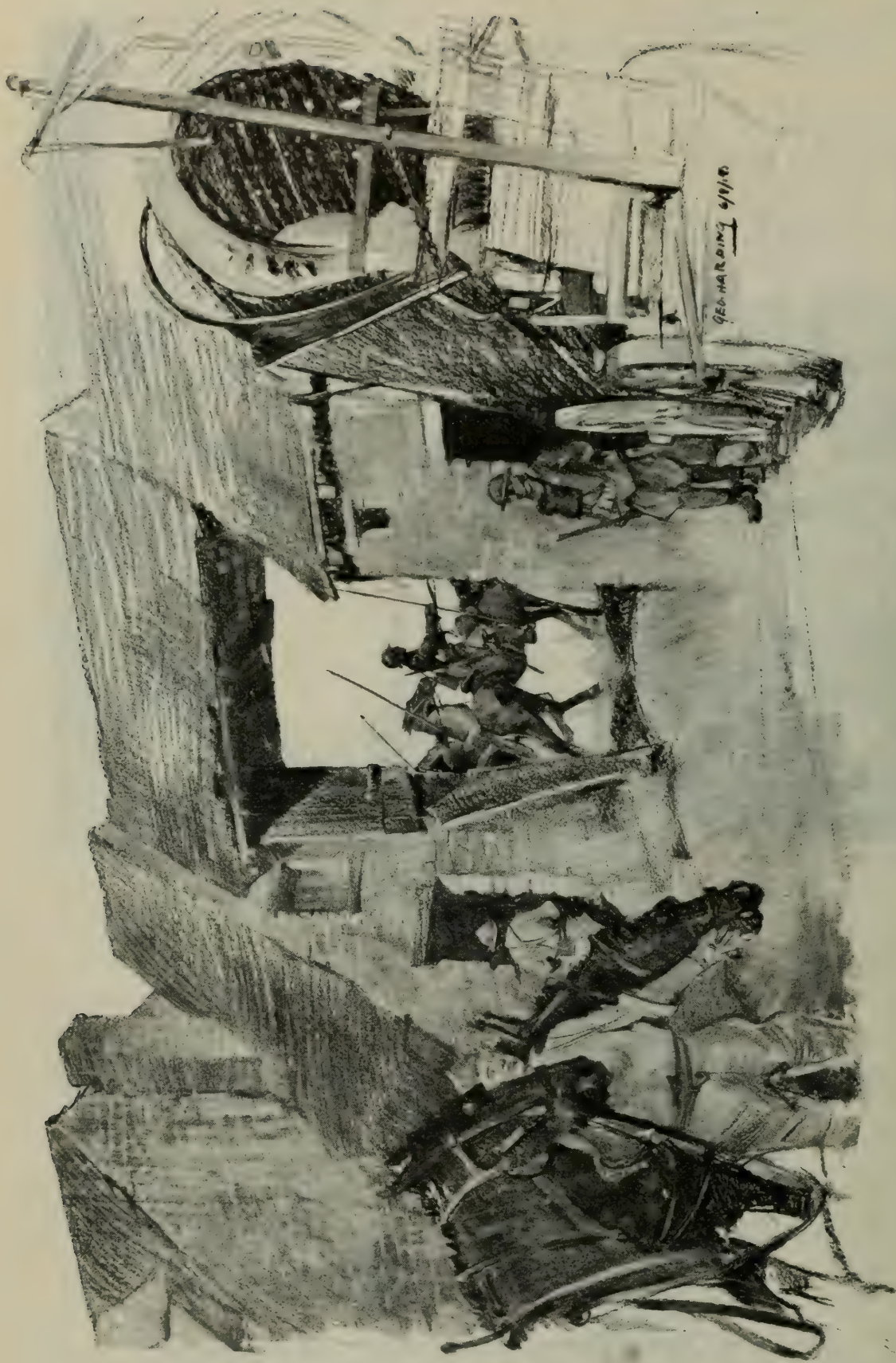
Drawn by Captain Wallace Morgan.

## A SELECTION OF WAR DRAWINGS BY THE OFFICIAL ARTISTS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY

CAPTAINS GEORGE HARDING, J. ANDRÉ SMITH,  
HARRY E. TOWNSEND, W. J. DUNCAN, W. J. AYLWARD,  
WALLACE MORGAN, *and* ERNEST PEIXOTTO

THESE officers and Captain Harvey Dunn (whose work was not shown in the recent exhibition and we regret is not represented in this group) were commissioned captains in the Engineers' Reserve Corps of the army. Each artist has sent back many drawings (of which we can present only an example) which will be preserved in the archives of the War Department.

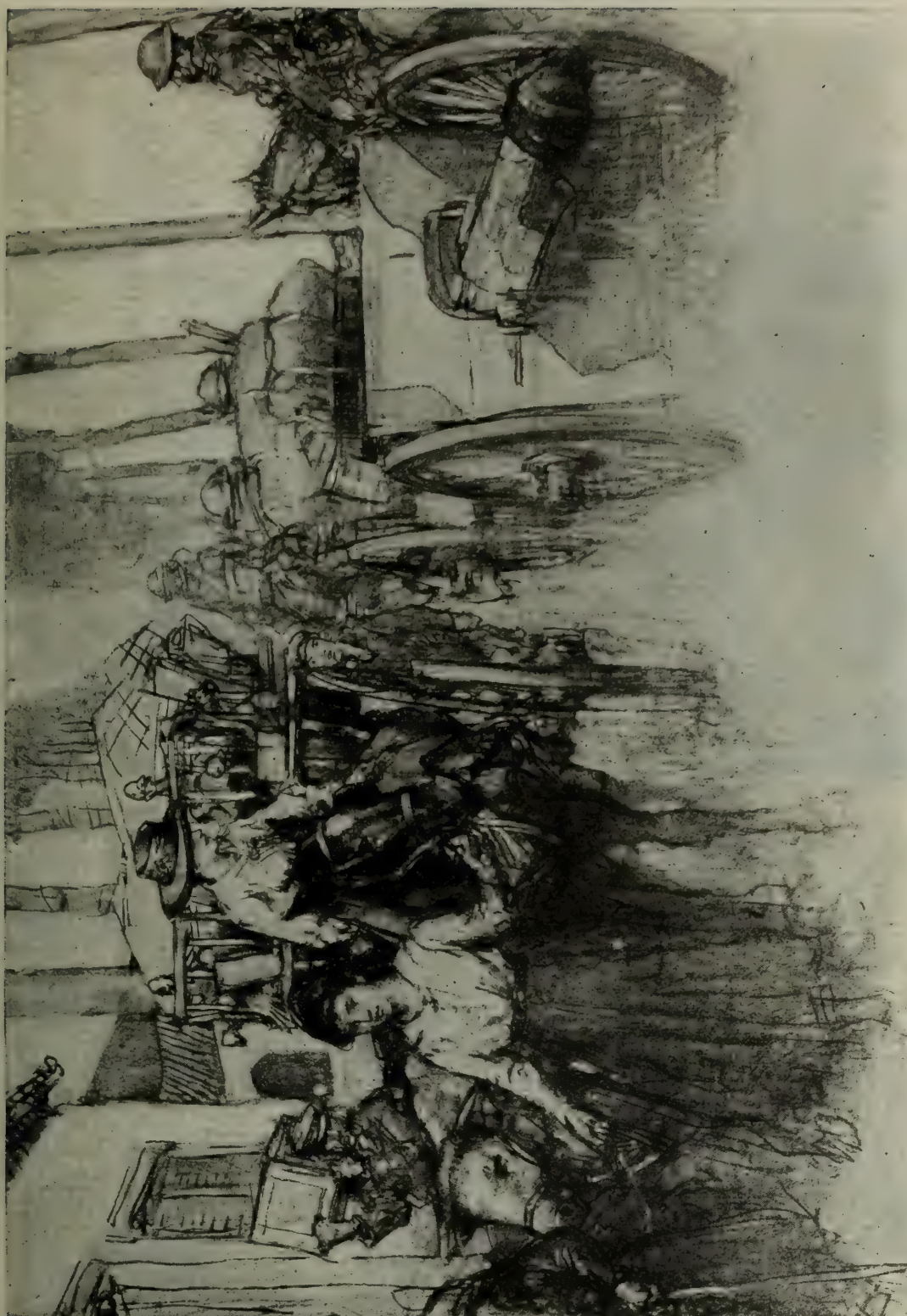




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American ration-train headquarters in a farmyard; vicinity Château-Thierry.  
 Drawn by Captain George Harding.

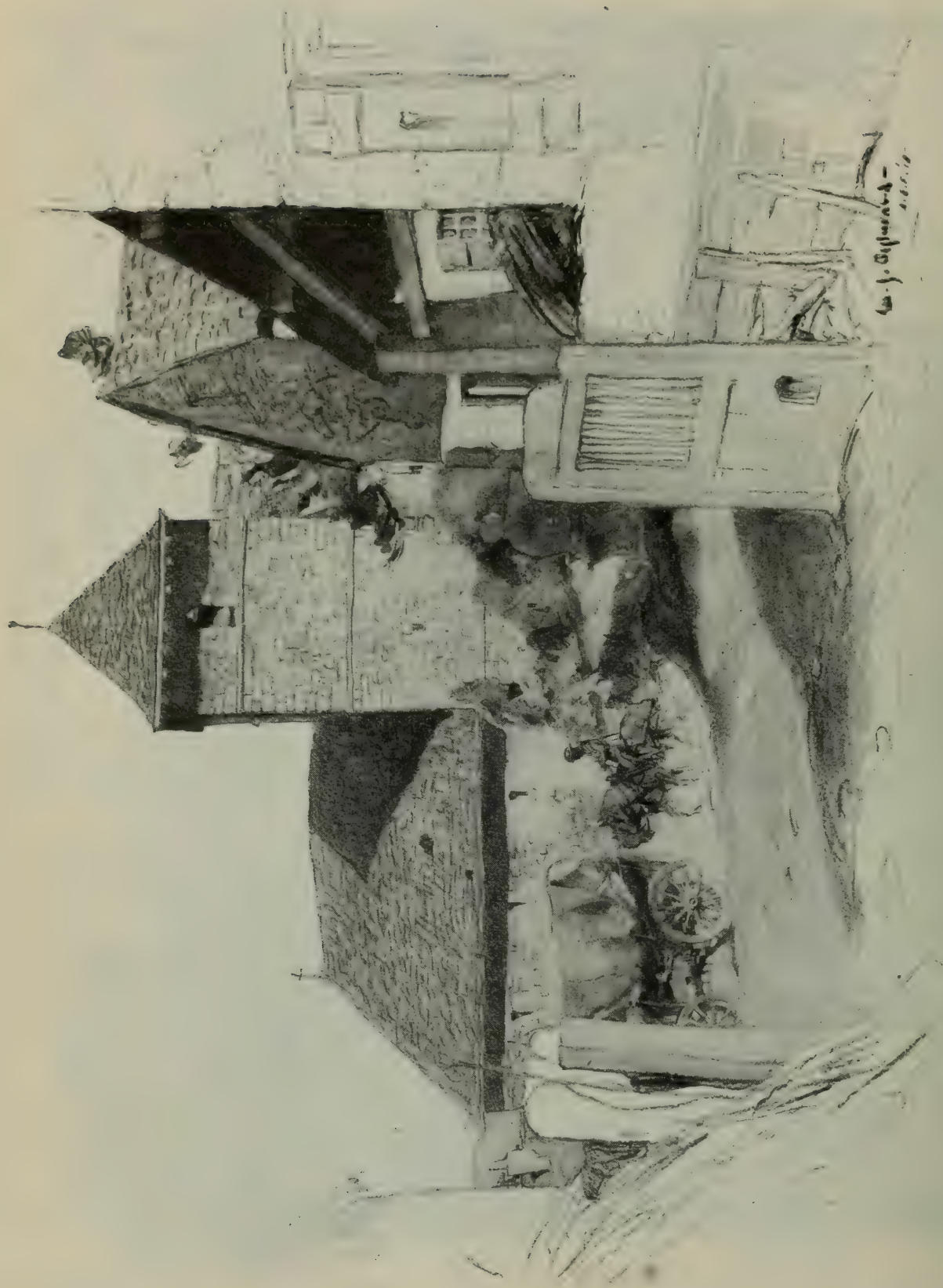




Refugees from Château-Thierry section,  
Drawn by Captain Harry E. Townsend.

*C. E. Townsend, 255.*  
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Wagon-train at Vifort, July, 1918.  
Drawn by Captain W. J. Aylward.

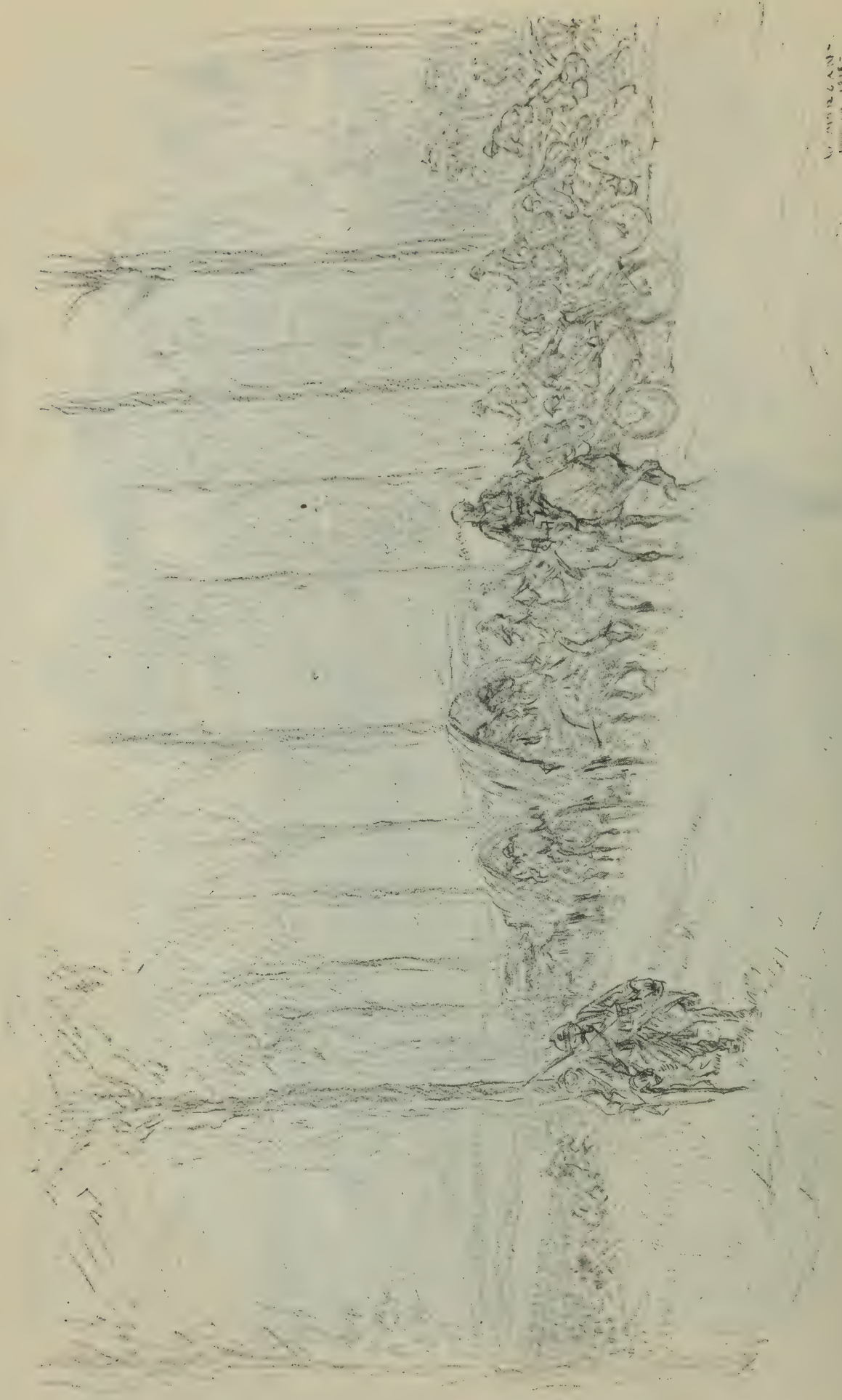




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Neufmaisons, a typical village of the Lorraine front in which the American troops were billeted.  
Drawn by Captain Ernest Peixotto.

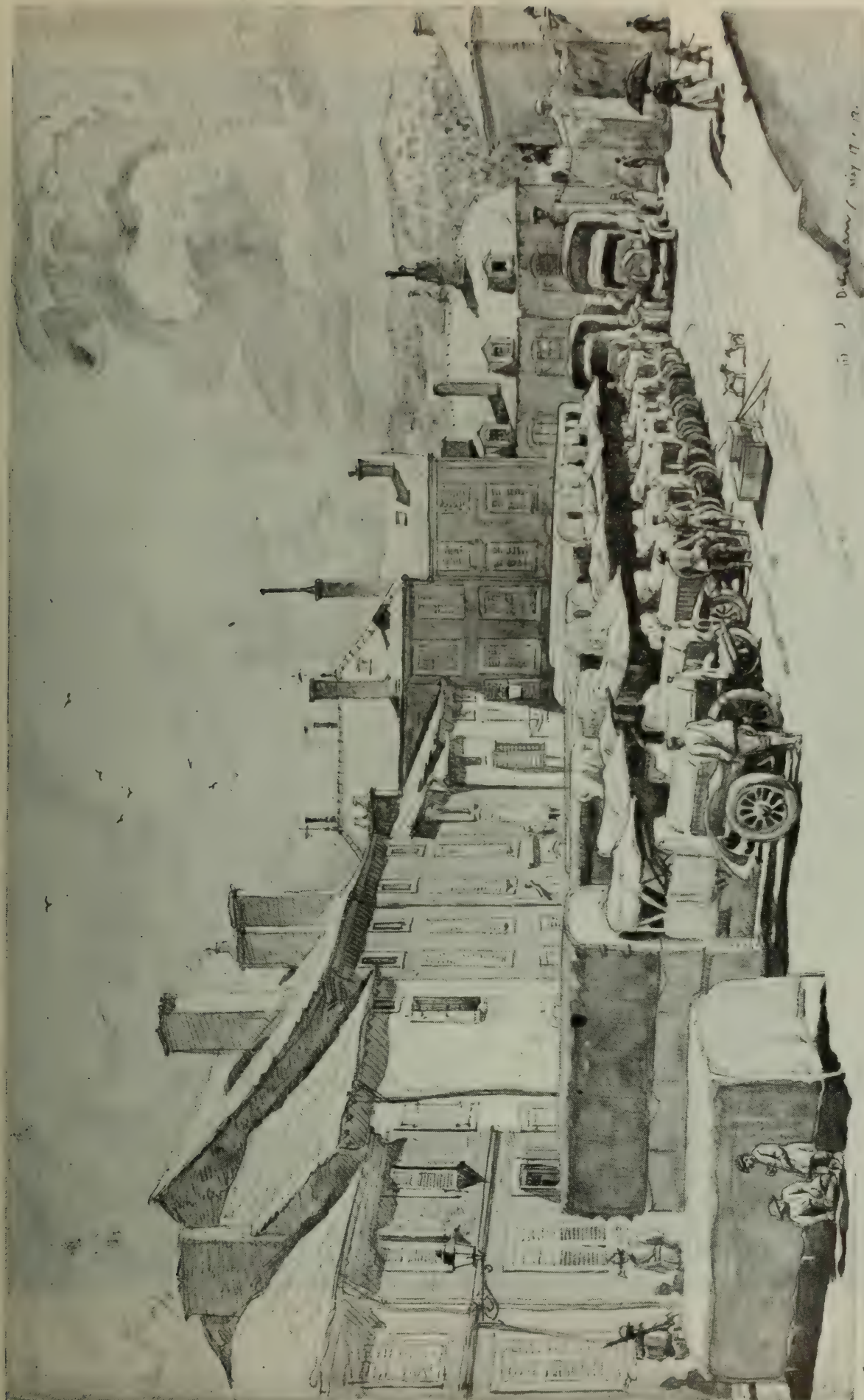




NO. 10122 L.A.M.  
JANUARY 1918

Supply-trains on the Paris-Metz road during the battle of Belleau Wood.  
Drawn by Captain Wallace Morgan.





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French auto-trucks and ambulances parked in the Place Carrière, Neufchâteau, awaiting a call from the front.

Drawn by Captain W. J. Duncan.





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Inside the church at Badonviller.  
Drawn by Captain J. André Smith.



# WHAT THE RUSSIAN SITUATION MEANS TO AMERICA

By W. C. Huntington

Commercial Attaché to the American Embassy, Petrograd



IN June of 1916 I arrived in Petrograd, whither I had been sent by the United States Department of Commerce, as commercial attaché to the American embassy. The warm welcome which I received from Ambassador Francis, who as a business man of long experience was deeply interested in developing our commercial relations with Russia, heartened me and made my desire still keener to know Russian economic conditions thoroughly and to correctly interpret to American business men the opportunities for their capital, enterprise, and goods which Russia afforded.

I little knew what events were in store: that the young Chicagoan who sat opposite to me as my secretary would shortly become an officer in American expeditionary forces in Russia; that the whole structure of the bureaucracy in the government ministries and of Russian commercial and industrial life, with which it was my task to cultivate and build up friendly relationships, would presently be swept aside. I had come to Russia to aid in construction—to promote commerce—I did not dream that I was chiefly to witness destruction in a great political and social laboratory where vivisection would be practised with a vengeance.

In the months that followed I had opportunity to visit most of the commercial centres of European Russia, from Archangel, on the White Sea, to Odessa, on the Black, and Petrograd, on the Baltic, to Baku, on the Caspian. March and April of 1918 were spent in Siberia, chiefly in Irkutsk.

June in 1916 was the period of the "White Nights" in Petrograd, when the sun is down only from half past nine in the evening until two in the morning, but the sky, viewed from the bank of the wide Neva, filled the whole night through with

a succession of wonderful and indescribable hues. The signs of war were, however, everywhere at hand, and the relatively underdeveloped apparatus of industry and transportation heavily overloaded by war demands; society in Petrograd was quite changed from the normal with fathers and sons at the front and daughters in the hospitals. The casualties were very great, a fact which the careless and forgetful seem not to remember now. On Russian Christmas Day (thirteen days after our own) a colonel in one of the Guards regiments, who was the husband of the lady from whom I had rented my furnished apartment, called upon me, and, standing before the fireplace, said: "Yes, we of the Guards are responsible for the killing of Rasputin, and we do not care who knows it—they won't do anything about it—and if the Empress doesn't mend her ways I'll not be responsible for her either." On New Year's Day the entire diplomatic corps were taken from the private station in Petrograd in an imperial train to Tsarskoe Selo. There, in the great Catharine ballroom of the palace, with a Turkey-red carpet on the floor, and the ceiling painted with goddesses and cupids, brilliantly illuminated with lights and mirrors along the wall, we were presented by our ambassador, like the young men of all the other foreign missions, to his Imperial Majesty, Nicholas the Second, who seemed a quiet, courteous man of small stature with a weak but kindly face.

Within two months the Czar had abdicated, the only line of executive authority in Russia was broken, and the struggle for democracy was on. As the months passed we in Petrograd watched Russia go from one tyranny, through the gamut of revolutionary experiments, to a worse tyranny. The untrained Russian people—whom a geographical and historical tragedy of isolation, vastness, and



tyranny, had divided into a "lower nine-tenths," relatively illiterate, underfed, and poor, separated by a wide chasm from the "upper one-tenth," versatile, outwardly western European, but, because denied participation in government, theoretical and lacking experience and initiative—could not find and hold democratic equilibrium, but rushed on toward anarchy, to end in Bolshevism.

Bolshevism, the vulture which feeds on anarchy of mind and hunger of belly, settled down on the body of a prostrate and exhausted people. Promising peace, land, and bread, it has fulfilled none of these promises, and is an utter failure. The cause of its failure is absolute immorality. Not five per cent of the people of Russia are to-day behind it. It has betrayed the true Russian revolution, and is devoid of any moral force whatever. Lest I be thought overconservative, let me add that it is not for its hodgepodge radical programme *on paper* that I denounce Bolshevism as immoral. Some features of that programme are debatable—most are pure folly—but it is for its conscienceless and violent method in cramming this programme down people's throats, for its absolute lack of any principle except the principle of any means to *my* end. Bolshevism in its conceit attempts to serve both God and Mammon, receiving the Kaiser's money freely while insisting that it is working to overthrow him.

And now, what is the present state of the country after a year of Bolshevik rule? It would require more space than is available here to take this subject up in detail. Following are, however, the main features:

To begin with, the whole social and political structure as we know it has been turned upside down. The former governing elements are now at the bottom, undergoing persecution, and the lowest elements are at the top, trying to govern by terror. The Bolshevik government was never very firm, but there was a brief period when it enjoyed a sort of authority in various parts of the country. Now that Bolshevism is no longer recognized by the masses as their movement, the real authority of the central Bolshevik

government does not extend beyond Moscow. There is practically entire absence of production, and the country has exhausted its stocks.

The local soviets go their own way, obeying when they please and opposing the central authority when it suits them. As a matter of fact the central authority, having founded its power on demagoguery, is not able to issue any orders of a constructive or restraining kind.

Many so-called "bourgeois" have been invited by the Bolsheviks to accept positions in their ministries. One of my friends, who was an engineer of ability, quite neutral in politics, accepted a position as chief of a department in one of the Commissariats, after having consulted with the members of the All-Russian Association of Engineers, to which he belonged. He was well treated by the members of the Bolshevik government, who promised him their full support. Just as soon, however, as he wished to initiate certain reforms in personnel in his office, agitators amongst the staff threatened the authorities with a strike, and the latter gave in. Finding it impossible to accomplish anything, my engineer friend resigned.

As indicative of the same anarchy, the case may be cited of the official American party leaving Russia. We arrived in Petrograd with our passports properly viséed by the Bolshevik central authority. "The Commune of the North," which is the name of the terroristic government in Petrograd, refused to recognize the visé on our passports, and we were held on the side-track in the Finland Station for four days.

The Bolshevik tyranny is more terrible than anything the imperial régime ever dreamed of. It is useless to recount instances here, because the activities of the Extraordinary Committee for Combating the Counter-Revolution are too well known through the newspapers.

A representative of the Bolshevik Foreign Office told Ambassador Francis one day in Vologda that the educated classes of Russia were falsely educated and, therefore, must be annihilated. This policy is being put into effect with an intensity which is only limited by lack of organization and time.



The banking and credit system is smashed. The banks have all become agencies of the People's Bank of the Russian Republic. Accounts have been confiscated, the books are in a terrible condition, no one has any idea of the solvency of the banks, although they must be in many cases ruined several times over. They are merely agencies for the paying out of paper money, chiefly for the uses of "government departments," and for paying labor in the factories. This money never returns and there is no circulation.

As for newspapers, there are none except the Bolshevik organs. They are, of course, purely propaganda sheets, badly run, where every industrial difficulty in America or England is described as a nation-wide strike about to usher in a social revolution in these countries. The front pages of the papers are filled with vitriolic articles urging the people to wipe out the "bourgeois," who continue to exist somehow and co-operate with the Czecho-Slovaks and the imperialistic Allies against the true will of the people!

The railways continue to run where fighting does not prevent this, and on the line from Moscow to Petrograd there were even International sleeping-cars. There is very little movement of freight. The trains are few, and conditions grow worse from day to day because of the wearing out of locomotives and cars which cannot be replaced. Side-tracks and roundhouse yards are filled with locomotives needing comparatively slight repairs to make them useful, but which repairs cannot be executed for the lack of material and willing labor. That the railroads run at all is due to the good habits, inertia, and the necessity of earning money of the employees, but beyond all these, their good-will. The majority of the enginemen, firemen, and trainmen have not been Bolsheviks, and their Central Union fought the Bolshevik authority until it was overcome by superior force, whereupon an artificial union was created in its place, with a safe majority of Bolshevik votes. These train-operating men and the station-masters and their assistants have kept some sort of traffic going in the face of unbelievable anarchy. Locomotive enginemen and station-mas-

ters have had pistols pointed at their heads, and been forced to run trains out of schedule at the behest of Red Guards detachments. Trains have been held up at station after station by local authorities, so called, while the passengers were robbed of any food which they might be carrying. Altogether, I think the railway employees, who are virtually running the roads these days, because there is no higher personnel, deserve great credit, and should be reckoned with in any scheme to extend aid to and rebuild Russia.

As to town life, this is essentially "bourgeois" life, and every effort has been made to destroy it, but up to September 1st it hung on in the larger centres with a remarkable pertinacity; that is to say, there were still one or two theatres in Moscow; the tram-cars running, if very badly; there was a modicum of "izvozchiks," or cabmen, with run-down horses. Shops were mostly open, but had little to sell. All staple articles had been consumed long since. The shelves were literally empty as soon as one passed the door. From day to day goods would appear in the window, which had been kept in hiding, in the measure that the proprietor needed money for his personal life. Currency was very scarce and change hard to secure.

Most pitiful was the plight of the "Intelligentsia," whose savings had mostly been taken with the confiscation of the banks, and whose incomes were cut off. People of the greatest refinement, and who have been strugglers all their lives for liberal ideals, are living in cramped quarters without sufficient to eat, and with no hope for the future.

The factories are closing down one after another for lack of raw materials to work on. The great textile industry round about Moscow is nearly dead for lack of cotton.

The winter is adding to these horrors. There is an insufficiency of fuel in Petrograd and Moscow. The German scheme cut off Ukraine with its coal and grain, and the Caucasus with its petroleum. Conditions in Turkestan have been so bad that the cotton-crop there is very small, even if it could be transported. There is grain enough in western Siberia to alleviate the starvation in northern



Russia could it be transported and afterward properly distributed.

No question is more often asked than: "When will Russia get on her feet?" "When will she have order and decent government?" By this I suppose the average American means: "When will there be democratic equilibrium so that the country may be properly regarded as a self-contained democracy able to stand alone?" The answer is clear—when the lower nine-tenths have received common-school education. This is going to take a generation or more even with the most intensive methods. It must be remembered that Russia is vast and that the processes which we are witnessing are historical processes, of which the unit of time is not months or years but generations. It should be noted, however, that the war has had a pronounced educative effect on hundreds of thousands of men who had never been away from their villages before but have now seen something of town life and, perhaps, even of the enemy countries. These men are undoubtedly having an influence in their villages. Nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that their minds have been filled with an extremely radical hodgepodge of ideas which are by no means yet digested and hardly to be called sound education for life.

Long before real democratic equilibrium is achieved, however, there must be, in the interest of the world, order and progress in Russia. Indeed, only in an atmosphere of order can education proceed. Such order can only be brought about by aid from without. Russia cannot save herself.

Another question is: "Why don't the people get together and put down the Bolsheviks?" Like the Insurrectionists, who were described by the driver of Nat Goodwin's jaunting-car in Ireland, they are against the tyranny and ready to strike, but unfortunately have not done so because they are afraid of the police! The lower nine-tenths are too amorphous, and they are like sheep without a shepherd, because the upper one-tenth are not fitted by history or training to be leaders. They lack energy and they lack cohesion. Several thousand officers, for instance, are arrested by the Bolsheviks on a trumped-up charge, and put into a riding

academy, where they are held for days without sufficient water and food, or any bodily conveniences. The buildings are guarded by a few Red Guards with rifles. A little courage and decision would rush the door, strangle these guards bare-handed and effect liberation of all inside, but it is not done. They would not know what to do after they got out. They will remain on the damp earth floor of the riding academy with a sort of passive courage awaiting whatever the Extraordinary Committee for Combating the Counter-Revolution has in store for them.

Russia cannot get on her feet alone. There will be no crystallization without a nucleus of foreigners from without. She is a problem demanding the highest statesmanship from the League of Nations. The awakened international social consciousness of the world cannot turn its back on Russia, even though it be a white man's burden, and, like forestry in that the full fruits of our work will be for our grandchildren. Humanitarianism and economic interests are both potent reasons for aiding Russia, but a still graver reason is to "make the world safe for democracy." It will not be safe as long as Russia goes on like a volcano, occasionally throwing hot lava on everything roundabout.

Order must be established in Russia, (1) to stamp out Bolshevism and its attendant tyranny and cruelty; (2) to feed and clothe a miserable people, and (3) to bridge over the long period of education, during which the country is preparing for full self-government. To produce such order the League of Nations must furnish active military and economic aid on the grandest scale ever known. In this work America should have the leading rôle, for several reasons. First, because we have not exhausted our resources of idealism, men, and materials. In this connection, a prominent British liberal told me in London that he believed we should have the chief task in helping Russia because the best brains in England have been sacrificed on the battle-field—to such an extent, he thought, that England might be worse governed in the coming years than she has been in the past. From a more practical standpoint, it is my personal experience that the Russian and Amer-



ican temperaments are very compatible. We are free from entangling traditions, and we have invested relatively so little money in Russia that we can scarcely be accused of going there to collect debts, which is the accusation brought, however unfairly, against the British and the French.

In this connection I cannot forbear to say that Russia holds great economic and business possibilities for the future, but that it would be absolutely a false policy, and putting the cart before the horse, for any country to go into Russia with the prime object of "collecting debts." Such a course would only end in disaster and the debts would never be collected. If Russia is put on her feet and supported by the League of Nations, and her *productivity* restored and increased, she can pay her debts over a fair period of time without the slightest embarrassment, and while becoming wealthy herself.

Economic without military assistance is useless in a country so torn with strife and so completely anarchical as Russia. Russia cannot be conquered; her goodwill must be won; but, in this, potential force, under tactful leaders as the ultimate appeal in emergency, is vital. Why send an economic mission to Russia only to have them arrested or annihilated? Food alone will not produce permanent equilibrium. There was food in Samara, but as soon as the Czecho-Slovak nucleus was removed the backbone went out of the army which had been organized about it. In Archangel there is plenty of food, but now that the question of starvation has been solved the parties are already wrangling about the question of power. It must never be lost from view that Russia is the country of a tragedy, like Poland and Ireland, and that in these countries the *mentality of protest* is developed to a high degree. Mentality of protest is concerned with struggling—sometimes for generations—against an evil, and finishes by becoming so used to struggling that it has no plans for the time when its object has been reached.

Liberal men in America will hesitate, perhaps, to enter upon the far-reaching course of military and economic aid which must be furnished to save Russia. They fear the responsibility and the re-

proaches of Bolsheviks and similar people, who will call them tyrants and imperialists. Modern liberalism suffers a little from the mentality of protest itself. For years it found it possible to co-operate with radicalism toward the elimination of certain evils. The conclusion—at least of the first act—of this war has suddenly brought this about in the downfall of autocracy and the freeing of subject peoples. Now, what are we going to do about it? If one may be pardoned such an inaccurate term, I think the liberalism of protest of the past should go—to be replaced by the *executive* liberalism of the present.

With the example of the Russian liberal Kerensky before us, let us avoid his historical error—the inability to be consciously sure of his liberalism, to stand firm and cry "halt." He could not bring himself to make the great decision and oppose the Bolsheviks because he shared with them the mentality of protest and regarded them as fellow strugglers. He spared Bolsheviks' lives and sacrificed his country. The Bolsheviks undermined and engulfed him and his government, and since they have gotten the power have shown no such tenderness toward their opponents.

The restoration of Russia will be the work of years, and we must be training the thousands of Americans who will be needed in it. The great lack in Russia is that of trained brains. There are simply too few brains to carry on the work which must be done. When several of my Allied colleagues in Moscow praised the objects of the co-operative movement to its leader, the moderate Socialist Berkenheim, in Moscow, he replied: "There is nothing wrong with the plan of our organization, but we haven't the people to run it"—"*lyudei nyetu*" (no people). There is everywhere this woeful lack of trained people, not only for the highest positions, but for all positions of responsibility. There are too few foremen, bookkeepers, clerks, office-boys, skilled mechanics—the people who do the daily work of life. The men in the economic and military units sent to Russia could, under a proper course of training, learn much of the language and life of the country, and be ultimately highly useful and indispensable in America's "Russian service."



# THE GYPSY TRAIL

By Julia M. Sloane



FRIEND of mine once wrote an article on motoring in southern California for one of the smart Eastern magazines. In it she said that often a motor would be followed by a trailer loaded with a camp outfit. What was her surprise and amusement to read her own article later, dressed for company, so to speak. "A trailer goes ahead with the servants and outfit, so that when the motoring-party arrives on the scene all is in readiness for their comfort." Great care must be taken that the sensibilities of the elect should not be offended by the horrid thought that ladies and gentlemen actually do make their own camp at times! So the trailer has to go ahead, and that is just where the lure and magic of southern California slip through the fingers.

Most of us have a few drops at least of gypsy blood in us, and in this land of sunshine and the open road we all become vagabonds as far as our conventional upbringing will let us. When you know that it won't rain from May to October, and the country is full of the most lovely and picturesque spots, how can you help at least picnicking whenever you can?

Trains are becoming as obsolete in our family as the horse. We wish to take a trip; out purrs the motor, in goes the family lunch-box, a thermos bottle, and a motor-case of indispensables, and we are off. No fuss about missing the train, no baggage, no tickets, no cinders—just the open road.

I had heard that every one deteriorated in southern California, and after the first year I began earnestly searching my soul for signs of slackening. Perhaps my soul is naturally easy-going, for somehow I can't feel that the things we let slip matter so greatly.

This much I will admit. There is no deadlier drug habit than fresh air! The first summer on our Smiling Hilltop kind

ladies used to invite me to tea-parties and card-parties, but I could never come indoors long enough to be anything but a trial to my partners at bridge, so now I don't even make believe I'm a polite member of society. Of course there are people who carry it further than I do, and can't be quite happy except in their bathing-suits. I'm not as bad as that. I can still enjoy the sea breezes and the colors and the sound of the waves with my clothes on. I don't even wear my bathing-suit to market, which is one of the customs of the place. It is a picturesque little village; half the houses are mere shacks, a kind of compromise between dwelling and bath houses, every one being much too thrifty to pay money to the Casino when they can drip freely on their own sitting-room floor without the least damage to the furnishings. Life for many consists largely of a prolonged bath and bask on the beach, with dinner at a cafeteria and a cold bite for supper at home or on the rocks. It is surely an easy life, and yet a great deal of earnest effort and strenuous thinking goes on too—women's clubs, even an "open forum," and there are many delightful people who live there all the year for the sake of the perfect climate. Also there are a few charming houses perched on the cliffs, most suggestive of Sorrento and Amalfi. An incident J—— is fond of telling gives the combined interests of the place. He was on his way to the post-office when he met two women in very scanty jersey bathing-suits, with legs bare, wearing, to be sure, law-fulfilling mackintoshes, but which, being unbuttoned, flapped so in the breeze that they were only a technical covering. The ladies were in earnest conversation as he passed. J—— heard one say: "I grant all you say about the charm of his style, but I consider his writing very superficial!"

It is a wonderful life for small boys. My sons are the loveliest shades of brown with cheeks of red, and in faded khaki and bare legs are as good an example of pro-



tective coloring on the hillside as any zebra in a jungle. Quite naturally they view September and the long stockings of the city with dislike.

There is a place on the beach by the Coast Road between Pasadena and San Diego where we always have lunch on our journeys to and from town. Just after you leave the picturesque ruins of the Capistrano Mission in its sheltered valley you come out suddenly on the ocean, and the road runs by the sand for miles. With a salt breeze blowing in your face you can't resist the lunch-box long. With a stuffed egg in one hand and a sandwich in the other, Joedy, aged eight, observed on our last trip south: "This is the bright side of living." I agree with him.

One late afternoon a friend of ours was driving alone and offered a lift to two young men who were swinging along on foot. "Your price?" they asked. "A smile and a song," was the reply. So in they got, and those last fifty miles were gay. That is the sort of thing which fits so perfectly into the atmosphere of this land. Perhaps it is the orange-blossoms, perhaps it is that we have extra-sized moons, perhaps it is the old Spanish charm still lingering; all I know is that it is a land of glamour and romance. J—— said he was going to import a pair of nightingales. I said that if he did he'd have a lot to answer for.

Places are as different as people. The East, and by that I mean this country east of the Alleghanies, and not Iowa and Kansas, which are sometimes so described out here, has reached years of discretion and is set in its way. California has temperament and it is still very young and enthusiastic, and is having a lot of fun "growing up." I love the stone walls, huckleberry-pies, and johnny-cakes of Rhode Island, and I love the associations of my childhood and my family tree; but there is something in the air of this part of the world that enchants me. It is a certain "Why not?" that leads me into all sorts of delightful experiences. Conventionality does not hold us as tightly as it does in the East, and a certain tempting feeling of unlimited possibilities in life makes waking up in the morning a small adventure in itself. It isn't necessary to

point out the dangers of an unlimited "Why not?" cult—they are too obvious. "Why not?" is a question that one's imagination asks, and imagination is one of the best spurs to action. I will give an example of what I mean: Last spring J—— suggested putting boxes with red crosses on the collars of Rags and Tags, the boys' twin Yorkshire terriers, and coaxing them to sit up on the back of the motor. I never had begged on a street corner, but I thought at once, "Why not?" The result was much money for the Red Cross, an increased knowledge of human nature for me, as well as some delightful new friends. I should never have had the courage to try it in—New York, let us say, I should have been afraid I'd be arrested.

At first to an Easterner the summer landscape seems dry and dusty, but after living here one grows to love the peculiar soft tones of tan and bisque, with bright shades of ice-plant for color, and by the sea the wonderful blues and greens of the water. No one can do justice to the glory of that. Sky-blue, sea-blue, the shimmer of peacocks' tails and the calm of that blue the old masters use for the robes of their madonnas, ever blend and ever change. Trees, there are few, the graceful silhouette of a eucalyptus against a golden sky, the clumps of live-oaks, and on the Coast Road to San Diego the Torrey pines, relics of a bygone age, growing in but one other place in the world, and more picturesque than any tree I ever saw. One swaying over a canyon is the photographer's joy. It has been posing for hundreds of years, and will still for centuries more, I have no doubt.

Were I trying to write a sort of sugar-coated guide-book I could make the reader's mouth water just as the menu of a Parisian restaurant does. The canyons through which we have wandered, the hills we have circled, Grossmont—that island in the air—Point Loma, the southern tip of the United States, and farther north the mountains and orange-groves—snow-capped Sierras looming above orchards of blooming peaches!

Even the names add to the fascination. The Cuyamaca Mountains, meaning the Hills of the Brave One. Sierra Madre,



the Mother Mountains; even Tia Juana is euphonious, if you don't stop to translate it into the plebeian "Aunt Jane," and no names could be as lovely as the places themselves. So much beauty rather goes to one's head. For years in the East we had lived in rented houses, ugly rented houses, always near the station so that J—— could catch the 7.59 or the 8.17, on foot. To find ourselves on a smiling hilltop—our own hilltop, with "charmed magic casements opening on the foam"—seemed like a dream. After three years it still seems too good to be true.

They say that if you spend a year in southern California you will never be able to leave it. I don't know. We haven't tried. The only possible reason for going back would be that you aren't in the stirring heart of things here as you are in New York, and *The Times* is five days old when you get it. Your friends—they all come to you if you just wait a little. What amazes them always is to find that southern California has the most perfect summer climate in the world, if you keep near the sea. No rain—many are the umbrellas I have gently extracted from the reluctant hands of doubting visitors; no heat such as we know it in the East. We have an out-of-doors dining-room, and it is only two or three times in summer that it is warm enough to have our meals there. In the cities or the "back country" it is different. I have felt heat in Pasadena that made me feel in the same class with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, but never by the sea.

One result of all this fresh air is that we won't even go indoors to be amused. Hence the outdoor theatre. Why go to a play when it's so lovely outside? But to go to a play out-of-doors in an enchanting Greek theatre with a real moon rising above it—that's another matter! I shall never forget "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as given by the Theosophical Society at Point Loma. Strolling through the grounds with the mauve and amber domes of their temples dimly lit, I found myself murmuring: "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree." In a canyon by the sea we found a theatre. The setting was perfect, and the performance was worthy of it. Never

have I seen that play so beautifully given, so artistically set and delightfully acted, though the parts were taken by students in the Theosophical School. After the last adorable little fairy had toddled off—I hope to bed—we heard a youth behind us observe: "These nuts sure can give a play." We echoed his sentiments.

I should make one exception to my statement that people won't go indoors to be amused. They go to the "movies"—I think they would risk their lives to see a new film almost as recklessly as the actors who make them. The most interesting part of the moving-picture business, however, is out-of-doors. You are walking down the street and notice an excitement ahead. Douglas Fairbanks is doing a little tight-rope walking on the telegraph-wires. A little farther on a large crowd indicates further thrills. Presently there is a splash, and Charley Chaplin has disappeared into a fountain with two policemen in pursuit. Once while we were motoring we came to a disused railway spur and were surprised to find a large and fussy engine getting up steam, while a crowd blocked the road for some distance. A lady in pink satin was chained to the rails—placed there by the villain, who was smoking cigarettes in the offing, waiting for his next cue. The lady in pink satin had made a little dugout for herself under the track, and as the locomotive thundered up she was to slip underneath—a job that the mines of Golconda would not have tempted me to try. Moving-picture actors have a very high order of courage. We could not stay for the dénouement, as we had a nervous old lady with us who firmly declined to witness any such hair-raising spectacle. I looked in the paper next morning for railway accidents to pink ladies, but could find nothing, so she probably pulled it off successfully.

Every year new theatres are built. We have seen Ruth St. Denis at the Organ Pavilion of the San Diego Exposition, and "Julius Cæsar" with an all-star cast in the hills back of Hollywood, where the space was unlimited and Cæsar's triumph included elephants and other beasts, loaned by the movies, and Brutus's camp

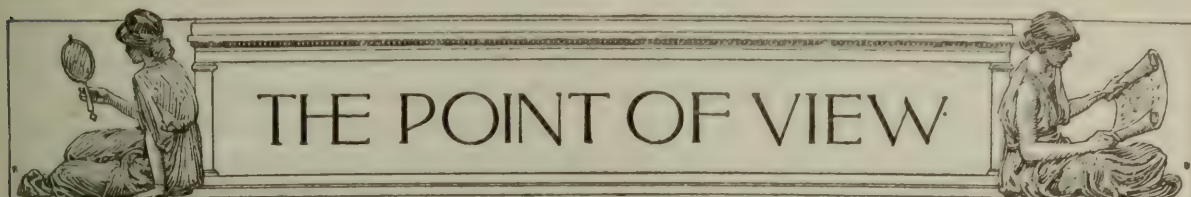


spread over the hillside as it might actually have done long ago. There is a place in the back country near Escondido where, at the time of the harvest-moon, an Indian play with music is given every year. At Easter thousands of people go up Mount Rubidoux, near Riverside, for the sunrise service. Some celebrated

singer usually takes part, and it is very lovely—quite unlike anything else.

So we have come to belong to what the French would call the school of "pleine air." I once knew an adorable little boy who expressed it better than I can:

"Sun callin' me, sky callin' me,  
Comin' sun—comin' sky."



THE other day, in turning over an envelope of newspaper clippings collected by a friend who was keenly interested in the English language and in the futile attempts to control its future growth, I came across the once famous list

Bryant's "Index  
Expurgatorius"

of words and of usages which William Cullen Bryant drew up more than half a century ago to notify

the staff of the evening newspaper he was then editing that he did not wish to see any of these words or usages in the journal he conducted. "The words in this list are to be avoided," he put at the head of his condemnatory catalogue. In his day this list had a wide reputation; it was known as Bryant's "Index Expurgatorius," and it was adopted in not a few other newspaper offices as an aid to the attaining of the pure English which we all of us strive to achieve. And yet in our day this list reads very curiously. It abides as an example of the powerlessness of any one man to affect in even the slightest degree the ability of the users of a language to make it what they unconsciously and instinctively want it to be.

It cannot be denied that Bryant was unusually well equipped for the post of linguistic censor. He was himself a writer of nervous and masculine blank verse and of direct and vigorous prose. He knew English as it had fallen from the pen of its masters, the superbly imaginative poets of our language; and he was fairly familiar with several other tongues, ancient and modern. He had a healthy hatred of "tall talk" and "fine writing," and so we find him here insisting that "banquet" must not be used

for "dinner" or "supper," "inaugurate" for "begin," or "devouring element" for "fire." He believed that those who undertook to write English would do well to be satisfied with English words and not to borrow needlessly from the French; and so he laid a ban upon "artiste," "cortège," "début," "employé," "rôle," and "tapis." He was a defender of ancient landmarks with a sharp preference for the legitimate word threatened by a verbal usurper; and so he required his contributors to use "lenity" and not "leniency" and "jeopard" and not "jeopardize."

Here we perceive at once that custom has overruled the scrupulous poet. There is no doubt that "lenity" and "jeopard" are good old words, better and simpler than the variations which have ousted them; but there is no doubt also that they seem to us in the twentieth century a little old-fashioned, not to call them pedantic or affected. The most conservative purist now uses "leniency" and "jeopardize" without hesitation. Nor will the most conservative purist now hesitate to call a woman writer an "authoress" and a woman writer of verse a "poetess," both of these newfangled words having made good their standing in our vocabulary, despite Bryant's disapproval. Half a dozen other nouns to which he objected would not now strike most of us as open to any objection, "humbug," "loafer," "raid," "reliable," "roughs," and "rowdies." These are all useful words and most of them are necessary; and, of course, it is simply because they were useful that they have been adopted, however disreputable they may have been when



they were struggling for existence on the outskirts of the language.

Bryant also laid his interdict on "bogus" and on "taboo." Now, "bogus" is still uncertain in its welcome; it seems to be going out of use. "Taboo," on the other hand, has been elected to the language and has even been chosen by the anthropologists as a term of scientific precision. Among the other words which the American poet communicated are "collided," "donated," "lengthy," "located," "standpoint," and "talented"; and every one familiar with the history of English will find it easy to see why Bryant disapproved of them. To him they were abhorrent malformations, due to the linguistic ignorance of those who first employed them. But even if his objection is valid to-day, all these words, indefensible as they may be, are likely to come into wider and wider use, just as a countless host of their predecessors, words we employ every day, were once denounced as misbegotten vocables when they made their first appearance.

**W**E might as well recognize, once for all, that Bryant was as powerless as Mrs. Partington and as King Canute. He could not sweep back the waves or compel them to obey him. In drawing up his list of verbal taboos he was often wise in his generation; but, after all, he was only declaring his own prejudices, even if these prejudices were justified. Orthodoxy was only his doxy, and heterodoxy was the other man's; and the other men have proved that they were in the majority. Words have their fates as well as books. The English language is not in a state of decay or disintegration or degeneration. It is in no danger of death or even of bankruptcy. It does not need a self-appointed guardian. It is competent to manage its own affairs; and that is just what it is doing, what it has always done, and what it always will do no matter how shrilly the purists may cry aloud and how violently the pedants may rage.

To say this is not to disparage or to discourage well-meant efforts, like those of Bryant, to discriminate between good and bad usage. It is well that there should be a watcher at the gate, ready to challenge verbal novelties and to demand that they

show their credentials. The sentinel may not be wise and he may not be well informed; and the words and usages he rejects may succeed in getting their registration cards from some one else. Yet the sudden halting of the new arrival in the vocabulary may serve a good purpose if it is undertaken in a worthy spirit. All verbal novelties do not win acceptance at last. Sometimes their exclusion is due to the protests against them, although, of course, it is more often because they have not proved that they are really useful.

As Bryant was a gentleman and a scholar in the good old phrase, and as he was a man of delicate discrimination, we are not surprised to find that he preferred "gentlemen" to "gents" and "pantaloons" to "pants." Yet any one aware of the frequency with which mayhem has been practised upon English words cannot help wondering why "gents" and "pants" should seem to us intolerably vulgar, while we discover no taint of commonness in "cab" and in "mob," each of which is the result of a curtailing as violent. Perhaps it is because the original words of which "cab" and "mob" are surviving vestiges are no longer in general use to remind us of the truncation from which they have suffered, whereas gentlemen still wear pantaloons even if "gents" are content to go around in "pants." It is true that "pants" has got itself accepted—more or less—by the clothing trade, just as "casket" is the word which the undertaker finds more stately and more sonorous than "coffin." If I may call myself as a witness to testify on the same side as Bryant, I must confess that "casket" gives me the shivers; it makes me creep; and I shall refuse to be buried in one. In fact, if this is proposed to me after I have departed this life, I shall echo the cry of the dead man in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes—"I'd see myself alive again first!"

Where Bryant was carrying his personal prejudice a little too far was in his refusal to admit into the columns of the journal he conducted what he condemned as "Wall Street slang generally," instancing as words to be avoided "bulls," "bears," "long," "short," "flat," and "corner." It is evident that these words are not fairly to be stigmatized as slang. They are the technical terms of the money-market; and



they are absolutely necessary to describe the business done on the exchange. A stock-broker who is seeking to depress the value of a stock is known as a "bear," and if we refuse to call him by this name, then we are forced to employ a roundabout phrase, which will waste time. Instead of the compact and clear statement that "the bears found themselves in a corner," we would have to assert that "the brokers who believed stocks to be too high, and who had therefore sold shares which were not in their possession, found themselves unable to fulfil their engagements to deliver these shares."

The users of language in the busy marts of trade, in the factory, and at the forge, will always take short cuts; and if the existing vocabulary does not supply them with the sharp word which is all-sufficient for their needs, they will make a word of their own on the spot, without asking permission. And who has a better right to do it? "Horseless vehicle" had a short shrift, and it was soon succeeded by "car." Perhaps "auto" will in time oust its parent, "automobile," as "taxi" has already ousted "taximeter cab" and as "movie" seems to be ousting "moving pictures." Life is swift in what the old lady indignantly described as "this so-called twentieth century"; we have no time to waste in the use of sesquipedalian phrases when we can curtail them or condense them or compact their meaning into a monosyllable which does the work with succinct directness. "Tank" seems to be a very inappropriate name for an armored tractor; but a tank it is now and a tank it will remain so long as it continues to be a necessary implement of modern warfare.

And when a thing has a name, there is no advantage in disputing its accuracy. Indeed, there is little advantage in disputing about words and usages, if the debate is characterized by the heat which all discussions about language are likely to generate. That very shrewd observer, the late Professor Lounsbury, described the ordinary linguistic controversy as "always earnest and generally bitter," and he declared that "it frequently ends with no other result than that of leaving a firm conviction in the mind of each disputant that the other is an ignoramus, if not an idiot, and a general impression on the part of the public that both are about right."

A CAT is master of that most subtle of the arts, reserve. Neither shyness nor bashfulness is his; humility dwells not in him, and modesty touches him with but ineffective fingers. For modesty connotes two factors: a slender confidence in self and an inner restraint from thrusting oneself forward. Neither belongs to the cat. In our own race only the Scotchmen have glorified reserve and made a national trait of reticence; for canniness implies the wisdom of withholding expression. The Scotchman has claimed and won honor for his limitation in expression. Not so the cat. Calumny has fallen upon him, and he is made to wear the adjectives "stealthy" and "selfish" and "treacherous." We are apt, in our large-minded way, to call reserve treachery when we do not understand it. And we never, in our large-minded way, will understand the cat. Though caution and wariness tingle on his whiskers, his half-closed eyes are focussed on some distant, unseen world, and enmesh his reserve with a sense of mystery. Inscrutability veils the expression of his eyes, something secret and occult vibrates in the atmosphere, and unseen forces which are at once close and remote baffle our perplexed and cumbrous understanding.

The reserve which is most irritating is that which we cannot understand. It is our subjective attitude which makes us interpret such reserve as obstinacy, stupidity, or perverseness, and which calls forth in us a spirit of allied exasperation and determination to shatter. For the human ego is a curious and demanding creature, which is, strangely enough, at the mercy of that which most quickly retreats before it. The incomprehensible touches the pride; so it is through the medium of vanity that the ego is conquered by the cold demeanor of aloofness. Cats either pique the curiosity of the imaginative or baffle and therefore madden the swift, logical thinker. There is a subtle connotation to be found in the comparative number of men and women who like cats. Even in the kindest of men, the insolent and independent deportment of a cat's tail arouses some spirit of vexation. If the Cat That Walked by His Lone had not waved his wild tail, the Iliad of Catdom might have been a different story.

One almost hesitates to say that it is a

Reserve and  
the Cat



woman's love for little things which is the basis of her liking for cats. The appeal comes on what she feels to be his helplessness; of the independence which irritates the man she is scarcely conscious. In her, the kitten, a soft ball of fur, calls forth a tender and protective element which endures long after the cat has any particular desire for it. It is she who says: "Don't tease him." And to the woman, too, there is some unconscious or but dimly realized connection, some dream memory or dream hope, of the cat with the open hearth and singing kettle and quiet contentment of home.

Some people have an inherent and unreasoning fear of cats; some, units of giganity, are not affected in any way by the "little people"; and some say with no uncertain inflection that they "love dogs but can't see anything in cats." To this last class, so astigmatic in affection, I owed allegiance until I met and contemplated with more than a casual eye my friend, Moses.

The Hebraic dignity of Moses' name might have seemed belied when as a tiny kitten his carriage was more frivolous than sacerdotal, had it not been for the budding promise of his whiskers. But it must have been his own sense of fitness or the untaught ethics of inference which has prevented then and throughout his life from ever indulging in any porcine delicacy.

His mother was an Angora, and Moses' long, soft fur and his daintiness with food proclaimed him an aristocrat; from his father, a charming young Lothario, his heir gained his tiger markings and a certain robust vigor of personality. His nobility is apparent in the manner of his speech; no crude or boisterous expressions pass his lips, and his voice is rather a suggestion than an utterance. He does not often speak, but when he does, it is with delicate modulation and inflection. For the higher modes of intercourse he rises to higher planes, where his passivity and receptiveness are like finely adjusted instruments. For a cat seldom gives one the impression of inadequacy, and lack of words never hinders or makes faltering his expression. How different from my dog, whose striving for speech is sometimes poignantly pathetic.

Though outwardly Moses adjusts his life only to the vagaries of his own sweet will, inwardly he is a psychic creature, preyed

upon by sudden anxieties of the spirit. His whiskers flicker with unseen apprehensions, and to all the hesitancies of the oversensitive he is heir. Although most cats like to look out on the world from some window, protected from chance insults of passing dogs, Moses prefers the pageantry of his own thoughts. Sometimes he philosophizes on the mystery of rain-drops, but for the most part his vision is an inner rather than an outer one. But if his interest in the material objects of life is casual, his concentration of thought on the shadows is intense. It is as though the significance of all things is concentrated in their reflection; that in the unsubstantial dwell the realities of life. Actuality touches him with but dream fingers, but in the unseen, and to us but vaguely sensed, he lives unmystified by mystery. Because of this, his entrance into a room is quiet but full of some unguessed significance. Although he plays the rôle of unobtrusive pet in the hearthside drama of the home, in our dim perception of the psychic he strides a very protagonist.

In the garden, too, Moses strolls with a regal nonchalance. No sense of loneliness assails him; he blinks in the sun and converses with beings of a different world. The lawns and shrubberies are but demarcations of his smaller domain. Here wander occasionally creatures from the house; and here under his strict supervision the gardener labors for his pleasure.

Not often does he seek the romance of the highway, for to such as he beauty and mystery lie close at home. He picks a careful way in the mottled shadow of the acanthus and finds a tremendous thrill of adventure in the murmur of their stately leaves. The atmosphere of the jungle creeps into his spirit, and in this wilderness of stalks and greenery the shadow-hand of heredity falls upon him. He likes also to lie under the low-branching pines and to look out upon sunflecked lawns. It is typical of his attitude toward life. For he is an observer rather than an actor; in his soul resides contemplation rather than argument. And he is a master in that seldom learned knowledge, so often called reserve, that certain events evolve without the entrance of the personal equation, and that not in voluble action but in quietness are learned the great things of the world.





### WAR MEMORIALS IN SCULPTURE

IS our promised "second awakening" in art to be made manifest in our coming war memorials? The question vitally concerns not only painters and sculptors, architects and manufacturers, but our general public as well, since in our monuments as in all else we shall have the art that we as a people deserve. The answer to the question depends largely on our attitude toward our experts in art; and that attitude will be an index of our progress in art since the Civil War.

"The trouble with you artists," growled a harassed chief of a department not wholly unjust in his injustice—"the trouble with you artists is, you come too late with your suggestions. The business men always get ahead of you." At present, however, many of our artists, roused by the war to a heightened sense of personal responsibility, are breaking the fetters of professional etiquette and are speaking their minds freely as to certain ineptitudes in our monumental art.

But no prophet needs to rise from the dead nor any artist be haled from his studio to remind us of that granite girdle of soldiers' monuments strung on one strong string all the way from Cape Ann to the Golden Gate. We are wrong if we comfortably conclude that these are sins of other years. A trade journal at my elbow shows at a glance that the industry still thrives. It is, therefore, right to explain just why we condemn those figures at everlasting parade-rest in the heart of our post-Grant period of American sculpture and still accept with joy the equally anonymous images on many a Gothic cathedral. For one thing, the difference is often that between death and life. Our commercialized granite soldier is not only stone but stock, a type of maddening monotony ground out by machinery, while the mediæval saints and imps are frequently creatures of infinite variety with some human nature in their veins. Again, the Chartres apostles and the guardians of the portal of Notre Dame de Paris keep their places where they are, as shapes of light and dark

in a whole great structure, while our "bon-homme" perches on a pedestal in the open, thereby falsely declaring himself to be, in himself, a work of art. Is it not strange that any one could take granite, a noble material element, and the soul of a soldier, a noble spiritual element, and of the two botch up so poor an effigy? There would be no sacrilege in removing an image which so ill commemorates heroism. The sacrilege is in letting it stay. Will not some of our more wealthy or more liberal townships take the initiative and, with the courage of their convictions and exchequers, now banish ugly Civil War monuments which honor neither the quick nor the dead? It is true that these judicious removals demanded by the minds of new men are sometimes bitter to the hearts of the old, who alone can understand the sacredness of the old-time emotion. But though it is not given to the young to fathom depths of feeling in the old, it is in the power of the veterans to share fully in the spirit of patriotism of our youth to-day. At Gettysburg as at Château-Thierry, *ducit amor patriæ*. Surely a joint memorial might be reared to honor the heroes of both wars, if space or funds were lacking for separate tributes.

To-day bronze as well as granite may bewray us. There are signs that even those who cry out against our absurd stone soldiers are about to commit in bronze sins almost as great. Before our army is demobilized, our communities from one Portland to the other are planning an army of bronze simulacra which will, perhaps, be as embarrassing to the coming generation as the cheap Civil War statues are to us. Our hearts being filled with love and gratitude for our heroes, the first few of these realistic bronzes that we shall see will not greatly offend, however mediocre their art. But after this bronze image has been repeated by the dozen, the score, the hundred, the thousand, its welcome, like that of its stone predecessor, will be worn out. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the realistic effigy of a soldier is a regrettable form of memorial. Still worse is the pretentious,



overelaborate pile of granite and bronze which many a prosperous city is likely to erect in its zeal to outdo its neighbors. Great size may advertise material riches, together with spiritual poverty. Colossal snap-shots in bronze are not art, for art must transfigure as well as transcribe. The situation is perilous and calls for the best expert advice.

As first aid to those wishing to erect monuments, there are hundreds of art societies in our country, including some twenty municipal art commissions. Doubtless, the American Federation of Arts, made up of two hundred and twenty-eight affiliated chapters, will soon publish suggestions on the subject. Municipal art commissions do not, indeed, make monuments, though they may in some sort unmake them, their functions being generally advisory, with veto power. Since their members are men of light and leading in matters of art and of public welfare, their counsel will be disinterested. They will charge you, first of all, to choose a good site, and to suit your monument in style, scale, and subject to that site, and to get the best experts you can afford in making these vitally important decisions. Good sites are not found at every street corner, but persons who have made a lifelong study of sites can doubtless spy them out better than you or I, and are even able, by taking thought, to remodel poor sites into good ones. The laws of artistic fitness being based on common sense, your monument must neither obstruct traffic nor invite damage from it. And as we do not pour champagne into communion chalices, so we shall not put a frolicking little fountain into the centre of a majestic square; nor shall we pile Pelion on Ossa, in the shape of a triumphal arch or a gallant equestrian statue at the corner of a lane. Only a very great work of art, such as the Colleoni monument, may rise superior to the irony of site. It will be remembered that the quibbling Venetian senators accepted Colleoni's money bequest, yet obeyed the law by shunting off his lofty equestrian statue out of the great Piazza into the Campo of Peter and Paul, hard by the street of the Mendicants; from which we note that municipal art commissions are of ancient lineage and that the Venetian law, fantastic as we find it in Elizabethan comedy, had conservative ideas as to sur-

charging the Piazza of Saint Mark with monuments.

Even though the monument you have in mind is not of equestrian rank, and is, in fact, modest in aim, your advisers will hesitate to send you to a manufacturer of stock memorials in bronze, granite, or marble, because they know that while the best of these manufacturers manufacture exceedingly well (and this is high praise), they know also that business firms, with a natural bent for business rather than for art, do not possess the artist's full appreciation of beauty in design, but normally gravitate toward "popular," "effective" designs and toward designs calling for the least labor with the largest return. Here the shop protests, saying: "We have our own artists." But are these artists really men of talent and training, working freely as *creative* artists, or are they rather draftsmen or designers acting as feeders to a plant and working under the direction of the business head of a firm? A recent expert survey of one of our great cemeteries revealed the fact that out of all its monuments, simple or elaborate, erected within the last twenty-five years, those which were really beautiful were designed by sculptors or architects, or by both together, but not by the monument shop. Often the manufacturer, properly haunted by thoughts of revenue, will depend too much on the machine, avoiding handwork, always more costly, more variable, and less exact than machine work, yet more grateful to the inquiring human eye. Sometimes he finds that a joining or two in the wrong place in granite or marble work will save him material and labor. Sometimes the sum mentioned by him in an estimate kept low to catch the client cannot possibly permit him to enjoy both the virtue of good design and the reward of a fair profit. It is not the purpose here to stir up strife between artist and manufacturer. Each is already wise in the other's faults. Since each must have the other and the world must have both, the obvious need now as in the past is rather of more sympathy between the two; and the further education of our public in art and in craftsmanship will foster that sympathy. Paying for good craftsmanship is a step toward paying for good design, and paying for good design is a step toward getting it. An unhappy thrift will not be forced upon the manufacturer,



and the artist-designer will create more freely and sanely.

Expert guidance has no wish to ride rough-shod over the ideas of those about to erect memorials. On the contrary, a full expression of these ideas is welcomed, not only in order to avoid misunderstandings, but also because persons who bring to a matter their profoundly felt personal emotions may, perhaps, have within them some vital yet unexpressed poetry of thought which the artist will do well to seek out. If this poetry is distinctly from the "literary" point of view, and cannot be interpreted within the natural bounds of bronze or marble, the sculptor must turn teacher and explain why his art can only summarize or suggest what the printing-press can set forth in abundant detail. (Poetry aside, I have heard a lady insist that in the portrait bust of her husband the mouth should be entirely covered by a mustache, while at the same time the lips should express the singular gentleness yet firmness of his character.) Monumental sculpture is misusing its powers when it plays the ape to the moving-picture show and depicts in endless realism of detail "accidents by flood and field." It was by consummate art in elimination, selection, and departure that the Greeks made the tale of the Parthenon frieze an epic in marble.

In place of memorial forms to be condemned or discouraged, expert knowledge has a rich variety of shapes to suggest; and as our sprightliest critic has somewhere said: "Without variety, as without vision, the people perish." A well by the wayside; a bell in a tower; a shrine in a grove or garden or church; a town clock; a beautifully designed bronze standard for a flagpole, either by itself or as an adjunct to a hall or a schoolhouse; the fountain in its myriad shapes of life and laughter; the inscribed stone seat under a stately village tree; the newly planted avenue of trees fitly inscribed; the boundary stone; a gateway or a church door; a sun-dial or even a bird bath; the monumental bridge; the water-gate; the triumphal arch—every one of these forms and many more, simple or magnificent, may well be made commemorative of the hour and its storied meanings. Some of those who died for us were young, blithe creatures; we would have their covering rest lightly upon them and their memorial,

whatever and wherever it is, not without some sign of young joy upon it. And whether the monument be for youth or age, for the group or the individual, its true worth will be revealed, not in size, cost, or elaborateness, but in fitness, imaginative quality, spiritual content, and also, not to be forgotten, the well-educated workmanship of both artist and artisan.

Many of the sculptural forms just mentioned would not be of prohibitive cost even for small communities. With a larger sense of the value of beauty in civic improvements, perhaps we shall be able to turn into other channels our immemorial longing for the memorial portrait, from the "imperishable" bronze statue to the "imperishable" burnt-in china photograph now being advertised. "Imperishable" is a hypnotic word, dismaying, too, when we perceive that in memorial art the portrait is not always appropriate and is sometimes grotesque or inane. Better a good tablet than a bad portrait, since so simple a thing as a mere inscription may be made a thing of beauty. But the value of a fitly designed inscription, as thoroughly understood by many of our modern artists as by those amazing sculptors of the Italian Renaissance, is certainly slighted by our public and our manufacturers, if these are as well content with mechanical stock letters, evenly applied to a flat surface, as with lettering imaginatively shaped and spaced by an artist to fit special conditions of place, scale, lighting.

A new importance has of late been given to insignia, emblems, and medals. Remember, too, that the vast new symbolism of modern warfare is at hand, ready to be used for the first time in art. How Lionardo and Dürer and Rembrandt would have revelled in it! Already our painters and etchers are showing us greatness of line and color in airplanes, battleships, and in the stupendous enginery for creating weapons of war. The sculptor's advantage here is obviously less than the painter's; yet in the wide field of bas-relief, the lyric or dramatic side of sculpture, a whole new world of decorative motives is opened.

For the delight of complacent foreigners, every land has its characteristic aberrations in funeral art. We Americans in our travels enjoy feeling sorry about the Nightingale monument in Westminster Abbey, the bead



wreaths at Père-Lachaise Cemetery, the Carrara marble derby hats in the Campo Santo at Genoa. Such lapses confirm us in our own good taste, and we forget that a modernist poet of the year 1918 thus describes an American grave:

"And over it was a stone with a little cupola like,  
Enclosed with window glass,  
Making a kind of cabinet;  
And in the cabinet was a tintype—"

But what we need to note is that certain trivial tendencies, exposed alike by the Carrara "bowler" and the tintype in the cupola, always come frothing to the top during the high tide of post-bellum emotion. Beautiful and generous as that emotion is, it must not, if reason and good judgment can now prevail, be suffered to waste itself in "imperishable" futilities due to exploitation by unworthy or ignorant persons, whether artists or dealers. Only a large education in art and in honor can save us all from each other when monument time comes.

In the hope of bettering American design and craftsmanship, the Metropolitan Museum has created a department "devoted to the needs of manufacturers, dealers, designers, artisans, rendering accessible to them the resources of the collection *in terms of their own particular problems and requirements.*" May not the monument shop be benefited here and to the same end? Moreover, two million young men are returning to us, thousands upon thousands of them bringing home a strange, new knowledge of Old World beauty, especially that shrined within and without the French Gothic cathedrals. The wonders that books and museums have been trying to tell these lads they have now seen with their own eyes. We look to our returning American youth for help in raising our standards in taste. That help would be far greater if our government should find it possible to allow a specially chosen body of our young men to remain for a fixed period on French or Italian or Greek soil to study monuments of great art and great craftsmanship for the purpose of improving our national art. Unquestionably we have in France to-day hundreds of boys well fitted to do this in ways that could be strictly defined and supervised by responsible forces already at work.

The sympathy of France is assured to us by her generous offer of her educational resources. This experiment on a broad scale and under government auspices would be an effort toward attaining the vital object pursued by our American Academy in Rome—an improvement in our American ideals in art. The Academy, to be sure, purposes to make thoroughly well-trained artists of its students, while the brief intensive study that might be provided by our government would not and could not have this aim; but our country needs knowers and lovers of art quite as much as professional artists. Our young men would take away from the Old World nothing that she might not willingly give in exchange for something else. From the ancient sources of Mediterranean culture, unexpectedly visited by fresh young eyes at an epic moment in the whole world's life, what a wealth of new creative energy might gush forth if, indeed, the eyes of strange youth are as Moses' rod or as the dawn-waking Memnon! Let no one say it cannot be. For we have learned of late that red tape is not always as red as it has been painted, that it is not always tied as cruelly tight as has been declared, and that when people enough care enough about what is bound up by it red tape parts as easily as the Red Sea, under the right touch.

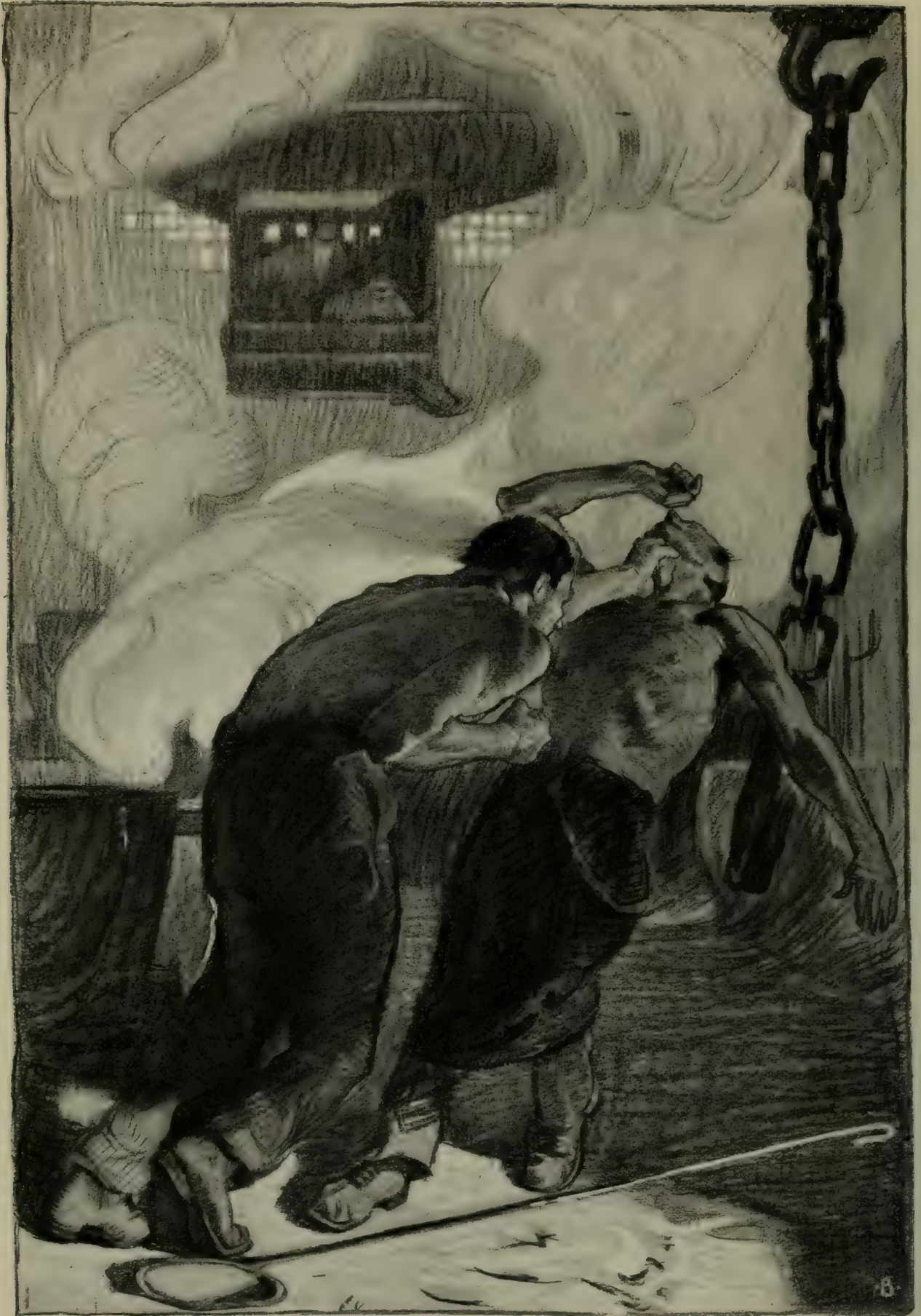
Since post-Grant standards in memorial sculpture still survive, we may assume that our returning soldiers, for at least a generation, will have a voice in the matter of monuments. If even a very small percentage of these men could come back, not as artists but as fighting gospellers of art, expert opinion in art would be visibly supported and strengthened here. And until expert opinion in art is valued at its true worth in our democracy our best efforts in art may at times suffer delays and contempt due to the democratic absolutism of the unlearned. But when all is told our hopes in art to-day are more than our handicaps. Knowing our American sculptors and their gifts, we believe that in many superb instances their sculpture, in its beauty and its spiritual significance, will match with the heroism it is about to commemorate.

ADELINE ADAMS.









*Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.*

THE LIE WAS PASSED, A BLOW WAS STRUCK, AND THE LONG-EXPECTED  
FIGHT WAS ON.

—"The Open Hearth," page 433.



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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*From a photograph by R. E. Marble.*

The famous Two Medicine Lake in July.

Mount Rockwell in the middle background stands out in front of the Continental Divide. The two peaks on the right are Mount Helen and Flinsch Peak, both on the Continental Divide.

## GLACIER REVEALED

By Robert Sterling Yard

Chief, Educational Division, National Park Service

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

### I

THIS article considers Glacier National Park from a different point of view. Its facts are not those usually offered. Its purpose is to explain why this extraordinary landscape stands alone in kind amid the great scenery of the world. Its hope is to add the keen pleasure of appreciation to the other pleasures which there await the visitor.

To say that Glacier National Park is the Canadian Rockies done in Grand Canyon colors is to express a small part

of a complicated fact. Glacier is so much less and more. It is less in its exhibit of ice and snow. Both are dying glacial regions, and Glacier is hundreds of centuries nearer the end; no longer can it display snowy ranges in August and long, sinuous, Alaska-like glaciers at any time. Nevertheless it has its glaciers, sixty or more of them perched upon high rocky shelves, the beautiful shrunken remainders of one-time monsters. Also it has the stupendous walled cirques and painted, lake-studded canyons which these monsters left for the enjoyment of to-day.

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*From a photograph by Haynes.*

Cracker Lake, above which Mount Siyeh rises four thousand feet, almost sheer.

The dark colored rock masses near the water are deep pink, the cliffs dark gray. The slope on the right of the lake is red and green. The water is a vivid robin's-egg blue, with pink edges where the colored sand shows through.

It is these cirques and canyons which constitute Glacier's unique feature, which make it incomparable of its kind. Glacier's innermost sanctuaries are comfortably accessible and intimately enjoyable for more than two months each summer.

Glacier National Park hangs down from the Canadian boundary-line in north-western Montana, where it straddles the Continental Divide. Adjoining it on the north is the Waterton Lakes Park, Canada. The Blackfeet Indian Reservation borders it on the east. Its southern boundary is Marias Pass, through which the Great Northern Railway crosses the crest of the Rocky Mountains. Its west-

ern boundary is the North Fork of the Flathead River. The park contains more than fifteen hundred square miles.

Communication between the east and west sides within the park is only by trail-passes over the Continental Divide.

There are parts of America quite as distinguished as Glacier: Mount McKinley, for its enormous snowy mass and stature; Yosemite, for the quality of its valley's beauty; Mount Rainier, for its massive radiating glaciers; Crater Lake, for its color range in pearls and blues; Grand Canyon, for its stupendous painted gulf. But there is no part of America or the Americas, or of the world, to match





*From a photograph by A. J. Baker.*

Early morning on Lake McDonald (lower west side).  
Mount Cannon in the background.

this of its kind. As for the particular wondrous thing these glaciers of old left behind them when they shrank to shelved trifles, there is no other. At Glacier one sees what he never saw elsewhere and never will see again—except at Glacier.

Visitors seldom comprehend Glacier; hence they are mute, or praise in generalities or vague superlatives. Those who have not seen other mountains find the unexpected and are puzzled. Those who have seen other mountains fail to understand the difference in these.

“My God, man, where are your artists?” cried an Englishman who had come to St. Mary Lake to spend a night

and was finishing his week. “They ought to be here in regiments. Not that this is the greatest thing in the world, but that there’s nothing else in the world like it.”

## II

THE elements of Glacier’s personality are so unusual that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to make phrases describe it. Comparison fails. Photographs will help, but not very efficiently, because they do not convey its size, color, and reality; or perhaps I should say its unreality, for there are places like Two Medicine Lake in still pale midmorning,





*From a photograph by A. J. Baker.*

North from Piegan Pass.

A familiar trail route between St. Mary Lake and Lake McDermott. Peak of Pollock Mountain shown on the left side and Mount Grinnell on right.

St. Mary Lake during one of its gold sunsets, and the cirques of the Belly River under all conditions which never seem natural.

To picture Glacier as nearly as possible, imagine two mountain ranges roughly parallel in the north, where they pass the Continental Divide back and forth between them across a magnificent high intervening valley, and, in the south, merging into a wild and apparently planless massing of high peaks and ranges. Imagine these mountains repeating everywhere huge pyramids, enormous stone gables, elongated cones, and many other unusual shapes, including numerous saw-toothed edges which rise many thousand feet upward from swelling sides, suggesting nothing so much as overturned keel boats. Imagine ranges, glacier-bitten alternately on either side, with cirques of three or four thousand feet of precipitous

depth. Imagine these cirques often so nearly meeting that the intervening walls are knife-like edges—miles of such walls carry the Continental Divide; and occasionally these cirques meet and the intervening wall crumbles and leaves a pass across the divide. Imagine places where cirque walls have been so bitten outside as well as in that they stand like amphitheatres builded up from foundations instead of gouged out of rock from above.

Imagine these mountains plentifully snow-spattered upon their northern slopes and bearing upon their shoulders many small and beautiful glaciers perched upon rock shelves above and back of the cirques left by the greater glaciers of which they are the remainders. These glaciers are nearly always wider than they are long; I have seen only three with elongated lobes.





*From a photograph by A. J. Baker.*

Mount Reynolds, as seen from St. Mary Lake Trail.

Hanging gardens below the snow on its near front. Just the other side of Reynolds is Hidden Lake.

Imagine deep, rounded valleys emerging from these cirques and twisting snake-like among enormous and sometimes grotesque rock masses which often are inconceivably twisted and tumbled, those of each drainage basin converging fan-like to its central valley. Sometimes a score or more of cirques, great and small, unite their valley streams for the making of a river; seven principal valleys, each the product of such a group, emerge from the east side, thirteen from the west.

Imagine hundreds of lakes whose waters, fresh-run from snow-field and glacier, brilliantly reflect the odd surrounding landscape. Each glacier has its lake or lakes of turquoise blue. Every successive shelf of every glacial stairway has its lake—one or more. And every valley has its greater lake or string of lakes. Glacier is pre-eminently the park of lakes. When all is said and done they

constitute its most distinguished single element of supreme beauty.

And, finally, imagine this picture done in soft, glowing colors—not only the blue sky, the flowery meadows, the pine-green valleys, and the innumerable many-hued waters, but the rocks, the mountains, and the cirques besides. The glaciers of old penetrated the most colorful depths of earth's skin, the very ancient Algonkian strata, that from which the Grand Canyon also is carved. The rocks appear in four differently colored layers. The lowest of these is called the Altyn limestone. There are about sixteen hundred feet of it, pale blue within, weathering pale buff. Whole yellow mountains of this rock hang upon the eastern edge of the park. Next above the Altyn lies thirty-four hundred feet of dull green shale. The tint is pale, deepening to that familiar in the depths of the Grand Canyon. It weathers every





*From a photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.*

Lake McDermott, showing the huge limestone gable of Gould mountain.

darkening shade to very dark greenish brown. Next above that lies twenty-two hundred feet of red shale, a dull rock of varying pinks, which weathers many shades of red and purple, deepening in places almost to black. There is some gleaming white quartzite mixed with both these shales. Next above lies more than four thousand feet of Siyeh limestone, solid, massive, iron-gray with an insis-





*From a photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.*

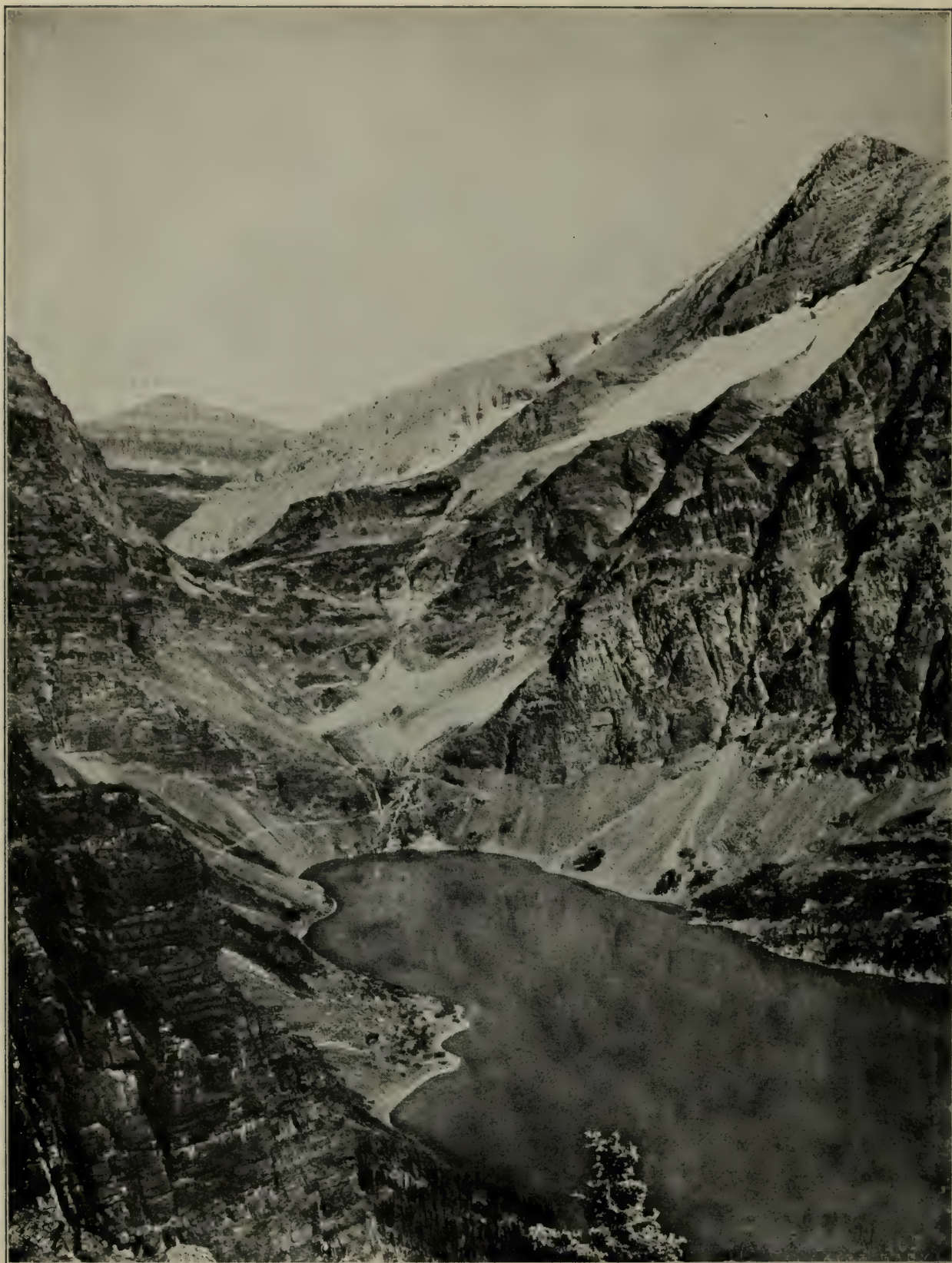
Middle Fork of the Belly River, showing Pyramid Peak and the Shepard Glacier across Crossley Lake.

tent flavor of yellow, and weathering buff.

This heavy stratum is the most impressive part of the Glacier landscape. Horizontally through its middle runs a

dark broad ribbon of diorite, a rock as hard as granite, which once, while molten, burst from below and forced its way between horizontal beds of limestone; and occasionally, as in the Swiftcurrent and





*From a photograph, copyright by R. E. Marble.*

Gunsight Lake and Gunsight Pass from a spur of Mount Jackson.

Triple Divide Passes, there are dull iron-black lavas in heavy twisted masses. Above all these once lay still another shale of brilliant red, fragments of which

may be seen topping mountains here and there in the northern part of the park.

Imagine these rich strata hung east and west across the landscape and sagging





*From a photograph, copyright by R. E. Marble.*

Storm on Lake Ellen Wilson.

Lake Ellen Wilson lies at the west side of Gunsight Pass, corresponding in position to Gunsight Lake on the east.

deeply in the middle, so that a horizontal line would cut all colors diagonally!

Now imagine a softness of line as well as color resulting probably from the soft-

ness of the rock; there is none of the hard insistence, the uncompromising definiteness of the granite landscape. And imagine further an impression of antiquity, a





*From a photograph by Scenic America Co., Portland, Oregon.*

Middle Fork of the Belly River, from one of the cirques at its head.

Glimpse of Chaney Glacier and noble Mount Merritt on right. Foothills of Mount Cleveland, the giant of the park on left. Glens Lake and Crossley Lake shown in the valley.

feeling akin to that with which one enters a mediæval ruin or sees the pyramids of Egypt. Only here is the look of immense, unmeasured, immeasurable age. More than at any place except perhaps the rim of the Grand Canyon does one seem to stand in the presence of infinite ages; an instinct which, while it baffles analysis, is sound, for there are few rocks of the earth's skin so aged as these ornate shales and limestones.

And now, at last, you can imagine Glacier!

### III

BUT, with Glacier, this is not enough. To see, to realize in full its beauty, still leaves one puzzled. One of the peculiarities of the landscape, due perhaps to its differences, is its insistence upon explanation. How came this prehistoric plain so etched with cirques and valleys as to

leave standing only worm-like crests, knife-edge walls, amphitheatres, and isolated peaks? The answer is the story of a romantic episode in the absorbing history of America's making.

Perhaps a hundred million years ago, to quote the assumption of the majority of geologists concerning a period which is only guesswork at best, these lofty mountains were deposited in the shape of muddy sediments on the bottom of shallow fresh-water lakes, whose waves left many ripple marks upon the soft muds of its shores, fragments of which, hardened now to shale, are frequently found by tourists. So ancient was the period that these deposits lay next above the primal Archean rocks, and marked, therefore, almost the beginning of accepted geological history. Life was then so nearly at its beginnings that the forms which Walcott found in the Siyeh limestone were not at first fully accepted as organic.





*From a photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.*

One of the cirque glaciers, middle fork of the Belly River.

Thereafter, during a time so long that none may even estimate it, certainly for many millions of years, the history of the region leaves traces of no extraordinary change. It sank possibly thousands of feet beneath the sea which swept from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic, and accumulated there sediments which to-day are scenic rocks. It may have alternated above and below sea-level many times, as our Southwest has done. Eventually, under earth pressures concerning whose cause many theories have lived and died, it rose to remain until our times.

Then, millions of years ago, but still recently as compared with the whole vast lapse we are considering, came the changes which seem dramatic to us as we look back upon them accomplished, but which came to pass so slowly that no man, had man then lived, could have noticed a single step of progress in the course of a long life. Under earth pressures, the skin buckled, and the Rocky Mountains rose. At some stage of this process the

range cracked along its crest from what is now Marias Pass to a point just over the Canadian border, and, a couple of hundred miles farther north, from the neighborhood of Banff to the northern end of the Canadian Rockies.

Then the great overthrust followed. Side pressures of inconceivable power forced upward the western edge of this crack, including the entire crust from the Algonkian deposits up, and thrust it over the eastern edge. During the overthrusting, which may have taken a million years, and during the millions of years since, the frosts have chiselled open and the rains have washed away all the overthrust strata, the accumulations of the geological ages from Algonkian times down, except only that one bottom layer.

This alone remained for the three ice invasions of the glacial age to carve into the extraordinary area which is called to-day the Glacier National Park.

The Lewis Overthrust, so called because it happened to the Lewis Range, is





*From a photograph by A. J. Baker.*

#### Up Brown Pass Trail.

From Waterton Lake looking westward up the Olson Creek, the route of Brown Pass Trail over the Continental Divide. Porcupine Ridge on the left. The Sentinel in the middle. This is one of the greatest scenic trails in America, but is known as yet to very few.

ten to fifteen miles wide. The eastern boundary of the park roughly defines its limit of progress. Its signs are plain to the eye taught to perceive them. The yellow mountains on the eastern edge near the gateway to Lake McDermott lie on top of the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, whose surface is many millions of years younger and quite different in coloring. Similarly Chief Mountain, at the entrance of the Belly River Valley, owes much of its remarkable distinction to the incompatibility of its form and color with the prairie upon which it lies but out of which it seems to burst.

Perhaps thousands of years after the overthrust was accomplished another tremendous faulting still further modified the landscape of to-day. The overthrust edge cracked lengthwise, this time west of the Continental Divide, all the

way from the Canadian line southwest nearly to Marias Pass. The edge of the strata west of this crack sank perhaps many thousands of feet, leaving great precipices on the west side of the divide similar to those on the east side. There was this great difference, however, in what followed: the elongated west side gulf or ditch thus formed filled up with the deposits of later geologic periods.

This whole process, which also was very slow in movement, is important in explaining the conformation and scenic peculiarities of the west side of the park, which, as seen by the tourist to-day, are remarkably different from those of the east side. Here, the great limestone ranges, glaciated, cirqued, and precipiced as on the east side, suddenly give place to broad, undulating plains.

The inconceivable lapse of time cov-





*From a photograph by A. J. Baker.*

#### Up Brown Pass Trail.

Porcupine Ridge and an unnamed glacier on the left. Guardhouse in distance, with glimpse of Dixon Glacier.

ered in these titanic operations of nature and their excessive slowness of progress rob them of much of their dramatic quality. Perhaps an inch of distance was an extraordinary advance for the Lewis Overthrust to make in any ordinary year, and doubtless there were lapses of centuries when no measurable advance was made. Yet sometimes sudden settlements, accompanied by more or less extended earthquakes, must have visibly altered local landscapes.

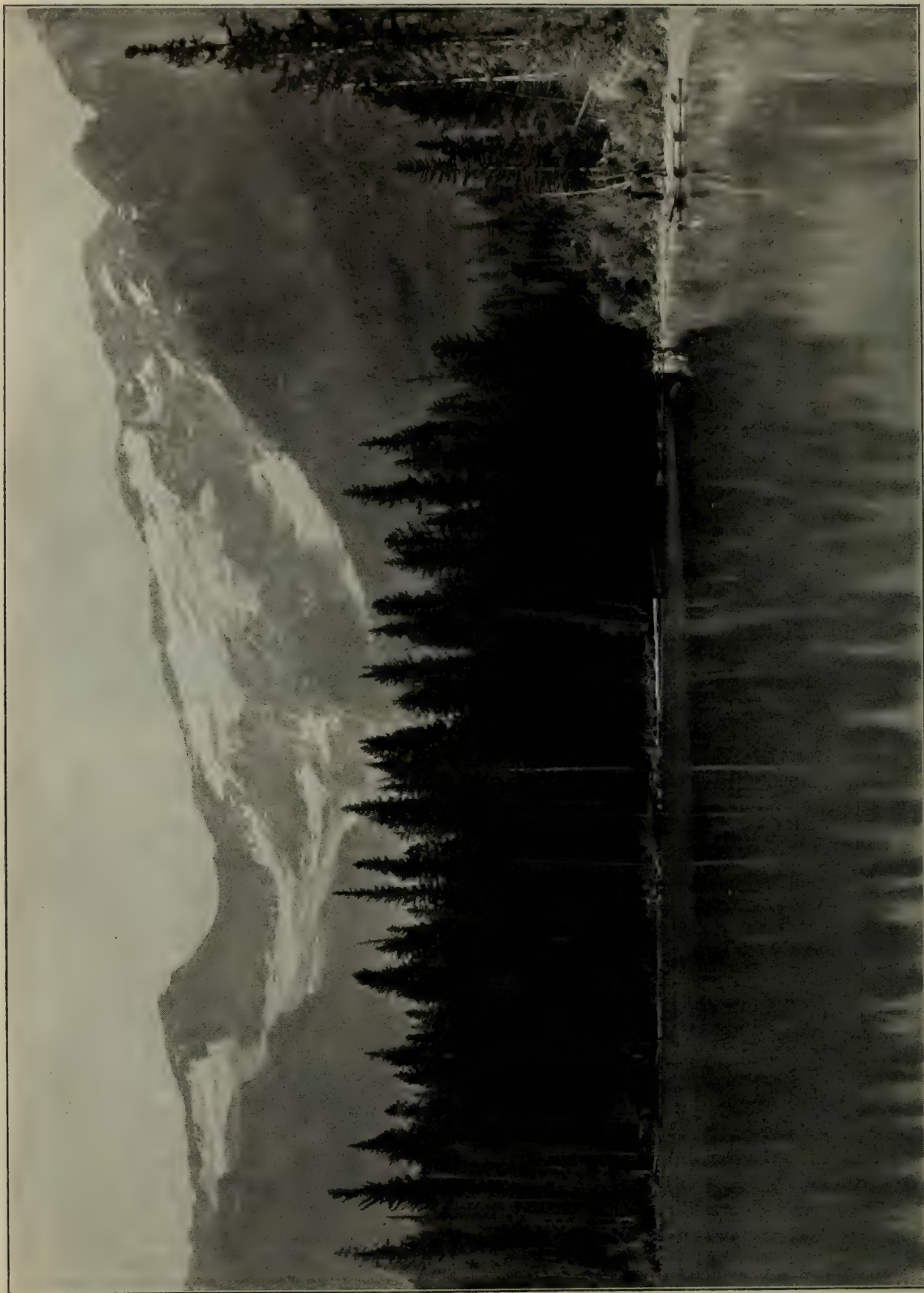
It is with these backgrounds graven deeply on his mind that I want the future visitor to enter Glacier National Park. Then, with an eye keen for the meaning of pebble and cliff, of cirque and gnawed summit, of form and differentiating color; with imagination alert to summon the mighty past for the interpretation of the glowing, magical, stupendous present, he will realize a high degree of pleasure which is wholly denied to the thousands who en-

ter to gape and wonder, asking footless questions of guides more ignorant than themselves. If we are to see at all so marvellous a revelation of nature's workaday processes, let us see it intelligently.

#### IV

THE limits of a magazine article do not permit a survey of so elaborate and complicated an exhibition as this National Park presents. Many thousands of travellers have seen the parts already developed by road and trail, passing from hotel to chalet, from chalet to hotel, in the seeing; and hundreds of thousands are familiar with the reproductions of photographs of these scenes. The towering, painted pyramids of Two Medicine Lake, which are not pyramids at all but the gable ends of mountain ledges thousands of feet high and miles long; the unreal snowy horizon at the head of St. Mary





*From a photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.*

Upper Kintla Lake, showing the Agassiz Glacier.

Kintla Peak, 5,000 feet above lake's surface, spreads glaciers out either way like wings.



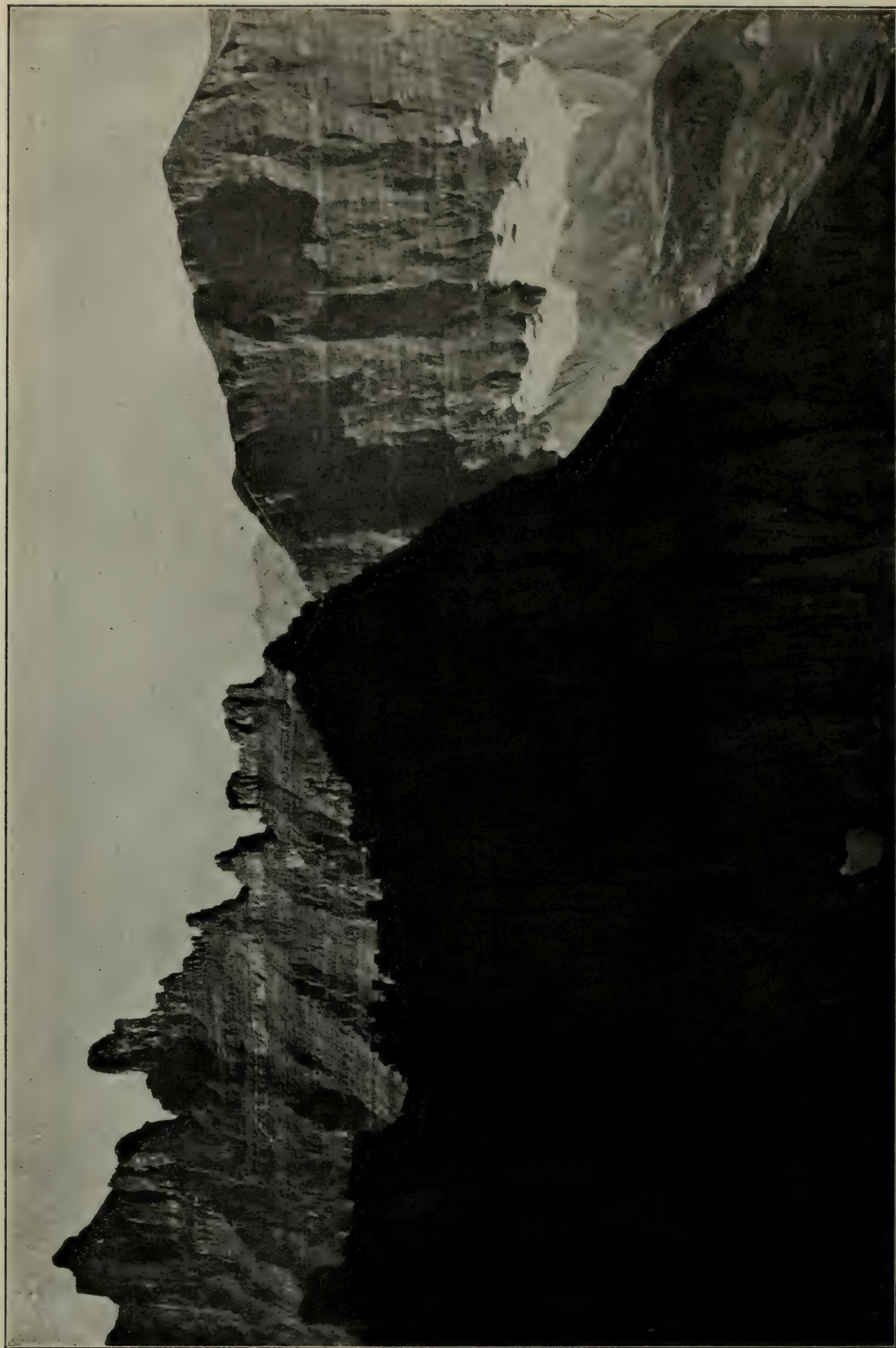


*From a photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.*

**Beautiful Bowman Lake.**

One of the most exquisite spots in America, but known so far to very few. It is reached through Brown Pass.





*From a photograph by Thiri.*

The head of the South Fork of the Belly River with the lower Ahern Glacier clinging to the perpendicular wall of the Continental Divide, here 3,000 feet high. The circular rock wall on the right encloses Iceberg Lake, 2,200 feet below.



Lake, bristling with cones and flanked with bulky knife-edge monsters, purple below and yellowish gray above; the indescribable circle of gables, toothed walls, pyramids, shining cliff glaciers, and sprawling red mountains which surround Lake McDermott; the mammoth amphitheatre of Iceberg Lake, gouged as deep

The northern wilderness may be roughly divided into four scenic areas: the deep central valley from Mount Cannon to Waterton Lake, between the Lewis and Livingston Ranges, which alternately carry the Continental Divide; the Belly River valleys east of this and north of the Iceberg Lake wall; the walled cirques of



Map of Glacier National Park.

and steep without as it is within; the romantic unreality of Gunsight Pass, carrying the Continental Divide over a giant's causeway between the gulf-like cirques in whose bottoms lie Gunsight Lake and Lake Ellen Wilson; the calm beauty of Lake McDonald, largest and longest of the pine-bound lakes of the west side; these, and many others, are familiar, at least in picture, to a large part of intelligent America.

Let us then glance at some of the features in the little-known wilderness north of these, an area as large or larger, whose repetition of similar forms discloses them in fascinating variety and upon a scale of surpassing beauty and grandeur.

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the Bowman and Kintla valleys, and their scenic gateway, the Brown Pass Trail up Olson Valley from Waterton Lake; and the west side north of Lake McDonald. All these, in very different ways, for each is highly individualized, express the Glacier personality in supreme degree. Any one of them alone would nobly furnish a national park.

The central valley, which consists of two valleys lying end on, their streams flowing in opposite directions from a central watershed, might well be called, to designate it as a whole, the Avenue of the Giants, for it is lined on both sides by gigantic mountains. Many have looked up its length from Granite Park near its



lower end, and a few have seen it—and the whole park besides—in full relief from the summit of Swiftcurrent Mountain. The old game trail through its deep forested bottom, which the ambitious must travel if he would follow its majestic length, fortunately emerges upon occasional opens or he would lose all benefit of one of the scenic opportunities of America. The trail ends at Waterton Lake, where the Brown Pass Trail starts west up Olson Valley.

It requires no seer to pronounce the Avenue of the Giants the key to the entire development of the northern wilderness, all of whose greatest spectacles may easily be reached from it; nor does it require inspiration to prophesy it the site of a motor highway connecting Canada's highway system, through the Waterton Lakes Park, with a motor road already planned to cross the Continental Divide through Glacier's centre.

I like to think of the Belly River valleys as the land of exuberance, for here all expression is in the higher powers. They are broad valleys; the grass of their meadows is thick and high, their wild flowers large and many, their underbrush rank, their forests full-bodied. The Middle and South Forks are rushing streams harboring hard-fighting cutthroat trout. The lakes are large and deep. The mountain walls are grim, sprawling yellow monsters at the eastern outlet of the combined forks, towering peaks at their sources.

The cirques in which these rivers rise are the wildest spots in Glacier. The North Fork is born amid groups of glaciers close to the top of the Continental Divide, and its branches descend over four enormous limestone steps through turquoise lakes upon each step. Mount Cleveland, the highest peak in the park, towers upon the north; Mount Merritt, one of the noblest of all, upon the southeast. It is a day's hard scramble to climb into these cirques now, but some day trails will save time and labor.

The South Fork is born close by, southwest of Mount Merritt, in Helen Lake, which is the bottom of a well thousands of feet deep, the upper lips of which drip with glaciers. For bigness and sheer wildness I know of no cirque which seems to equal this. Its lofty, precipitous, toothed,

southern wall is the lofty, precipitous, toothed, northern wall of Iceberg Lake of the Swiftcurrent drainage basin.

Yes, on the other side of that wall hundreds of tourists are riding and tramping the Iceberg Trail, and on this side you stand alone, except for the marmots whistling in the talus, the mountain-goats high on the ledges, and the eagles circling over the abyss. A shot aimed high in air might drop its bullet down into Iceberg Lake; and yet, to reach this spot from Iceberg Lake, you had to make a trail *détour* of nearly forty miles!

Few enter the Belly River valleys to enjoy and explore them except Canadians, who drive in over a road which is a joke to all except those in the wagons. Yet no area in all Glacier combines scenery of such distinction with so great an abundance of essentials for comfort and pleasure. Far down the valley, far out on the prairie, miles even, across the Canadian line, the view back into those many glaciated cirques and their massing of tall peaks and serrated walls is one of pure nobility. The day of the Belly River's valleys, when it comes, will be big and fair. Their promise for popular development is greater than that of any part of the Glacier wilderness.

The name arouses curiosity. Why Belly? The river is principally Canadian. Was not the name, then, the Anglo-Saxon frontier's pronunciation of the Frenchman's *belle*? Surely in all its forks and tributaries, in all its moods and tenses, this was and is the Beautiful River!

But the ultimate expression of the sheer glory of the Algonkian exhibit, and consequently of Glacier National Park, is the headwater country of the Bowman and Kintla valleys in the extreme northwest of the park. The way in to Bowman leads from Waterton Lake, up the Olson Valley, and over Brown Pass. This trail is a panorama of pleasure and astonishment from its beautiful beginning to the splendid climax west of the pass.

I shall not attempt in this space to describe the lakes reflecting toothed horizons, the cliff glaciers whose frothing outlets cascade like forked lightnings fifteen hundred feet into the depths, or the towering heights of Guardhouse, Mount



Peabody, and Boulder Peak, which wall in the shelf from which one looks between the fluted precipice of Rainbow Peak and the fading slopes of Indian Ridge into the pale waters of Bowman Lake winding far away among its unbroken forests; nor shall I describe the Hole-in-the-Wall Fall where reappears through a hole, like a silver horse tail fastened upon a precipice, a stream which had lost itself a mile away on the summit of Boulder Peak.

From this spot a trail is building over a spur of Boulder Peak into the grand climax of Kintla, to reach which, summer before last, I had been obliged to make a *détour* through Canada.

Kintla has been called the Perpen-

dicular Land. The mountain walls of its two lakes are extremely steep and high, and the picture of snow-splashed rugged limestone summits about its head presents, I think, few equals in composition and grandeur. Commanding all, Kintla Peak rises five thousand feet above the upper lake, spreading from its shoulders, like wings prepared for flight, two broad and beautiful glaciers.

With the climax of Kintla, the southern section of the Lewis Overthrust ended, and our exhibit closes. Not far over the Canadian border, and for two hundred miles beyond it, the mountains resume the knobs and rounded summits characteristic of the granite Rockies.

## BIOLOGY AND DEMOCRACY

By Edwin Grant Conklin

Author of "Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men"

**T**HE war which was begun by autocrats and military leaders for personal and national aggrandizement has ended with the victory of the forces which were fighting to make the world safe for democracy. Scientists and professional men of world-wide renown joined heartily in a crusade to force militarism, war, and autocracy upon an unwilling world. The sanction of science and especially of biology was claimed for the highly militarized state, for a hereditary aristocracy, for the beneficial effects of war. It would be interesting to know whether these military biologists now believe in the beneficial effects of an unsuccessful war, in the survival of the fittest as determined by an armed conflict disastrous to their cause, and in their supermen and superstate as the highest products of evolution.

On the other hand, throughout most of the world there has been in recent times a wonderful growth and spread of democracy, not merely in forms of government but also in social, industrial, economic, and educational affairs. Our own

government is the greatest of democracies, and the influence of our example has extended to every nation in this hemisphere and to almost every country in the world. The most ancient and powerful autocracies of Europe have gone down in the wreckage of this war and on their ruins democracies are being erected. The plaintive appeal of Carl to Ferdinand, "We kings must stand together now," was a recognition, when too late, of the conquering forces of democracy which were released by the war. It begins to appear that the world is not only safe for democracy but that it is unsafe for anything else.

Our passion for democracy has been with us a kind of religion; it has rested in the main upon instinct rather than reason, upon sentiment rather than science. No one of us would wish to disturb the firm foundations of our faith which are laid in instincts and emotions, and yet it is our privilege and duty to give reasons for the faith that is in us and to examine the merits and demerits of our institutions in the light of knowledge and experience. If democracy is to endure and prevail it must rest upon science as well as



sentiment. Popular approval or disapproval will not alter the course of nature and civil laws cannot abolish natural ones.

In spite of the growth of democracy not a few thoughtful people are afraid of it and many would gladly see it limited in extent or application. Before the war there was apparent in this country a growing distrust of democracy, especially on the part of our "better classes," who are somewhat removed from the ranks of the common people; during the war this distrust was more or less concealed, but now amid the social earthquakes which are shaking the world this feeling is greatly increased, and it is evident that we are soon to witness such a conflict of opinion regarding genuine and universal democracy as the world has never before known. Distrust of democracy runs through the histories of all nations, ancient and modern. It was shown even by the founders of this greatest of democracies in the limitations which were placed upon citizenship and suffrage and in the many attempts which were made to guard the highest offices against popular interference, as, for example, in the constitutional provision for the election of the President by an electoral college, the election of senators by State legislatures, and the appointment of judges by the executive. It appears to-day in the opposition to woman's suffrage, in the fear of popular control of education, and in the alarm over the spread of socialism and internationalism throughout the world.

These great problems of the hour should be viewed not only in the light of human history but also in the long perspective of the history of living things upon the earth. Undoubtedly the fundamental concepts of biology apply to man no less than to other organisms, but it must be admitted that the application of biological principles to specific problems of social organization is often of doubtful value. Thus we find that biological sanction is claimed for wholly antagonistic opinions, as, for example, for and against war, woman's suffrage, polygamy, etc. Those who are searching for biological analogies to support almost any preconceived theory in philosophy, sociology, education, or government can usu-

ally find them, for the living world is large and extraordinarily varied and almost every possible human condition has its parallel somewhere among lower organisms. This uncertainty and ambiguity in the application of biological principles to man and his institutions has brought this whole process of reasoning into dispute among those who look upon man as a being who stands wholly outside the realm of biology, but in spite of the uncertainties of biological analogies when applied to minor phases and problems of human society no one who has felt the force and sweep of the great doctrine of evolution can doubt that biological principles underlie the physical, intellectual, and social evolution of man—that biology is a torch-bearer not merely into the dark backgrounds of human history but also into the still more obscure regions of the future development of the race.

The Declaration of Independence is in many respects the charter of our democracy. Adopted at a time when it was necessary to secure the utmost co-operation of the Colonies and of the world, it made its appeal directly to the social instincts as well as to the intelligence of men, to their love of freedom, justice, and equality. The rights of man have ever been the foundation-stones of democracy. The Declaration held "these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Here are the foundation-principles of democracy, which are summarized more concisely in the motto of France: "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality."

What is the teaching of biology regarding these principles of democracy? How can we harmonize individual liberty and social organization, universal fraternity and national and class hostility, democratic equality and hereditary inequality? Or, to put the question in a more practical form, how can we develop social organization in spite of individual liberty, universal fraternity in spite of national and class antagonisms, democratic equal-



ity in spite of hereditary inequality? These are great problems and the student of animal organization and evolution can do no more than to offer a few biological suggestions as to their solution.

## I

WITH the growth of intelligence among animals and men responses to external stimuli and to internal instincts become less immediate and direct; memories of past experiences come in to modify or inhibit instinctive responses and these responses are no longer as fixed and mechanical as when instinct acts alone. There thus arises a certain amount of freedom in behavior; such freedom is never complete and is always directly proportional to the degree of intelligence involved and inversely proportional to the strength of the instincts. The more intelligence one has the greater is his freedom from purely instinctive acts, but man is never wholly free from the influence of instincts; the greater his rational and volitional powers the more complete is his self-determination, but man is never entirely emancipated from external compulsions of his physical and social environment.

The birth and growth of freedom in man has led to many conflicts between instinct and reason, between personal desires and the social welfare. Such conflicts are lacking among individual cells and other constituent parts of the body—as such fables as that of “the belly and the members” plainly imply; the perfect integration of the parts of an organism is the result of organic contact, especially through the nervous system, of chemical messengers, or hormones, which pass from one part to another, and of simple reflexes or tropisms. In societies such as those of ants and bees the integrating factors are complex reflexes or chains of reflexes which are known as instincts. There is here so little intelligence and freedom that instinct is the only ruler and harmony is complete. The incompleteness of integration, co-operation, and harmony in human society is due to the fact that imperfect intelligence and freedom have come in to interfere with instinct. Disharmony in ourselves and in

society is the price we pay for personal intelligence and freedom. In our individual behavior and in our social organization we now seek the ideal harmony of the hive, but on the higher plane of intelligence, freedom, and ethics.

The history of mankind has been one long struggle for freedom—freedom not only from the control of irrational instincts but also and chiefly from the compulsion of outside forces and of other persons. The eternal struggle against unfavorable environment and for the conquest of nature, the battles for personal freedom in thought, speech, and act, and for social freedom in religion, government, and industry are among the noblest aspirations of man. The struggle to be free is part of a great evolutionary movement, and yet in any society individual freedom must be limited in the interest of the common good, and the larger and more complex the society the greater must be these limitations. Here, as elsewhere, life and evolution are balanced between opposing principles. Should the human ideal be individual freedom or social co-operation, liberty or duty, individualism or socialism? It may be granted at once that both of these alternatives are desirable and to a certain extent attainable, but where one must be sacrificed for the other, which should it be? Is the ideal state one in which the social bond is as loose as possible and individual freedom is the chief aim, or is it one in which the bond is as close as possible and the good of the nation or race or species is the supreme object?

There can be no question as to the biological answer. The whole course of evolution from amoeba to man is marked by increasing differentiation and integration of the constituent parts of the organism; the whole course of development from the egg to the adult is a series of progressive differentiations and integrations of the constituent cells; the most essential feature of biological progress consists in the subordination of minor units to the larger units of organization. In the relations of organisms to one another nature invariably sacrifices the individual, if it be necessary, for the good of the colony or race or species. Race preservation and evolution is the supreme good,



and all considerations of the individual are subordinate to this end.

Is it possible that the same rule of progress which applies all along the way from amœba to man is set aside when we come to human society? Does democracy, as contrasted with autocracy or aristocracy, mean greater freedom for the individual and a looser social organization? If it does it would seem, from a biological point of view, to be doomed to retrogression or extinction, for it would represent a return toward the protozoan condition, a process of disorganization and devolution rather than of progressive organization and evolution.

Undoubtedly the usual conception of democratic freedom does involve just this idea of maximal individual freedom and minimal social control, but individualism is not a necessary part of democracy and when carried to extremes it ends in anarchy. In this country we still cling to the ideals of a pioneer society in which there is little specialization and co-operation and great personal freedom; indeed, to many persons such a condition seems the best possible one and the only one consistent with democracy. As a people we exalt freedom above service. Liberty is our national deity; her image is stamped on our money, her colossal figure is the first to greet the stranger from other lands; America is, above all else, the "sweet land of liberty." And yet a change in our conception of liberty has been coming over the nation; we are finding that the pioneer ideals of personal liberty and independence are incompatible with the requirements of a populous country and a well-organized society. We still preserve the ancient formulas, but their content is changing and must continue to change as society develops. Personal freedom must be subordinated more and more to social freedom and pioneer society must give place to the more highly organized state in which increasing specialization and co-operation are the companion principles of progress.

Our lack of specialization is reflected in our contempt for specialists and experts of every sort. The belief is wide-spread that one man's opinion is as good as another's and that expert knowledge is merely another way of fooling the peo-

ple. We intrust education to those who can find no other occupation, apparently with the idea that any one can teach. We leave the control of food, fuel, clothing, and other necessities of life to speculators and middlemen, and the health, happiness, and employment of the people to Providence or to selfish exploiters. In a democracy where "every citizen is a king" we assume that statesmanship comes by nature; almost every citizen thinks that he could solve complex problems of government ranging all the way from international relations to parochial affairs better than those who have devoted years of study to them. We elect demagogues and grafters to political office so frequently that the very name "politician" has come to be a reproach. We send narrow partisans to Congress, and by stupid adherence to party regularity men wholly untrained in statesmanship are frequently put into the most important public places. It is generally assumed that appointive positions will go to men who have been successful in winning votes, and positions requiring great technical knowledge are often filled by political figureheads, with the suggestion that subordinates can do the work.

Does democracy mean that every citizen knows how to govern the country or wage war or conclude peace or develop industry or conserve the public health or do a thousand other things which are necessary in a modern state? Is this lack of specialization one of the necessary evils of democracy? Certainly not. Ideal democracy means not less specialization but fuller co-operation than in other forms of government. In science, medicine, education, commerce, industry, agriculture, and innumerable other fields we must have specialists. The war has done us a great service in awakening us to this fact, and it will be a crime against civilization and progress if we allow the nation to settle back once more into the conditions which prevailed before the war.

Our lack of co-operation has been even more evident than that of specialization. Insistence on personal freedom and on the rights of individuals has gone far toward weakening the bonds of union and destroying co-operation. The disharmonies of society, the conflicts of inter-



ests and minds and purposes have come largely from the exalting of individual rights over social obligations. We need a new revolution which will enforce the duties of man as our former revolution emphasized the rights of man. How easily the disharmonies of society could be silenced and the conflicts between individuals and classes and nations could be settled if men could be taught to think more of their duties and less of their rights. Unquestionably the further evolution of society must lie in the direction of greater co-operation and any system of organization which exalts individual freedom to the detriment of social union must go under in the struggle for existence.

Democratic freedom is not the freedom of isolation nor of anarchy; the liberty for which the peoples of the world are fighting and dying is not the liberty of a Robinson Crusoe, who is "monarch of all he surveys," nor yet the lawlessness of Bolshevism and revolution; it is not freedom to plunder or oppress or dominate others, but the freedom of fellowship, common service, and mutual esteem; not freedom from general social control but freedom from the tyranny of selfish individuals and classes. Normal human beings do not desire a kind of freedom like that of cancer cells, for example, which run riot without regard to the welfare of the organism, but rather a freedom like that of the normal cells of the body, each of which is a unit, preserving its own individuality and to a certain extent its own independence and free to do the work for which it is fitted under the control of the body as a whole. Men do not desire a freedom like that of the solitary wasp, which lives and works alone, but rather a freedom like that of ants or bees in a colony, where each individual is free to serve as best it can under the control of the colony as a whole, or of what Maeterlinck calls "the spirit of the hive." It is a mistake to ascribe monarchial or class ideals drawn from human society to the ant or bee colony. The so-called "kings," "queens," "soldiers," and "workers" are in no sense rulers or subjects or favored classes. Each does "what seems good in its sight," namely, the work which it is

fitted by nature to do, and there is no ruler but instinct; each shares in common prosperity and hardships and is esteemed according to its capacity to serve the common good. Democracy can offer and normal human beings can desire no other freedom for the individual than this—based, however, on reason and ethics rather than upon tropisms and instincts.

But there is a vastly larger and more important freedom which democracy brings to society as a whole. The freedom of the individual man is to that of society as the freedom of a single cell is to that of the human being. It is this larger freedom of society rather than greater freedom of the individual which democracy offers to the world. In all organisms and in all social organizations the freedom of the minor units must be limited in order that the larger unit may achieve a new and greater freedom; and in social evolution the freedom of individuals must be merged more and more into the larger freedom of society. The liberty which we worship is not, or at least should not be, that of the individual but rather that of society as a whole—the freedom of nations and races rather than of individuals, the self-determination of peoples rather than of persons. This is the biological ideal of freedom and it is also the democratic ideal.

## II

BIOLOGY shows that we are all cousins if not brothers. The lines of descent from innumerable ancestors converge in us and will radiate from us to innumerable descendants. If the number of our ancestors doubled in each ascending generation, as it would do if the marriage of cousins of various degree did not take place, each of us would be descended from more than a billion ancestors of a thousand years ago, let us say in the reign of William the Conqueror. Even allowing for numerous intermarriages of relatives it is highly probable that all people of English or French or German stock are descended from common ancestors of a thousand years ago. A book has been published recently in which several of our Presidents, heads of universities, and captains of industry and



finance are shown to be descended from Charlemagne. This distinction is one which they share with probably one-half of the citizens of this republic. If it were possible to trace our genealogies far enough into the past and through all their ramifications it would be found that all of us are literally descendants of royalty, of Alfred and Charlemagne and William the Conqueror, and of any and every other person of one thousand or more years ago who left many descendants, including nonentities and worse. We hunt up our noble ancestors and forget the others.

In length of descent we are all equal and in community of descent we are all cousins, if not brothers. Our lines stretch out to all our race. Each individual or family is not a separate and independent entity, but merely a minor unit in the great organism of mankind. Biology and the Bible agree that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." There are no really pure lines of human descent, and few isolated stocks, and these owe their origin to geographical isolation rather than to anything else. There has been and still is abundant interbreeding among all minor varieties and races of men, and as a result mankind is a hopelessly mongrel species. Indeed, in this respect man is like any other wide-ranging species. He has no such claim to ancestral purity as has any pure breed of domesticated animals or plants. Man is, indeed, a wild species and cannot be domesticated because there is no one to domesticate him.

As a result of this common descent human resemblances are vastly more numerous and important than the differences. This fact is especially evident to the biologist, for even the types which differ most widely, such as the white, yellow, and black races, are evidently only varieties or subspecies of *Homo sapiens*, while no other existing creature can be placed in even the same genus with man. When I reflect upon the resemblances between all men and the differences which separate man from all other animals I think I can understand the words of a prayer which I used to hear when I was a boy: "We thank thee, Lord, that thou hast made us men."

Nevertheless, in spite of this universal brotherhood of man, racial, varietal, national, and class antagonisms have arisen everywhere, and have often led to terrible hostilities. Racial and varietal differences represent a natural classification based upon physical characteristics. There are also undoubtedly intellectual and social differences between these major subdivisions of the species which tend to cause a natural and desirable social segregation of races, but while our instincts lead to such segregation they do not lead to nor justify racial antagonisms. The fundamental instincts of all types of men are so essentially similar that all may, and often do, live together harmoniously; and the co-operation of all types of men in organized society is so much a matter of education and environment that it has been demonstrated again and again, and nowhere better than in this country, that persons of the most distinct races may have the same social ideals and may co-operate in mutual helpfulness in the realization of those ideals.

When we come to those minor subdivisions represented by the so-called races of Europe the natural distinctions are usually so slight that they form no barrier to the most intimate association and co-operation. Most Americans represent a mixture of English, French, German, Scandinavian, and other European stocks, and we at least know that the result is good, not only physically but also intellectually and socially. The inherent antagonisms between these stocks that agitators and designing politicians tell us about are really not inherent at all, but are largely created, cultivated, and magnified by education and environment for national and selfish purposes.

The biologist must look with concern upon the breaking up of European nations into minor independent units along lines of language, customs, or religion, just as the intelligent American would deprecate the breaking up of his own country along similar lines. Biological and social progress does not generally lie in that direction, as the course of evolution clearly shows. In so far as the differences between peoples are due to environmental causes they may to a great extent be removed. The most effective



size of governmental units must vary with the possibilities of integration and co-operation of the constituent parts, and these possibilities are favored by homogeneity of race, language, and education and by ease of intercommunication. All of these, except race, are environmental factors, and are to a large extent subject to social control. Even when differences are so great that segregation is desirable, it is usually possible to unite these smaller units into a larger federation, as the history of this nation has demonstrated. Indeed, this is apparently the only democratic way of counteracting the social and national disintegration which is so imminent in parts of Europe to-day. With the greatly increased facilities for communication and education which exist in the modern world enormous national units of federated states are possible, including, as in the case of the British Empire, one-fourth or one-fifth of the entire human species under one general government, and it does not seem impossible that the greater part of the other three-fourths or four-fifths may yet be brought into some sort of federation. As the union of many cells into one body, the union of many persons into one colony, the union of many colonies into one nation have marked great advances in evolution, so let us hope the union of nations into the "Parliament of man, the Federation of the world" will mark the next great step in human progress.

Finally, when we come to those minor class distinctions which are based only upon occupation, wealth, or social position we have the most artificial and unnatural classification of all; and the antagonisms between these classes, which are engendered and fomented by designing agitators, are not only non-instinctive but they are usually anti-instinctive and utterly irrational. This is not to say that men should not associate in congenial groups which have common interests and ideals; such associations are natural and inevitable; but when attempts are made to array one group or class against another and to make these classes permanent and hereditary an artificial disharmony is introduced into society which can work only disastrously.

When we turn from the more personal

aspects of fixed social classes to their control of governments and of public affairs in general, we find that the evidences of their disruptive and antisocial influences are worst of all. The world has had experience of many kinds of exclusive class rule—absolute monarchy, aristocracy, middle class, and proletariat—and, though some of these have proved better than others, they have all been bad, for they have endangered or destroyed social unity and have ended sooner or later in disaster. Russia has recently gone from one of these extremes to the other, and the end of the tyranny of the proletariat cannot be long delayed. An autocracy or aristocracy may be progressive and efficient, but it is always dangerous, for no person or class is wise or good enough to rule other persons or classes without their participation and consent. Not only do governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, but they derive their safety and stability from this source as well. What a demonstration have the greatest military autocracies of Europe furnished the world of their utter weakness and helplessness against an aroused people!

The strength and stability of democracies are proportional to their all-inclusiveness, their breadth of base, whereas autocracies are inverted pyramids. Equal universal suffrage and majority rule are the only self-regulating and self-preserving mechanisms which have been discovered as yet for harmonizing conflicting interests in governments; they are the safety-valves of society. Theoretically there is danger that majority rule may end in tyranny over minorities, but the social instincts of justice and fair play are wide-spread among men, and experience has generally shown that in the long run majorities may be counted upon to be just to minorities that play fair. The more intelligent members of society always have an immense advantage over the more ignorant, and even in a genuine democracy the danger is that intelligent but unscrupulous minorities may exercise tyranny over the mass of the people in spite of their numbers.

Majority rule would level society down to general mediocrity were it not for the instinct of the people to follow leaders.



As a matter of fact, neither in a democracy nor an autocracy do the people make the plans for forms of government, for war or peace, for the control of industry, economics, education, or for anything else. These plans are always made by leaders, but in the one case they are laid before the people for approval and in the other they are not. Leaders in a democracy may have great power; they may be called autocrats by their opponents, but they are not autocrats, for their plans must be approved by the people. The greatest danger that confronts democracy is not its slowness and inefficiency, but the fact that unscrupulous leaders may pervert and misdirect the normal social instincts of the people in order to accomplish selfish and partisan purposes. During the war there has been a widespread and highly organized cultivation of emotions of hate, suspicion, Chauvinism, and this has not been confined entirely to the enemy nor always directed against the enemy. In some instances leaders, newspapers, and organizations have done their best to work the people up to a frenzy, little realizing or caring how dangerous this process is. It is this appeal of unscrupulous or ignorant leaders to primitive instincts and emotions rather than to reason which makes possible blind prejudice and hatred between classes and races and nations; it is this which provokes wars and destroys peace and progress. There are, so far as I can see, but two possible remedies for this most serious condition, and these are, first, that leaders shall always be honest and intelligent, a condition which we can probably never hope to attain; or, second, that the people as a whole shall be educated so as to appreciate the difference between evidence and emotion, science and sentiment, reason and instinct. Sensationalism, emotionalism, irrationalism are the greatest dangers that threaten democracy, and even civilization itself, for they are a direct return to barbarism, savagery, and prehuman conditions. Our most dangerous enemies are within and not without, and they are the forces of unreason.

Even in the midst of such a revival of patriotism as this nation has not witnessed for more than a generation let us

not forget that there are forces that are deeper and more universal than patriotism; that the very things which make patriotism holy are the love of fellow men and the passion for service and sacrifice; that anything which narrows and restricts human sympathies and fellowship tends to create discord between nations and classes; and that human progress, peace, and civilization depend to-day as never before upon the rational recognition of the great truth of universal brotherhood.

### III

EQUALITY is one of the most important factors in producing social harmony. It is the dearest one of the democratic graces. And now abideth Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, but the greatest of these is Equality. The creed of democracy is that "all men are created equal" and that the inequalities which exist are due to environment, education, or opportunity.

And yet nothing is more evident than the inequalities of personality, intelligence, usefulness, influence; and the inequalities of heredity are greater even than those of environment. Recent work on development and evolution shows that the influence of environment is relatively slight, that of heredity overwhelming. Not only poets, but also scholars, statesmen, leaders, and laborers are born and not made. Hereditary inequality has always been the strong fortress of aristocracy, and on first thought scientific studies of heredity seem to support the contentions of aristocracy rather than those of democracy.

How shall we harmonize the teachings of biology with those of democracy; the proven inequalities of heredity with the assumed equality of man? Shall we revise our ideas of heredity or of democracy? I have sometimes been asked: "Do you believe in heredity; how, then, can you believe in democracy? Do you believe in equality; how, then, can you believe in heredity?"

Aristocracy is founded upon an obsolete idea of heredity, namely, the "law of entail." It confuses social and biological inheritance. A son may inherit



the property of his father but not his personality; under the law of primogeniture the oldest son inherits the kingdom, titles, privileges of his father in their entirety, but not his intelligence, character, and personality. In natural or biological inheritance the germinal causes of the traits of the parents are separated and are redistributed to their offspring so that the latter are "mosaics" of ancestral traits. These germinal causes of traits, which are called genes, are transmitted unchanged, but in the fertilization of the egg one-half of the genes from each parent is lost and is replaced by the half from the other parent. So numerous are these genes that the combinations of them in the offspring are rarely, if ever, the same in two individuals, and so complex is their influence upon one another and upon the process of development that no two sexually produced individuals are ever exactly alike. Consequently the best traits may appear in parents and be lost in their offspring; genius in an ancestor may be replaced by incompetence, imbecility, or insanity in a descendant. As each generation must start life anew from the germ-cells so in every person there is a new distribution of hereditary factors or genes. Every person has a new hereditary deal, if not always a square one.

Owing to the fact that some traits, or rather their genes, are dominant and others recessive, certain of the latter may be carried along for several generations in a latent condition only to appear in some later offspring in which the dominant genes are not present. Feeble-mindedness, for example, is a recessive character and East has calculated that it is present in a recessive form in one person out of fourteen of the entire population of this country, but it does not actually appear unless two of these recessive genes which cause feeble-mindedness come together in a fertilized egg. On the other hand, feeble-mindedness and other recessive characters become latent when mated with normal and dominant characters. The later history of the famous, or rather infamous, "Jukes family" shows that many of the descendants are normal and useful citizens because their parents married into normal families.

This is the great law of heredity discovered by Mendel and it differs fundamentally from the law of entail. Property may be entailed but not personality, titles and privileges but not character and ability. With the law of entail in mind it is not surprising that strict hereditarians should have questioned the reputed parentage of Jesus or Shakespeare or Lincoln, or that lovers of democracy should have refused to believe in this kind of heredity; but the law of entail is of man's making, while the law of Mendel is the law of natural inheritance. Apparently nature delights in humbling the high and mighty and in exalting those of low degree. Think of the great men of unknown lineage and the unknown men of great lineage; think of the close relationship of all persons of the same race; of the wide distribution of good and bad traits in the whole population; of incompetence and even feeble-mindedness in great families and of genius and greatness in unknown families, and say whether natural inheritance supports the claims of aristocracy or of democracy.

When we remember that most of the great leaders of mankind came of humble parents; that many of the greatest geniuses had the most lowly origin; that, for example, Beethoven's mother was a consumptive, the daughter of a cook, and his father a confirmed drunkard; that Schubert's father was of peasant birth and his mother a domestic servant; that Faraday, perhaps the greatest scientific discoverer of any age, was born over a stable, his father a poor, sick blacksmith and his mother an ignorant drudge, and that his only early education was obtained in selling newspapers on the streets of London and later in working as apprentice to a bookbinder; that the great Pasteur was the son of a tanner; that Lincoln's parents were accounted "poor white trash" and that his early surroundings and education were most unpromising, and so on through the long list of names in which democracy glories—when we remember the great men of humble birth we may well ask whether aristocracy can show as good a record. The law of entail is aristocratic, but the law of Mendel is democratic.

Quaint old Thomas Fuller wrote many



years ago in his "Scripture Observations":

"I find, Lord, the genealogy of my Savior strangely checkered with four remarkable changes in four immediate generations:

"1. Roboam begat Abia, that is, a bad father begat a bad son.

"2. Abia begat Asa, that is, a bad father a good son.

"3. Asa begat Josaphat, that is, a good father a good son.

"4. Josaphat begat Joram, that is, a good father a bad son.

"I see, Lord, from hence that my father's piety cannot be entailed; that is bad news for me. But I see also that actual impiety is not always hereditary; that is good news for my son."

It may be objected that I have ended by denying that there is any inheritance, at least so far as intellectual and social qualities are concerned, but this is not the case. While it is true that good and bad hereditary traits are widely distributed among all classes and conditions of men, they are not equally distributed. On the contrary, the chances of good or bad traits appearing in offspring are much higher in some families than in others, but no family has a monopoly of good or bad traits and no social system can afford to ignore the great personages that appear in obscure families or to exalt nonentities to leadership because they belong to great families. In short, preferment and distinction should depend upon individual worth and not upon family name or position. This is orthodox democratic doctrine, but not the faith or practice of aristocracy.

Finally, democratic equality does not now mean and has never in the past meant that all men are equal in personality. It is not a denial of personal inequalities, but is the only genuine recog-

nition of them. On the other hand, rigid family and class distinctions are denials of individual distinctions. Democratic equality does not mean equality of heredity, environment, education, possessions, nor even of opportunity, for this depends upon the ability to utilize opportunity; least of all does it mean equality of intelligence, usefulness, or influence.

It does mean equality before the law, equal justice for all, no special privileges due merely to birth, freedom to find one's work and place in society. In short, it means that every man shall be measured by his own merits and not by the merits of some ancestor whose good traits may have passed to a collateral line.

Democracy alone permits a natural classification of men with respect to social value, as contrasted with all artificial and conventional classifications. It contributes more than any other system of government to the contentment, happiness, stability, and peace of a nation. It brings a message of justice and hope and inspiration to people in all walks of life. It inspires the youth of a land with visions and living examples of—

"Some divinely gifted man  
Whose life in low estate began  
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,

And moving up from high to higher,  
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope  
The pillar of a people's hope,  
The centre of a world's desire."

This was the passion which fired the souls of our fathers and led them to establish this great Republic, and these are some of the reasons which recall us at this great crisis in the history of the world from our artificial aristocracies and plutocracies and class distinctions to a genuine democracy.





## “A. P. O. 714”

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE A. E. F.

BY MAJOR E. ALEXANDER POWELL

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

**T**HOUGH this is the story of one of the most remarkable and interesting achievements of America in France, the phase of the great war which it illustrates is to most Americans unfamiliar. It is unfamiliar for the reason that the correspondents were not permitted to write about it, lest through their despatches the enemy get a hint of the surprise which we were preparing for them. This is not a war article in the over-the-top meaning of the term. Rather it has to do with the behind-the-scenes side of the war. At the play it is the actors who receive the applause, the audience rarely giving a thought to the perspiring stage-manager in the wings or to the unobtrusive gentleman in a dinner coat and horn-rimmed glasses sitting at the back of a stage-box. So this article is intended to show how the infantry and the gunners and the flying men were assigned their respective parts in the great drama, and told when to speak them, by highly trained specialists who carried on their work unobtrusively, often far from the grumble of the cannon, and of how these specialists, whose ability, no less than the valor of the troops they directed, placed the names of Château-Thierry and St. Mihiel and the Argonne on our battle-flags, were themselves trained for their

work. What I particularly wish to emphasize, however, is the beneficent effect which this enforced training in leadership, administration, decision, and resolution is bound to exercise on the characters and careers of our citizen-officers when they return to civil life.

But before proceeding further I ought, perhaps, to gratify the curiosity of my readers in regard to the somewhat cryptic title I have chosen by explaining that “A. P. O. 714” means “Army Post Office 714,” this being the *nom de guerre* by which the American military authorities concealed the identity of the French town of Langres. Until the signing of the armistice made unnecessary the continuance of this precaution, the identity of “A. P. O. 714” was supposed to be a profound secret, it being forbidden to mention the place in letters or newspaper despatches otherwise than by its post-office number. Those violating this order were liable to the unpleasantness of having to explain their indiscretion before a general court martial, for Langres was, so far as American activities were concerned, one of the three most important towns in France, the others being Chaumont, which was the general headquarters, commonly referred to as “G. H. Q.,” and Tours, which was the headquarters of the “S. O. S.”—Services of Supply. The atmosphere of secrecy which was



thrown over the activities at Langres was due to the fact that the town was the centre of the great training area for American officers, its dozen or more schools, with their fourteen thousand student-officers, making it the largest military university in the world. To believe that the Germans were ignorant of all this was severely to strain one's credulity, however, for our own Intelligence not only knew where each of the German schools was situated, but it knew the names of their directors and the number of officers attending them and the curriculum which they followed, not to mention other carefully guarded secrets of the German organization, our familiarity with which would have caused grave concern to Hindenburg and Ludendorff.

When General Pershing landed in France, in the early summer of 1917, one of the most important and pressing problems which confronted him was the immediate organization of a system of higher education for officers in various branches of the staff and line. The training which the officers commissioned from civil life had received at Plattsburg and similar camps was admirable as far as it went, but it was, from lack of time, of the most elementary character. Moreover, it had been conducted, through force of circumstances, along essentially American lines. The commander-in-chief quickly realized that, as we were to fight shoulder to shoulder with the French, British, and Italians, our officers must be trained in the methods of our Allies. And, though it was essentially a war of specialists, few if any of our officers had had the time or the opportunity to specialize. What, for example, did we know of chemical warfare, of sapping and mining, of flash and sound ranging, of liaison and intelligence work, of camouflage, tanks, balloons, grenades, search-lights, pigeons, 37-millimetre guns, anti-aircraft artillery, automatic rifles, of transportation by road and rail under European conditions, and, most important of all, of the innumerable phases of staff work as developed by the great conflict? A general staff organized and trained for war had not hitherto existed in our army. In fact, when we entered the war the American army did not possess a staff manual or a staff hand-

book of its own. Imagine trying to teach geography without an atlas! This lack of special knowledge had to be remedied, and remedied quickly, if our armies were to take the field in time to save the Allied cause. There was no time to lose. A comprehensive system of intensive instruction had to be devised and put in operation whereby our officers, many of whom were ignorant of even the rudiments of military technic, could acquire in a few months the special knowledge which our Allies had gained in three years of warfare.

Looking about for a suitable place in which to establish this unique educational centre—for it was wisely decided to locate all save the artillery and aviation schools in the same area in order that the officers attending them might profit by witnessing demonstrations of the work of the various branches and by the interchange of ideas—the American High Command selected the ancient hill town of Langres, in the Department of the Haute-Marne, as the best available site for this great new university, whose one and only aim was to afford instruction in the most effective and expeditious methods of exterminating the Hun.

If, with your pencil, you will trace on the map of eastern France the devious course of the Marne, you will discover that it has its source some fourscore miles due south of Verdun and about the same distance from the Rhine, near the little town of Langres. Until the vulnerability of permanent fortifications was proven by Germany's heavy artillery at Liège and Antwerp and Namur, Langres, with its encircling chain of barrier forts, was generally considered one of the most formidable strongholds in Europe, the Prussians having balked at the task of reducing it during the 1870 invasion. It stands at a height of 1,550 feet, perched on a rocky promontory which rises so abruptly from the plain that the railway is unable to make the ascent, the final stage of the journey being made by funicular. There are few quainter or more picturesquely situated towns in France. It has been held in turn by Gauls, Romans, Vandals, and Huns—the original Huns, I mean—its ancient walls and towers and ramparts bearing mute witness to the place's stir-



ring and romantic past. Standing on its eastern ramparts there lies spread before one, like a map in bas-relief, the fertile valley of the Marne, checkerboarded with fields and overlaid by a network of popular-bordered highways. In the distance, beyond the silver ribbon of the historic river, rise the blue Alsatian mountains, and on clear days there can be descried to the southeastward the majestic cone of Mont Blanc and the snowy barrier of the Alps. Far from the beaten paths of travel, Langres dozed on its rocky hilltop, an occasional raiding Zeppelin or Fokker serving to remind it now and then that over there, amid the violet peaks of the Vosges, barely an hour's motor-ride away, snaked the western battle line.

Almost overnight Langres was transformed from the sleepest of French provincial towns into a bustling American city. Its cobble-paved streets and narrow sidewalks became thronged with thousands of alert young officers whose collars bore the insignia of every branch of the American army. The clumsy two-wheeled carts of the peasants, drawn by shaggy ponies, were crowded from the roads by staff cars and trucks and ambulances and motor-cycles painted in the olive drab of the Expeditionary Forces. Endless caravans of hooded camions, successors of the old-time prairie-schooner, rumbled down the highways leading toward the Rhine. The fat French gendarmes, resplendent in their uniforms of blue and silver, were replaced by businesslike military police with Colts sagging from their hips and scarlet brassards on their arms and scarlet bands encircling their Stetsons. A detachment from the Sanitary Corps cleaned up the town as in all its history it had never been cleaned before, renovating its sanitation and purifying its water system. Langres did not have a speaking acquaintance with the telephone, but the Signal Corps installed an up-to-the-minute system, and from America came girls in trim blue uniforms to operate the switchboards. American bands gave daily concerts in the local parks and soon the townspeople were whistling "When You Come Back" and "K-K-Katie" and "The Long, Long Trail." The Red Cross took over the only motion-picture house

in the town and modernized it, and introduced to Langres Charlie Chaplin and Fatty Arbuckle and Douglas Fairbanks and all the other heroes of the screen. If the war had lasted a year or two longer Langres would have become as American as Schenectady or Montclair.

The personalities of the officers who nightly thronged the shabby dining-rooms of the Hôtel de la Poste and the Cheval Blanc made one overlook the indifferent food and the worse than indifferent service, for they stood for everything in American life that is adventurous and high-spirited and vigorous. One of them, an instructor in the Engineer School, was diamond-mining in the Katanga district of the Congo when word reached him by native runner that the American representatives in Germany had been recalled. It took him four months of uninterrupted travel by horse, wagon, rail, and boat to reach the United States and offer his services to the War Department. One of the instructors in the Mining School was a prisoner of the revolutionists in Mexico when the rumor penetrated to his prison cell that the United States had gone to war. That night he overpowered his guards, scaled the prison wall, made his way on foot across northern Mexico, and reached American soil in time to go to France with one of the first contingents.

Thronging the smoke-filled, garlic-scented restaurants at the dinner-hour were officers hailing from every quarter of the United States and representing every shade of American opinion. Here, with the silver oak leaves of a lieutenant-colonel on his shoulders, was the son of an ex-President of the United States; there, with the insignia of the Corps of Interpreters on his collar, for he speaks seven languages, sat the son of a railway magnate whose systems span the continent. Over in the corner the son of America's greatest constitutional lawyer was engaged in earnest conversation with the grandson of America's greatest merchant prince. Gathered about another table were the organist of one of New York's most fashionable churches, a professor of literature in a mid-Western university, a sculptor of international reputation, an osteopath who, when he found that his



school of medicine was not recognized by the army medical authorities, obtained a commission in a machine-gun battalion, a painter whose portraits make his sitters famous, and a former Harvard football captain whose exploits on the gridiron are still spoken of with awe and admiration. At the other end of the room was a millionaire politician, the author of numerous political measures which bear his name; a young financier—he has since "gone West"—who rose from an obscure consulship in Manchuria to a partnership in America's greatest banking-house; and a liaison officer who, though he divides his time in civil life between his grouse moors in Scotland and his fox hounds in Pennsylvania, wears a decoration for gallantry in action which he won as a bluejacket at Santiago. And mingling with these amateur officers of our new armies were the professional officers of the old army, the campaign ribbons on their blouses telling of their services to the republic in little wars in forgotten corners of the world.

In one of the largest and finest barracks in Langres (the town was the headquarters of a French army corps before the Americans took it over) was installed the General Staff College. Close by, in the Caserne Carteret-Trécourt, which was a convent before Napoleon turned it into a barracks, were the School of the Line and the Intelligence School. Across the street, in another ex-convent, the Sanitary School had its quarters. Outside the south gate, with its ancient carvings, was the Candidates' School, housed in the Turenne Barracks, where six thousand men, carefully selected from the ranks of the A. E. F., were in training for commissions as second lieutenants. Here also was located the Army Signal School, where instruction was given in the erection, operation, and repair of field telegraphs and telephones, radio work, signalling by lamps, flags, and panels, and in the work of the Listening-In Service. Five miles to the north of Langres, at Fort St. Menge, was the Army Engineer School, with its Mining, Pioneer, Camouflage, Flash and Sound Ranging, and Gas Sections, while on the banks of the great artificial lake known as the Reservoir de Charmes was carried on the work of the Bridging Sec-

tion. The Infantry Specialists' School was established at Fort de Plesnoy, where upward of two thousand students received practical instruction in the use of automatic rifles, trench mortars, 37-millimetre guns and hand-grenades, and in sniping, scouting, bayonet work, and musketry. At Fort de la Bonnelle was the Pigeon School, where thousands of birds were trained for use at the front. (Perhaps you were not aware of the extraordinary efficiency of the Pigeon Service. The records kept by the Allied armies show that of all messages intrusted to pigeons during the four years of the war, 96 per cent were delivered.) At Fort de Peigney was the Machine-Gun School, where officers were trained in the tactical use of the Browning, Vickers, Lewis, and Hotchkiss. Four miles to the north of Langres was the Searchlight School, the lurid beams from its giant projectors illuminating the countryside at night as an electric torch lights up a closet. Ten minutes' ride by motor south from the town brought one to the Tank School, where instruction was given in the operation of the Renault "whippets," the little two-men machines which played such important rôles in the St. Mihiel and Argonne offensives. Only two instructional centres of importance were outside the Langres area: the Artillery School at Saumur and the immense plant at Issoudun for training cadets in aviation. And scattered here and there and everywhere throughout the zone of the armies were smaller schools, scores of them: schools for cooks and bakers, for blacksmiths and horseshoers, for veterinarians, mechanics, motor-truck drivers, and heaven only knows what besides.

When the signing of the armistice brought the courses of instruction to an end, upward of fourteen thousand students, ranging in rank from privates to brigadier-generals, were in attendance at the army schools of the A. E. F. It was, indeed, a truly remarkable organization, this great university of war, which in less than eighteen months had been built up from nothing. So complete and efficient was it, so up to the minute in everything that pertained to modern warfare, that it seemed, in a way, a pity to have it close. Those of us who had the privilege of at-



tending it, when we heard that the Boche had begged for an armistice, felt like the small boy who burst from the nursery at bedtime exclaiming indignantly: "Oh, mother, the nerve of Emily! Praying for

G. 1 being charged with the organization and equipment of troops, G. 2 with intelligence, G. 3 with operations, G. 4 with supply, construction, and transport, and G. 5 with training. Those officers who



A group of officers at Langres.

Left to right, Major Powell, Lieutenant André Roosevelt, Lieutenant Kingdon Gould, Captain Hamilton Fish, Jr.

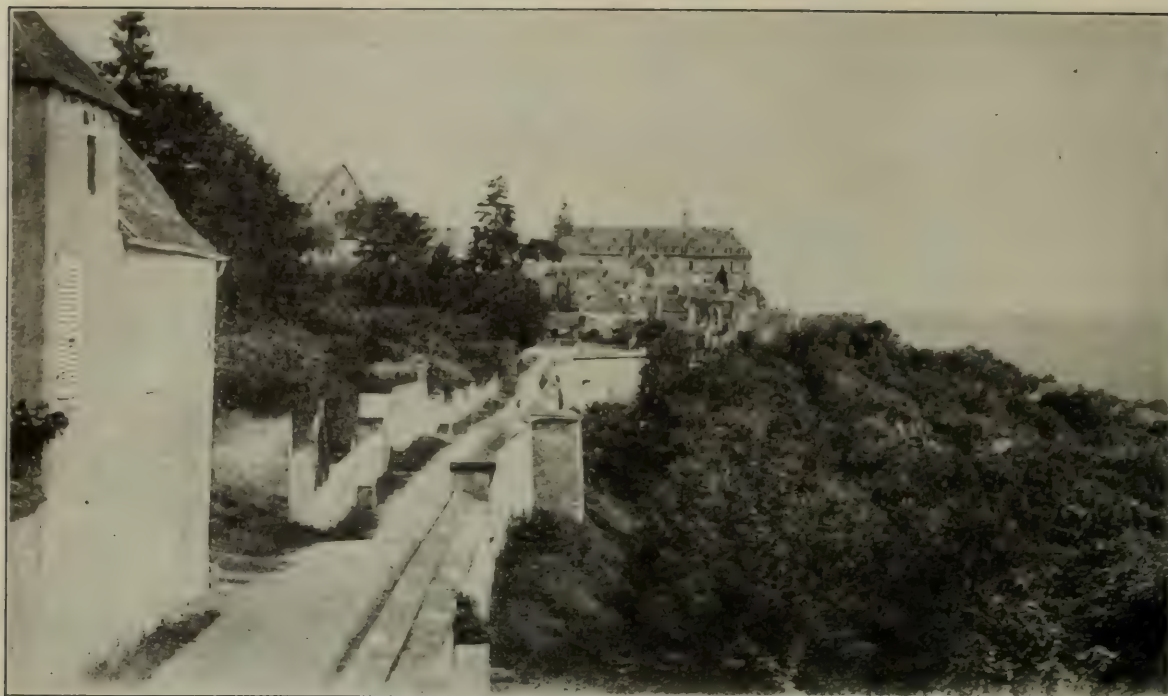
peace when father's just been made a captain!"

At the apex of the training system which I have just outlined was the General Staff College, where the principles of general-staff work were taught to some two hundred officers carefully chosen from the regular establishment and the reserve corps, about half of them being men who had graduated with honors from the School of the Line. Perhaps I ought to explain that our General Staff, as now organized, is divided into five groups,

satisfactorily completed the three months' course at the Staff College were generally assigned to one of these branches on the staff of a division, corps, or army or at general headquarters.

I once heard some one describe the course at the Staff College as "a militarized training in big business." It was all of that and more, for it taught men how to feed and clothe and house armies, how to operate networks of railways and fleets of motor-trucks, how to administer towns and territories, how to procure and





Looking toward the Vosges from the eastern ramparts of Langres.  
The School of the Line in the distance.

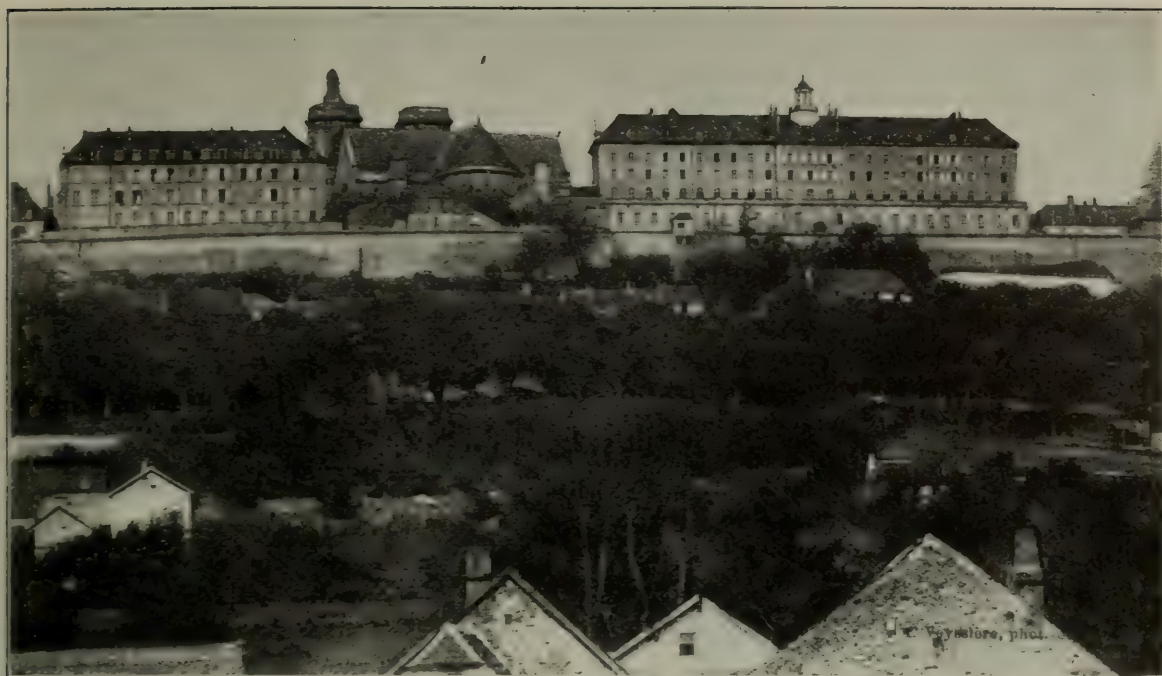
transport and distribute incredible quantities of supplies, and, above all else, how to decide questions of vast importance and decide them quickly and wisely. Were I the head of a corporation which required such qualities in its officials, I think I should keep my eyes open for any graduates of the General Staff College at Langres.

The curriculum at the Staff College was about equally divided between lectures by French, British, and American officers, demonstrations at the other schools, and problems. The latter, which dealt with all phases of warfare, were essentially practical. The student-officers might be required, for example, to issue all the necessary orders for the movement by rail of a division of infantry, with its animals and transport, from one area to another. Now an American division, with its auxiliary units, comprises over 28,000 men, and to be called upon without warning to make arrangements for the immediate transportation of such a force, equivalent to the population of a small city, would tax the ability of an experienced traffic manager. Yet the officers at the Staff College were allotted just eight hours in which to complete the necessary orders. This necessitated the calcula-

tion of the number of box cars, flat cars, and passenger-coaches which would be required and their procurement; drawing up entrainment schedules—for large bodies of troops are generally entrained at several stations; the designation of entraining, detraining, billeting, police, and sanitary detachments; arrangements for feeding both men and animals en route; billeting of the troops at the place of destination; and, finally, making out a complete time-table—no small task in itself, for the movement of a division requires in the neighborhood of sixty trains. The course was far from being an easy one. When the work of an officer was unsatisfactory he would find a red card in his letter-box some morning. This, which was equivalent, as they used to say at Plattsburg, to “getting the brown derby,” served as a notification that his days at the Staff College were ended and that he would forthwith return to his organization.

In order that the students might become accustomed to working under approximately front-line conditions, they would occasionally be required to enter the classrooms wearing their gas-masks at the “alert” position. During the course of the day the cry of “Gas! Gas!”





Langres as seen from the valley of the Marne.

The buildings from left to right are: Sanitary School, Cathedral, Intelligence School, School of the Line.

would echo through the corridors, where-upon every one would don his mask and continue his work, precisely as he would do at the front in case of a gas bombardment. Perhaps you have never attempted to solve a problem requiring every ounce of concentration you possess with a rubber mask drawn over your face, a clamp pinching your nostrils, a gutta-percha mouthpiece clinched in your teeth, and, hanging on your chest, a miniature suitcase. Take my word for it, it is not nearly as amusing as it sounds. Nor was it safe occasionally to take a surreptitious breath of fresh air, for an officer made the rounds of the classrooms, spraying them with lachrymal gas from an atomizer.

The School of the Line, as its name implied, was devoted to the training of officers in the higher branches of combat work, teaching them the principles of leadership and tactics and the use of the various weapons developed by the war, such as machine-guns, automatic rifles, infantry-accompanying cannon, trench mortars, flame-throwers, and the various types of gases. The curriculum, like that of the Staff College, consisted of lectures by officers of the Allied armies, interspersed with frequent map and terrain

problems, the latter being solved on the ground where the action was supposed to take place in order that the students might study its topography for themselves. They were assumed to be in command of companies, battalions, regiments, or brigades, as the case might be, and were required to state exactly what action they would take and what orders they would issue under the conditions as given in the problem. The unheralded arrival in some sleepy French hamlet of a mounted class of two hundred or more Line School officers, followed by their orderlies and horse-holders, for the purpose of planning an imaginary scheme of defense, was always a source of entertainment to the villagers, who stood about in curious, staring groups while the Americans animatedly discussed the advisability of placing machine-guns in the garden of the *Mairie* and argued as to whether the highway could be most effectively enfiladed by putting a battery of 75s in the orchard or in the cemetery.

I have already mentioned, I think, that the work of the Line School and the Staff College had as its primary object the training of the officers to assume responsibility and to make quick decisions. Here is an example of such a problem:



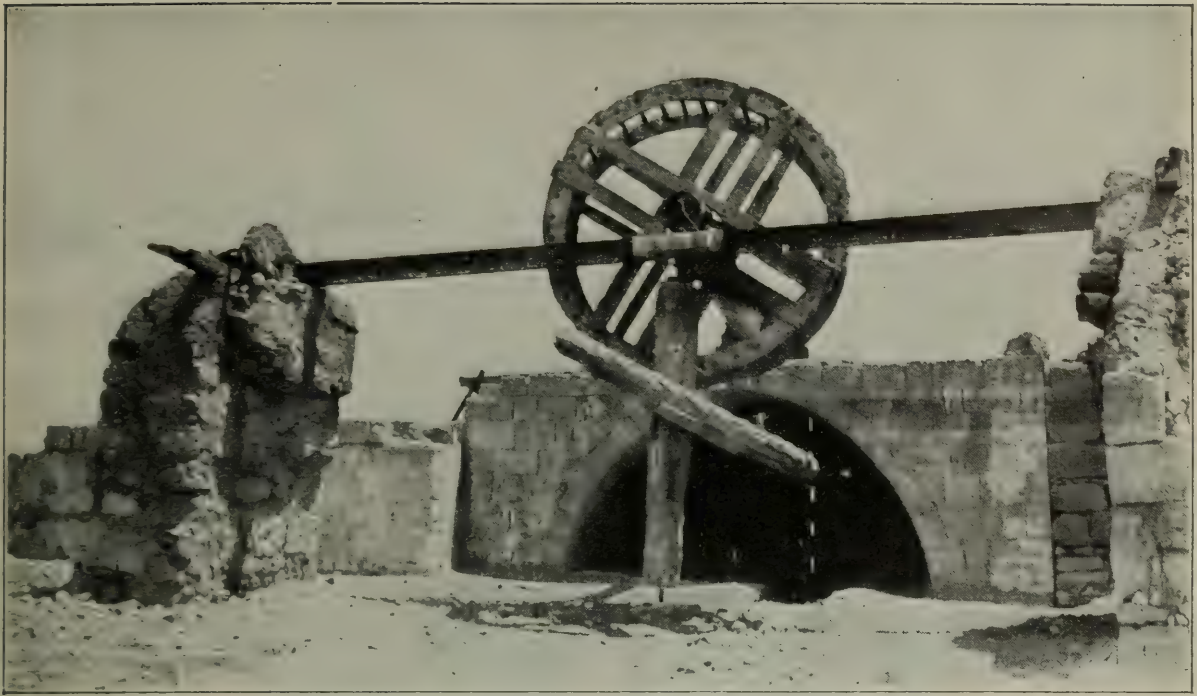
"You are Colonel A, commanding the 1st Blue Infantry, which is billeted in Humes. At 7 A. M. on September 27th you receive a telegram from Brigadier-General B, commanding the 1st Brigade, at Montigny-le-Roi, ordering you to march immediately on Chalindrey, seize the railway junction at that point, and hold it against a Red force, believed to consist of two battalions of infantry, which is advancing from the southeast. Reinforcements will be sent you from Montigny-le-Roi and should reach you within twelve hours after your arrival at Chalindrey. When the main body of your command is within nine kilometres of Chalindrey the commander of your advance-guard sends back word that a Red force, estimated at one regiment of infantry, a battery of field artillery, and a company of engineers, is reported by his patrols to be within seven kilometres of Chalindrey Junction. State what action you decide to take, give your orders exactly as issued, and state briefly the reasons for your decision."

It seems simple enough, doesn't it? But, were *you* the colonel of a regiment and responsible for the lives of some three thousand men, what action would you take? According to the reports of the patrols, the enemy's strength is considerably greater than your own and he is two kilometres nearer the junction. Would you make a race of it, in the hope of reaching Chalindrey first? Or would you wait until nightfall and attempt a surprise attack? Would you retire on Humes? Or would you intrench and await the arrival of reinforcements? And if you chose either of the two last-named courses, how would you reconcile your action with your orders to seize and hold the junction? And, mind you, there is no time to mull the problem over as a lawyer does a legal question. You have to decide, and decide quickly, for every minute brings the enemy nearer. A sound decision will probably bring victory; an unsound one may mean disaster and the death of hundreds of men. How practical was this training in logic, deduction, and decision was shown when many of these same officers were called upon to

solve similar problems, but under battle conditions, on the Meuse and in the Argonne.

I find that there is quite a general impression among business men in America that the training which our officers received in the Army Schools of the A. E. F., though likely to be a good thing for those who intended to make the army a profession, was of little value to those officers returning to the occupations of civil life. But therein the American business man is wrong. When the smoke of battle which still obscures his vision has cleared away he will find, among many other unexpected things, that the time spent by our citizen-officers in the "University of the A. E. F." was not wasted. The enforced lessons of administration, decision, and leadership which they learned there can hardly fail to be of benefit to them in any form of civilian endeavor. The officer who has learned how to handle fighting men in battle will know how to handle working men in days of peace. The officer who can move a division of troops by rail from Toul to Verdun will be able to move commuters from Yonkers to Forty-second Street. The officer who has acted as provost marshal or town major of an occupied German city will be able to guard the public safety of an American community. I am convinced that ninety per cent of this special training has fitted its recipients for more responsible positions and for more rapid advancement in civilian occupations than they could have hoped for otherwise. These young men will bring back with them not only a special equipment for big tasks, an ability to make great decisions and to assume great responsibilities, and an ingrained discipline over themselves and others, but also the culture that comes from a knowledge of other lands and other peoples, the self-confidence that is the result of having exercised command, and a justifiable pride in having played a man's part in the Great Adventure. The training and knowledge which they acquired in that old hill town on the Marne has done more than make of them efficient officers; it has made them more useful citizens and better Americans.





A well in Beersheba called the Well of Abraham.

## FROM BEERSHEBA

BY JOHN H. FINLEY

Red Cross Commissioner to Palestine

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

**I**N the phrase that is current wherever the Bible is read, Beersheba is at the end of the journey, and not at the beginning. It was the farthest outpost of the Land of Promise. It was off into the wilderness, beyond Beersheba, that Hagar wandered with her boy Ishmael, and that Elijah fled from the woman-wrath of Jezebel, for when he left Beersheba he went "a day's journey into the wilderness."

But one of the most appealing and most picturesque journeys of all history, though a brief one, was made *from* Beersheba as the starting-point; it was the journey on which Abraham set out when he went with his little son Isaac to offer him up for a burnt offering on Mount Moriah.

And it was from the well which Abraham is said to have dugged (or one of seven), the well to which the very name Beersheba, the place of oath, is memorial (because it was there, in witness of the

digging of the well that Abimelech and Abraham swore unto one another and made covenant), it was from this well that I started on my journey northward as far as I could at that time go in Palestine toward Dan. I would go as Abraham to Mount Moriah, and thence I would go, if the English advances made this possible, at least to Shechem where the Israelites buried the bones of Joseph who had been "embalmed and put in a coffin" in Egypt, after they had carried these bones forty years in the wilderness.

I started, not as Abraham, early in the morning, but at noon, when the mid-August sunshine was blazing over the desert to the south. But before evening I passed him somewhere near the foothills of Judæa, in the level stretches of the land of Simeon—Simeon, who in Jacob's roster of his sons, was set down immortally as one who "in anger slew men and in self-will houghed oxen." But Abraham had very good reason for not wishing



to get to the end of his journey earlier than he must, for when he reached the Mount, he was, for aught he knew, to sacrifice his only son through whom the promise of his becoming the father of a multitude of nations was to be fulfilled. I saw him and Isaac toiling slowly on the

ica has not questioned the call of justice and of human right. I see the millions going forward, not slowly, as did Abraham, who took three days to make the journey to the site of Mount Moriah (and in my heart I, a father, forgave him), but by forced marches. America's going up



A refugee man from Es Salt, the author's interpreter at Beersheba.

way far ahead of me toward evening. They stopped early for the first night. The father was very gentle with the boy, who did not suspect his own fate. As I passed them I could see Abraham looking away from the boy toward the heaven and its stars without number, and thinking, doubtless, that Eliezer of Damascus might, after all, become the possessor of his house.

I thought of this ancient father and son through the night, but I thought, too, of the thousands of fathers whose sons were marching to sacrifice that very night, in Europe, marching to the places of burnt offering on hundreds of mounts from Kemmel to Moab, and with no certainty of any such substitute for their sons as Abraham found at the last moment. And now America has come to the trial of her faith in the tenets of her profession and her teaching. As an American I am proud of the response to the test. Amer-

ica has not questioned the call of justice and of human right. I see the millions going forward, not slowly, as did Abraham, who took three days to make the journey to the site of Mount Moriah (and in my heart I, a father, forgave him), but by forced marches. America's going up

from her Beersheba is indeed a more glorious chapter in history than Abraham's. America looks at the stars in her own heavens, not doubting that the sacrifice, whatever it may be, will not quench that which these stars symbolize. As for myself, I kept praying that if I had my own lads with me under these stars, I should not loiter nor saunter. As it was, I travelled in one afternoon and night over the road that it took Abraham and his son more than three days to travel, for it was on the morning of the third day that Abraham "lifted up his eyes and saw the place afar off," and then went forward with the boy alone, carrying the fire in his hand and a knife, while the boy bore the wood.

It is said in guide-books to Palestine, published before the war, that one who travels below Hebron should take a "dragoman and horses and tents," together with an "escort of Turkish sol-





Children drawing water from an ancient well near Hebron.

diers"; and I have since my journey been told that one in those days needed for safety an escort of a dozen men. But that precaution, now that the English have come, seems not to be necessary. I travelled alone through the night without serious molestation. I was stopped by a group of men at dusk and asked rather

savagely for cigarettes and "backsheesh," both of which requests I had to refuse, after some parleying, because I had no cigarettes, and I was not disposed to give "backsheesh," but no violence was offered (though I had no weapon beyond my hickory stick, which had come with me from far America's trees, with rings of



Inhabitants of the ancient village of the giants (the Enakim) called Debir.



many seasons in its memory, and with the names of places where it has been the companion of my walks from London to Beersheba).

On the contrary, great courtesy and hospitality were shown me along the way by the fellaheen as well as by the British officers and men. This wayside kindness showed itself chiefly in keeping me supplied with water. (I can understand why blessings were promised by Christ to those who gave cups of cold water.) In the heat of the afternoon when the supply in my two canteens was getting low (and I wished to preserve in each a little of the water with which I had filled them at the very start from Abraham's well, or one of his seven wells), I came upon a company of men putting up telephone lines from Hebron to Beersheba. They filled one brimming cup for me from their "fantasia," and then told me of their camp, six or seven kilometres beyond, where I should find other "fantasias"—as I did, with most hospitable attendants, who offered also bread and cheese and syrup.

In the late afternoon I passed the only village at the roadside between Beersheba and Hebron—the ancient village of Debir, which now has the name of Dahariyeh, but has probably much the aspect of its ancient self, except that in Joshua's time

it doubtless had walls. It was then the village of the giants—the Enakim—who stood out against the Israelites till Othniel, a kinsman of Caleb, overcame the city, encouraged to such hardihood by Caleb's proffer of his sister in marriage to the warrior who should first enter its citadel. In place of the citadel stands the most conspicuous object as one approaches from the south, the great compost-heap, higher than any of the houses, even that of the sheik himself. It is the village store of fuel, and so far from being looked upon as an offensive place, is a centre where the women gather when they are free from their work, which must be seldom, for the women of Palestine are a tirelessly industrious lot, not for the most part in work in which they can have the satisfaction of seeing things of beauty, or of lasting use, develop under their hands, but in the ceaseless bearing of burdens, the carrying of water, the grinding of wheat or corn, the endless drudgeries with not the slightest relief—or so it would seem to a casual observer. A hard lot they have, and a sad, unhappy, dejected sex they seem. Seldom does one see a smiling face. The men are solemn enough, but except for those who live sedentary lives in the cities, they seem sturdy and physically virile. They "lord it"



The pool in Hebron.





The Jaffa Gate.

over the women. It is not an infrequent scene to see a man mounted on his donkey, the wife following on foot, usually carrying a burden.

It was on this road to Jerusalem, near Bethlehem, that I saw a father so mounted, the wife following, carrying the child, and another child following her. I think the father was becoming conscious of our Western attitude of women and children first, for while I was preparing to take a snap-shot of the little family the father was having the child shifted to his arms. Or was it his paternal pride showing itself in his desire to have the child photographed with himself?

I have often thought of this scene and expressed the hope that Joseph did not treat Mary so, that he did not make her walk and carry the child as they journeyed down into Egypt.

But, not to get to my own journey's end before I have actually traversed it, I wish to speak too of the hospitable spirit of the villages along the way. At this particular village of the ancient giants, the "muktar" called to me as I was passing, whether in friendliness or in hostility to the passing stranger I could not tell, till by signs he made me understand that he was asking if I would not stop and sleep in his village, or have food and drink. I

gladly accepted his proffer of water, and he sent a bright little fellow pattering off up the hill to the well with one of my canteens. When it came back filled and coolly moist, he tried to prevent my giving the boy a bit of immediate reward for his act of kindness.

I had stopped at this village for a few minutes in the morning, attracted by the scene on the opposite side of the road, where between fifty and a hundred villagers were threshing millet, some driving the oxen round and round, some winnowing with the pitchfork, some sifting with the sieve, some gathering the grain, some carrying away the straw. It was an interesting and picturesque scene, but it was also one of the happiest scenes, suggestive of the wide-spread and higher happiness that might come—will come again to the Holy Land when the hills as well as the plains are blossoming and men are laboring profitably in some intelligent co-operation with Providence, and incidentally giving the women freedom to live as creatures with souls; to enjoy Browning's "Saul," let us say, more than the gossip at the compost-heap.

The walk across the plains had been hot and uneventful but not uninteresting to one born upon the prairies of the United States and accustomed to great



level stretches and horizons. There was, however, the added charm of the wilderness mountains rising hazily on the eastern edge of the plain, and of the Judæan hills ahead—a charm which was a little



A woman in the valley of Urtas.

disturbed by the thought of having to make the ascent. But even the winding white road had its own fascination, and when, as several times happened, I saw a gray cloud going before me in the solitude, though I knew it was only a little whirlwind that was moving along and whirling the dust, I could understand how the children of Israel might have seen in such a natural phenomenon the "pillar of cloud" that gave them guidance on their way across the desert not far away. Once the cloud became clearly a great gray cross lifted against the blue sky over the Judæan hills.

Nowhere else in lower Palestine was the far past so close. There was no near association for the most of the way across the plain to disturb the consciousness of the past, and I was free to spend most of the time in the company of Abraham and his boy Isaac, Elijah, David, and others of those ancient days.

And when the night came on it was al-

most as light as day, for the moon rose in full orb out of the desert of Maon, where once dwelt the churlish Nabal and his wife Abigail, who, after her drunken husband's "heart had died within him and he became a stone," received a proffer of marriage from David, and who (though insisting with a humility which is expected of the man rather than the woman, in America, that she was only a servant fit to wash the feet of the servants of such a man) hastened and, attended by her five damsels, went in stately procession to be-



The keeper at the Cave of Machpelah.

come his wife. One could find here a setting for a romance if the scriptural record did not tell us in the next sentence that "David also took Ahinoam of Jezreel, and they were also both of them his wives." As it is, it gives fit background to the incident, which must appeal to every boy, of David's taking the spear and cruse of water from behind the head of Saul as he lay asleep in his place "among the wagons," when in pursuit of David; and to that incident which followed the next day when David, on one of the bare hill-tops called to Abner, and in treasured sarcasm rebuked the war-lord for not keeping better watch over his king.

And one is ready, too, to believe the





Market-place near the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem.





Sunrise over the Mount of Olives, as seen from the Bethlehem road.

tradition that Judas Iscariot (Judas of Keriot) was born somewhere over in this wilderness to the east, which turns to blackness when the moon crosses the path and lights the western hills toward Gaza.

Among the Judæan hills one has other attendants. One to whom I was especially indebted was the daughter of Caleb, Achsah, she to whom he gave the "upper springs and the nether springs." Not far from Hebron had been pointed out to me the "upper springs" as I went to Beersheba in the morning of the day,

but toward midnight I was more anxious to find the "nether springs." It was not Achsah who discovered them to me, but it must have been one of her descendants, this lone wanderer who came out of the fields, and who not only showed me the springs, but also instructed me in the best way to lap up water with both hands (instead of but one, as did the successful candidates for Gideon's band). I never dreamed, Achsah, when I stumbled over your name as I read it at my mother's knee (and my mother's name meant in



The valley of "upper springs" given by Caleb to his daughter.



Scotch "daughter of the place of the upper springs"), that I should some day be grateful to you for asking your father to give you those springs that have continued to flow on through the centuries since and quench my thirst in the twentieth century A. D.

Refreshed, I went on toward Hebron, a place where Western travellers in days past had been badly treated, I am told, but where I had found most cordial welcome as I had passed southward in the morning (the keeper of the Cave of Machpelah showing me every possible courtesy, insisting that I look into the place where Joseph's bones were kept, since I might not be able to go to Shechem where, according to the Book of Joshua, they were buried, and offering me more privileges than I could accept). But instead of walking down through the shadowed streets of the city, by night I took a by-path, a lane with high walls on either side, down through the Vale of Eschol, where the Israelitish spies had found the marvellous grapes.

It is the law of custom in the East, I am told, that one may enter a vineyard and eat all one wishes but may not carry anything away. I had been without food on the journey and my "mouth watered" for grapes (for, as when the spies entered Hebron, it "was the time of the first-ripe grapes"), and yet at that time of night I hardly dared to enter one of the continuous vineyards, not knowing whether some watchman sleeping in the towers that guard them might not take me for a

marauder instead of an honest but hungry pilgrim. In vain I searched the vines hanging over the walls to find a chance cluster, and went on my way with no such fortune as the two men who, long ago, found there one cluster so large that it took both of them to carry it.

Higher up in the hills, near the place of the "upper springs," I passed a village in its slumbers, a village that had slept through a million and a half of nights, for it was one of the Canaanitish cities taken by Joshua and given as an inheritance to Judah. As I have written elsewhere, I had visited this village in the morning of the day, a village that is four thousand years old, but without certain facilities which the newest town in Oklahoma would insist upon having in as many hours as this village has known years. It stands, or rather sits, upon a hill almost bare of trees,



The author as he appeared after going from Beersheba to Jerusalem.

and looks by day at the left between the mountains to the Mediterranean Ocean, and at the right across the Dead Sea to the mountains which give their background of mystery to so many places in Palestine. It could have seen the star over Bethlehem if it had been awake on the holy night. And if it had risen and moved itself to the other edge of the hill, it might have seen the burning lamp that passed between the carcasses in Abraham's dream beneath the oaks of Mamre, a few miles away.

I did not wish to disturb this village in its sleep, though I wondered whether the world outside would ever miss it if it did





The temple area on Mount Moriah.

not wake up again from its houses that seemed more like tombs than homes. Indeed the Roman rock-tombs near by seemed more homelike, for in the cave open to the moonlight, where I had in the morning seen the hundreds of niches that once held cinerary urns, I saw the maiden-hair ferns clinging like weeping human memories over some of the niches, but in deeper mourning, for the green of the daylight had been turned to the blackness of crape. And the gray lizards and the black serpents were no longer astir as in the morning, to take one's thought from those who had laid themselves down to rest in the Jewish and Christian caves near by.

It was up on the hill just outside this village that, according to tradition, the prophet Jonah was buried. Jonah, that first municipal reformer, who complained against the Almighty because the fate which he predicted did not overtake the city of Nineveh, Jonah who was "angry for the gourd" that grew up in the night and perished the next day. If thou couldst but see this eternal village in which thou art sleeping, Jonah, thou wouldst indeed know that the Lord was

"a gracious God, and full of compassion."

I was challenged in a valley not far beyond by a lone sentry at the roadside, the only person I had seen for hours except the native "pilgrims of the night" on camels or donkeys or in groups on foot, the sound of whose voices mingled with the tinkling of the camel bells remains as music in my ears, for all gave that melodious salutation which was as soft upon the air as the intoning of a benediction—"Sai-ee-da," "Sai-ee-da" (like Aida, with a soft, sibilant prefix), all through the night. The "Halt!" of the sentry in simulated English gave a moment's shock and disturbed my converse with those of the past who had accompanied me, but were unseen of the sentry. They all fled as I tried to make the East Indian guard with his menacing rifle understand that I was a "friend." Whether I had succeeded I did not know, for I could not understand whether he was permitting me to proceed or ordering me to turn into the guard-house (where indeed I should have been glad to repose for a while), but I started on, and as he did not fire I assumed that he recognized me for the friend I was,





The Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, as seen from the American Red Cross workroom.

with no desire as to the springs he was guarding (the springs from which the water was led into Jerusalem) except that I might drink of them.

Over hills and through valleys that were awesome with the moon shadows—were these not perhaps the very valleys that had given the Psalmist his metaphor of the “Valley of the Shadow”?—I journeyed on by the winding road, down at last past Solomon’s Pools (one empty of water, one almost empty, and the third planted in tomatoes and other vegetables), down into the fruitful Vale of Urtas, which Solomon may have had in mind when he wrote of descending into the garden “to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine flourished and the pomegranates budded,” filled now with Anzac troops beginning to stir themselves at the first premonition of day. Then on till the roofs of the little town of Bethlehem began to appear in the dawn. The morning star was burning in the sky above it with a brilliancy that seemed supernal. Over the Bethlehem on my horizon it stood, toward the Shepherds’ Field, till the walls of the little city itself hid it from my view.

Beyond Bethlehem the once narrow camel road over which the Magi had come broadened into a dusty highway and began to fill with a throng of people going to and from the Holy City. The refugees from Jericho, encamped in the field opposite the tomb of Rachel, were rising frowzled from their nomad beds. Lorries and ambulances were starting from camps at the roadside for the hellish places from which these refugees had fled, down where the British forces were holding their trenches awaiting the day of advance. A battalion of Anzac cavalry was passing in the opposite direction for its period of rest after the night’s riding. Indian lancers and Indian infantrymen, picturesque even in khaki, looked and knelt toward the dawn and their own Himalayas. Trains of camels from somewhere bore their compact loads that might be myrrh or the daily manna for the troops. Hundreds of donkeys, “Allenby’s white mice,” went pattering along. Aeroplanes were mounting and circling, with their hum, to scout or perhaps to bomb beyond the hills toward Shechem. Barefoot women with varicolored burdens on their heads walked with all the stateliness of



queens toward the City of Peace—the City of Peace amid shepherds' fields, now become munition magazines, which were daily augmented by what the trains brought up from Egypt, and daily diminished by what the trains toward the front were carrying northward for the redemption of Samaria and Galilee, the ancient land of the tribes of Benjamin and Ephraim and Manasseh and Issachar and Zebulon and Asher and Naphtali and Dan—Dan, which I would yet reach—but that is another story.

For the day I was content to stop at the Mount within the walls of Jerusalem, where Abraham ended his sacrificial journey, fire and knife in hand; the Mount whose topmost rock was regarded as the centre of the world, the "stone of foundation," on which the Ark of the Covenant once rested; the Mount from which Mohammed is said to have ascended on his miraculous steed; the Mount over whose edges the orthodox Jew does not dare to

venture lest he tread upon the "Holy of Holies," but wails at the wall of lamentation without; the Mount at whose verge the Christ was crucified and buried, and from whose rock-hewn tomb he rose. It seems indeed the "centre of the world," and over it all, as I saw it that morning, the Tower of the Ascension stood on the Mount of Olives against the sunrise.

But after all one would wish to approach it as the Wise Men from the East, on camels, for the rhythm of their soft feet is more agreeable than that of the hard heels of the pedestrian, and it is in their measure that my thoughts of Jerusalem return to its gates:

"My thoughts of thee would be, if writ and scanned,

As trains of camels o'er the snow-white sand  
Dawn-travelling toward the Holy Land

With slow and rhythmic feet,  
Iambic, bearing each its mystic load,  
Together making a majestic ode—

I but the blue-clad driver with the goad  
Upon the swaying seat."



"Iambic, bearing each its mystic load."



# THE OPEN HEARTH

By H. S. Hall

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY E. L. BLUMENSCHNEIN



It was a very black and a very dirty street down which I made my way that November morning at half past five. There was no paving, there was no sidewalk, there were no lights. Rain had been falling for several days, and I waded through seas of mud and sloshed through lakes of water, longing for terra firma. There were men in front of me and men behind me, all plodding along through the muck and mire, just as I was plodding along, their tin lunch-pails rattling as mine was rattling. Some of us were going to work, some of us were going to look for work—the steel-mills lay somewhere in the darkness ahead of us. We were citizens of a city where the daylight-saving scheme was being tried out, and half past five in the morning in that city, in the latter part of November, is an early hour and a dark one.

We who were not so fortunate as to possess a magical piece of brass, the showing of which to a uniformed guard at the steel-mills' gate would cause the door to light and warmth to swing open, waited outside in the street, where we milled about in the mud, not unlike a herd of uneasy cattle. It was cold out there. A north wind, blowing straight in from the lake, whipped our faces and hands and penetrated our none-too-heavy clothing.

"By golly, I wisht I had a job in there!" said a shivering man at my side, who had been doing some inspecting through a knot-hole in the high fence. "You got a job here?" he asked, glancing at my pail.

I told him I had been promised work and had been ordered to report.

"You're lucky to get a job, and you want to freeze on to it. Jobs ain't goin' to be any too plentiful this winter, and if this war stops—good night! I've been comin' here every mornin' for two weeks, but I can't get took. I reckon I'm kind

o' small for most of the work in there." He began to kick his muddy shoes against the fence and to blow upon his hands. "Winter's comin'," he sighed.

A whistle blew, a gate swung open, and a mob of men poured out into the street—the night shift going off duty. Their faces looked haggard and deathly pale in the sickly glare of the pale-blue arcs above us.

"Night-work's no good," said the small man at my side. "It always gets me in the pit of the stummick somethin' fierce, 'long between midnight and mornin'. But you got to do it if you're goin' to work in the mills."

A man with a Turkish towel thrown loosely about his neck came out of the gate and looked critically at the job hunters. He came up to me. "What's yer name?" he demanded. I told him. "Come on!" he grunted.

We stopped before the uniformed guard, who wrote my name on a card, punched the card, and gave it to me. "Come on!" again grunted the man with the towel. I followed my guide into the yard, over railroad tracks, past great piles of scrap-iron and pig metal, through clouds of steam and smoke, and into a long, black building where engines whistled, bells clanged, and electric cranes rumbled and rattled overhead. We skirted a mighty pit filled with molten slag, and the hot air and stifling fumes blowing from it struck me in the face and staggered me. We crept between giant ladles in whose depths I could hear the banging of hammers and the shouting of men. We passed beneath a huge trough through which a white, seething river of steel was rushing. I shrank back in terror as the sound of the roaring flood fell full upon my ears, but the man with the towel, who was walking briskly in front of me, looked over his shoulder and grunted: "Come on!"

Through a long, hot tunnel and past



black, curving flues, down which I saw red arms of flame reaching, we made our way. We came to an iron stairway, climbed it, and stepped out upon a steel floor into the Open Hearth. "Come on!" growled my guide, and we walked down the steel floor, scattered over which I saw groups of men at work in front of big, house-like furnaces out of whose cavernous mouths white tongues of flame were leaping. The men worked naked to the waist, or stripped to overalls and undershirt, and, watching them, I began to wonder if I had chosen wisely in seeking and accepting employment in this inferno.

"Put yer pail there. Hang yer coat there. Set down there. I'll tell the boss ye're here." And the man with the towel went away.

I was sitting opposite one of the furnaces, a square, squat structure of yellow brick built to hold seventy-five tons of steel. There were three doors on the front wall, each door having a round opening in the centre, the "peep-hole." Out through these peep-holes poured shafts of light so white and dazzling they pained the eye they struck. They were as the glaring orbs of some gigantic, uncouth monster, and as I looked down the long line of furnaces and saw the three fiery eyes burning in each, the effect through the dark, smoke-laden atmosphere was grotesquely weird.

I watched a man who worked at one of the doors of the furnace nearest me. He had thrust a bar of iron through the peep-hole and was jabbing and prying at some object inside. Every ounce of his strength he was putting into his efforts. I could hear him grunt as he pulled and pushed, and I saw the perspiration dripping from his face and naked arms. He withdrew the bar—the end that had been inside the door came out as white and as pliable as a hank of taffy—and dropped it to the floor. He shouted some command to some invisible person, and the door rose slowly and quietly, disclosing to me a great, snow-white cavern in whose depths bubbled and boiled a seething lake of steel.

With a quick movement of his hand the workman dropped a pair of dark-colored spectacles before his eyes, and his arms went up before his face to shield it

from the withering blast that poured out through the open door. There he stood, silhouetted against that piercing light, stooping and peering, tiptoeing and bending, cringing and twisting, as he tried to examine something back in the furnace. Then with another shout he caused the door to slip down into its place.

He came walking across the floor to where I sat and stopped in front of me. The sweat in great drops fell from his blistered face, ran in tiny rivulets from his arms and hands, and splashed on the iron floor. He trembled, he gasped for breath, and I thought he was going to sink down from pure exhaustion, when, to my surprise, he deliberately winked at me.

"Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Eh, buddy?" he said with a sweaty chuckle. And that was my introduction to Pete, the best open-hearth man I ever knew, a good fellow, clean and honest.

"Mike, put this guy to wheeling in manganese," said a voice behind me, and I turned and saw the boss. "Eighteen hundred at Number Four and twenty-two hundred at Number Six. Where's your pass?" he asked me.

I handed him the card the uniformed watchman at the gate had given me, and he walked away. As he went I heard him say to the workman, Pete, with something like a snarl in his voice: "Pull your gas down, you fool!"

"Get that wheelbarrer over yender and foller me," instructed Mike, a little, old, white-haired Irishman who was, as I learned afterward, called "maid of all work" about the plant. I picked up the heavy iron wheelbarrow and trundled it after him, out through a runway to a detached building where the various alloys and refractories used in steel-making were kept.

"Now, then, you load your wheelbarrer up with this here ma'ganese and weigh it over on them scales yender, and then wheel it in and put it behind Number Four," Mike told me. "Eighteen hundred pounds to that furnace. Then you wheel in twenty-two hundred pounds to Number Six. I'll be watchin' for you when you bring in the first load, and show you where to dump it."

It was cold in the manganese bins. A



small yellow electric lamp disclosed to my eyes a great pile of angular chunks of gray metal. I found the pieces surprisingly heavy. I began throwing them into my wheelbarrow and had nearly filled it when I heard a laugh. Looking up I saw a big, red face framed in the one window of the bin.

"Wot ye think ye're goin' to do with that ma'ganese, young feller?" demanded Red Face.

"Wheel it in and put it behind Number Four furnace," I replied.

"I want to see yer when yer do it," chuckled Red Face. "Yer must be some little horse! D'ye know how much yer got on that buggy? About eight hundred pounds! Try to heft it."

I took hold of the handles and lifted. I could not budge the load. Red Face gave another chuckle and disappeared. I threw out about three-fourths of the load, weighed the remainder, and found I had nearly two hundred pounds. This I wheeled in and put behind the furnace, where it would be used when the furnace was tapped.

"Why is manganese put into the steel?" I asked Pete on one of my trips past his furnace.

"It settles it, toughens it up, and makes it so it'll roll," he answered.

A few days later I asked one of the chemists about the plant the same question. "It absorbs the occluded gases in the molten steel, hardens it, and imparts the properties of ductility and malleability," was his reply. I preferred Pete's elucidation.

All day I trundled the iron wheelbarrow back and forth along the iron floor, wheeling in manganese, magnesite, dolomite, ferro-silicon, fire-clay, sulphur rock, fluor-spar and spiegeleisen. All day I watched service cars rolling into the long building loaded with pig-iron, scrap-iron, and limestone. I watched the powerful electric cranes at work picking up the heavy boxes of material and dumping their contents into the furnaces. I watched the tapping of the "heats," when the dams holding in the boiling lakes would be broken down and the fiery floods would go rushing and roaring into the ladles, these to be whisked away to the ingot moulds. And I watched the men at

work, saw the strain they were under, saw the risks they took, and wondered if, after a few days, I could be doing what they were doing.

"It is all very interesting," I said to Pete, as I stood near him, waiting for a crane to pass by.

He grinned. "Uh-huh! But you'll get over it. 'Bout to-morrow mornin', when your clock goes rattlety-bang and you look to see what's up and find it's five o'clock, you'll not be thinkin' it so interestin', oh, no! Let's see your hands." He laughed when he saw the blisters the handles of the wheelbarrow had developed.

Pete was right. When my alarm-clock awakened me next morning and I started to get out of bed I groaned in agony. Every muscle of my body ached. I fancied my joints creaked as I sat on the edge of the couch vainly endeavoring to get them to working freely and easily. The breakfast bell rang twice, but hurry I could not.

"You'll be late to work! The others have gone!" called the landlady. I managed to creak down-stairs. My pail was packed and she had tied up an extra lunch in a newspaper. "You can't stop to eat, if you want to get to work on time," she said. "Your breakfast is in this paper—eat it when you get to the mills."

I stumbled away in the darkness, groaning and gasping, and found my way to the black and dirty street. The mud was frozen hard now, and the pools of water were ice-covered, and my heavy working shoes thumped and bumped along the dismal road in a remarkably noisy manner.

The number of job hunters was larger this morning. Among them I saw the small man who could not "get took," and again he was peeking wishfully through the knot-hole in the fence.

"You're on, eh?" he said when he spied me. "By golly, I wisht I was. Say, you haven't got a dime in your pants that you could spare a feller, have you?" I discovered a dime.

I showed my brass check—a timekeeper had given me one the day before, Number 1266—to the uniformed watchman. He waved me on, and I entered the gate just



as the whistle blew. A minute later and I would have been docked a half-hour.

Mike, "maid of all work," took me in hand as soon as I came on the floor and proceeded to give me a few pointers. "I kept me eye on ye all day yestidday, and ye fair disgosted me with the way ye cavorted round with that Irish buggy. As though ye wanted to do it all the first day! Now, ye're on a twelve-hour turn here, and ye ain't expected to work like a fool. Ye want to learn to spell. (Mike wasn't referring to my orthographic shortcomings.) When the boss is in sight, keep movin'; when he's not, then ease up. Dig in like sin whenever ye glimpse a white shirt and collar movin' about the plant. Chances is it'll be a fifty-dollar clerk, but until ye find out for sure, dig in. Ye'll get in bad with the boss if he sees ye chinnin' with Pete. He don't like Pete and Pete don't like him, and I don't blame Pete. The boss is solid bone from the collar-button up. He has brainstorms. Watch out for 'em."

I followed much of Mike's advice. All that day I trundled the wheelbarrow, but with more—shall I call it circumspection? I made an easier day of it, and no one objected to my work. And as the days ran by I found my muscles toughening, and I could hear the alarm-bell at five in the morning without feeling compelled to squander several valuable minutes in wishing I had been born rich.

For two weeks I worked every day at wheeling in materials for the furnaces. Then for one week I worked with the "maid of all work," sweeping the floors and keeping the place "righted up," as he called it. Then I "pulled doors" for a while; I "ran tests" to the laboratory; I "brought stores"; I was general-utility man. Then one day, when a workman dropped a piece of pig-iron on his foot and was sent to the hospital, I was put on "second helping."

By good luck I was sent to Pete's furnace. Pete and I by this time were great cronies. Many a chat we had had, back behind his furnace, hidden from the prying eyes of the boss. I found Mike was right—it was just as well to keep out of his sight. I soon discovered that he did not like Pete. In numberless mean and petty ways did he harass the man, trying

to make him do something that would give him an excuse to discharge him. But Pete was naturally slow to anger, and with admirable strength he kept his feelings under control.

More than once I saw the boss endeavor to lead Pete to strike him, and more than once I saw Pete laugh in the scoundrel's face and walk away, leaving him wild with rage. I sickened of the ugly game the boss played, and wondered when it would end, and how.

"Oh, I s'pose it'll come to a head some of these days," Pete said to me one day as we sat talking about the latest outbreak of the boss. "I can't stand it for always. But I'm goin' to make a good job of it when it comes."

I was working nights now, every other week. The small man at the gate—he had finally "got took" and was laboring in the yard gang—who had told me that "night-work is no good—it gets you somethin' fierce in the pit of the stummick, 'long between midnight and mornin'"—he knew what he was talking about. I found night-work absolutely "no good," and it certainly did get me "somethin' fierce in the pit of the stummick." The small hours of the night, when the body's vitality is at low ebb, the hours when one moans and cries in his sleep, when death comes oftenest—they are the terror of the night-worker.

To be aroused by a screaming whistle above your head at two o'clock in the morning; to seize a shovel and run to the open door of a white-hot furnace and there in its blistering heat to shovel in heavy ore and crushed limestone rock until every stitch of clothing on your body is soaked with perspiration; to stagger away with pulses thumping, and drop down upon a bench, only to be ordered out into a nipping winter air to raise or lower a gas-valve—this is the kind of work the poet did not have in mind when he wrote "Toil that ennobles!" I doubt whether he or any other poet ever heard of this two-o'clock-in-the-morning toil.

When the "heat" was ready to tap I would dig out the "tap-hole." Another "second helper" would assist me in this work. The tap-hole, an opening in the centre and lower part of the back wall of the furnace, is about a foot in diameter



and three in length. It is closed with magnesite and dolomite when the furnace is charged. Digging this filling out is dangerous work—the steel is liable to break out and burn the men who work there. When we had removed the dolomite from the hole I would notify the boss. A long, heavy bar was thrust through the peep-hole in the middle door, and a dozen men would “Ye-ho! Ye-ho!” back and forth on the bar until it broke through the fused bank of magnesite into the tap-hole. Then the lake of steel would pour out through a runner into the ladle.

This tapping a “heat” is a magnificent and a startling sight to the newcomer. I stood fascinated when I beheld it the first time. A lake of seventy-five or eighty tons of sun-white steel, bursting out of furnace bounds and rushing through the runner, a raging river, is a terrifying spectacle. The eye aches as it watches it; the body shrinks away from the burning heat it throws far out on all sides; the imagination runs riot as the seething flood roils and boils in the ladle.

My helper for the first two weeks of my experience as “second helper” was Dan Goodman, a young Englishman. From the first I noticed that Dan would not stand on the platform when the heat was tapping nor would he look at the steel tumbling into the ladle. When I asked him one day why he always stepped behind a column when the steel came, he surprised me with this answer: “I wouldn’t stand on that platform above that ladle and look down into it for the worth of this plant! I couldn’t. I would jump in. Laugh at me if you want to, but, just the same, I know I’d jump in that ladle if I stood there where you stand!”

I smiled at this as some foolish weakness of the man, but when I spoke about it to Pete he didn’t laugh. “Dan shows more sense than a fellow did who worked here ten years ago. He had the same notion that Dan’s got—he thought he might jump in if he looked too long, and, by gum! he did.”

“What!” I cried.

“He jumped in,” repeated Pete. “Lost his wits, or whatever you want to call it, but in he went, smack into the ladle, sir!”

I looked at Pete’s face to see if he was trying to poke fun at me, but he was sober enough—I didn’t doubt he was telling me the truth.

“Didn’t last that long!” he said with a snap of his fingers. “Nothin’ left of him—of course not. The super had the whole heat dumped in the pit. When it had cooled off he had it drug out in the yard and buried. Never heard of a grave like that before, did you? Three or four years afterward we got a new super. He heard about that seventy-five-ton chunk of steel out there, and he had it dug up and hauled to the skull-cracker. They broke it up and we run it through here again.”

Sometimes when we had had a particularly hard spell of work—when a heat had melted “soft” and we must throw in extra pig-iron by hand, to raise the carbon, or when the bottom had broken down and we had labored an hour or two at “splashing” out the steel that had run into the honeycombs, or when we would have to build up a new back wall—when something of this kind occurred and we had pulled and grunted and sweated until we were dead beaten with fatigue and exhaustion, then Pete might be expected to put his well-known question: “Ought to have stayed on the farm, oughtn’t we? Hey, buddy?”

The foolish question, and his comical way of asking it, always made me laugh. Seeing that Pete had once been a farm laborer, the remark does not appear so silly, after all. It was his way of comparing two kinds of work; it was his favorite stock jest. I know farm work, too, from pigs to potatoes, and I do not believe there is any kind of farm work known, ten hours of which would equal thirty minutes of “splashing” on an open-hearth furnace, in muscle-tearing, nerve-racking, back-breaking, sweat-bringing effort.

“Well, it was like this,” Pete began, when I asked him to tell me how he came to quit the farm and take to steel-making. “I quit farmin’ and become a steel-worker the same way a fellow quits bein’ a one-horse lawyer and becomes a United States senator—by pure accident. I was peggin’ away on a Minnesota ranch at eighteen dollars a month. One summer when



times got slack on the farm I run over to Duluth to look around a bit. A fellow there offered me a job on a ore boat. I took it and that summer I put in on the lakes. The boat tied up that fall at Ashtabula. I got paid off there. I thought I'd go back to Minnesota for the winter, so I started to the depot. I met a nice-talkin' chap and we swapped a few reminiscences. After he had gone I discovered he'd taken my roll with him. It was late and I had no place to sleep, so I went down to the railroad yards and crawled in what I thought was a car of white sand. Somebody come by and shut the door, and I didn't get out of that car till it was opened out there at that bin of spar. They needed a man here that day, so I went to work, and here I've been ever since—fourteen year this fall. I kind of got the habit of bein' round here, and I s'pose I'm done with farmin', but I tell you, sometimes I fairly wish I was back draggin' down my eighteen per up in Minnesota. Them occasions don't last long, though."

Pete and I were working on Number Three furnace, the latest type and the "fastest" of any in the group. Its monthly output was three or four hundred tons more than that of any other. It belonged to Pete by rights—he was the oldest man on the floor, and he was regarded by all the other furnace-men as the best "first helper" in the plant. No other "first helper" watched his roof so carefully as did he. No other could get as many heats "from a roof" as did he. For every three hundred and fifty heats tapped from a furnace before the furnace required a new roof, the company gave the "first helper" a bonus of fifty dollars. This was to encourage them to watch their furnaces closely, to see that the gas did not "touch" the roofs.

One morning Pete and I were notified that we were transferred to Number Ten, the oldest, the slowest, and the hardest furnace to work of any. "Bulger" Lewis, a Welshman, a bosom friend of the boss, was to take Number Three. Pete would lose the bonus money due in thirty days.

"What's this for?" he demanded of the boss.

"Because you don't watch your furnace!" snarled the boss in reply. "You've

touched that roof! There are icicles on it right now!"

This was a lie. Pete walked over to the air-valves, jerked the lever, and threw up the middle door. "Show me an icicle in there!" he cried. "I'll give you five hundred dollars for every one you point out!"

"Lower that door!" roared the boss. "And get down to Number Ten! Or go get your time, if you prefer!"

Pete was silent for a moment. Then he threw up his head and laughed. Going to his locker, he took out his lunch-pail and started for Number Ten.

"I rather think I am goin' to take a trip to Minnesota pretty soon—to see the folks, you know," he said to me that afternoon.

Number Ten melted "soft" that day and Pete could not get the heat hot. We pigged steadily for two hours, but it remained cold and dead. We were played out when, about four o'clock, the boss came up.

"Why don't you get that heat out?" he demanded. "You've been ten hours on it already!" Pete made no reply. "Where's a test-bar?" He shoved the test-bar into the bath, moved it slowly back and forth, and withdrew it. "She's hot now! Take her out!"

Pete looked at the end of the bar. It was ragged, not bitten off clean as it would have been had the temperature of the bath been right. "She's a long way from bein' hot," he said, pointing at the test-bar.

"Don't you dispute me!" roared the boss. "If I say she's hot, she's hot! If I tell you to take her out, you take her out!"

We took out the heat. And a miserable mess there was. It was so cold it froze up in the tap-hole, it froze up in the runner, it froze up in the ladle. The entire heat was lost. It was an angry crew of men that worked with sledges, bars, and picks cleaning up the mess. I was sorry the boss could not know how much that bunch of men loved him.

I saw him approaching Pete; I saw him shaking his clinched fist; I heard an ugly word; the lie was passed, a blow was struck, and the long-expected fight was on.

Out on the smooth iron floor, in the



glare of the furnace flames—some one had hoisted the three doors to the top—the two enemies fought it out. They were giants in build, both of them, muscled and thewed like gladiators. It was a brutal, savage exhibition. The thud, thud, thud of bare fists on naked flesh was sickening. Once Pete trod on a small piece of scrap, lost his balance, and went down. With a beast-like cry the boss lunged forward and deliberately kicked him in the face. A yell of rage went up from the men surrounding the pair. Had he offered to repeat it they would have been upon him.

But quicker than his movement was Pete's as he leaped to his feet and whirled to meet his antagonist. And now again the sickening thud, thud, thud. That and the dull roaring of the gas as it poured through the ports were the only sounds.

Ah! Thud, thud—smash! And the boss reeled, dropped to his knees, swayed back and forth, and went down, his head striking the iron floor with a bang.

Pete took a bath in a bosh, changed his clothes, shook hands all round, and came seeking me. "Well, buddy, I'm off," he chuckled, peeping at me from a chink in his swollen face. "Like as not I'll be shuckin' punkins up in Minnesota this time next week. Oh, no use my tryin' to stick it out here—you can't stay, you know, when you've had a go with the boss. So long!"

I did not go to work the next day, nor the next. I was deliberating whether I would go back at all, the morning of the third day, when the "maid of all work" came looking for me. "Pete wants you to come to work," he announced.

"Pete?" I said, wondering what he meant.

"You said it! Pete's boss now!"

"No!"

"Yes! Oh, the super, he ain't blind, he ain't! He knowed what was goin' on, he did, and it didn't take him long to fix him when he'd heerd the peticlars. I'll tell Pete you'll be comin' along soon." And Mike departed.

I went back and resumed my old position on Number Three, with John Yakabowski, a Pole. Yakabowski was an exceptionally able furnace-man and an agreeable fellow workman. There was great rejoicing all over the plant because our old boss was out, and there was gen-

eral satisfaction over Pete's appointment to his place. This feeling among the men was soon reflected in the output of the furnaces—our tonnage showed a steady increase.

Pete was nervous and ill at ease for a few weeks. To assume the responsibilities that go with the foremanship of an open-hearth plant the size of that one was almost too much for him. He was afraid he would make some mistake that would show him to be unworthy of the trust the superintendent had placed in him.

"No education—that's where I'm weak!" he said to me in one of our confidential chats. "Can't write, can't figger, can't talk—don't know nothin'! It's embarrassin'! The super tells me to use two thousand of manganese on a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-pound charge. That's easy—I just tell a hunky to wheel in two thousand. But s'pose that lunk-head out in them scales goes wrong, and charges in a hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds and doesn't tell me until ten minutes before we're ready to tap—how am I goin' to figger out how much more manganese to put in? Or when the chief clerk writes me a nice letter, requestin' a statement showin' how many of my men have more than ten children, how many of 'em can read the Declaration of Independence, and how many of 'em eat oatmeal for breakfast, why, I'm up against it, I tell you! No education! I reckon I ought never to 've left the farm—hey, buddy?"

I understood Pete's gentle hint, and I took care of his clerical work, writing what few letters he had to send out, making up his statements, doing his calculating, and so forth.

Six months passed. Pete had "made good." The management was highly pleased with him as a melter. Success had come to me, too, in a modest way—I had been given a furnace—I was now a "first helper." It was about the time I took the furnace that I began to notice a falling off in the number of requests from Pete for assistance. I thought little of it, supposing that he was getting his work done by one of the weighers. But one night when there was a lull in operations and I went down to his office to have a chat with him, I found him seated at his little desk poring over an arithmetic.



Scattered about in front of him were a number of sheets of paper covered with figures. He looked up at me and grinned in a rather shamefaced manner.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" I said. "Now I understand why I am no longer of any use to the boss!"

"Well, I just had to do somethin'," he laughed. "Couldn't afford to go right on bein' a ignorameous all the time."

"Are you studying it out alone?"

"You bet I ain't! I'd never get there if I was! I've got a teacher, a private teacher. Swell, eh? He comes every other night, when I'm workin' days, and every other afternoon, when I'm workin' nights. Gee, but I'm a bonehead! He's told me so a dozen times, but the other day he said he thought I was softenin' up a bit."

Good old Pete! I left him that night with my admiration for the man increased a hundred times.

Another six months passed, six months of hard, grinding, wearing toil, and yet a six months I look back upon with genuine pleasure. I now had the swing of the work and it came easy; conditions about the plant under Pete's supervision were ideal; I was making progress in the profession I had adopted; we were making good money. Then came the black day.

How quickly it happened! I had tapped my furnace and the last of the heat had run into the ladle. "Hoist away!" I heard Pete shout to the crane-man. The humming sound of the crane motors getting into action came to my ears. I took a look at my roof, threw in a shovelful of spar, turned on the gas, and walked toward the rear of the furnace. The giant crane was groaning and whining as it slowly lifted its eighty-ton burden from the pit where the ladle stood. It was then five or six feet above the pit's bottom. Pete was leaning over the railing of the platform directly in front of the rising ladle.

Suddenly something snapped up there among the shafts and cables. I saw the two men in the crane cab go swarming up the escape-ladder. I saw the ladle drop as a broken cable went flying out of a sheave. A great white wave of steel washed over the ladle's rim, and another, and another.

Down upon a shallow pool of water

that a leaking hose had formed, the steel wave splashed, and as it struck the explosion came. I was blown from my feet and rolled along the floor. The air was filled with bits of fiery steel, slag, bricks, and debris of all kinds. I crawled to shelter behind a column and there beat out the flames that were burning my clothing in a half dozen places. Then, groping through the pall of dust and smoke that choked the building, I went to look for Pete.

Near the place where I had seen him standing when the ladle fell I found him. Two workmen who had been crouching behind a wall when the explosion came, and were unhurt, were tearing his burning clothes from his seared and blackened body. I saw an ugly wound on his head where a flying missile of some kind had struck him, and his eyes had been shot full of dust and bits of steel. Somebody brought a blanket and we wrapped it about him. We doubted if he lived, but as we carried him back I noticed he was trying to speak, and, stooping, I caught the words: "Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Hey, buddy?"

That was the last time I ever heard Pete speak. That was the last time I ever saw him alive.

Two o'clock in the morning. Sitting at the little desk where I found Pete that night poring over his arithmetic, I have been writing down my early experiences in the Open Hearth. Here comes Yakabowski with a test. I know exactly what he will say: "Had I better give her a dose of ore?" Numbers Three, Six, and Ten are "working." I must bestir myself. Two o'clock in the morning! The small man at the gate was right: Night-work is no good! It has got me "somethin' fierce in the pit of the stummick" to-night.

I was mistaken; Yakabowski doesn't ask his customary question. He looks at me curiously. "You don't look good, boss," he says. "You sick, maybe?"

Yes, I'm sick—sick at the "pit of the stummick." I always am at two o'clock in the morning, when I'm on night shift. I stretch, I yawn, I shudder.

"Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Hey, Yakabowski?" I say to the big Pole.



# A GROUP OF SPRING POEMS

## HO! THE SPRINGTIME!

ITALY: 1917

By G. E. Woodberry

### I

Ho! the springtime!  
Springtime sets a young heart thinking.

Then it was spring, when I gave my signore the flowers of the field,  
And my brother brought him great violets that the perfumed gardens yield;  
Sun, and field-flowers, and violets bound our bosoms and sealed.

Ho! the sun in the campagna! the flow of the sap of the world!  
The blossom of dawn! the irised sea! the far beach surf-impearled!—  
And all their joy in our bosoms like a flower from the bud unfurled!

One leap, one thrill, one throb of the manifold pulse divine  
Flooded and blended our being, as the grapes are one in the wine.  
Sweet there was our life together in the garden this side of the grave,  
And the springtime smiling on us was the smile of flower and wave.  
O my heart!

### II

Ho! the springtime!  
Time of kiss and time of blossom—  
Time of faring on the sea's blue bosom—  
Time of thinking of another spring—  
When we lived, young, open hearts together,  
Roved the greening land, the violet weather!—  
Clover, poppy, almond-bough  
Murmured it then, murmur it now:  
"Love is coming! this is it! this is it!  
Passes the bloom! oh, woe to miss it!  
The voice, the touch, the fond caress  
That undivided lovers bless!"  
O my heart, how sad is thinking!

### III

"Ho! is it spring?" in the dawn I wake up saying.  
I can hear, far off, my mother (*poveretta*) praying  
For us three—  
And Italy!  
There where mighty Etna, snow-clad, thunder-torn and earthquake-riven,  
Lifts the breathing springtime to the fire-black heaven!  
Oh, the spring!



Ho! is it spring?  
 Si! thoughts, kisses, flowers, caresses!  
 Time of blossom and endearing,  
 To dark death forever nearing!—  
 Time of weeping!  
 Time of the black hour toward us creeping!—  
 Signore! O signor'!

Ho! is it spring?  
 Time of wandering forth on earth's green bosom!  
 Time of passing of youth's almond-blossom!  
 Far we wandered, far we wandered, far, and far away!—  
 Across the greening lands, across the violet seas, and far, and far away!—  
 Flowers of the field I cannot bring, signor'.  
 Thinking, to thee I send the kiss of spring, signor'.

---

## THE VISION

By Caroline Duer

Love filled my heart with fulness of the spring;  
 With all dear joys that cunning nature weaves,  
 With pulse of harvests quickening for the sheaves,  
 And hidden bud and sudden blossoming.  
 With rush of promise that the South winds sing,  
 With sound of rippling brooks and whispering leaves,  
 With golden raindrops falling from wet eaves,  
 And flash of sun on some upsoaring wing.  
 Where, in the half-hushed dawn, a wondrous spark  
 Rose on a note that left the day-star pale,  
 And all the morning broke to meet the lark,  
 And all my heart beat rapturous to prevail—  
 Then the dream died, and through the enfolding dark  
 I heard the sobbing of the nightingale.

## II

### THE DESIRE

I ask so little, as it seems to me;  
 Not love, all militant with golden deeds,  
 But just the filling of my smaller needs—  
 The silver of affection's alchemy.  
 Where look meets look assured of sympathy,  
 And tenderness the wish unspoken reads,  
 Where sorrow leans upon the heart that heeds  
 And joy laughs out in kinship with the free.  
 Oh, we might lift life like a brimming glass,  
 And pledge Fate standing that she lets us live,  
 If in the hands that touch us as we pass  
 One held our welfare thus superlative.  
 "Not Love," I say, unwitting, and alas,  
 I seek the things that love alone can give.



## THE SILENT

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

AND must I die to learn the cool,  
Sweet kindness of rain?  
Dear God, and must I turn to dust  
To know a country lane?

Have I no conscious brotherhood  
With dew and daffodils?  
Is there no free, glad part of me  
Among the friendly hills?

O Earth, if I could only stand  
And meet you eye to eye,  
No longer blinking at the brink  
Of your unrealized sky;

If I could only kiss the grass  
With something more than lips,  
Could swing with more than speech the door  
To your rich fellowships,

I would not think when April runs  
Like laughter through the trees  
That they who sleep so long and deep  
Have lost Life's silences.

## HOPE

By Captain Cyril C. H. Hawken

## I

Who heard the last dying sob of Winter  
Long ere the funny woolly lambs were born?  
"I," said the Squirrel, "I, the tree sprinter,  
I stood by His bedside on a cold March morn."

## II

Who saw the Spring come lightly tripping  
Long ere the merry, merry month of May?  
"I," said the Lambkin, blithely skipping,  
"As she went o'er the hill she passed this way."

## III

Who found the first wee valentine of Heaven  
Long ere the jolly leafy woods were dress'd?  
"I," said the Schoolboy, "I found seven—  
Four in the undergrowth and three in a nest!"



## IN KERRY

By Christine Kerr Davis

THE primrose path winds down the hill  
 And round the lough—in Kerry!  
 And the west wind harps a lyric  
 That is older than the sea.  
 The hawthorn buds are breaking,  
 And the birds are making merry  
 In every tangled hedgerow,  
 And in every whispering tree.

In the rainbow hush of dawning  
 A missel-thrush will call me,  
 And me not there to answer,  
 Or to follow that light wing  
 Through woodland and through water,  
 Not caring what befall me,  
 So I catch a lilting cadence  
 Like the song the fairies sing.

And the shamrocks, O the shamrocks!  
 The soft sweet rain is falling  
 Like a silver veil around them,  
 And they're laughing like with glee.  
 And the heart of me is homesick  
 For the old sweet ways are calling,  
 It's spring, it's spring—in Kerry!  
 And me not there to see!

## THE TREE

By Rosina H. Emmet

IN winter the bare branches of the tree  
 Are raised like haggard arms, the hoary bark  
 Lends its gray presence to the image stark  
 No longer bent by its fecundity.  
 But when the April rains come, there will be  
 A transformation wrought, and in the dark  
 Of Spring's first night let us take note and hark  
 To the soft changes which no man can see. . . .  
 Then when the morning comes, the tree transformed  
 Will shake its fecund branches in the breeze,  
 A blush of green will flush through all the leas,  
 And the bright April sunshine, that has stormed  
 Winter's fast yielding stronghold, will have warmed  
 The sap that stirs with life in all the trees.



## SONG FOR APRIL

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

Oh, the light green and the dark green  
Of willow trees and pine,  
(And it is here at dusk-fall  
That the still stars shine!)

And I have come a-maying.  
Perhaps I am too early,  
And I'm surely not too late,  
To find the dog-tooth violets  
Close by the meadow-gate,  
For there's a moist and earthy smell  
Meshed in the April breeze  
Which blends the light and dark green  
Of pine and willow trees.

Close by the gate they're growing  
The tawny, wild-heart things.  
Their leaves are motley, strong, and streaked  
With a look of sturdy wings.

And I was not too early,  
And surely not too late,  
To find the dog-tooth violets  
Close by the meadow-gate.

Oh, the light green and the dark green  
Of willow trees and pine,  
(And it is here at dusk-fall  
That the still stars shine!)

---

"YOU WHO ONCE WALKED BESIDE ME"

By Charles W. Kennedy

WHERE have you strayed, my son—to what far dwelling—  
You who once walked beside me, arm in my arm?  
You from whose boyish heart laughter was ever welling,  
Where have you found a haven—beyond all harm?

Where are the magic roads we tramped together,  
Sunlit valley and hill, and the white ways of the plain?  
Where are the dreams we dreamed in the rain-sweet April weather?  
All these are gone—returning never again.

Never again the voice of your eager calling;  
Never again the touch of your hand on my arm!  
And I face the empty years knowing Time's slow sands falling,  
Hold now for you—for me—no more of harm.



## THE SINGING HEART

By Miriam Crittenden Carman

THEY gave to him a little, broken reed,  
 Thinking that he would never learn to play  
 So mute a thing that Pan had cast away;  
 But he has shaped it, laughing, to his need  
 And piped a song the god would understand;  
 Has set the wood to dancing with desire  
 Of hidden green, and wings that never tire,  
 And lured the reckless Spring across the land.  
 O, he has fashioned from a wild despair  
 A harp that sings at every cottage door  
 Hallowed and twilight requiems, that all  
 The troubled poor who lean at evening there  
 May lay away old cares forevermore,—  
 Soothed and restored to peace, like David's Saul,

## THE DEAD MAIDS AND THE DAFFODILS

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

"When a daffodil I see  
 Hanging down its head toward me,  
 Guess I may what I must be;  
 First I shall decline my head,  
 Secondly, I shall be dead,  
 Lastly, safely buried."

HERRICK.

ALL winter long the daffodil  
 Forgets not how to shape her flowers.  
 (Our fashions change with changing hours,  
 Our beauty fades, ah! faster still.)

Pale maids that see the daffodil  
 And know by that sign ye must die,  
 Forget not as in dust ye lie  
 How warm spring suns are shining still:

Remember, like the daffodil,  
 The fashion of your silk and lace,  
 Your flowery gleam of hair and face  
 And all love's elfin wit and skill,

Till, deathless as the daffodil,  
 Laughing at beds of grass and clay,  
 Come back—come back! some bright spring day,—  
 Like flowers that winter cannot kill.



## HERITAGE

By Martha Haskell Clark

THE years have brought me all my heart's desire,  
 The turf-roofed hut beside the wind-swept screes,  
 My goodman's hand in mine before the fire,  
 The child of ours asleep upon my knees.

And yet, despite, my heart is aching, aching,  
 At the sudden note of skylarks, far a-wing,  
 At the splash of upland burn-sides, March-awaking,  
 And the first, soft, wind-blown music of the Spring.

Before the door our new-lamb'd flocks slow graze,  
 The oaken cupboard yields full store of food,  
 And sure, enough of plenty lights our days  
 To still one restless heart to gratitude.

And yet—ah, hark!—the moorland ponies neighing  
 By the turning where the brooding tents are set,  
 And through the furze a band of gypsies straying  
 With zither-song and leaping castanet.

A mask I fain must set before my eyes  
 When wakes the first faint whisper of the Spring,  
 And trail-borne echoes, and soft, smoke-blurred skies  
 Set all my gypsy soul a-hungering.

For see—ah, God!—the white roads pleading, pleading,  
 With the shadows of the lark-wings high a-swerve,  
 Through the heather and the bracken vagrant-leading  
 To the land of Wandered Hearts beyond the curve.

## THE LITTLE SHOE

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

THE folk were at the apple-gathering  
 Out in the wind. The house was a still place:  
 And there, along my knees I hid my face;  
 For lo, amongst some toys a crumpled thing  
 The poor weight of a rose, a bit of red  
 A little child had worn from chair to chair,  
 Long Aprils since. Oh, more than I could bear!  
 A little child a round of Aprils dead!  
 I had not known till then that I was sad;—  
 Old wharves, old streets, the sound of many tears  
 Went keenly by me in the daylight's wane;  
 Yea, all the tears the world had ever had,  
 The cry of Mary aching down the years!—  
 I think that I shall never weep again.



## A NATIVE OF PERU

By C. A. Price

I PARTED the long church-yard grass,  
 I stooped to read the little stone,  
 Where hardly could my finger trace  
 The name was writ thereon.

A native of Peru, it said,  
 Lies underneath in final rest,  
 By stranger hands, though gentle, laid  
 In earth's all-welcoming breast.

I raised my eyes; familiar all  
 The sights and sounds, my own dear Bay,  
 The wilding bloom, the peewit's call,  
 The radiant sky of May,—

And, sweet to sleep, I thought, where each  
 Faint breeze that blows from near or far  
 Brings accents of a well-known speech,  
 And sounds that homely are.

And sweet, when all things wake with Spring,  
 To feel some friendly presence near,  
 That stays the foot, remembering  
 The dust was once so dear.

Ah, does he miss, poor lad, to whom  
 All here is alien round his grave,  
 The rustle of the cocoa-plume,  
 The long Pacific wave?

Or does he know, so lying dead,  
 His mother never comes to weep  
 O'er the belovèd fallen head  
 She blessed in baby sleep?

Sister unknown, your grief I feel,  
 A mother's heart gives countersign;  
 See! here beside your grave I kneel,—  
 Pray you one hour by mine!

## THE WATCHER

By Clinton Scollard

IN toward Dingle a boat comes tackin',  
 Dippin' her bows in the scud an'  
 foam,  
 An' here I sit in the yellow bracken  
 Wonderin' will my lad come home.

Out he went in the gay spring weather  
 Ere ever a blossom was on the whin;  
 Many a day have I sought the heather  
 Watchin' to see his boat come in.

Will it be to-day, will it be to-morrow,  
 An' at what turn of the creamin' tide?  
 An' still my heart cries out in sorrow,—  
 "Where do ye bide? oh, where do ye  
 bide?"

But ever the wind flings back my sighin'  
 In a plaintive, pitiful, keenin' way,  
 So here I sit, with the daylight dyin',  
 Lookin' out over Dingle Bay.





## A DAY WITH A SKETCH-BLOCK ON THE FRONT

By Will Foster

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S SKETCHES



**S**KETCHING the Dough Boy on the front, especially last July, about the time of the great offensive, presented these two rather similar and serious difficulties. Neither one—the Dough Boy nor the front—would stay still; everything seemed to be in a constant state of flux, including, as often as not, the architecture. For that matter, back in Paris, sketching was hardly what one might call a safe pursuit; for example, one afternoon last August, when the contents of the music-shop across the street on the Boulevard St. Michel landed on the glass canopy above my head, catapulted into space by the explosion of one of those long-range Bertha shells, filling the air with mandolins, guitars, trombones, and piano-keys. But Paris would always be there and the rumble of cannon was calling eastward.

It was a comparatively easy matter to go from Baccarat, the centre of the Toul sector, four miles behind, to the front-line trenches with a sketch-pad if one wore a blazing "C" over the elbow. But when you reached close up and were drawn into this seething cauldron of activity you asked the same restless

question that was on everybody's lips: "Where do we go from here?"

I was fortunate enough to meet Colonel Vidmer, of the 306th Infantry, and under the very eyes of the Boche observers made a portrait sketch of him as he, in consultation with his staff, was arranging an attack for the following night. I accepted his invitation to see some miles of the front from a side car in my search for material and selected a competent-looking driver. Away we flew like a bat out of the infernal regions, leaving behind us a trail of dust and sparks and eating up the road like a drunken meteor without a destination. Twenty miles of road were covered in this manner and, as it seemed to me, hardly ever touching the ground. When the colonel asked me later what I saw on the trip, I had to admit that I saw nothing, as it took all my attention and energy to hold on; and when I described my driver to him, he said: "It's too bad you picked out 'Wild Bill.'"

Ruins and desolation I had seen aplenty in picture and cinema, but what caught and held the attention of the artist was the human thing—the human thing in action against that background.

To see a regiment on parade along Fifth Avenue, rank after rank of char-





I was fortunate enough to meet Colonel Vidmer, of the 306th Infantry, and under the very eyes of the Boche observers made a portrait sketch of him.—Page 449.

acterless units, one is apt to conclude that the picturesqueness, the individuality of the soldier, is gone forever, but over there every solitary Dough Boy was a study all by himself. A certain roll of his shirt-sleeves or a tilt to his helmet marked out the individual man almost as distinctly as if he had worn a special uniform all his own. Particularly was that true of the tin hat. It might be on the head or, like as not, if there was no pressing need for it, it would be hitched to his shoulder, but wherever it was placed it spoke more elo-

quently, if less categorically, than any identification tag.

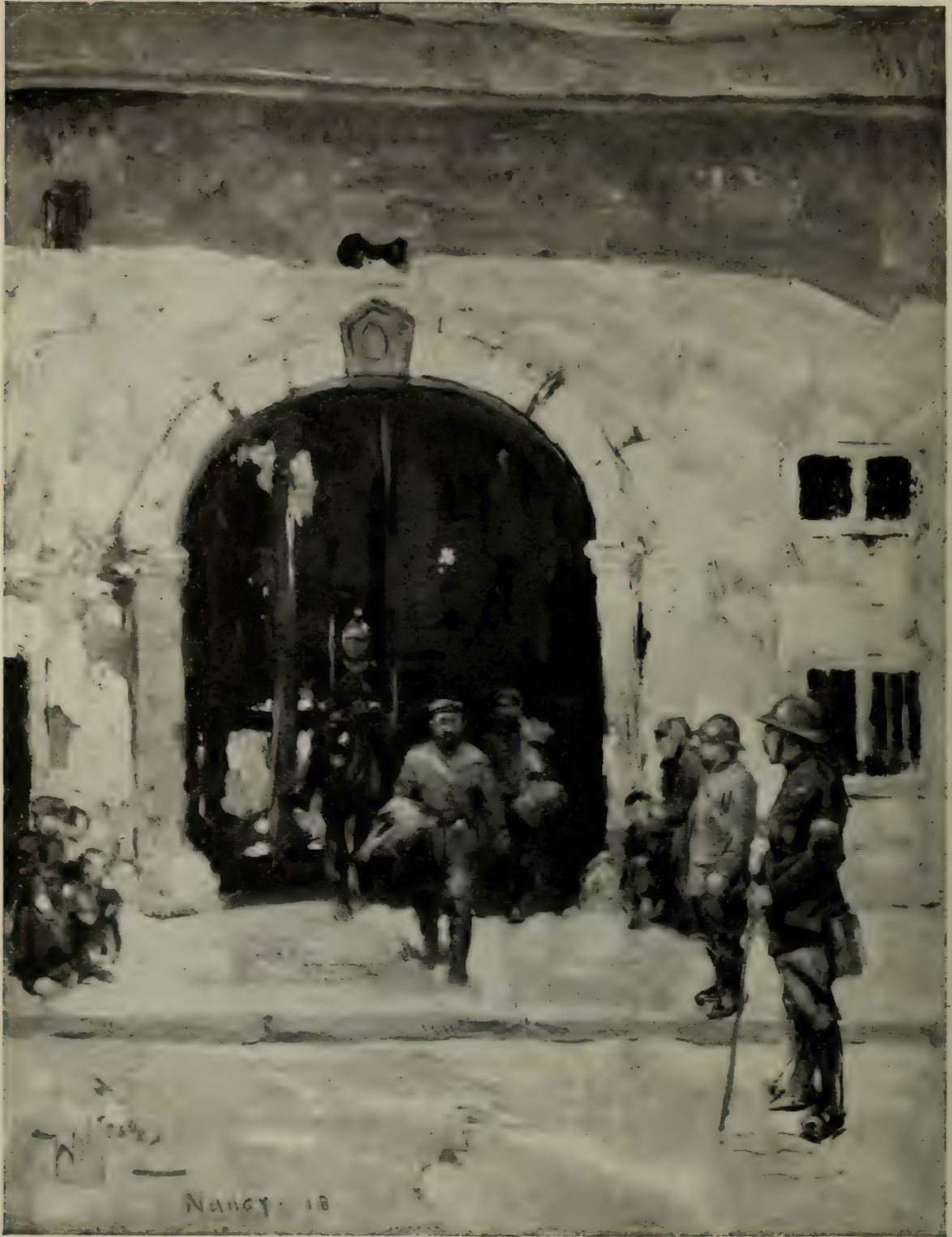
And the way the tin hats with the wearers under them grouped and regrouped themselves was a constant joy. We are apt to think of the boys over there as forever digging trenches or making a raid across No Man's Land. Well, the Dough Boy meant business all the time, but that business was not always fighting, and you are likely to stumble into a quiet game of poker under the very noses of the enemy while, of course, an





A dead dog from the artist's sketch book.  
What thought and took our attention of the artist was the known thing - From 1910.





German prisoners at Nancy, 1918.

eagle-eyed sentry keeps a sharp lookout a little farther back. It was just such a picturesque game that I stumbled into, and I sat down on the edge of a waterless water-trough in the broiling sun with my sketch-block on my knees and started in. Hardly had I begun when a breathless orderly handed me a note from the col-

onel asking that I get out of the blazing sunlight with that white paper, as a German balloon was watching me. The orderly explained further that the man in the sausage doesn't know that that white object is only a sketch-pad. First thing you know, you'll have the fire of a whole battery on some little game that he





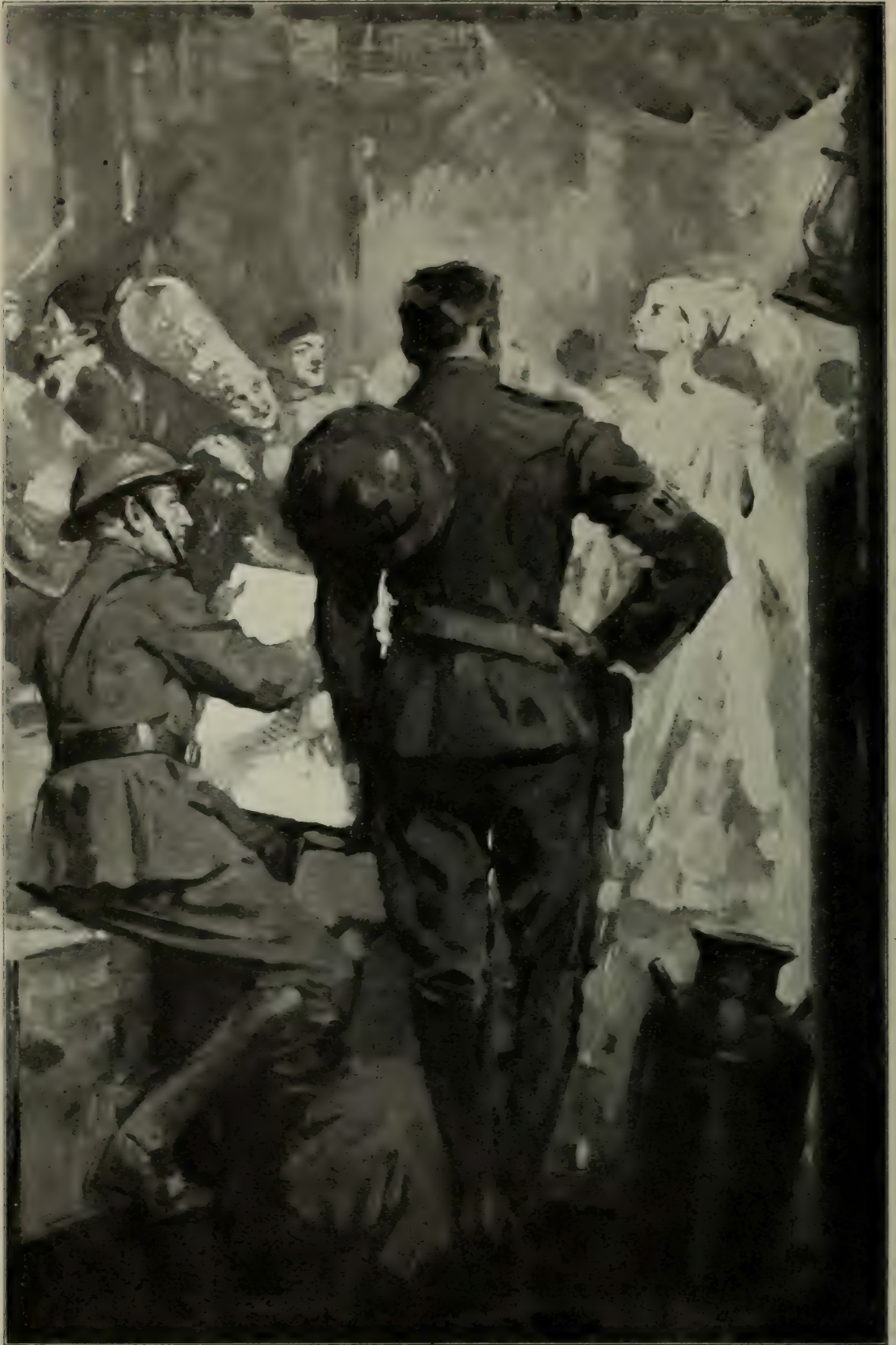
A quiet game of poker under the very noses of the enemy.—Page 450.

doesn't exactly understand but that looks suspicious. Quiet as things seem, the whole front is like a gigantic magazine, and one little spark—a sketch-pad even—might start the whole thing off hours or days or weeks before the time is ripe. So I started for cover, keeping an eye on the Boche in the balloon, when I fell through a piece of clever camouflage into a gun-

pit. I had been walking all around this gun-pit, never dreaming of its existence. I got my sketch, however, from the shadow of a lone mantel-piece, the only remains of what was once probably a happy home.

An hour's walk along the dusty road, carefully avoiding the entanglements and pit-falls, brought me in in time for a





Later on we saw the dress rehearsal of the division's theatrical troupe.—Page 455.



wash-up before dinner. It was my first experience in using my tin helmet for a basin.

Soon the staff and guests began to arrive, candles were lit, champagne hauled up out of the well, and the colonel's big nigger, who claimed he was not a nigger but an "Afkan," served everything from soup to cheese no differently from a Fifth Avenue home except for the patched-up chairs, perforated walls, tileless roof, and the occasional splash and clatter of a falling shutter on the narrow pavement.

Later on we saw the dress rehearsal of the division's theatrical troupe. The big, old cow-shed was cleaned and strewn with new straw, the cattle billeted elsewhere, the Dough Boys transferring themselves into clowns, harlequins, princesses,

and minstrels, the orchestra tuning up, and from my seat on a condensed-milk box marked Illinois I got a sketch with one of the big horns at my left ear trumpeting the bass to the "Dead March of Saul."

One A. M. under a brilliant moon found me perched upon a passing camion headed for Baccarat. The progress was slow, but the grinding and churning of the motors both behind and in front of us showed that we were moving right along. Suddenly to the left of us a thing rose up out of the thicket. Steadily it rose higher and higher—then with a deafening roar and a sheet of flame the rush of air from this long-ranger tore the flapping top from our camion and left me with but a third of my hard-earned sketches.

## THE ROAD IN THE SHADOW

By Dana Burnet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. MOWAT



HE had never fought a thing he could not touch with his hands, so that he was quite unprepared to do battle with a shadow. His life had been a continuous warfare against men and conditions—tangible, material foes that he had beaten or tricked with the strength and cunning that was in him. He had conquered his world at forty; but now he was confronted, with terrible suddenness, by an enemy that could neither be crushed nor outwitted, an enemy whose only weapon was a bludgeoning fear of the dark.

Yet his habit of self-control held him outwardly steady under the shock. He looked at the great specialist who had pronounced sentence upon him, and smiled grimly.

"Well, how much do I owe you?"

The other made a deprecatory gesture.

"My dear Mr. Rand—"

"I know. You're sorry for me. But sympathy doesn't pay bills in this world.

It's either cash or credit, and I've always preferred cash. How much, my friend?"

The specialist, somewhat offended by that dry, bitter tone, named a sum commensurate with his greatness. John Rand produced a black leather wallet, paid his score, and walked out into the dazzle of spring sunlight with his shoulders squared.

He called a cab and gave the driver a certain number on Fifth Avenue. It was five o'clock of the afternoon, that most brilliant hour of the day when the great thoroughfare takes on the vivacious sparkle of a witty comedy. But John Rand sat with unseeing eyes, staring straight ahead into a nameless shadow.

The cab stopped before a house in the upper fifties; a brownstone house whose slightly obsolete air was transformed, by a mere matter of location, into an atmosphere of extreme distinction and respectability.

John Rand entered this house with the assurance of one accustomed to intimate welcome, nodded brusquely to the man



who took his hat and stick, and went directly into the library, where a young woman with high lights in her hair sat pouring tea out of a silver urn.

"You are twenty minutes late," she said, and gave him her hand with a gesture quite regal. We, too, have our princesses, we Americans, though we crown them only with idleness and luxury!

John Rand looked at her as a man might look at a very beautiful statue—which he was about to lose.

"Sorry. Gearson kept me longer than I had expected. I think I told you that I had an engagement with him?"

"If I were clever," said the girl, smiling slightly, "I should say that you were to have engagements with no one but me. What did Doctor Gearson decide about your eyes?"

"He decided that I would be stone blind in a month."

It was a cruel thing to do, and John Rand did it deliberately, his searching glance fixed upon her face. For a moment she sat stunned, silent, as though powerless to comprehend his words; then slowly her hands crept to her heart; terror darkened her eyes.

"Blind!"

"Yes."

"But—that is—impossible. That would change everything——"

"It has already done so."

"You mean——?"

"I mean that you are free."

"But I haven't said—I haven't asked——"

"You wouldn't ask. You are too well-bred. You'd marry me rather than be called a quitter. And that would be hell."

He spoke quietly; but the girl shrank in her chair. He saw her tremble, and his face became a gray mask.

"Come," said he, "let's be honest about this. I believe we agreed—once—not to be sentimental. You know, and I know, that our marriage was to have been—a business arrangement. Nothing wrong about that, I suppose, if both parties get—what they bargain for. But it takes more than—the business basis—to support a marriage with a blind man. If you had loved me——"

He paused; and then said gently:

"I want to be sure. There is no chance of that——?"

She answered, almost in a whisper:

"There is no chance of that."

"Then it is settled."

"But you——" she cried. "I am so sorry for you! What will you do——?"

He took her hands, and the ghost of the grim smile returned to his lips.

"I will try to find something—to fight with. I have been fighting all my life—with brains, fists, money, cleverness—but one can't fight the dark with any of those things. I must find some light, if I can——"

She had begun to sob, her head bowed upon her arms. He leaned down, kissed her hair, and then, squaring his shoulders in the way he had, went quickly from the room.

The full moon, shining down upon the open country of Long Island, revealed the flying shape of a motor-car, driven furiously along the level, glistening road.

At the wheel of this car sat a man who was fleeing from a shadow. But now, as though realizing the hopelessness of his cause, he slackened speed and sank back against the cushions of his seat with a grim smile.

Far behind him, fifty miles or more, lay the city that he had conquered with hand and brain and heart. Before him lay the still country, infinitely peaceful under the pale glory of the moon.

He had come thus far, and thus furiously, in response to an unreasoning whim. The city, with its strange, unfeeling thousands, its tremendous oppressive impersonality, had seemed to him suddenly a hideous prison. He had ordered his car, and without purpose or destination had fled away through the dusk.

Two weeks had passed since Gearson had pronounced sentence upon him. During that time he had clung, bewildered, to the old ruts. The momentum of long habit had held him to his groove. But an increasing despair, as the world dimmed before his eyes, had driven him at last from the golden burrow that he had dug for safety against misfortune. Now he fled like a hunted animal from





*Drawn by H. I. Mason.*

She sang the song that had brought peace to his soul—Page 419.



the very refuge that he had built, and ever at his shoulder grinned the huntsman, Fate.

The road, that was only a blur before his eyes, dropped abruptly into a wooded hollow over which hung a thick curtain of mist. As he dipped into it, John Rand had a sudden sensation of losing the world. His tires seemed to tread a floor of cloud. Then a luminous white path appeared between the trees, like a path in a dream, and he twisted the car sharply toward it. His motorist's intuition told him that he was committing an indiscretion, but the illusive vagary of the road accorded with his mood, and he went forward.

The path topped a rise and fell away in a long descent that was allurements to the roadster's wheels. Shutting off the power, Rand coasted silently down a long slope of shadows, until he came out into an open space smoothed for human habitation and saw a lighted house shining in the dark. It was so unexpected that he forgot his brake and was well under the wing of the porch before he remembered it. The car stopped with a jerk. John Rand sat motionless, dazed, his hands gripping the wheel, a strange pulse in his throat.

Somewhere within that house a woman was singing.

He had never cared particularly for music; more exactly, he had never stopped to consider it. He was a typical American of his century, a citizen of that material world which is at once a nation's glory and its shame. He had never suspected the existence of the invisible empire that lies beyond the threshold of the counting-house, beyond the border of success! Art, as distinguished from business, had been to him a pale, phantom realm, inhabited solely by a tribe of mad-wits, whose purpose was to disturb business and scatter wealth.

But now, under the spell of an unknown woman's song, a song that seemed to fall from the stars, his soul awoke, and, pricked on by a great need, went groping into that empire which exists eternally for the freedom of mankind.

He did not know what had happened to him, for he was still a child in matters of the spirit; he only knew that this song had brought him the peace that he craved,

and that this, in itself, was a miracle. He closed his eyes and, leaning back in his seat, listened in wondering amazement to the words that rang as clear as little bells upon the air:

"What shining vision, O my soul,  
Shall lead me o'er the tides of night?  
Yonder the darkling waters roll—  
Lord, be my light!"

He sat with bowed head, as one in God's cathedral, while the song faded into a silence that seemed its very counterpart. Then the door of the house swung open and a woman appeared in a sudden burst of silver—a lovely and exalted figure. She was dressed in white, and from her shoulders floated a misty scarf as ephemeral as a cloud. When she saw the lights of the motor she paused, and, like a butterfly drawn by the flame, moved slowly toward the steps of the porch. Rand saw a woman of perhaps thirty-five, with dark hair and pale brow, over which fell, in a cascade of cobwebs, the soft lace of a Spanish *mantilla*. Her face was almost entirely concealed.

The woman, for her part, saw descend from the motor a man six feet tall, with big shoulders, who, as he came into the glamour of his own lamps, removed his cap, thereby disclosing a head grandly modelled and touched with gray at the temples.

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you. I have lost my way."

"You are the third this week," replied the woman in a calm, sweet voice. "There seems to be some magic in my drive——"

"I am sure of it!"

"You should have kept on to the left."

"To the left. Thank you."

He bowed, and, turning, walked slowly toward the car. Suddenly he wheeled and came back again.

"I can't go," he said, "without confessing the whole of my trespass. I am not only an intruder, but a thief as well. I stole your song out of the air."

"Ah!" exclaimed the woman, with a little gesture of distaste. It was evident that she feared some philistine banality.

"I'm not apologizing for the theft," continued the man, bluntly. "I'm merely confessing it. To apologize is to make



restitution, and I intend to keep that song."

"You are very bold," said the woman, with the veriest trace of mockery in her tone.

"Why not? A man doesn't steal unless he's starving——"

"Are you starving?"

"Yes."

"For songs?"

"For—hope."

"You are in trouble?"

Her voice, that had been edged with a gentle irony, became at this moment so unexpectedly kind that John Rand was thrown off his guard. Pity, if not the noblest of human emotions, is at least the most generous, for it goes as readily to the stranger as to the friend, and melts the heart of suffering, perhaps, as no other warmth can do.

The woman saw her trespasser's head fall forward upon his breast, his big shoulders droop, his whole attitude change from defiance to despair.

"Ah," she cried, "how selfish I was to begrudge you the song! Come into the house, and I will sing it for you again."

"You will sing—for me?"

"Why not? I have had trouble enough to know what hope is, when one finds it——"

He followed her without a word into the dimly lighted music-room and sat very humbly in a chair, his cap in his hand, while she sang the song that had brought peace to his soul:

"Vain are the earthly hopes I bore,  
Vanished the stars I held so bright!  
The sea is black upon the shore—  
*Lord, be my light!*

"Now fails the candle of the Day  
Upon the heav'nly altar height;  
Vast is the deep, and dark the way—  
*Lord, be my Light!*"

She sang with an exquisite simplicity, a perfection of taste that would have betrayed her to the sophisticated observer as an artist of extraordinary abilities. But John Rand did not suspect that he was listening to one of the divine voices of the earth. He only knew that this veiled woman had restored to him his courage. . . .

When she had finished she rose and

stood by the piano, one hand holding the folds of the lace at her throat. Rand did not speak; did not attempt to thank her. But she saw his shoulders squared, his head lifted with the unconscious pride of the fighting man.

"Ah," she said quietly. "That is better. You are brave again."

"How did you know?" he asked, amazed at this divination of his secret.

"I saw it in your face. Did I not tell you that I had been through trouble also? One grows to look for signs—and to read them correctly."

He took a step toward her.

"Will you tell me your name?"

She hesitated an instant; and then said simply:

"I am Martha Lynne."

Her eyes, as she pronounced these words, were fixed with a sort of shrinking upon Rand's face. But he showed not the slightest recognition of the name.

"I am John Rand, of New York. You said just now that you had been through trouble——"

Again her glance seemed to shrink from his. He continued gently:

"I am merely a business man, and so I cannot offer you anything so precious as a song. But I am as rich as Cræsus. If money could help you in any way—if money could pay the least part of my debt to you——"

"There is no debt."

"Are you offended?"

"No. For I understand that you mean it kindly."

"Then think! If you were to find a million on your doorstep, say to-morrow, would it bring you any happiness that you have not now?"

"I have all the happiness that is good for me," she answered, a trifle breathlessly. "I have my music, my home, my children——"

A deep light glowed in John Rand's eyes.

"You have—children!"

She smiled, somewhat wistfully.

"They are only mine by proxy. They come to me every day from the village orphanage—the lame, the halt, and the blind. I am teaching them some old carols."

"The blind!"

She nodded.



"Do they—sing?"

"Oh, yes, very nicely."

"By Jove! I should like to hear them!"

"Then come to-morrow at three."

"Do you mean it?"

She laughed and said:

"A woman always means what she says without thinking."

"Thank you," said Rand. "The debt piles up——"

"Poor man! What hideous notions this thing called business has given you! But—if you *are* as rich as Croesus—you might order some ice-cream sent out from the village——"

"I'll order a car-load," said John Rand.

He spent the night in the village, and for the first time in two weeks slept the sleep of a man at peace with his soul. The unassuming bleakness of the country hotel seemed rather a relief than a hardship. He awoke refreshed, with the pleasant excitement of a boy regarding the picnic heavens; nor could the overhanging shadow of Gearson's prophecy wholly cloud his new-found happiness.

Immediately after breakfast he began a tour of the village, intending by impartial observation to investigate its gastronomical resources. He found three establishments which made a specialty of catering to the youthful palate. It only remained, then, to choose between them. But that was a matter for expert opinion and not for mere snap judgment. John Rand very wisely decided to enlist the services of a connoisseur.

With this object in view he accosted a passing newsboy, and, after buying a paper, frankly confessed his dilemma. Would the newsboy, as a great favor, condescend to taste the various ice-creams, cakes, and candies at the three leading confectionery-shops? The newsboy replied by dropping his papers in the mud and dashing madly toward the first of the shops mentioned.

Rand, following at a soberer pace, found the expert seated at the soda-fountain already consuming the first installment of a Homeric repast.

"I'm afraid you won't have room for three orders like that," suggested Rand gravely.

The expert lifted pale green eyes to his benefactor's face.

"Y' don't know me, mister," he said simply.

Nor, as it proved, did the connoisseur of confections overestimate his prowess. He not only consumed the three original orders, but expressed a willingness to repeat the test, for good measure. This offer Rand refused, fearing to tempt nature too far. Whereupon the newsboy, with a sigh of regret, delivered himself of his solemn judgment. The first shop excelled in ice-cream; the second shop had the best cake; the third shop was supreme in the succulence of its candy. Rand thanked the expert profusely, thrust a dollar into his grim fist, and proceeded to utilize the advice thus purchased. As he made the round of the shops, he composed in his mind the story of his morning's adventure, which he would recite to Martha Lynne.

She was standing on the porch when he arrived with his purchases—a quaint and wholly agreeable picture in her white frock and lace *mantilla*. As she caught sight of the motor-load of sweets she ran hastily down the steps, laughing and exclaiming:

"Oh, what a lark! What *quantities*! You must have exhausted the village! Bretta!"

An old Frenchwoman, in white cap and apron, appeared at the door. Her small, bright eyes were fixed upon Rand with an expression almost of hostility; but at the sound of her mistress's voice her look changed to one of adoration.

"We're going to have a party, Bretta. Set the table in the garden! And do make some lemonade——"

The old woman hobbled off, grumbling to herself. Rand and his hostess faced each other across the car, and there was something in their attitudes that was quite new and strange—a bond of sympathy, of understanding, the establishment of which neither could account for, yet which both recognized from the moment their eyes met. Martha's laughter vanished somewhere in the space between them. They stood regarding each other with the wonder that presages great discoveries, and were aroused only by the distant rattle of wheels.



"Here come the children!" cried Martha, and, seizing an armful of packages, she disappeared around the corner of the house.

To John Rand the events of the next few hours were as episodes in a dream. The arrival of the carryall, the excited outpouring of children, the shy greetings, the pathetic happiness of the small cripples, and especially the face of the little blind boy as he stood by the piano to sing the carols, caused such a tumult in Rand's heart as to render him quite helpless. All through the carols, which Martha conducted in the gentle manner of a saint, Rand stood in the doorway, with folded arms and a lump in his throat.

Afterward they went into the garden and sat about a table flanked by rose-bushes, while Bretta, the old Frenchwoman, did the honors of the feast. John Rand found himself sitting by the little blind boy, whose hand, in some manner, had strayed into his own. Several times he essayed to talk to the child, moved perhaps by the impulse that leads the traveller in a strange country to ask the way of one who has gone before him; but each time he was stopped by a dreadful fear of the emotion that gripped him. So he sat smiling stonily at the fruits of his own prodigality, as pitiable a figure as any at the board.

Later, when the children had departed, Rand and his hostess walked in the garden. There, amid the ruins of the feast, he spoke the thought that had been forming in his mind all afternoon.

"Look here," he said abruptly, "why can't I give these kids a home? I'd rather do that than found a college for indigent professors of Greek to wallow in——"

"You mean—a real home?"

"Yes. A real home, with a real heart in it somewhere. This business of putting children into asylums and institutions—by God, it's barbarous!"

"It's the best that civilization offers," said Martha. John Rand smiled his grim smile.

"The only trouble with civilization," said he, "is that it isn't civilized. You approve of my idea?"

"Indeed, yes!"

"And you'll help me to work it out?"

"With all my heart."

He took her hands and held them for a brief moment.

"I am going into town to-night. I will be back in a day or two. Don't forget me."

He reached the city about nine o'clock and drove directly to his club, where, for the past ten years, he had maintained bachelor quarters. The next morning he paid a visit to Gearson.

"I want a pair of glasses to tide me over the next two weeks," he said. "I've an important piece of work to do. Can you give me something?"

"I'll do my best for you, Mr. Rand; but I warn you against any strain——"

"I am willing to take the consequences."

The following day he returned to the country. The glasses that Gearson had prescribed for him had restored, in some part, his failing vision. He felt imbued with a new courage, a new spirit of adventure which, to a man of his character, meant new life.

Martha Lynne was in her garden when Rand came striding about the corner of the house.

"What has happened to you?" she cried, as she gave him her hand. "You look twenty years younger!"

"It's the glasses," said he. "You know, when a man is forty, glasses make him look younger. That's why I wear 'em. Have you been thinking about our scheme?"

"Yes. I've selected the house, planned the alterations, consulted the authorities, and made tentative arrangements with a matron; but I thought I'd leave the important things to you."

He caught the sparkle in her eyes and laughed like a boy.

"Have you really found a place?"

"I've thought of one. There's an old farm about a mile beyond the village——"

"Let's run out and look at it."

"I should love to!"

Rand's car had once possessed racing proclivities, so that the mile of road was swallowed in a single exhilarating rush. They found the old farm quite deserted, and spent a beautiful morning prodding



about the grass-grown premises. Rand even forced a window of the house itself, and for a full hour thereafter followed Martha through a labyrinth of musty rooms, while she moved walls, put in fireplaces, established closets, and corrected the plumbing, which, she said, was quite as important to child welfare as morals or religion.

Rand bought the place that afternoon. Then, with the deed in his pocket, he called upon a local contractor. As a result, a small army of men were at work upon the farmhouse the next day. Rand himself directed the operations, devoting the whole of his tremendous energy to the realization of this chance-born dream. Meanwhile Martha looked on and marvelled, seeing her plans evolved one by one from the chaos of construction. Only Bretta, the old servant, seemed to have misgivings as to the project that brought her mistress into daily contact with the stranger.

The board of village selectmen, who knew John Rand as the provincials of a monarchy know the king, and who found his presence among them exceeding sweet, were inclined to prolong the honor of the circumstance by means of speeches, public dinners, and presentation ceremonies. But John Rand waved these formalities aside.

"We'll have an old-fashioned house-warming," said he, "and let it go at that."

The day of the house-warming arrived, and Rand had his reward from the faces of the children. The little blind boy, alone among his fellows, appeared unhappy at the strangeness with which he was surrounded. The beauty of his new environment, alas, meant nothing more than potential bruises to him.

"The thing's a failure," said John Rand that evening as he walked in Martha Lynne's garden. "Did you see the little chap's face?"

"Nonsense," replied Martha. "He'll like it as much as the others once he gets the hang of it."

"You think so?"

"I'm sure of it. For—being a *real* home—he will find in it the one thing that will make life bearable to him——"

"Well! What thing is that?"

"Love," said Martha Lynne, and

closed her eyes against the echoing sweetness of that word.

John Rand stopped short and faced her. Then slowly he put out his hands until they touched hers, and as he did so the bond that had existed between them for the past fortnight suddenly became a flaming magnet that drew them together with irresistible power.

"Martha!"

"What did I say? What has happened to us? Please, don't touch me—It's quite useless——"

"I love you! And you love me! I can see it in your eyes——"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Say that you love me!"

"No, no! I can't. It's useless, I tell you—useless!"

"Say it!"

She sank down upon a garden seat, and hid her face in the folds of the *mantilla*. He heard her voice vaguely, as from a great distance.

"I will say—what you want me to say. I am glad to get it out of my heart. I—love you. Now you must go!"

"Why should I go, if you love me——?"

"Haven't I said that it was hopeless? I can never marry——"

"Marry! Good God!"

He, who had knelt beside her, leaped to his feet. He had forgotten, in that moment of divine madness, the shadow that hung over him. Now he remembered, and the memory was like a sword in his vitals. He lifted his clinched hand and shook it against heaven as though defying the God who, for no apparent reason, had lifted his soul to the pinnacle of joy, only to dash it the next instant into the abysses of despair.

Swiftly he stooped and pressed the huddled white figure against his breast; then, staggering like a drunken man and groping with his hands, he made his way out of the garden.

There was a dull pain behind his eyes. Strange lights flashed from an inky blackness that seemed to envelop the entire universe. Yet somehow he found the drive—a dull white blur in the darkness—and stumbled forward.

He had gone but a few steps, when a hand clutched his sleeve. He stopped,





*Drawn by H. J. Mowat.*

"I will say—what you want me to say . . . I—love you."



and, peering close, made out the wrinkled visage of Bretta, the old Frenchwoman.

"So, monsieur! You depart——?"

"Yes, I——"

"You behold that which is hidden, eh? You behold the poor flesh that is unbeautiful and you do not behold the soul more beautiful than a star! Eh, monsieur, why did you come? You have made her love you—she, that could have married a king's son! She the great singer, the great artiste——"

"Singer? Artiste? What are you saying?"

"You did not know—? Ah, you Americans! What a race! What a country! You do not know your own greatness! It is the same when we bury ourselves in this wilderness. No one recognizes mademoiselle of the thousand triumphs. They see only a woman in a white veil—ah, merciful God—that terrible night!"

"What night? Tell me!"

"That night a great career was ruined, monsieur! That night an old servant's heart was broken! That night a star fell from the heavens! It is the last act of 'Der Rosenkavalier'—you do not remember?"

"No, no——"

"Mademoiselle is singing. A candle, monsieur, it catch her cloak—the flames—like little red serpents, monsieur—they lick her face. She cries out—ah, that cry!"

"Go on!"

"What more, monsieur? She is disfigured for life. She must wear always the veil, like a nun in a convent. There is for her neither the public career nor the private happiness. For when a woman's beauty is gone—eh, well! It is done now. Monsieur departs and mademoiselle sits weeping in her garden——"

"Take me to her."

"Monsieur says——?"

"Take me to your mistress!"

"Has monsieur forgotten the way to the garden?"

Rand's strong fingers reached out—fastened about the old woman's wrist.

"Do as I command you!"

Frightened at his tone, the servant hobbled rapidly toward the house, breathing disconnected prayers, while Rand followed awkwardly at her heels. Suddenly she paused, and snatched her arm away.

"There, monsieur! Do I lie? Is she not there, as I said?"

Rand did not answer. He had glimpsed a faint gleam of white in the darkness and he moved toward it with his hands held out before him. She heard his step upon the walk and sprang up from the bench, her body tense, her eyes piteous with tears.

"Why have you come back?"

"Because I love you—and because I have found out why you sent me away. I did not know till just now. Bretta told me. I did not guess——"

"She told you—that I was hideous?"

"She told me only what I have seen for myself—that you are beautiful——"

"I am not——"

"To me, yes! As I saw you that first night, so I will see you always——"

"No, no! I could not always cover my body with lying veils! I am hideous, I tell you!"

"That is not true. Your soul——"

"Men do not marry souls!"

She came close to him and with quivering hands tore the scarf from her throat and face and breast.

"Look!" she cried. "Look!"

Then John Rand laughed, a great laugh that must have gone echoing to the throne of heaven.

"I cannot see, do you understand? *I cannot see!* I am blind—blind!"


He drew her into his arms and kissed her lips. And it seemed to him in that moment as though a light had leaped up in the shadow.



# THE PROFESSOR AND THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD

By Gordon Hall Gerould

Lately Captain, U. S. A.

“ELL, Jim, you've had a chance to see real life, anyhow, haven't you?" A youthful major of the Regulars was addressing a captain of the same age who in times of peace had been setting his face towards a university professorship. Both young men had staff appointments and were straining at the leash to be off to France. They were cursing their luck whenever they had time to think about it, but they were very busy. The captain's answer need not be recorded. It was brief and vivid. He had been in the service—real life, if you please—for more than a year, and he had taken its measure.

The rôle played by men of academic proclivities and of actual profession has been one of the minor surprises of the war, certainly to the world in general and probably to the learned gentlemen themselves. It was remarked very soon after the outbreak of the struggle. Professors were found to be in high places in France, and English dons came forward for all kinds of service. Even in Germany professors were conspicuous, though what they did and said brought no glory to learning, and was an affront to the guild of pedagogues. However, one is inclined to leave the Germans out of court in these times, since they have stood their trial and have been condemned. In the mobilizing of forces that took place in France and Great Britain, at all events, the academic profession did well. Men of the mortar-board and gown put on khaki and horizon-blue as naturally as their fellow citizens, while work was found in a score of directions for which their special gifts and training had surprisingly fitted them. They fought, and they managed affairs, thus refuting the ancient libellous assumption that they constituted an absent-minded third sex; and they

proved to be most useful by means of their knowledge itself.

We soon learned that modern warfare required the help of scientists. The Huns, in their barbarism, had found no better use for science than to harness it to the chariot of war. To combat them, chemists were needed to deal with toxic gases and with explosives, physicists and mathematicians to investigate the mysteries of trajectories and range-finding. Economists, with theories somewhat battered, turned their minds to the actualities of supply for the fighting armies. Biologists had to shift their ground less, for they continued to study for humanitarian ends, but they were valuable in new ways in helping to solve the problems that doctors and surgeons had thrust on their attention.

The same thing happened in the United States when we entered the war. The younger men on our university faculties furnished at least their proper quota to the line, while many professors who were past the age of the first draft and quite eligible to exemption under the second won commissions in the competition of the training-camps and entered the service as combatants. Any one with an academic acquaintance—as who in America has not?—knows of such cases. You know how Captain John Doe, whom you may perhaps have regarded as a somewhat stodgy bookworm in your undergraduate days, was cited for gallantry in action; and you have heard how he was wounded by machine-gun fire while leading his company in a victorious advance. When you meet him again as Professor John Doe, with a pile of examination books tucked under his artificial arm, you will not be tempted to condescend to him in your own mind as to one who has chosen the shadows of things through ignorance of reality. And others, his colleagues, have died without fear or falter-



ing, just as so many of our friends have died. The professor has done his part, that is all, and a part for which he was certainly not unfitted by his training as a doctor of philosophy.

Quite as was the case abroad, moreover, the American professor who could not get into the fighting as a combatant, or who was not permitted to do so because his special knowledge was needed in other ways, found work to do. The scientist went to the front in uniform to perfect devices by which our artillery and our gas were to be made more deadly in their effects. Or he went to Washington along with his colleague the humanist. He went either as an officer or in the perfectly ordinary civilian clothes that he wears when not observed by humorists and story-writers.

He went to Washington, indeed, in droves, until the Cosmos Club was little better than a faculty meeting of all the universities, and until such organizations as the Military Intelligence Division and the laboratories of the Chemical Warfare Service swarmed with teachers of the liberal arts and the sciences. He worked in the Department of State and with the War Industries Board; he was frequently encountered in the little army of the Ordnance Department; he helped to organize and develop war risk insurance for the Treasury, and hydraulics for the engineers, and a qualification system for the General Staff. He was in the Red Cross and the Division of Military Aeronautics and the War Research Council. In brief, he found a place for himself in all the departments into which the government of the country so quickly ramified. He became a warrior or a "war-worker," along with most of his fellow citizens.

All this is commonplace perhaps, though I am a little doubtful whether the extent to which the professor on leave of absence has figured in the activities of the nation has been wholly comprehended. One person has seen him fighting, another has worked with him in an office, and still another has heard him make addresses for the loans or for the Red Cross. Nobody has been able to observe the full scope of his labors. Statistics would tell the whole story, but

they are unnecessary and would certainly be dull. The only point worth making is that the professor has done a remarkably large number of different things, and has done most of them successfully. He has proved himself a leader and executive as well as an investigator, which is precisely where the element of surprise comes in. Moreover, he has co-operated, not to say competed, with other men drawn from almost every business and profession. In the opinion of the young major with whom we began, and of tens of thousands of other people, probably, he has been out in the wide, wide world for the first time.

In a way, this is true. He has undoubtedly had contacts that he would never have experienced except for the war. He has tested himself in many fields, some of which are very far removed from his habitual round of labor.

The college professor of the last generation, to be sure, has not been running true to the traditional type. He has been accustomed to see something of the world and, I am afraid, to be somewhat too worldly. Scholarship has not profited by the change, for scholarship demands days of unremitted toil. What with the absurdly heavy schedule of teaching expected of him, the frequent necessity of supplementing his meagre salary by the sale of his leisure hours to the highest bidder, and his effort to appear, as well as to be, mundane, the American professor has not added to the store of knowledge as much as he might. A friend of mine used to argue that the curse of modern art is the recognition of the artist as a gentleman, and his tendency to live like one. The cloistered scholar is likely to write more books and larger books than the man whose interests are diverted by his wish to behave like any other citizen.

Yet it is probably true that there has been more good teaching as a result of the scholar's symbolic adoption of golfing tweeds and a business suit in place of a frock coat; or, to be accurate at the expense of optimism, there has been less teaching absolutely void of meaning and effect. The professor, that is to say, has not been galvanized by the war. He was really alive to his responsibilities before, and ready to put his hand to the nearest



duty. He has been a faithful officer of the state, and would have been a better teacher if he had not been hypnotized by an evil tradition. This led him to believe sometimes that he had only to dust his students over with learning by means of lectures and to ascertain the thickness of the deposit by means of quizzes and examinations, in order to do his full duty. He has been trying, even though not very successfully, to step out of the rut.

Moreover, the assumption that teaching and research dwarf a man's mind and unfit him for other pursuits was always foolish. There is not, and there never was, any reason under heaven why the study of physical phenomena and of ideas—the accumulated wisdom of the centuries—should stunt intellectual growth, although silly humanity has actually been afraid of it. By the same logic, of course, food would be given sparingly to the tender child, lest it should keep him from growing. There is also no reason why the dissemination of knowledge and the effort to stimulate and train the minds of the young should make the teacher a narrow pedant. Let it be granted that the professional scholar and teacher has often been dogmatic and unpractical. It is to be feared that the same man would have been hidebound as a company promoter and careless of exchange rates as a banker. Not all lawyers and men of affairs possess acumen; they do not always deal with their problems in a large-minded and imaginative way. They are sometimes inaccurate and lazy. The professor has his chance to rust out, like everybody else, and he has his chance to keep his wits properly oiled and polished. The experience of the war has shown, I think, that he has done rather well by himself on the whole.

I am not undertaking, however, a defence of the professor. I know quite well that he is under attack, as are the men of almost all trades and professions in these times of questioned values. It is probably only fair that his ways and works be scrutinized, and that he be scolded for his shortcomings. It will doubtless be good for him. He has had his little faults, it must be admitted. What I wish to do is merely to point out that he has shown unsuspected capabili-

ties during the war, and has had an opportunity to widen his horizons in a way that may have an effect not so much on himself as on his estimate of other men and of his relations to them.

The professor has certainly accepted somewhat too easily the buffetings of fortune and the gibes of the humorist. He has been meek, though he has not yet inherited the earth. He has believed himself to be doing useful work, and has been content with the satisfactions of a quiet conscience. He has complained of being underpaid, to be sure, but he has never protested at the tacit assumption of his relative unimportance. After swallowing so many condescensions from boards of trustees and the public, he has occasionally been led to believe himself a rather poor creature, indeed, fit to be kindly bullied and unequal to the demands of practical affairs.

Drawn from his ordinary routine by his own patriotic impulses and by the sudden realization, on the part of others, that he could be useful in strange and untried ways—his normal occupation gone, in many cases, through the instant and noble response of his students to the call to arms, which wiped out most of his classes at once—he discovered that the wide, wide world was not so different from his own world, after all, and was in no wise terrifying.

The discoveries he has made are destined, indeed, to change his point of view greatly. If he has been an officer in the great army of non-combatants, for example, he has learned that university faculties are not more inept and faltering than other bodies of men. It is a shock to learn how closely an army conference resembles an academic committee meeting. There is the same tendency to beat about among vaguely formed ideas with the hope that the game will eventually rise from cover; there is the same gentle prolixity, the same shrinking from decisive thought. Captain and colonel, whether bred in the way of nature at West Point or suddenly created out of successful business men by the laying on of khaki, are like nothing so much as professors when they take counsel together. It is a shock to discover this, as I say; but it is a wholesome experience.



This is but the beginning of knowledge, however. There is the further discovery, which must have been made by many, that the rank and file of capable business men and lawyers and engineers are not so formidable in their practical wisdom as they are reputed to be. Flung out of their proper orbits, they show their traditional energy, to be sure, but they exhibit also certain failings that have been little dwelt upon. They prove to be rather careless creatures, not gifted with imagination, and not particularly notable for their power to attack new lines of work. They are furthermore deficient, very often, in human judgment: they cannot tell how others are going to think and act. The professor has found himself to be quite as good a man as any of them, and possibly rather better able than most to get at the heart of a new situation. In other words, he has proved himself in his own eyes and in the eyes of his fellows a practical man of affairs, whereas he has learned that persons with extraordinarily little sense of fact and with almost no power of concentration or accuracy manage to get on in the world very well indeed.

Of course, if the professor is at all fair-minded, which it is to be hoped is the case, he has to acknowledge that some of his colleagues are not gifted with common sense in dealing with matters of fact and the business of life. Never again, however, will he be tempted to suppose these unfortunate—though possibly brilliant—men exceptional, and peculiar to the learned professions. He has met too many of the same kind in the wide, wide world; has marked their frailties, and has done his best to correct their blunders. He will not be misled hereafter by their superficial show of worldly wisdom, and will not attach too much weight to their opinions. He will test all opinions and estimate the man who holds them, be he ever so much in repute as an organizer of business and a gatherer of dollars, before he acknowledges their value.

This slight degree of scepticism—possibly tending at times to mild cynicism—is sure to have its effect on the attitude of the professor towards the trustees or regents or overseers who are set in charge of the mundane affairs of his university.

He has for a long time been critical of their actions, and now and then acutely hostile; but he has almost invariably regarded trustees as belonging to another tribe, a race capable of inscrutable follies and misdemeanors, a close-fisted band of philistines eager to destroy the works of the children of light. He has seldom been willing to co-operate with them except in a timorous, half-hearted way, keeping a careful eye out the while for the nigger presumably hidden in the trustees' wood-pile. He has always been afraid, moreover, that he might be, or might become, what he has not infrequently called himself with derisive humility: the trustees' "hired man." Wherefore he has put on a more than mortal dignity when doing business with incorporated boards, and has matched their silly condescensions with an equally foolish distrust.

With his new experience and his new scepticism in regard to the practical sense of professionally practical men, he is likely to behave more reasonably. He will be more securely conscious of his own value, for one thing. He will know that he need not be a professor unless he chooses, for even in middle life other avenues are open to him. He will feel an independence that he has never felt before; and he may possibly gain through his independence the living wage that has long been denied him in spite of humble, though irritated, requests. Furthermore, he will see that most trustees are not bullying ogres—or don't mean to be—bent on drinking his life-blood as an incident in their attack on the fortress of sound education. He will look upon trustees, if one may venture to prophesy, as men and brothers, quite sincerely interested in the business of training the young and acting stupidly only because they are average successful citizens. He will understand that many of them conduct their own businesses with the same lack of imaginative insight that they display in university affairs: that they are rather ignorant and cock-sure but very earnest persons, who get on by sheer energy and hard labor. He will find, to his surprise perhaps, that many others are exceedingly intelligent men who by contributing the experience they have



gained in various fields can be of real service to the cause of education. In brief, he will be able to work in better harmony with them through a knowledge of their foibles as well as of their virtues.

The professor ought, moreover, to be a more successful teacher because of his experience. His is the duty and the privilege of training a more or less roughly selected body of potential leaders, the majority of whom will later be engaged in business, if business be construed in the widest sense. As lawyers, manufacturers, merchants, politicians, agents of publicity—through all the ramifications into which the complicated modern state divides the responsibility for its management—they will control the material affairs of our country. For better or worse, because the flesh inevitably affects the operations of the spirit more than we are sometimes willing to admit, they will shape the ultimate destinies of the world. Their instruction is, therefore, an important matter, not to be lightly undertaken or carelessly performed.

Hitherto, I think, the professor has dealt more satisfactorily with the boy who has happened to be like-minded with himself, the embryonic writer or preacher or teacher, than with the youth headed towards the conduct of affairs. There has often been an unfortunate lack of sympathy on the professor's part, which has led him to attempt to wean the boy from the world instead of showing him how to meet his obligations in the right way. Any such attempt is doomed to failure, because the pupil will not recognize his teacher's protest against materialism at its true value: he may admire it grudgingly, but he will disregard it as quixotism bred of ignorance rather than of knowledge; and he will go elsewhere to find exemplars of idealism combined with sound earthly wisdom. The professor has often missed his chance through high-minded disdain of the background from which his students emerge and to which they must again return.

It will be disappointing if he has not learned during his war-time excursions how to meet this situation. Without altering his sense of ultimate values, let us hope, he should have a clearer under-

standing than before of the adjustments and mutual accommodations that are necessary in this imperfect world. As I have already said, he has for some time past recognized himself as a citizen, but he will hereafter take care to show the faith that is in him more wisely. It does not suffice to wear tweeds instead of a black coat unless he meets the problems of his pupils with sympathy and respect.

That he may do so successfully if he will, the singular adaptability he has shown in his recent avocations is the best of evidence. If he has been able in middle life to turn into all the unlikely things that he has temporarily become, he ought to have no difficulty in growing more expert than he has ever been before in dealing with his chosen tasks. I am inclined to the belief that he will feel more zest in teaching and research from having found that he can do other things, and from having done them: that his absence will prove a positive benefit both to himself and to his university.

The upshot of the matter is that the professor has learned a good deal while playing his part on the wide stage of the war-stricken world, but chiefly how to look at himself and his fellows, young and old. He has acquired a new point of view, and from it sees everything in truer perspective. So much, at least, the experience has accomplished for him. Never again will he permit himself to think, or permit other men to say unchallenged, that the academic life is in any sense unreal or withdrawn from reality. He will not allow it to become so. He has a clearer knowledge than before of his own value and of the intimate bond between his work and the processes of life outside the university. He will tell his pupils that they come to him not as to a retreat from the world but as an important stage in the series of contacts out of which life is built up. Should he find hereafter that the students under his care are not getting what they need, the training they ought to have, he will know that something is radically wrong with the system in which he is working; and, if he has the courage of his knowledge, he will refuse to be satisfied until the difficulty is uprooted. He will never become a perfect pedagogue in a perfect



educational system, to be sure, but he will not rest content with the old errors. If he becomes convinced that he can accomplish nothing, he will cease to be a professor altogether, leaving the task to other hands.

On the whole, however, he is likely to be more patient of folly and inadequacy than he used to be. He will remember his experience in the army or as a member of this or that great governmental institution, and will be content to wait for results. He will recall how marvellously the energy and honest effort of many men, even when apparently thwarted by incompetence and misdirection, take bodily shape after a time. The fog somehow lifts and shows the work accomplished. Things are unfortunately done that way in the wide, wide world. They

should not be, and they would not be, if we could train an intelligent generation or two of boys and girls.

Here is the professor's opportunity. It is certain that he has found nothing more real than this in the varied occupations of his war-time experience. He will return to his own place, it is to be hoped, with the firm resolve to make the most of his chance. He can, if he will and if he receives moderately loyal support from the public at large, shape the chaos of actuality into a decent order by training the leaders of the future. Intelligent and high-minded management of affairs is more urgently needed than most things in our time. At least, this is one of the impressions that the professor has gathered while rubbing elbows with the throng in the wide, wide world.

## ENJOY THE DAY

By Katharine Baker

Author of "A Home for Tatiana"

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT



AN ambulance crashed over the wooden driveway; the *piste en bois* that ran through the muddy orchard to the hospital doors.

The electric lights flashed on. The tired night nurse, just back from a Carrel round, sprang to her feet, pinned a veil around her head, and hurried down the long, windy halls to the triage.

A loud, snoring sound came from the lighted triage.

"Goodness, how those brancardiers sleep through anything," she said to herself in disgust. But when she passed the brancardiers, peacefully reposing on their stretchers, they were breathing silently.

She pushed open the wide, swinging doors. Two wounded men lay side by side in uniforms plastered with mud. The orderlies were gathered around the farther one, motionless and straight on his high brancard. It was his breathing

she had heard, an ominous stertor, the close forerunner of death.

She held out her hand, and an orderly surrendered the *fiche* he was examining, a little card that might have tagged an express package.

"He's had his anti-tetanic injection at the *poste de secours*, and fifty cubic centimètres of *huile camphrée*. There's nothing for you to do, *mademoiselle*. Listen to his breathing. He's a dead one." The orderly was officious.

The nurse took the wounded man's wrist in expert fingers. The cuff she pushed back had the two gold bars of a lieutenant. Above the livid face a red-and-white turban was tightly wound.

"Get me a litre of serum," she directed the orderlies, "and hot-water bottles."

With swift assurance she poured camphorated oil to the brim of a huge syringe, and drove home the needle.

She moved to the other stretcher and lifted the dangling *fiche*.



"Plaie en séton, région pulmonaire; balle," ran the sinister inscription. "Lungs completely traversed by a ball."

The yellow-haired blessé regarded her with impudent eyes. She began to undo his mud-covered jacket. The facings were greenish-gray.

"Frenchmen first," she said, and returned to the dying man. The breath still drew noisily through his blue, swollen lips.

"They knew at the poste de secours that this man was done for," said the officious orderly, who with tender care was slicing a boot from a broken leg. "They didn't even stop to take off his boot; just rushed him through. He'll never get to the billard."

"If only the surgeon comes promptly to-night!" The nurse caught up her swinging scissors, and began to cut away the muddy blue uniform.

"The majors come when they're good and ready," said the cynical orderly.

"You did quite right. Excellently," approved the surgeon an hour later. The nurse was pinning his white sleeves, tying his mask in deft and breathless haste.

As he drew on his clumsy Chaput gloves his half-closed eyes never left the ashy face on the operating-table. The wounded lieutenant had got to the billard at least.

He lay there; a superb and shocking figure. Blood welled continually from the white and scarlet turban and spread in a widening spot beneath his head. Blood oozed from the soaking bandages around his fractured leg.

Wrapped in blankets, warmed by hot bottles, the German prisoner rested on his stretcher awaiting his turn, and glared with hate across the room at his unconscious adversary.

The nurse removed that tragic turban. The surgeon lifted the compresses.

Above the ear of the wounded man the nurse saw for a moment something like a red, fantastic cauliflower. It bubbled as she looked.

With a plunge the surgeon was at work. He wiped away the dreadful thing. The nurse's eye could hardly follow his movements. He cut and chiselled furiously. He caught up arteries. He explored with savage yet delicate assur-

ance. His burrowing forceps brought out a jagged steel splinter.

The nurse admired such masterful surgery as she had not yet seen, but the major, cleaning the wound in that same desperate haste, said suddenly, "Huile camphrée, twenty cubic centimètres, mademoiselle."

"He's had one hundred already," murmured the astonished nurse.

"I know it."

"He's nothing but a drug store, as it is," grumbled the nurse under her breath; and obediently filled her huge syringe with camphorated oil.

The leg, with its compound fracture, was a tedious affair. In spite of the piqure, that lamentable breath labored more heavily.

The major was fitting the padded wire gutter, when he spoke again quietly: "A litre of serum, mademoiselle. An intravenous. . . ."

This was the last resort, then. The nurse ran for the serum.

She sawed her glass ampoule. The surgeon rolled a vein and entered his needle with unhesitating accuracy.

The nurse pressed her little rubber balloon, forcing the serum into the stagnant veins. The salt solution in the ampoule ebbed. And the major, watching, said presently: "He will live . . . to-night. . . ."

He gazed a moment longer, while the surgical orderlies skilfully lifted the limp body to the stretcher.

"It is my brother, mademoiselle," he said, and turned to the wounded Boche.

They put the lieutenant in a bed in the Salle d'Urgence, which the wounded poilus call the Ward of the Dying, "la Salle des Mourants."

The crisis past, he would be transferred to the officers' ward or to the morgue.

But he did not die. Night after night the nurse saw his ghastly face as she passed with her lantern held low, not to wake the patients, and said to herself, each time with satisfaction: "So he hasn't died to-day."

The second night he stirred when she turned the cold Dakin's fluid into his wound. Every two hours the nurse made her Carrel round. Up and down the salles in the dark, her lantern wrapped in



paper, she followed the pink bulbs swinging on poles or hanging from the overhead frames of mechanical beds.

She released the clasps on rubber tubes that led into wounds. The tortured sleepers started and groaned. The nurse, with a guilty feeling, muttered an apology and slipped away, leaving them to fall back into feverish dreams.

The third night the lieutenant opened his eyes and smiled faintly at her.

"Mademoiselle!" he called. She bent over him. "It was you that received me here?" he asked with effort.

She nodded. "Yes."

"My brother says you saved my life."

"Nonsense!" replied the nurse decidedly. "You mustn't talk."

"Nonsense, mademoiselle," said the lieutenant positively, "I must talk. My brother tells me he came an hour late. I was fichu, he says, but you kept me alive. That was chic of you, mademoiselle."

"You'll wake the other blessés," answered the nurse, and left him.

The morning round was the busiest one of all; for then she hurried to finish the reports in the other eleven salles before running in to say good morning to her own. One must be off duty by eight.

Two rows of expectant eyes turned to the door as she entered. Her patients greeted her with the most endearing calculations.

"Five nights, mademoiselle. Only two more before you come back."

"Six nights, mademoiselle. One more. You must rest in the morning, but you'll come back in the afternoon, won't you?"

Then the nurse made chocolate, happily, for the most invalid ones, produced condensed milk and smuggled sugar for the coffee, went from one to another, teasing them to ward off the cafard, that listless despondency that lies in wait for wounded men.

She arranged bandages. She straightened the blankets which were always slipping off those distorted beds.

"I'm going to invent you a new blanket that will stay on," she promised, and vanished reluctantly in time to make her report to the head nurse.

The last night was nearly over. At dawn she was to send off an evacuation train. It slid in quietly in the darkness,

over that single track where no traffic ever passed, only the terrible trains blindés, armored, and armed with cannon, thundering along, and the stealthy hospital trains with their ranked stretchers.

The nurse went from salle to salle, making sure that all the listed men were equipped and evacuated, went from stretcher to stretcher in the triage, giving them chocolate and cigarettes, inspecting each blessé.

"This man has no overcoat. Get him one. Where are your boots? You'd better put them on. You might catch cold."

She followed them to the train, saw them installed with blankets and cushions, said friendly good-bys, returned down the piste en bois to the barracks.

Boche aeroplanes were flying overhead, as usual, in a clear dawn. Behind them, in the sky, strange tracks led down to the horizon, as though some great beast had traversed the heavens. They were the puffs of smoke from contre-avion obus.

The familiar sound of the guns did not disturb the nurse. She entered the Salle d'Urgence.

An uproar seemed to split the roof and shake the earth under her feet.

"What is that?" she asked.

"They're bombing the hospital train, no doubt," said the lieutenant tranquilly.

She ran to the window. "The train's all right," she reported.

"Just the same, it's no fun to be caught in bed like a rat in a trap and have those sacrés animals drop bombs around," complained a blessé. "You can laugh, mademoiselle. You've never been wounded."

Mademoiselle had seen surgeons dress the jagged, fatal rent in his abdomen. She patted his shoulder.

"No," she flattered him. "You men take care of that." He smiled with boyish vanity.

Another explosion, less violent, shook the glass.

"The aeroplanes are flying away to the northeast," she announced. "There's one far behind, coming from the west. The contre-avions are firing after them. Why is the smoke of the obus, some of it black, and some white?"

"The German powder smoke is black,



ours is white," said the lieutenant. "Our machine is chasing theirs. Their anti-aircraft guns are firing at our avion."

"Now the Boches are mere specks over Saint Quentin," said the nurse. "Now they have disappeared. Ours is coming back."

Roused by the explosions, a group of nurses had run out of their barracks. They stood crowding together, muffling themselves in their dark blue cloaks, their bare feet in slippers lashed by the long wet grass, their braids hanging; and with tilted heads they watched the aerial battle.

The French biplane came swiftly toward them, diving from its great height. It toppled, and fell on one wing until the tricolor cockades painted underneath were plainly visible.

The nurses cried out in horror. The avion righted itself, swooped, almost touching the barrack roof. A telegraph wire snapped. A bold face laughed down at the women, and the machine was gone. Its deafening hum subsided in the distance.

"Why, it's Monsieur de Vimy!" exclaimed the nurse. "He came to our popote last night with his cousin, one of the French nurses."

"Roulé, our friend," said the lieutenant cynically. "But American women consider it an honor to dine with any kind of duke, what?"

"I didn't say he was a duke," retorted the nurse.

"Everybody knows it," answered the officer.

"He is an ace," she defended the aviator. "He has descended eight German planes."

"You admire that?" asked the lieutenant thoughtfully.

Her week of night-work was over. In the afternoon she came back to her salle, which hailed her with joy.

Now she had also the wounded Boche to nurse. They had put him in a little guard-room near the triage, and he had an orderly all to himself, but mostly to see that he did not get away.

"It's absurd," declared the nurse to the young aide who dressed the German's wound. "He's frightfully wounded. He can't get well, let alone get away."

"Certainly he'll get well," said the aide confidently. "You can't kill a Boche."

But although it was a clean bullet wound, mysteriously it would not heal. However, the prisoner soon developed an appetite for the fruit which with much difficulty she obtained from Compiègne; and, in spite of his suppurating lungs, he consumed cigarettes greedily.

The nurse eyed his door askance when she passed, a basket of peaches on her arm, seeking in the different salles the worst wounded men and those whose languid appetites demanded a stimulus. She looked askance, reluctant to waste precious fruit on the enemy, but she always ended by going in.

Coming from the guard-room one day, her arms full of little blue packages of cigarettes, she met an American ambulance-driver, very tall and gaunt in his khaki, as Americans appear when you are used to seeing the stocky, ruddy French soldiers.

He asked for the lieutenant.

"Salle d'Urgence," the nurse directed him.

"I brought him out," explained the driver. "I was kind of interested, and I thought my next trip over here I'd inquire whether he pulled through or not. His colonel had tears in his eyes when they sent him out. Said he was the bravest man in the Third Army. He was wounded getting in that Boche, you know."

"I wondered why the Boche glared so at him in the operating-room," said the nurse, laughing. "He's right here. The Boche, I mean. Want to see him?"

"No," refused the American. "Excuse me. I don't like to look at them. Do you know how it happened?"

He thrust a thumb into his Sam Browne belt and slouched his wide shoulders at ease.

"They say the loot went out alone at night to cut the German wires. That kind of daredevil. Ran into a patrol of two. He knifed the other and brought this fellow home at the point of his revolver; but the German trenches opened fire, of course. The Boche got it first. The loot wouldn't leave him behind, dragged him along. He'd almost made it when a grenade did for him. They pulled him in the way you got him."



The nurse looked favorably on her young countryman. His lounging attitude could never be awkward to American eyes. His distaste for fine words was a pleasant reminder of home. His sallow face was drawn with fatigue, but he still felt anxiety for the individual fate of the men he had carried, though they poured from the trenches in an endless stream.

"I'll take you to him," she said.

Many a long week passed before the lieutenant could be moved from the Salle d'Urgence, but the time did arrive at last. The nurse appeared in the afternoon with a basket of grapes. She spoke to the *salle infirmière*, who was marking pulses and temperatures with a red-and-blue pencil. Then she set the basket down on the lieutenant's crowded bedside-table and, lifting her arms, began to push in her hairpins.

"I'd tell you to choose your own grapes," she smiled at him, "only you're all so hopelessly polite in France that you'd pick the worst. My hairpins keep slipping because my hair was washed at noon. We've found a soldier in the sterilization that used to be a hair-dresser in civil life. He's very convenient. He does it in a rubber basin on a packing-box, and rinses it with a coffee-pot."

"Will you help me a minute?" asked the *salle infirmière*. "I want to change the lieutenant's back-rest."

"Certainly." The nurse laid the nicest bunch of grapes on the table, and stooped. She placed her rough, red hands under the wounded man's shoulders. The bright knot of hair slipped from beneath her veil and fell in a soft mass across his face. "Goodness!" she apologized, "I hope my hairpins haven't put out your eyes."

She straightened herself, confused and smiling, and twisted her hair into place, while the *salle infirmière* took the lieutenant's wrist in a firm grasp.

With her pencil suspended above the even red pulse line of the chart, the *salle infirmière* turned, amazed.

"What on earth has happened to your pulse this afternoon?" she asked. The even red line had leaped suddenly upward.

The *salle infirmière* was elderly and had projecting teeth. Not for her would any pulse-beat change.

The nurse took up her basket.

"I'm on my way to commit treason," she announced. "The Constitution of the United States says treason is 'giving aid and comfort to the enemy.' I'm about to carry some grapes to your wretched Boche."

"He goes badly, the Boche," remarked the major's voice behind her.

The surgeon passed and sat down beside his brother's bed.

"I haven't much time to look after him," the nurse excused herself.

"It isn't your fault, mademoiselle. He is in an advanced stage of tuberculosis."

The nurse disappeared.

"I'm going to move you to the officers' ward this afternoon," said the surgeon, and laid his hand affectionately on his brother's arm.

The lieutenant was silent for a long time. Then he asked the question that wounded men long and fear to utter.

"My leg?"

"You'll walk," said the surgeon. "You'll limp, of course."

The younger brother sighed with relief. The surgeon's eye fell upon the chart.

"The *infirmière* must be crazy," he cried with energy. "What does that pulse mean?"

"It means that when I get out of this I am going to ask your nurse to marry me," said the lieutenant.

"Who? The fish with the teeth?" demanded the major.

"Good God, no!" denied the lieutenant.

The officer was not the only man whose thoughts turned to love. All those young soldiers made it their anxious preoccupation, their chief cause of *cafard*.

"I'm done for, mademoiselle; it's all over for me," a gloomy youth confided to his nurse, as his comrades had already so often done.

"Don't be absurd," said the nurse severely, with eyes that were not severe. "The trouble with you is you're too vain. You can't bear to think of limping a little. A man looks all the better for it these days."

Gravely, intensely interested, the neighboring patients bent to listen.

"That sounds very well, mademoiselle, but the major is going to amputate my



foot. No woman will want to marry me, with one leg."

"Lots of women will be delighted to marry you," maintained the nurse.

A neighbor intervened.

"Ah, mademoiselle, when my cousin lost his arm his fiancée threw him over."

"Well, probably he wasn't so attractive as you," the nurse consoled them. "But, anyway, he was lucky to lose that kind of a fiancée."

It was the usual French winter, so much colder than they are accustomed to. The cold was penetrating and increased daily.

The barracks, built low on that swampy ground, had a grave-like chill. There were no stoves. The patients' hands turned blue. The floors, scrubbed in the early morning, never dried.

It was then the nurse began to occupy herself with the long-promised blankets that were not to slip. When she fitted the first one around the appareil of a broken leg and tied it in place, the blessé was enthusiastic.

"Ah, that prevents the currents of air," he assured her complacently.

These men who had spent four years in muddy ditches feared and detested a draft beyond all things.

With pride she displayed her invention to her colleagues, but nobody was impressed. On the contrary, each one suggested some other arrangement which would certainly be superior. The nurse was discouraged and made no more.

The Boche grew worse rapidly. The flesh shrank from his lean, Prussian head. The muscles of his cheeks tightened in a perpetual rictus. He was like a grinning skeleton.

Filled with unwilling pity, the nurse redoubled her care. But his sinister disease had almost run its course.

On those wet floors, in that damp air, she spent her time in an endless contest with pneumonia. Stretcher-bearers, carrying a man to his dressing, never dreamed of putting a blanket under him. They set their helpless burdens down in drafty passages.

Then she had hours of administering warm infusions, of painting with iodine, of applying ventouses and hot-water bottles, of disinfecting throats and nasal

passages; employing all her humble munitions against the enemy.

The major met her one day on her way to the guard-room. She was hurrying from the pharmacy with an oxygen balloon, and as she hurried she coughed.

The major stopped short, wheeled about.

"Mademoiselle," he arrested her, "what is that cough?"

"I don't know," she answered breathlessly. "It isn't anything. I've caught cold on the damp floors, perhaps. If we could only have a stove, Monsieur le Major! My blessés are quite frozen."

"Never mind your blessés," said the major. "Go over to your barrack. I am coming over in ten minutes to auscult your lungs."

One does not defy one's major.

"Nonsense!" declared the nurse vehemently after he had passed. But she delivered the oxygen balloon to the gasping Boche, and ran home to her barrack.

It was not a comfortable barrack. In fact, it was even more casually built than the wards.

Air came through the plank walls everywhere, as well as through the window with its muslin panes. Every morning there were snails on the moist boards of the floor, through whose cracks you could easily empty your rubber tub if you liked.

This, indeed, was most convenient; for the kitten, which roamed freely under the sheets that served for partitions, was always sociably trying to get into the tub with you, and upsetting it.

In her chilly quarters the nurse sat down on her camp-stool and waited for the major.

"To-morrow you go to the radio," the surgeon informed her.

There was a wrinkle of annoyance between his eyes. Majors do not like steady nurses to go bad on their hands. Anything that upsets routine is horrid to them. But even at that he did seem unusually concerned.

Next day she passed through the radio. There the major found his auscultation confirmed. And the nurse, extended on the table in the dark cubby-hole, heard the voluble young assistant outside say to the radio chief, "I give her six months."



"Be quiet," said the chief sharply. But he did not deny the prognosis.

Now it had become an affair for the *médecin chef*.

"Three months' rest in the south. Then I will arrange to have you affected to a hospital down there for the spring months. But no work until you are well." With impersonal kindness the *médecin chef* decided her fate and dropped the incident from his mind.

The major could not dispose of it so readily. He carried the news to his wounded brother, who turned pale, but said nothing.

"She doubtless got it from that *sacré Boche*," declared the major. "It's very unfortunate, because, of course, no one in his senses marries a tuberculous person," he ended uneasily.

"My dear brother," retorted the lieutenant, "they say in the trenches that a man never really gets back his senses after a head wound. It always leaves him a little queer."

At that the major swore and the lieutenant laughed, but he was not amused.

The day was nearly over. The temperatures had been taken. The *blessés*, shining clean to the last finger-nail, lay in their orderly beds, rows of smiling boys, each with a fractured leg swinging high in an apparatus, or with a heavy plaster cast around a broken arm or hip-joint.

A convalescent was playing the phonograph to this delighted audience.

The major entered with a train of visiting surgeons. He moved from bed to bed, explaining.

"Fracture, with great loss of substance; six centimetres of bone. Impossible for nature to repair all that. I made a bone graft. He will walk again, with a special boot."

His eye fell on the nurse's fracture blanket, rested there dully a moment, then brightened.

"But there is nothing stupid about that blanket!" he exclaimed. "That is intelligent. Who did it?"

"I," said the nurse.

He waved his hand triumphantly to his suite. "It has been objected to my apparatus that the patient could not be kept warm. Look at that! The least I

could do for you, *mademoiselle*, would be to have you decorated," he complimented her. "Supply all the beds with them."

He passed out.

The nurse, soothed by even this late recognition, but somewhat daunted by his last order, ran to get her sewing kit. Where did he suppose she could have blankets made?

Still, a nurse must find a way for everything. She set a little stool for herself between two empty beds, spread a blanket on one of the beds, and began to cut and stitch in the gathering twilight.

The phonograph burst into the *Vendéenne*; the wounded men broke into song with it.

"Monsieur d'Charette a dit: . . ."

Socialists and Republicans as they were, the reckless deviltry of the long-dead Royalist chief pleased their fancy.

" . . . Le canon

Fait mieux danser que le son du violon,"

their gay voices rang.

The door opened, and the lieutenant limped into the ward.

He was dressed in dark-gray American pajamas, much too large for him; and thin, paper-soled hospital slippers, much too small. His black hair was brushed violently back above his virile and charming face. He sat down on one of the empty beds.

"You never make me visits any more, *mademoiselle*," he reproached her.

"No," she admitted placidly. "I don't like the officers' ward. You are all spoiled, anyway. When I have a little time I spend it on the *poilus*, poor souls. They don't expect anything, and they don't get much."

"Ah, yes, we are spoiled," agreed the lieutenant.

He extended a foot, and gazed with absorbed attention at his sock, which completely lacked a heel, and at the paper slipper, much too small.

"It's your own fault," said the unsympathetic nurse. "You could get others. Your brother. . . ."

"One doesn't care to dress differently from the rest," he suggested.

"But they can't," she pursued inflexibly. "And there are no slippers large enough for anybody. Some contractor



has foisted unsalable stock on the government. As for the socks, they don't mend anything here at the front. I try to keep my *blessés* in repair myself."

"You are very devoted," said the officer.

"I adore them," answered the nurse simply.

The boy at the phonograph slid in a fresh record. Mignon's song floated down the darkening *salle*.

"Connais-tu le pays où fleurit l'oranger?"

Sudden tears overflowed the nurse's eyes and fell on her shining needle. They might well have passed unseen in the twilight, but the officer was observant.

"What is wrong, *mademoiselle*?" he asked.

The nurse rubbed her eyes unhygienically with the back of her hard little hand.

"It's just that I'm ordered south," she explained. "That tune reminded me. And I can't bear to leave my ward; with poor Pierre dying, shot through the spinal cord. . . . Nobody will be nice to him, because he is peevish and paralyzed, and, of course, that makes endless work. . . . And Henri, that had *bacillus perfringens* in his amputated foot. . . . We've just pulled him through. I'm so afraid no one will look after his extra food. He needs to be remounted with eggs and chocolate every morning and afternoon. . . ."

The lieutenant disregarded the needs of Henri and Pierre.

"You are going south?" he interrupted.

"I have to," she said resentfully. "The *médecin chef* has ordered me off."

"Ah, que ne puisse je te suivre  
Vers ce pays lointain . . . !"

sang the phonograph to the enchanted *blessés*.

The lieutenant leaned toward her and repeated it under his breath:

"'Ah, que ne puis-je te suivre. . . .'  
I will follow you some day, *mademoiselle*."

She cast a curious, detached glance at him.

"For the present, I am chained here," said the lieutenant. "May I follow you when I can?"

The nurse would not look at him again. She stitched furiously, though it was certain she could not see the stitches.

"Everything always comes just too late," she remarked. "I was so proud of my blankets, but nobody noticed them until I had lost interest. Everything is like that."

The phonograph ceased. The wistful, mutilated audience was silent, each one considering in secret his frustrated longings.

"I am a cripple, it is true," admitted the lieutenant, "useless in the army. I shall be sent to some bureau in the rear where it will not matter. But perhaps it disgusts you."

"Oh, me," exclaimed the nurse. "I no longer exist! It's because of my lungs they're sending me south." She caught up the blanket and the little red sewing kit. "Do you suppose I'd marry anybody, when I shall probably be dead in six months?" she demanded fiercely.

She ran to press the electric button. The ward was filled with light.

And the silent *blessés*, seeing her move, resumed their mild, confiding petitions.

"*Mademoiselle*, you won't forget to swab out my eye-socket again?" "*Mademoiselle*, you know the major said—a humid pansement on my elbow this evening." "*Mademoiselle*, look. Their dressing has slipped. You can see the wound. If you have time, will you do it over? Your dressings never slip."

With her pocket full of bandages, with her little nickel box of sterile compresses, with alcohol, ether, iodine, she fell to work.

She was sucked far down into a smothering sea. A strong hand pulled her to the surface. The hand relaxed, she sank again, suffocating. There were days of that dismal recurrence before she recognized the heavenly aid of the oxygen balloons she had so often carried to the Boche.

A nursing sister slipped the little tube of striped Venetian glass between her lips.

"This is ridiculous," said the patient petulantly. "What ails me?"

"Pneumonia," answered the nun.

Through the window one saw palm-trees, and hydravions sailing high above a blue sea. Inside was the shabby board-



ing-house room of the midi, not too clean. The nurse lay still, contemplating.

Why had she so long denied herself every luxury? What was the use of self-sacrifice, anyway? An immense avidity for pleasure filled her.

"I simply can't seem to resign myself to a military funeral, and a médaille des épidémies to console my family," she announced to her astonished colleague. "As soon as I can move I'm going to a decent hotel and unpack my nicest things, and buy new ones. I'm not going to economize another bit for anybody, wounded or not. I won't think about them and their old war any more."

It was pleasant in the hotel garden, under the huge trees, among the ravishing flowers.

"Don't mention tuberculosis," the nun had warned her. "The hotels won't take you in. If you look ill, it's the pneumonia. Forget the other."

So it was pneumonia.

Wrapped in furs, she reclined on a chaise longue all day, and watched the hydravions flirting with the water, dipping and circling. Every day one or more fell. Then the waiting motor-boat rushed to the rescue. Sometimes the hydravion rose again. Sometimes the motor-boat towed it ashore, and new victims were carried to the aviators' hospital or to the soldiers' cemetery.

And the months passed.

"Nobody thinks anything of a rotten lung," said the newcomer comfortably, as she sank into the next green wicker garden-chair.

Her voluminous blue cloak billowed over the nurse's knitted sweater gown. The blue veil softened the ugliness of a homely face.

The nurse put up her hand to her correctly undulated coiffure. Was it as becoming, she wondered, as her white veils with the embroidered cross, and was the white, knitted gown as pleasing as the pointed cotton aprons that had cost four francs apiece, and that her blessés always begged her to wear on inspection days?

"My gracious, child," expostulated the stranger, "nobody's sound. Every worker you meet has weak lungs or gastritis or varicose veins or valvular leakage or something. I expect to nurse many a

wounded man back to health before cirrhosis of the liver puts me out of business, which it will do ultimately. Aren't you really well enough to work yet?"

"I don't think so," said the nurse inertly. "Why haven't I seen you before? Do you stay here?"

"Rather not," said the stranger. "I was slowly starving to death in my boarding-house, so I came in here for a square meal. It's criminal extravagance." She surveyed the broad tip of her cheap cotton shoe. "We women volunteers are strange fools," she reflected. "We come over to France in droves to work like slaves, and pay all our own expenses, and are thankful for the chance. Catch men being so impractical. Even the poor devils of soldiers get their keep and five cents a day. But at least the French will let us work for them."

"I offered my services to the Americans this winter. Thought I ought to do something for my own. They thanked me, and refused. Said they might later be able to find a place for some volunteers as auxiliaries, and, if one proved skilful, she might even be allowed to help the regular nurse with minor dressings."

She laughed shortly.

"Minor dressings! I took an équipe into the field at the beginning of the war. For weeks I alone looked after ninety badly wounded men. I've had some experience. My ambition is not to help with minor dressings. But the Americans don't want volunteers."

She rose. Her cloak, that bore on the left side the two red bars of a head nurse, fell back, disclosing a *croix de guerre*. Evidently she had had some experience.

"It's nearly two. I must get back," she said. "I'm glad the waiter put me at your table. Come and see me some day. I work in the Beaulieu Hotel. It's a hospital now for aviators."

"That's where I was to work, when I felt well enough," commented the nurse.

"Anybody's well enough if she chooses," declared the robust stranger. "Don't you want to come along and see your hospital?"

The nurse hesitated.

"Not to-day," she decided, and settled back in her chair.

"It's very fine to look at," said the in-



firmière major. "Marble halls, and so on. But we've no installation. No rubber cushions, no hot-water bottles, no comforts at all." She sighed. "We haven't so much as one nickel box for sterile compresses in our whole hospital."

"How much would your boxes cost?" asked the nurse.

"About fifty dollars."

"Buy them," said the nurse, "and send the bill to me."

She had meant to go to Monte Carlo for a few days with the money, but once a nurse, always a nurse, and compresses must be sterile.

The major thanked her, and was gone. A band of children rushed past, their shrill cries ringing in a medley of French and English. They disappeared up a steep path between beds of cyclamen and cinerarias.

She looked after them, envious of those unspoiled lungs. She always panted for breath now, when she mounted any of these paths.

"I'll get a stout walking-stick, like all the women," she promised herself.

A tennis-ball flashed from the court and rolled across the lawn. A lithe young girl pursued it, laughing. The nurse recognized her brilliant face. Every morning she changed to another immaculate white dress for her tennis, as did all her young companions.

"Her brother is probably struggling knee-deep in freezing mud somewhere on the front," reflected the nurse, and fell to watching the game.

What inexhaustible vitality these ornamental creatures showed! Their white shoes lifted continually as if they were about to soar.

A soldier came limping down that path from which the agile children had vanished.

Splendid in the black and gold uniform of the aviator, he approached haltingly, and stopped before her, blocking her view of the tennis-players, of the embusqués, idlers of the tailor-made white gowns, the gayly colored jerseys, the furs, the penciled eyes, the ubiquitous dogs—Pomeranian, Pekingese, Belgian griffon—all the Vanity Fair that flourishes in security behind the bloody trenches and the rough valor of fighting men.

"I have come to ask you again," said the lieutenant.

He sat down beside her, unmasking anew the well-groomed slackers in their white flannels, the gaudy sweaters, the tea-tables flashing with silver, set under orange-trees in fruit.

"It's quite different from the barracks, isn't it?" she remarked. "How hard it was there to get a clean shirt! . . . And do you remember the holes in your socks? I thought you were to go to a bureau at the rear."

"I was proposed for it," he said.

"You're in aviator's uniform."

"I'm learning to fly."

"Why?" she persisted.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"A man can't stay at the rear just now, can he?" he demanded. "It was aviation or that for me. Cripples have no choice. It's one thing I could do. There are plenty of old men to loaf in bureaus."

The nurse was worried.

"But it's the most dangerous of all," she objected.

"War is dangerous," he answered tersely.

"Every day there are accidents out there." She waved her hand to where, beyond the tennis-courts, beyond the orange-trees and the balustrades, beyond the screens of growing bamboo, the sea, profound and sombre, lent dignity to that tawdry garden. "I've heard the mortality is 85 per cent," she said.

He turned to her his virile and charming face, flushed with deep feeling.

"My dear, if you had only six months to live, what could any other mortality matter to me?" he asked.

The nurse's heart gave a sudden start, but she would not show her agitation.

"Three months are gone already," she suggested. "I have only three left, now."

"Lucky if you can count on three months," he answered, changing front. Evidently there was to be no further display of emotion. "Hundreds of thousands of strong men in France can't count on three hours. What's the use of thinking about it? They enjoy the day. If there is no to-morrow, so much the worse. . . . Give me your three months," he ended, with an engaging fall to his voice.

"Oh, I won't," cried the nurse. "In-



deed I won't. Do you suppose I could ever consent to risk your getting tuberculosis too, and dying a horrible, lingering death."

The lieutenant smiled.

"If one could be sure of living long enough to die of tuberculosis!" he murmured. "And suppose the doctors were wrong? Suppose you had eight months more? Or a year? Or two? Would you marry me then?" he urged with the same humorous smile. She was silent. "Suppose they were wrong altogether? Lots of people get over phthisis. . . . Anyway, I'll come and ask you every time I can get leave. You may change your mind. You look well enough. I never saw you so radiant."

"That!" she disclaimed the compliment. "It's the undulated hair (I never had time to curl my hair at the front) and the Lanvin gown, and the Lewis hat, and the Dorine rouge."

"Ah, well," he said, "you rouge so nicely! Like the lady in the Spanish sonnet. By the way, if you really had phthisis you'd have color enough, wouldn't you?"

"They don't always," replied the nurse, with a faint hope. It was true, people did get over tuberculosis sometimes.

"I shall never object in the least to my wife's rouging," remarked the lieutenant. And after a moment: "Nor to anything else you may care to do."

With what invincible gayety men faced wounds and suffering! "They enjoy the day. If there is no to-morrow, tant pis!"

Full of pleasant confidence, the nurse dressed herself with special care for that to-morrow. He did not come.

She disregarded the doctor's orders to be indoors by half past three, and stayed until the last tennis-player had deserted the court and a chill wind was rustling the palms.

"But, of course," said the nurse to her drooping spirits, "even aviators can't get leave every day."

The next day passed, and the next. The nurse grew as pale as the romantic race of Asra.

On the fourth day some one came up behind her. She turned, flaring red under the Dorine rouge. It was the infirmière major, who held out a note.

"I got the compress boxes, my dear," she said, and sat down in the next chair. It creaked under her solid weight. "That's a note of thanks from the médecin chef. He was delighted."

"Bother the tiresome woman and her eternal hospital!" thought the nurse fretfully, in her disappointment.

The major was gazing at her with kindly eyes.

"It's a pleasure to look at you, my dear," she said, smiling. "I'll bet your blessés adored you."

The gravel crunched. The nurse turned again quickly. It was only a hotel waiter bringing her coffee.

"Won't you have coffee with me?" she asked politely.

"Thank you, no. I must be off. They were operating when I left at noon. That thin china is so nice. They use iron-stone ware at our boarding-house. You wouldn't think they could possibly chip it, but they do."

"What a bore!" thought the unregenerate nurse, and began listening without shame to an embusqué flirting with a little Jewess on the left.

"The pilot died last night, as we expected. No chance from the first." The major paused in some tale.

"How sad!" said the nurse perfunctorily, returning from her abstraction.

"The other one will probably live," resumed the major. "At least, a fraction of him. It's a pity that any one so well put together has to be hacked to pieces. And the courage . . . no; you can't call it courage, the smiling effrontery with which he meets torture and mutilation. . . ." She stopped, finding no words to express her approval.

"They say that after the war every man will be allowed four wives," said the Jewess, in a flute-like voice, to her gallant embusqué.

Her hideous little griffon pushed his fashionable face against the nurse's foot, and with lolling tongue begged for a drink of water.

"You have a merciful look," said the little dog dumbly, "and I am a neglected slave."

The nurse stooped. With lazy care she poured water into her saucer. The little dog watched eagerly, lunging toward





*Drawn by George Wright.*

Confused and smiling, she twisted her hair into place, while the nurse industriously took the lieutenant's wrist in a firm grasp.—Page 393.



the shallow dish. The major droned on her hospital tale.

"His radius and ulna—cubitus they call it here—so stupid—broken in a dozen places. When you lift his right hand, his forearm hangs like a loop of rope. Horrible! However, that may mend. But his leg! It had been badly broken last summer up at Saint Quentin. This ended it. Yesterday the doctors hoped to save it, but they couldn't. They were taking it off when I left at noon."

The saucer slipped from the nurse's relaxed fingers, and broke on the gravel. The little dog fled in terror. With strong self-control she refilled the broken saucer, and coaxed back the frightened animal. Now, still stooping, she dared to trust her unsteady voice.

"What is his name?" she asked.

"I can't remember," said the infirmière major.

"Is it—?" the nurse began inaudibly, but she found she could not say his name. And what was the use? She knew well enough who it was. "Wait a minute," she begged, and, rising, went swiftly toward the house.

In the vestibule her indignant lungs altogether failed her. She leaned, suffocating, against the wall. Her waiter passed, going into the garden with a trayful of liqueur glasses. She snatched one and drained it before his astonished face.

She was back with the major in five minutes, carrying a Red Cross bag.

"I'm coming with you," she announced, and slipping her hand through the major's arm dragged her from the garden.

She could not speak during the steep climb to the hospital. But inside the gate she stopped and drew a leather case of papers from her bag.

"Here are my letter of service and my livret militaire." She opened the livret and held it before the major's eyes. "You see, the médecin chef considered me a competent nurse."

"I see," agreed the other.

"I couldn't come to work here," confessed the nurse with anxious honesty, "because they think I have tuberculosis. But I'll be careful to keep away from the other patients. The one they're amputating is my fiancé. He doesn't mind tuber-

culosis. You'll let me nurse him, won't you?"

Her voice trembled. The major turned on her a regard at once compassionate and perplexed.

"Look here, child," she hesitated, "he's really . . . it's too awful. . . . They simply had to disarticulate the right leg at the hip. You know what that means. He can't wear an artificial leg. He'll go on a crutch his whole life long. Not so bad, perhaps, if they save his right arm. If they can't, he can't use a crutch even. Have you thought of that?"

"If he hadn't any arms or legs at all he could have all of mine," said the defiant nurse.

"Oh, very well! Nurse him, then."

The planton, looking through the window, saw a newcomer lean toward the stalwart major and embrace her vigorously.

What an extraordinary hospital was this! In these spotless marble corridors she recalled long sanded passages that had in turn seemed luxurious after the tents and the miry open-air paths where you left your overshoes in the mud. For the nurse had helped to build her field-hospital and knew it from its rude beginnings.

Here were innumerable servants passing silently in soft slippers. How the orderlies' boots used to thunder at night on the creaking floors!

The nurses she saw now sat peacefully embroidering or playing cards with convalescents, and, in memory, she beheld herself scrubbing iron beds, bathing helpless creatures covered with blood and filth from the trenches, going her midnight rounds in rain over those slippery paths from tent to tent with her lantern, penetrating in search of pillows to the gloomy depths of the great empty Bessomer that held five hundred beds, and coming unterrified there upon strange sleeping soldiers—and she pitied the peaceful nurses at their leisurely tasks.

They passed the open door of a vestiaire. The nurse tore off her hat and coat. Then the major saw that she had already thrown a nurse's blouse and apron over her white tricot gown. From the Red Cross bag she drew a fresh transparent veil and pinned it around her head.



"I'm ready," she said.

Together they entered a little room. The windows opened upon a view of palm-trees, of mimosas faded from their yellow splendor, of hydravions skimming over a sea striped green and indigo.

But the flowery scents that drifted through those windows could not contend with the dizzying, ether-loaded atmosphere inside. And the smell of the anæsthetic carried her back to the windy, rain-swept barracks in the swamps of the Oise; to the night when she had first seen this indomitable, ruined body, now stretched again unconscious on a narrow bed.

The ether had given his sleeping face a boyish air. For the moment he had respite. But what anguish men had to endure!

The waking words of mangled creatures coming out of anæsthesia rang in her memory.

"Ah, qu'il faut souffrir!" they used to say, in a tone of quiet, amazed despair. "Ah, how one must suffer!"

And then in a few days or weeks they laughed and jested over their cigarettes, the agony forgotten. One must snatch

what pleasure one can from life, since it is short.

A French infirmière sat knitting beside the bed. She rose.

"Mademoiselle will take over this case," announced the major with her frank American accent.

Across the wounded man the two nurses measured glances.

"You just stay," advised the major. "I'll take your papers to the gestionnaire myself."

"It's too sweet of you," the nurse thanked her.

"He's waking," whispered the Frenchwoman.

He stirred and looked vaguely round, roused perhaps by the nurse's voice. His miserable eyes, sick with pain, rested on her face. He tried to turn toward her and could not, but his valid hand clasped her arm.

"Don't leave me, mademoiselle," he entreated.

The nurse covered his clinging hand with hers.

"Of course, I won't leave you. I will never leave you," she promised cheerfully, and sat down beside the bed.

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## OLD LADY

By Samuel McCoy

WHY is life "all right"? Well, take your own case:  
 You're seventy now and almost through with it:  
 You've borne eight children, outlived all but two:  
 Those two are poor and you're still "strong" at your age,  
 And do the housework: wash, bake, iron clothes  
 In a hot kitchen when the heat's appalling:  
 Your husband's dead: your friends don't come to see you:  
 You sit alone at night to read your Book  
 And your head nods, you dream of days gone by:  
 After a while you creak to bed and darkness:—  
 Is life "worth while"? I, knowing all your story,  
 Am sure of it, now I have seen your smile.



# THE KINGDOM

BY EDWARD H. SOTHERN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. M. PARCELL



“THE poor,” said the kind lady, “have little happiness. Their lives are drab and joyless. We who have wealth and the good things of this world should share our fair fortune with them. I will ask my dear friend Marian, who is so devoted in her settlement work, to bring me a small child—some child from those tenement-house districts—and she shall live with us for a month in the country. It would be a good thing, a wise thing, a patriotic thing, for all wealthy people to adopt a little poor child for the summer and to free these sad ones from the influence of their squalid homes. I have been among them with Marian and the reeking air would suffocate one. The noise, the odor, the dirt! It is terrible, terrible!”

“And yet,” said a pale young man, who looked as though he had thought quite deeply upon occasions, “and yet it is curious that these squalid children dance so joyously about a hurdy-gurdy, finding in the hideous din the music of the spheres. It is strange that they devour from stained hands with greedy gladness scraps of food which you would hesitate to give your dog. It is hardly to be explained—that intense interest which is excited in the minds of those groups of toil-worn women who watch the passing crowd and the playing progeny and the skirmishing dogs and the fleeting cats. Why do they never weary of these exhibitions which have fed their eyes and their senses ever since they were born? Here is no novelty, no beauty, no change; nothing but what is reminiscent of their daily drudgery, their carking care, their hopelessness, and maybe their despair. Yet they never tire of this pageant, nor cease their contemplation of the sordid scene. I prophesy that your little child will not be happy here. It is the great compensation of fate that we adhere like the limpet to that state of life to which it pleases God to call us, and that we con-

struct our ideals about that spot whereon we dwell. Take us from it and we would crawl home. All of which means that home is where the heart is, that happiness is purely a thing of the imagination, that it is distinctly a matter of association, of habit, not readily transplanted, and that when transplanted it may quickly die. The truth of these opinions is manifest when one considers the utterly unreasonable conclusions of those who fall in love. There are innumerable persons who find a squint adorable, to whom a humpback is no disfigurement, and even a lack of teeth so customary a defect in their immediate environment as to be no impediment whatever to the practice of the gentle art of osculation. To me these specific defects would be forbidding; but, as I say, that is because this particular limpet has by chance been born, or has wandered, into a certain kind of pond. Let us not forget that there was an age when one’s grandparents, having become useless even as ornaments, were regarded as most proper material for stew, and that within an easily measurable period we wore large rings in our noses. Custom conquers all. I prophesy the little child will not be content. Your pond is not her pond.”

These excellent reflections of the pale young man were no detriment to the kindness of the kind lady, and shortly a wan, solemn, and astonished little child arrived at the charming country house and was informed that a great treat was in store for her. Here, she was told, were the fresh air, milk and eggs and butter, and fruit and vegetables, and many such matters which could not be obtained for love and scarcely for money in the hot and arid city. Here too one would be washed and combed and kept clean, and would play nice games with washed and combed playmates. Here one would observe the birds and the squirrels and could feast one’s eyes upon a cow, a pig; learn industry from the ant and consider the



bee and the hen; and here articles hitherto observed only at rare intervals in shop windows might be seen in daily and hourly use.

"I should think," said a friend of the kind lady, "that the child must feel she is in heaven."

The kind lady's small daughter had very pretty manners and was eager for play. Her toys excited considerable wonder in the eyes of the little creature from the slums, but while nursing an elaborately gowned and fashionably coiffed dolly she would shortly drop it on her lap and her dark eyes would become fixed on some vision far afield. Or the kind lady would be telling her a story when the wan face would lose interest and the wasted baby-body droop. She would cease romping or running quite suddenly and sit her down with a puzzled and wandering look in her eyes, as though she herself were debating why she had lost interest in the game. After a few days the novelty of the flowers, the cow, the pig, the hens had languished; she had evidently already grown weary of these new acquaintances. She maintained before the kind lady a staid demeanor tempered by spasmodic smiling when gazed upon, but the servant maids had come upon her in tears, and now and again her tiny bosom would give forth a mighty sigh.

The young man who had given evidence of occasional thought had observed these symptoms. He had been present when the kind lady's friend had ventured her opinion concerning heaven.

"May I ask," said he, "what your own definition of heavenly bliss would be?"

"Heavenly bliss?" echoed the friend.

"Yes," said the young man. "Looking toward heaven, as we all do, trusting that, in accordance with our teaching, we will at length attain to perpetual bliss, in what do you imagine that condition of bliss will consist? In what mental state will it manifest itself? What physical attribute shall we who reach that sphere retain? What associations do we expect and desire? Wherein will our daily and eternal joy be joy? You expressed the view that this infant must feel that she is in heaven; will you please define ex-

actly what was passing through your mind when you ventured on that opinion?"

"Passing through my mind?" echoed the lady with evident alarm.

"Yes," said the thoughtful youth, "what precise idea of heaven have you in your own consciousness become aware of? For I take it that we who prate of heaven and our hopes thereof have some more or less clear conception of that for which we pray and to which we so wistfully aspire. Of course, our imaginations are limited, our conceptions controlled by the bounds of our human senses. We cannot well call up an image of the inconceivable, but can you not define in some sort the kind and quality of experience which would gratify you in the world to come—the associations which you anticipate, the occupations you imagine would minister to your content?"

"Really," said the lady, "I had not concerned myself greatly to make an inventory of my celestial mansion, but, in a general way, I should expect to be happy."

"Can you formulate no statement of what that happiness would consist? What associations you would require, admitting that your desires were consulted?"

"Associations?" repeated the lady. "Well, of course, I should want to be with my husband and children."

"Precisely!" said the young man.

"And in a general way I think I should hope to retain some recollection of those occasions and those places on the earth wherein I have experienced my dearest joy."

"Quite so," said the young man. "And for occupation?"

"Well, our occupation will scarcely be physical I take it," said the lady. "Our happiness will consist of a state of mind."

"Exactly," said the youth.

"And the mind will naturally occupy itself with—with—well," said the lady, "with remembrances, with the contemplation of those things which we can look back upon with feelings of pleasure and maybe with pride; perhaps, too, we shall find a nobler and higher satisfaction in regret for our past follies



and in our new wisdom. I imagine the extreme happiness derived from the emotions of charity and pity and love for the unfortunate would be ours." boundary and beyond the pale of time, no thought of those we have here loved and suffered with shall more be ours?"

"You see, then," said the young man, "you perceive in the life to come that your most exquisite joy, the extremest happiness, the most superlative ecstasy you are able to conceive will be those associations and those remembrances which have endeared to you the beings and the experiences of this world."

"It does seem so," said the woman thoughtfully.

"Can you imagine for one moment," said the young man, "a condition of absolute bliss wherein all such memories would be obliterated, where the remembrance of your husband and your children—those friends whom the years of suffering and of gladness had taught you to understand and to love—where all the thousand mental pictures of places and objects associated with moments grave and glad—the day and the spot where you first met your lover, the evening when he first spoke to you of love, the morning when your baby newly born was placed in your arms, the treasured pictures of so many earthly happenings—can you imagine a condition of bliss where all these were wiped out of the brain and where forever and forever, throughout the ages of eternity, to the uttermost

"It would be terrible," said the woman.

"It would be as though one were chained to a rock in the middle of the ocean, with nothing always but the noonday and the sea. It would be stagnation, death."

"I think so too," said the youth, "and so thinks this little creature from the slums. If we question her we will find her heaven would be peopled with those she loves, with those she has wept with or has joyed with; with the remembrance of this dance in the hot, stifling alley, or that vigil by the bed of some playmate who has died; with such a day or such a night when, in the reeking city and in the evil-smelling tenement, some celebration, long prepared for, brought in its cheap, tawdry, noisy train a fortification against coming sorrow and a balm for every present grief. Here were shed precious tears of love and here the same eyes had filled with gladness. Tell her that heaven will take from her the memory of her mother's kiss, tell her even that when she passes from this world her rag doll shall be lost

to her forever, and do you think she will be comforted? But promise her the company of these for all time and she will start upon her final journey with a smile."

"This would reduce heaven to a mere





reflection of our earthly life," said the woman. "We would have created our paradise here without being aware of it. Into the tapestry of the life to come we should have woven day by day with our never-resting hands the story of our poor humanity. The warp and woof of our celestial robes will be each pang that has stabbed the heart, each kindly or unkindly act, with some rare spots of color born of well-spent hours and unselfish love. If this be true, our real paradise is here and now; did we but know, we hold it in our hands."

"Would it not be strange if that were true?" said the young man. "Allow me to recite you a sonnet which contains this thought?"

"By all means," said the kind lady's friend.

The young man looked on the ground as though contemplating this terrestrial orb upon which his feet rested.

"Shall we not weary in the endless days  
Hereafter for the murmur of the sea?  
The cool salt air across some grassy lea,  
Shall we not go bewildered through a maze  
Of stately streets with glittering gems ablaze,  
Forlorn amid the pearl and ivory,  
Straining our eyes beyond the bourne to see  
Phantoms from life's perforce relinquished ways?"

Give us again the crazy clay-built nest,  
Summer and soft, unseasonable Spring,  
Our flowers to pluck, our broken songs to sing,

Our fairy gold of evening in the West.  
Still to the land we love our longings cling,  
The dear vain world of turmoil and unrest."

The woman sat very still. For a while neither spoke. Then with a sigh the woman echoed:

"Forlorn amid the pearl and ivory!"

and again she said:

"The dear vain world of turmoil and unrest."

Do you believe"—and she turned to the young man who still gazed upon the earth—"do you believe that heaven can be situated in Hester Street?"

"I do," said the young man raising his eyes.

"And that this infant has wandered like the Peri and is outside of her particular paradise, straying—

... bewildered through a maze  
Of stately streets with glittering gems ablaze."

Yes, I think so," said the young man. "I have observed that the various costly articles—carpets, silver, volumes, pictures—do not excite her envy, nor her admiration; not even her curiosity until you discuss with her, at her request, what these things have cost; then her attention becomes riveted. But I am convinced she still is not

concerned with the beauty or the utility of these articles. The mention of money, however, calls to mind coveted objects of her own—a certain tawdry frock, a doll of low degree and humble antecedents,





maybe a puppy of doubtful parentage, or articles of food which you and yours would regard with abhorrence. It is doubtless the case that diadems sit heavy on the brows of kings and that Hodge in his furrow finds the ploughshare a hard master——

“ ‘Then happy low! lie down.  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!’ ”

“Thus the monarch apostrophizes the clown. Place the clown upon the throne and he will die of ennui. Bind the king to the plough and the burdens of state will appear as thistle-down. The kingdom of God is *within you*! The kingdom of heaven is *at hand*!! Not thither nor yon, but *here and now*.”

“We have moralized delightfully,” said the kind lady’s friend. “What now are our conclusions?”

“That the king shall stick to his crown and the shoemaker to his last,” said the young man.

“And we think, do we not,” said the lady, “that the shoemaker’s paradise, did he but know it, is as perfect as the emperor’s? Thus is the balance struck between the king and the cobbler—the meek exalted and the mighty cast down. The *last* and the *crown* are equally kingdoms of heaven.”

“Quite so,” said the thoughtful young man. “It may even be that the *last* shall be *first*.”

“That,” said the friend of the kind lady, “effectually bars you from peaceful retrospection in the life to come.”

“I fear I shall be damned,” said the thoughtful young man. “It is an old failing.”

Here the kind lady approached with the child from the slums.

“I cannot make this dear child out,” she declared. “She does not seem to be happy, she does not like to play, and I am afraid she is sickening for some dreadful illness. She is downcast and tearful.”

A servant handed the kind lady a letter which, with apologies, she read.

“The child’s mother writes that she wishes her to return to the city at once,” said the kind lady in dismay.

The child, previously a prey to deepest dejection, clapped her hands and jumped for joy, truly a transformed being.

“Do you *want* to go back to the hot city?” said the kind lady.

“Oh, yes! Please! Please let me go!” cried the child eagerly. “I want to go home! I want to go home!”

The kind lady looked hurt. “Very well,” she said. “Go and get your things on and I’ll send you up to town. Really,” she pouted when the child had danced gleefully into the house, “really, I thought the little creature would have had simply a heavenly time here.”

“Heaven is in Hester Street!” said the thoughtful young man.





# SCALING ZION

By Olivia Howard Dunbar

Author of "Educating the Binneys"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR LILIE



It was a late Saturday afternoon. The thin air held a bitter-sweet, almost astringent quality, together with lavish promises of the still-unfurled spring. As I casually approached the home of the Binneys the lively pounding of a hundred hammers sounded from the vacant lot in the street below, accustomed scene of the entire yearly procession of outdoor festivals, from circuses to "Chautauquas." The tabernacle, I suddenly remembered, was to be finished that night, and the aching, blistered zealots who, strictly without profane aid or counsel, had undertaken to build it in a week must now be triumphantly driving the final nails. By midnight the improvised temple would be complete; the following afternoon would initiate the revival. The occasion seemed propitious for a call upon Leota Binney; and I raised the gate-latch.

The unbroken twin oblongs that comprised the Binney lawn were so generously sprinkled with young children that a stranger to this engaging family might have supposed a party to be in progress; and the wide porch was agreeably garlanded with little climbing figures that, as I came near, silently dropped to the ground, assuming decorous and inexpressive attitudes. The world at large fawned and smirked, as grown-ups blindly will, upon the Binney children, but altogether in vain; there was no ensnaring these politely elusive young creatures. They seemed always on the border of some secret universe of their own into which, at even the most delicate hint of familiarity, they would bafflingly withdraw. It was for this reason that, darlings though they were, I saluted them with reserve.

Before I had time to ring, the door opened and I was face to face with Mrs. Binney, together with a man and woman

whom I failed to recognize. In Leota there was visible a peculiar, an unprecedented, ardency. She looked fondly, eagerly, from her departing guests to me. It was obviously her wish to "bring us together."

"Mr. McNethy"—she proudly presented a short, stocky, florid man. Then, the second figure being of plainly less importance, she added, with a significant drop in emphasis—"and Mrs. McNethy."

Both Mr. and Mrs. McNethy seized and shook my unprepared hand with something more than conventional cordiality. Smarting, I withdrew with what suavity I could muster from their professional grip.

"The advance agent," Leota was explaining when we two were seated in the house a moment later. "For the revival, you know. They've been with us a week."

"That seems hardly fair," I protested, trying vainly, through the broad window by which I sat, to include all the little Binneys within my range of vision. "Couldn't some one with a—with a simpler household than yours have been asked to shelter them?"

"I did dread it, before they came!" she confessed with a sudden wistfulness. "Verna Wyckoff had nervous prostration for two years, she told me, after the last revival. She entertained five or six, and none of them would eat anything but chicken. So she fried it for them all day long until her head began to sizzle inside. . . . You see, I've no one to help me with the cooking just now. And I hated to move so many of the children into the woodshed, especially so early in the year. But the minute the McNethys came, I knew they were—different." Her entranced eyes sought to follow the briskly stepping figures down the street. "He's really wonderful."

I made the comment that Mr. McNethy's frankly secular appearance didn't



after all, distinguish him; that it merely corresponded with current evangelistic fashions. But Leota wouldn't let this pass.

"Oh, he's not like any of the others," she insisted naively. "His views are so—broad. Why, he's been a prospector. And before he got swept into this work he was an automobile agent. He knows how to apply business principles, you see. It's fascinating to hear him talk about it. Even Doctor Pettigrew, of the Board of Missions, who was with us for dinner a day or so ago, was *enormously* impressed with him."

"*Doctor Pettigrew!*" I was by no means ignorant that this name had an indescribable local resonance. "Leota, I hope that doesn't mean you're going back to India." My accidental sharing of their homeward voyage, which had first aroused my interest in the Binneys as a family, had also informed me fully as to Mrs. Binney's own attitude in regard to the "foreign field."

"It's my nightmare, of course!" she declared frankly. "And lately I've been—oh, I can't tell you how tortured with the fear of it! You understand, I know, what I feel, and no one else does understand. Oh, if that abominable India might only be—swallowed up in an earthquake!" A long-subdued passion altered strangely her trivial little voice and lent her childish outburst almost the character of an imprecation. Then she added, more lightly: "But I suppose that would only mean that we should have to pack up and go to Egypt and dispute the pyramids!"

I ventured, as delicately as possible, to inquire the sentiments of the Reverend Wilbur Binney.

"Oh, Wilbur would have gone back to India long ago, ill as he's been," she flung off with bitterness, "if he hadn't fortunately felt a certain obligation toward me and the children not to commit suicide. But now he insists that he's much better—though you can see how frail he is—and that he 'feels the call.' Preachers' wives learn to know what *that* means. And so I—" She paused abruptly.

"What *is* your plan, Leota?"

She hesitated, flushing deeply. "Ask me when the revival is over. I may have

something to tell you then. There's nobody else in the world I *would* tell it to."

It was easy to take her at her word. The ingenious and discreet Leota would never defeat her own projects by babbling of them. Having secured her promise, I rose hastily, for we kept early hours in Circleville. "I don't like to let you go," she said, and then acknowledged, half sentimentally: "But I *did* promise to cook beefsteak and onions for Mr. McNethy's supper, and he has to have it promptly at six."

Nobody put it into words—indeed, it may be that nobody really grasped it—but I had seen for myself, on coming back to Circleville after two years in the East, that the fortunes of the Binneys were at an acutely critical stage. I did not know how evangelical authorities might interpret a furlough; but the Reverend Wilbur Binney, missionary to India, had clearly stretched his to unprecedented length. For two years and a half he had been absent from the "foreign field"; and his health now being at least partially restored, I guessed that the jealous eyes of the missionary world were impatiently upon him. It is true that in the interval of his convalescence he had been insinuated, by the always adroit manipulations of his wife, into the faculty of the local theological seminary, whence he himself had earlier issued; and that Leota had looked forward to the substitution, for the present temporary arrangement, of that life tenure of office which her husband's colleagues so safely and smugly enjoyed. But the real menace lay in the fact that these others were no more securely placed than he, should the institution itself collapse. And the first news I had gathered in Circleville was that the shortage of students would probably force the closing of the seminary at the end of the current year. In which cruel event Leota would have no alternative but to assemble her regiment of neat blond children, renounce the abundantly sustaining satisfactions of Circleville, and a second time depart for the detested Punjab.

For in their position, as she had more than once plaintively set forth to me, it wasn't as if they could ever be comfortably overlooked or indeed even for an





*Drawn by Arthur Little*

Before I had time to ring, the door opened and I was face to face with Mrs. Binney — Page 489.



instant relieved from the search-lights either of official or of popular curiosity. There was no hope whatever that the nature of their odious calling might become a little blurred or perhaps even, in the absorbing pressure of more vivid interests, half forgotten. If the Women's Missionary Association wasn't holding a ten days' session in Circleville, with several hundred women to be sheltered and fed, half a dozen in each home, and meetings to be attended at every hour in the day, then one was forced to act as delegate to some temperance convention or Sunday-school conference, or one was being called upon to organize a "welcome week" for the oldest woman missionary, a militant proselyter of ninety, who had wrestled with the native religions of who could say how many tropic peoples. In short, one was always having to declare oneself in one's professional character, and this in the face of domestic and social beguilements that to Leota were the very wine of living. A commonplace creature, perhaps, this missionary's wife; and yet engrossing to me by virtue of her singular relation to the ecclesiasticism that nourished and that menaced her, that she simultaneously cajoled and combated, quite as though it were a brutish tyrant and she its resentful and treacherous slave.

And now we were to have a revival. This couldn't, of course, take place without the missionary question coming to the front; and, as I have pointed out, Leota's peace of mind depended on its not coming to the front. I had supposed, therefore, that she was facing a peculiarly unwelcome situation, and that to her it must be a matter of profound distaste that we had been at great pains to secure the Reverend Royal P. Odum, of Texas, an evangelist of renown, though not, as we carefully distinguished, of notoriety, and that we were preparing, in our practical way, to subject ourselves to his influence.

For with us a revival is never the sensational affair that it can become in worldlier communities. It is an orthodox observance, merely. Indeed, we should scarcely dare, at approximately regular intervals, to omit one, having, as we do, a reputation for conservative piety to sustain. It doesn't even occur to us to rebel

at the expenditure—profligate, from our usual standpoint—that these occasions demand. We likewise accept it as a matter of course that the evangelical party shall be distributed among our homes, and that, declining the too constraining position usually occupied by guests, they shall, after the manner of a conquering army, bring their own cooks, who, at the seasons most convenient to their employers, exclusively occupy the kitchens of their hosts, the raw materials being levied from the community at large. Individually we may make a cynical comment or two upon the severe toll suffered by our chicken-yards, our potato-bins, and our jelly-closets; and now and then, prolonged pre-emption, by strangers, of its cooking facilities may unpleasantly affect the nerves of a famished household; but in general we surrender tamely to the invaders.

When, the next afternoon, a very definite curiosity brought me to the doors of the tabernacle, they were already closed. The thin, timid volume of song that leaked through roughly joined boards told me that the campaign against sin had begun. Voices distrustful of themselves and of one another joined uncertainly in a whining, monotonous melody. After a number of repetitions I contrived to distinguish the words.

"I *feel* like going on, brother,  
I *feel* like going on.  
I'm on my way to Zion and"—[pause]  
"I-feel-like-going-on."

The doors swung open wide enough to admit me. The blindingly bright tabernacle was full and the entire audience on its feet. Instantly, from somewhere within the crowded building, a short, heavy figure made a resolute if clumsy leap toward me, seized my hand, and spoke my name. I had some difficulty in recognizing Albert McNethy, the advance agent. But it struck me as evidence of a consummate professional alertness that he apparently had none in recognizing me, though there had been but our single encounter.

"You want to sit near the front," he informed me. "Acoustics are bad and you want to be sure of hearing Mr. Odum. Great talk he's going to give to-night.



Wake 'em up a little. Just follow me and I'll see that you're seated."

Longingly, but without protest, I looked toward the rear benches. In the jovial McNethy I had perceived a power one did not oppose.

"*I feel like going on, brother,*" the audience of which I had become a part, now

with expert emotional effect, then pause and, laughing softly, urge to emulation. It was all tentative and preliminary, like the first day at school.

It was only during the brief periods when we were allowed to occupy our seats that I could observe that at the left of the platform, austere black-coated, after



Meanwhile, McNethy himself was everywhere, displaying a riotous, theatrical activity—forcing the sale of "song sheets."—Page 404.

wailed with heartier emphasis and at the direction, I now saw, of a tall, smiling young man who stood on the very edge of the platform—undoubtedly Orion Hughes, "the Welsh singer," one of the greatly advertised features of the revival. Gently, laughingly, with caressing voice, outstretched arms, and delicate play of his sensitive, actor's fingers, he manipulated the thousands facing him. He coaxed, teased, admonished. Motioning to silence, he would sing a verse alone

the manner of the "divines" of earlier generations, were massed the clergy—that is to say, the Protestant clergy—of the town, ostentatiously brothering one another, magnanimously ignoring sectarian distinctions, even welcoming, though with a manifestly forced cordiality, two negro preachers who had hardily claimed their technical right to join the group. Wilbur Binney, lean, grave, almost grotesquely clerical, sat, by virtue of his especial prestige, in the front row. His wife, at-



tended by a relatively light sprinkling of her flock, I had already discovered in the audience, next mild Mrs. McNethy. For whatever the public occasion in Circleville might be, one's eye always did light first, not, indeed, on colorless Leota, but on the long, orderly, ever so gradually diminishing line of little Binneys that belonged to her.

Meanwhile, McNethy himself was everywhere, displaying a riotous, theatrical activity—forcing the sale of “song sheets” a dozen at a time, insisting that timid laggards take seats squarely in front, joking boisterously to right and left of him. They had given him the clown's part to play, and he was playing it with a clown's astuteness. Yet his antics did not prevent the afternoon from being very dull. As in some tedious play, the entrance of the star seemed intolerably delayed. Some of the Circleville preachers droned wordy prayers, others read unrestrainedly from the Bible, there was an endless whining of hymns before, at last, Royal P. Odum, of Texas, rose in leisurely fashion from his comfortable chair. Sleek, smooth-faced, thin-lipped, he had the look of an old-fashioned tragedian. He made a long, calculated pause.

“My friends,” he then drawled, “in a distant Western city I once talked with an atheist.”

The sensation that he awaited did ripple gently, but very gently, over his audience. He concluded his anecdote and began again. But his talk was so innocent of rhetorical design that I assumed it to be scarcely more than a rearrangement of his stock vocabulary, in which the words sin, hell, infidel, devil, rum were inordinately stressed. My bored glance strayed to the Binneys, who, as usual, had an air of merely polite interest. Whatever Leota's secret might be, she was for the present simply biding her time. And at the end she assembled her youngsters and vanished promptly.

But two days later I perceived that something was afoot.

By this time the revivalists were well warmed up to the violent labor of soul-saving. Royal P. Odum's snarling utterances had become informed by a vindictive energy. “For every vacant seat in this tabernacle,” he shouted nasally,

“there is a hypocrite in Circleville to-night!” In the intervals of his denunciation his more accomplished colleague, Orion Hughes, showed that he had artfully wooed his chorus, if not to melody, at least to fervor and complete self-confidence.

*“When the battle's over I shall wear a crown,”*

they were vociferating—

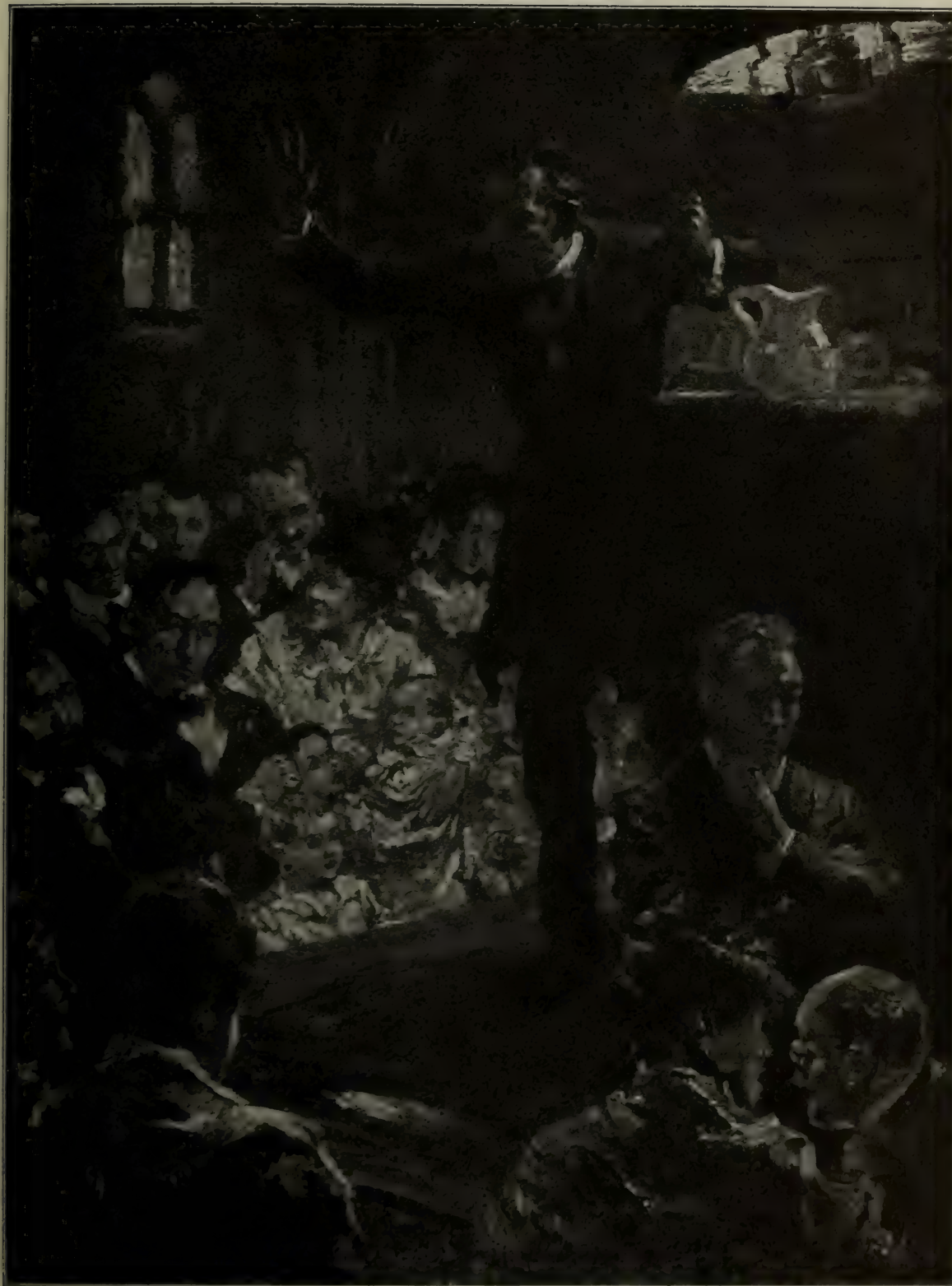
*“To the new Jerusalem.”*

In Circleville, once a revival is under way, deputies are set at work all over the tabernacle. Local ministers, elders, Sunday-school teachers begin unobtrusively to circulate among the audiences, to accelerate the machinery of salvation, to guide stumbling or reluctant feet upon the sawdust trail. And in this undertaking the Circleville clergy have always worked side by side in purely disinterested zeal. By explicit prearrangement, indeed by inviolate tradition, they are all, so to speak, on their honor. They may not use this opportunity for sectarian ends. The Baptist preacher knows that he may not make a specifically Baptist convert nor the Methodist hint of Methodism. The saved soul must indicate, uninfluenced, the temple of his choice.

So to-night, throughout the noisy progress of the meeting, stealthy-footed figures were everywhere approaching the manifestly irresolute from the rear, tapping them upon the sleeve, and then propounding some obviously disconcerting query. Among the group thus occupied, it was with profound amazement that I noted, not Wilbur Binney, the zealot, but his secularly minded wife. That Leota Binney, whose genuine interests were so few and so quaintly of the sort once known as “feminine,” should, of her own initiative, concern herself, and publicly, with other people's souls, was discordantly out of key. The thing piqued me. I determined to continue my visits to the tabernacle.

By the next evening it was apparent that the versatile McNethy was director of the band of deputy soul-savers. Leota had therefore assumed her unnatural rôle at his instigation, though his reason for pressing her into this particular service was certainly obscure. I watched them





*Drawn by Arthur Little.*

"For every vacant seat in this tabernacle," he shouted nasally, "there is a hypocrite in Circleville to-night!"—Page 494.



both after this with what I must confess was the sheerest curiosity; and I caught continual evidence of a curious complicity between them that I somehow knew had cause for existence other than the mere business of the revival. Delicate, unvoiced communications were always being exchanged, even while they were ostensibly engaged in wrestling with the unconverted. It would have been impossible

dox among us; in conversation with strangers it had been our readiest allusion. But now, pitifully reduced as it was to seven students—though with a parasitical and seemingly ineradicable faculty of eight—we admitted that the feeble ancient thing must accept the fact of its own senility; that in such anæmic plight it couldn't reasonably ask a further grant of life. And a month later the final doom



He had, indeed, no choice but to be conquered and convinced.—Page 498.

to put a vulgar construction upon what I saw. That is to say, I didn't for a moment suspect the excellent McNethy of making love to Leota. But it did occur to me that the object of their continual secret conferences might be, from other points of view than their own, perhaps a little short of legitimate. I had known Leota when seriously in earnest to suspend a scruple or two; and she had, of course, boasted to me that McNethy was a liberated spirit.

Meanwhile, everywhere outside the tabernacle my ears were assailed by grim prophecies of the early death of the seminary. We had always taken this institution very seriously, even the least ortho-

was to be pronounced. In imagination I already saw the Binneys drearily, multitudinously, embarked upon their second, perhaps their permanent, exile.

When it fell out one night that Leota and I left the tabernacle together, Wilbur Binney being detained by his fellow clerics, I seized the opportunity of walking with her to her gate. It was a matter of course that we should talk of the revival, so long as the revival was in progress, and I led her promptly and designedly to speak of McNethy's part in it.

"Mr. McNethy?" The moment's hesitation merely indicated her deliberate and absolute surrender to this vast theme.



"Why, can't you see that he *is* the revival? That is, it's utterly his own creation. What can those others do beyond what he tells them? They're puppets, all of them, and pretty poor ones, even Mr. Odum, though it's he who's given credit for everything. *Mr. Odum!*" she repeated with intense scorn. "*Mr. Odum!*"

"And yet all that you see going on here is really past history to Mr. McNethy now. His mind is five or six months ahead, planning the next campaigns, wherever they're to be. Why, if you can believe it, he's really *forgotten this one!* . . . Oh, of course," she parroted, "it's only a matter of efficiency. Evangelism is learning how to use business methods. That's what you can't help admiring about Mr. McNethy, his enormous practicality."

Not wholly bored, I walked silently on while Leota continued to twine veils of glamour about the squat, common, boisterous little man. But the objects of her passionate idealization had always, I remembered, been inexplicably chosen. Hadn't she for years clung to the bleak, petty standards of her provincial Middle Western birthplace, utterly untouched by the magic of India? For her the East had never been a land of splendor and mystery; it had merely been the lamentable antithesis of Circleville.

"And then he's so human, so unselfish," the chant went on. "If you could know what he is doing for me at this moment, what he is saving us from! Why, it sounded as impossible as the things they used to undertake in fairy-tales. And yet it's done, or it's going to be. No, I can't tell you yet; I mustn't."

"Of course he is grateful for all that you do for *him*," I suggested.

"He *is* good enough to say that it's a help to him to be with us. And I do what I can. A week ago I turned the children out of still another room and gave it to him to rest in, and I always see that he has his sausages and buckwheat cakes in the morning. Wilbur never eats anything but oatmeal and prunes, but I'm really glad to take the extra trouble. I don't think Wilbur really understands Mr. McNethy. Wilbur, you know, isn't—practical. He never was."

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I murmured vague assents. What was I to conclude, after all, from this confidence, unless that the advance agent, by way of obliging his hostess, was undermining, in his "efficient" way, the entire missionary structure—destroying the indispensable agencies of Wilbur Binney's pious toil? . . .

Night after night we continued faithfully to attend the revival. Spring had come upon us prematurely and the nights were soft, heavy, faintly starlit. Inside the tabernacle the women solaced themselves with fans and the men mopped their faces. Yet we listened with apparent serenity to the evangelist's ill-tempered censure of our presumptive sins; and we gave our voices unstintedly to the many-times-repeated verses of "Somebody Cares."

The truth was that at this point we were all waiting. We weren't, any of us, without our curiosity as to where the mysterious emotional lightning would strike—which careless, prosaic man or woman of us would next undergo the psychological experience that would lead, there before us all, to repentance and abasement and strange tears—in short, to public conversion. We didn't, perhaps, acknowledge our leaning toward the spectacular aspect of our spiritual rehabilitation. But we hadn't much drama in Circleville, and we were alive to what there was.

But the particular drama that occupied my own attention, if it was a drama at all, at the same time continued to mystify me completely. Depleted as she must have been by her heavy household burdens, Leota Binney nevertheless appeared to give herself nightly with feverish energy to the work of the revival. I couldn't measure what she accomplished; but I could see that McNethy, working with apparent ease, landed his converts almost with the regularity and precision of a machine. Had he once definitely approached me, with that jaunty, confident air of his, I should doubtless have crumbled into acquiescence at the first word. But, happily, the saving of my soul did not seem to tempt his formidable power, and scores of times he passed me by.

So often, in fact, did he pass me by, and so rapidly did he convey his fleshy



frame—which always seemed dangerously ill-poised upon his short legs and small feet—from one end of the crowded tabernacle to another, that I at last perceived that the subjects, shall I say, upon whom he operated were chosen by no faculty of his own, but by some agency with whom he was in constant, almost telepathic, communication—indeed, by Leota herself. Their method even rather closely resembled that of the principals in a “mind-reading” entertainment; the dovetailing of their occult functions seemed mysteriously exact.

It was quite unperceived, I know, by other eyes than mine that Mrs. Binney one evening smoothly indicated to her co-operator a shy and solitary youth who chanced to be sitting next me. For years I had known him merely as “Chester,” the butcher’s boy, a hasty, speechless deliverer of chops and sirloins at the kitchen door, though it is probable that, unknown to me, he possessed a surname. McNethy, after pausing for but the briefest estimate of his victim’s powers of resistance, accomplished a swift but heavy progress in his direction. Laying a plump, businesslike hand on the boy’s shoulder, he advanced, in crisp, businesslike fashion, the usual formula:

“Are you for Christ, brother?”

The lad hesitated, which was also usual.

McNethy grasped the limp arm and looked squarely into the embarrassed face.

“You-are-but-you’re-afraid-to-say-so,” he pronounced rapidly. “Now, look here. Sit down. I’ll tell you how it is.”

Chester had no choice but to listen. He had, indeed, no choice but to be conquered and convinced. Fifteen minutes later, rapt and will-less, he suffered himself to be propelled down the main aisle of the tabernacle and presented for blessing at the hands of Royal P. Odum.

Fascinated, I would watch the operation of this hypnotic method for hours at a time. Subjects presenting far greater difficulties than Chester, temperaments of really manifest obduracy, were handled with a technic in every case triumphant. And one couldn’t help noticing that McNethy’s professional concern seemed to be very little directed toward women and girls, who would, perhaps,

have afforded his easiest and most susceptible material. I shouldn’t have supposed it an easy matter to soften the youthful perversity of the rich Fessenden’s boy, Dell, whose parents constrained him to sit sleek and compliant in church on Sundays, but whose repeated shattering of automobiles under sensational circumstances had gained him a dark notoriety. But McNethy led Dell Fessenden to the trail as he led many another whom I failed to recognize.

And yet, despite its salience, to my own perception, the conspiracy of Leota and the advance agent was, so far as other onlookers were concerned, but the obscurest detail in the prolonged evangelical pageant. The energetically organized performance was on so large a scale, the noise so loud and various, and the emotional atmosphere so increasingly dense and obscuring, that only a vigilant eye could have followed this one slender sequence of incident; indeed, as the glare and tumult reached their height, it was no longer possible to trace the manoeuvres of my two conspirators; they were merged completely in the shrill and radiant confusion.

The revival ultimately waned. And coincidentally with its waning the descent of an august, not wholly unfamiliar, presence was perceived by the community. Doctor Pettigrew, of our national “board,” director of the lives and fortunes of all our missionaries, revered arch-potentate of our obscure denomination, came again to Circleville. The fact that he was the Binneys’ guest, and for the second time within so brief a period, was only to be interpreted in one way. We believed that the Binneys were being brought rather sharply into line. Without a question, Circleville prepared itself to dispense with the none too radiant personality of Wilbur Binney and, more reluctantly, with his wife’s agreeable little talent for hospitality and gossip. Against the decisions of a Pettigrew there is no overt rebellion.

The moment I learned that the reverend visitor had left town I flew to the Binneys’. Rather disconcertingly, I found the missionary and his wife together; and it seemed to me that the shadow of a late momentous interview



still lay upon their troubled faces. I couldn't help wondering what Leota, setting out for India, would do with her newly acquired mahogany—or even with the little Binneys themselves. Weren't, in such cases, all but the very littlest children left behind?

With all this in mind, I could not feel that Doctor Pettigrew was a tactful topic. I therefore inquired in regard to Wilbur Binney's health.

"Rather less encouraging, I thank you," he replied in a not quite steady voice. "It is a matter of the keenest regret to Mrs. Binney and myself that on that account alone we are not yet able to go back to the mission field."

"Doctor Pettigrew has been here," interposed Leota in expressionless tones.

"And has made our opportunities in India seem more than ever precious," her husband supplemented. "But in another year I think there can be no further obstacle to our return. And, meanwhile, my course in exegesis at the seminary is—well, not too physically arduous and therefore no impediment to my——"

"But the seminary, Mr. Binney," I interrupted thoughtlessly. "Everybody says that it's to be——"

"Closed. I know. It *was* the disaster that, in our little knowledge, we all feared. But by divine blessing the excellent work is to continue. A goodly regiment of young warriors for the Lord has presented itself. It's quite in the nature of a miracle that they should have appeared at just this time. Most fortifying to faith."

Astounded, I looked at Leota, who colored but said nothing. A few moments later we were alone.

"There are six of them," she then announced baldly. "They've jumped right into the seminary's mouth and it's swallowed them. Six really passable young men—*think* of it! So the seminary can be kept open and we can stay in Circleville, and perhaps, after all, we need

never see the Punjab again! You can guess why I didn't dare to speak a word until it was settled."

"But how did you——"

"Mr. McNethy has done it all," proclaimed McNethy's disciple, allowing her inner rapture to betray itself. "The first time I told him about our affairs, and about India, he said there was no other way to straighten them out. As I told you, he looks at every side of a question. So we co-operated a little, he and I, and I told him what boys were—possible, and as soon as they appeared at the meetings he went to work on them."

"Of course I helped all I could. But Wilbur must never know that. In fact, nobody but you must ever know anything of this or even suspect. It's considered such an outrageous thing to influence a convert, as everybody knows. And these *were* influenced—oh, they were *bludgeoned*! Not one of them had the least chance after Mr. McNethy once took hold of him. Why, two of them came from Methodist families. But I haven't asked Mr. McNethy too many questions. I—thought it wiser not to."

"Then I won't ask you any," I suggested.

"Don't," she said. "Because, although everything is settled, I couldn't tell you how it's been done. Mr. McNethy has arranged it all, even to the matter of admission requirements. It's some application of the university-extension principle, I think. Does that sound right? And Mr. McNethy is trying very hard to persuade them to start a correspondence school in connection with the seminary—did I tell you? Preaching taught by mail. It could easily be done, you know. Wilbur thinks it an excellent idea."

"Then you're really rescued from the Punjab," I commented slowly. "And the poor old seminary is reprieved. We can all piously approve that."

"Even Wilbur," agreed Leota with a curious smile.



# THE PLAYWRIGHT AND THE PLAYER

By Brander Matthews



IN one of his essays Robert Louis Stevenson discussed the technic of style, and he felt it necessary to begin by apologizing and by admitting that to the average man there is nothing more disenchanting "than to be shown the springs and mechanism of any art. All our arts and occupations lie wholly on the surface; it is on the surface that we perceive their beauty, fitness, and significance; and to pry below is to be appalled by their emptiness and shocked by the coarseness of the strings and pulleys." He insisted that most of us dislike all explanations of artistic method on the principle laid down in "Hudibras":

"Still the less they understand  
The more they admire the sleight-of-hand."

No doubt, this is true of the majority, who are delighted by the result of the conjuror's skill and prefer not to have its secret revealed to them. But it is not true of a minority, who are ever eager to discover the devices whereby the marvel has been wrought; and it is this minority who constitute the insiders, so to speak, so far as that art is concerned, the majority being content to be forever outsiders ignorant of the technical difficulties and the technical dangers which the artist has triumphantly overcome. The insider, the expert, the artist himself, the critic of wise penetration, is ever intensely interested in technic—as Stevenson himself testified in another essay: "A technicality is always welcome to the expert, whether in athletics, art, or law; I have heard the best kind of talk on technicalities from such rare and happy persons as both know and love their business."

It is a sign of the constantly increasing interest in the drama that more and more theatre-goers are showing an eager desire to understand the secrets of the two allied arts of the theatre, the art of the playmaker and the art of the player, each de-

pendent upon the other, each incapable of exercise without the aid of the other. The work of the author can be revealed completely only by the work of the actor; and the actor can do nothing unless the author gives him something to do. The dramaturgic art and the histrionic art are interdependent; they are Siamese twins, bound by a tie of flesh and blood. They can quarrel, as perhaps Chang and Eng may have had their fraternal disagreements; but they can separate only under the penalty of a double death. At every hour of their joint existence they have to consider and to serve one another, whatever their jealousies may be.

It is true that there have been periods when acting flourished and the drama languished, as in the midyears of the nineteenth century in Great Britain and the United States. Yet in these decades the performer unprovided with profitable parts by the playwrights of his own time was able to find what he needed in the plays of the past, in which moreover he could experience the keen pleasure of measuring himself with the memory of the foremost performers of the preceding generation. John Philip Kemble cared little for new parts in new plays; and it was said of him that he thought all the good parts had already been written. Edwin Booth was content with the characters that Shakspeare had created; and Joseph Jefferson found in one of Sheridan's comedies a character he preferred to any of those in the countless modern plays which aspiring authors were forever pestering him to produce.

It needs to be noted, however, that there is danger to the drama in these periods when the actor is supreme and when he feels at liberty to revise the masterpieces of the past in accord with his own whim and perhaps in compliance with his own self-esteem. Jefferson was both skilful and tactful in his rearrangement of the "Rivals"; he added but little of his own, and what he omitted was



little loss. None the less was there a certain justice in the jibe of his cousin, William Warren, to the effect that however delightful Jefferson's Bob Acres might be, it left "Sheridan twenty miles away." Far less excusable was Macready's violent condensation of the "Merchant of Venice" into a mere Shylock piece, omitting the final act at Belmont and ending with the trial scene.

It is in these periods of dramatic penury that the actor is able to usurp an undue share of popular attention. In periods of dramatic productivity his importance is less unduly magnified; and even if plays are written specially for him, they are rarely mere vehicles for the display of his histrionic accomplishment; most of them are solidly constructed works of art, in which the character he is to personate is kept in its proper proportion to the others. A playwright willing to manufacture a piece which is only a vehicle for an actor is humbling himself to be the domestic of the practitioner of the sister art. But the dramatist who is not eager to profit by the special gifts of the foremost actors who are his contemporaries and his comrades is simply neglecting his obvious opportunities.

It is a credit and not a discredit to Sophocles and to Shakspeare, to Molière and to Racine, to Sheridan and to Augier that they made use of the possibilities they perceived in the performers of their own time. It may be a discredit to Sardou that he wrote a series of effective but false melodramas for Sarah-Bernhardt, not because he composed these plays for her, but because they were unworthy of him. It was not a discredit to Rostand that he put together "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon" and "Chantecler," one after another, in order that the dominant character in each should be impersonated by the incomparably versatile Coquelin, because in composing them for this comedian the author did not subordinate himself; because he did not sacrifice a play to a part; and because he was not content, as Sardou had been, to make a whole play out of a single part.

To those who had followed the career of this comedian it was obvious that "Cyrano de Bergerac" had been written not only for Coquelin but around him,

in order to let him display in one piece as many as possible of the facets of his genius already disclosed in a host of other plays. It was equally evident that "Chantecler," with all its lyric exuberance, was also a play tailor-made for the brilliant comedian with the clarion voice, who could be both vivacious and pathetic. It is even possible that the first suggestion of this barn-yard fantasy may be found in the fact that the comedian was in the habit of signing his notes to his intimates with the single syllable "Coq."

But it is likely to surprise those who remember that the part of the "Eaglet" was written for Sarah-Bernhardt and that Coquelin did not appear in the play when it was originally performed, to learn that none the less was it begun with the sole intention of providing him with a congenial character. Yet such is the case, as Coquelin told me himself.

As he and Rostand were leaving one of the final rehearsals of "Cyrano," the poet said to the player: "This is not going to be the last piece that I shall write for you, of course. Tell me now, what kind of a character do you want?"

And Coquelin answered politely that he would be delighted to produce any piece that Rostand might bring him.

"No, no," returned the author; "that is all very well; but what I'd like to do is to write a play specifically for you, and to please you. Isn't there some character which you have always longed to impersonate and which has never come your way?"

Coquelin thought for a moment, and then he admitted that there was one type which he had not attempted and which he had often wished to act. This was an aging veteran of Napoleon's armies, who had followed the Little Corporal in all his campaigns from Egypt to Russia—the type depicted in Raffet's sketches, the type familiarly known as "the old grumbler of the empire," *le vieux grognard de l'Empire*.

"Excellent!" cried Rostand. "Excellent! I shall set to work on it as soon as we get 'Cyrano' out of the way."

If this was the starting-point of "L'Aiglon," how was it that the play was written for Sarah-Bernhardt and not for Coquelin? And to find the answer to this



we must go into the workshop of the dramatist. If the old soldier of Napoleon is to be the central figure of the play, then Napoleon himself must not appear in the piece, since the Emperor was a personality so overmastering that he could not be made a subordinate in the story. Therefore the action must take place after Napoleon's exile and death. Yet, after all, the old soldier is devoted to Napoleon, and the memory of his dead leader must be potent in the plot, if possible. And the old soldier, if he is to be interesting on the stage, must be a man of action, strong-willed, resolute, and ingenious; he must be engaged in a plot intimately related to Napoleon. It is well known that after the return of the Bourbons the Bonapartists were speedily disaffected and that there were several intrigues to restore the empire with Napoleon's son as Emperor.

Thus Rostand was led irresistibly to the little King of Rome, an exile in Austria living almost in captivity with his Austrian mother. And then all the possibilities of the pale and pathetic profile of the Eaglet disclosed themselves to Rostand one after another; and from the old soldier planning to put his master's son on his master's throne the poet's interest shifted to the young prince in whom there were resemblances to "Richard II" and to "Hamlet." So the Duke of Reichstadt became the hero of the piece and took the centre of the stage. Yet the old soldier, Flambeau, still bulked so big in Rostand's mind that he was allowed to occupy a wholly disproportionate space in the play. In the plot of "L'Aiglon" as it was finally elaborated, Flambeau ought to have been only one of a host of accessory characters revolving around the feeble and weak-willed prince crushed beneath a responsibility far beyond his capacity.

When Jules Lemaitre, as the critic of the *Débats*, was called on to comment upon his own comedy, "L'Age Difficile," he contented himself with telling his readers how he came to write the play and with describing the successive steps of its inception, growth, and composition. The exciting cause was the suggestion that he should prepare a piece for Coquelin. Naturally he was delighted at the

possibility of having so accomplished an interpreter for the chief character of the play he might write; and his invention was instantly set in motion. As an actor is likely to be most effective when he is least made up, Lemaitre started with Coquelin as a man of about forty-five or fifty; and this led him to consider the special dangers of that period in a man's life. So it was that he hit upon the theme of his comedy, the "Difficult Age," and this theme he developed so richly that the story seemed to have been devised solely to illustrate the thesis. In fact, if Lemaitre had not frankly confessed that the exciting cause of his comedy was the desire to find a part to fit Coquelin, no spectator of the play would ever have suspected it.

If there had been no Coquelin, there would have been no "Age Difficile" and no "Chantecler," no "Aiglon" and no "Cyrano de Bergerac," just as it is possible that without Mlle. Champmeslé there might have been no "Phèdre" and without Burbage there might have been no "Hamlet," no "Othello," and no "Lear." For the full expansion of the energy of the dramatic poet the stimulus of the actor is as necessary as the response of the audience. In his old age Goethe confided to Eckermann that he had been discouraged as a dramatist by the lack of these two necessities. "If I had produced an effect, and had met with applause, I would have written a round dozen of pieces such as 'Iphigenia' and 'Tasso': there was no deficiency of material. But actors were wanting to represent such pieces with life and spirit; and a public was wanting to hear and receive them with sympathy."

The merely literary critic who judges a drama as if it were a lyric, as if it were simply the expression of the poet's mood at the moment of creation, often fails to understand the play because he has no consciousness of the complexity of the dramatic art, which must needs languish unless there is the hearty co-operation of the three necessary elements—the playwright to compose, the player to impersonate, and the playgoer to respond to the double appeal of player and playwright. If the players were ever to go on strike, the playwright would soon



starve; and if the playgoers were to abandon their pleasant habit, both players and playwrights would face a dreary prospect of lean years.

The dramatists have always been conscious of the intimacy with which their work is associated with the work of the actors. In the preface to one of his slightest pieces, "L'Amour Médecin," Molière puts his opinion on record: "Everybody knows that comédies are written only to be acted, and I recommend the reading of this play only to those who have eyes to discover while reading all the by-play of the stage." And Mr. Henry Arthur Jones asserts that "actors are on the stage to fill in a hundred supplementary touches to the author's ten;—but this leads to the quaintest results, since the actor has the choice of filling in the wrong hundred in the wrong places. And the public and critics always suppose that he has filled them in rightly. How can they do otherwise? They can judge only by what they see and hear."

Here is what may be called the paradox of dramatic criticism—that on the first night of an unpublished play, the public and the critics have to take the performance as a whole, finding it a task of insuperable delicacy to disentangle the work of the players from the work of the playwright. They can form their opinion of the value of the play itself only from that single performance; and they can form their opinion of the value of the individual actor only from the impression he has made at that performance. Now, it is a matter of common knowledge that sometimes good parts are ill-played and bad parts well-played. But on the first night how are the public and the critics to know in advance which are the good parts and which are the bad parts? There are parts which seem to be showy and effective, and which are not so in reality. In French there is a term for them—"false good parts," *faux bon rôles*. For example, in Sardou's "Patrie," perhaps his finest play, the heroine has to express an incessant series of emotions; she has abundant occasion for powerful acting; and yet half a dozen actresses of authority have been tempted to essay the part without success. The character is high-strung and wilful; but she is not

true and sincere; she is artificial and arbitrary; and the audience is dumbly conscious of this trickiness and looks on at her exhibition of histrionics with languid sympathy. It is a false good part.

On the other hand there are parts that "play themselves" and there are pieces that are "actor-proof"—effective even if performed only by an ordinary company without any actors of accredited ability. Hamlet is a part that "plays itself," since the plot of the piece is so moving that it supports the performer of the central figure even if he is not really equal to the character. It was George Henry Lewes, I think, who asserted that no one of the leading English tragedians had ever completely failed as Hamlet, whereas the greatest of them all, David Garrick, had made so complete a fiasco as Othello that he never dared to appear in the piece a second time.

The "Tartuffe" of Molière is an actor-proof play, holding the interest of the audience even when an uninspired company is giving a ragged performance. Almost as actor-proof are "As You Like It" and the "School for Scandal." All three of these comedies reward the most competent and the most careful performance; but they do not demand this. Their appeal is so broad and so certain that they can be carried off by good-will, aided in the case of the two English comedies by high spirits. Then too their reputation is solidly established and widespread; and the spectator comes to them assured that he will have entertainment, predisposed to easy enjoyment. Quite possibly no one of the three comedies was actor-proof at its first performance; and perhaps they might then have been killed by an inadequate interpretation of any one of their more important characters.

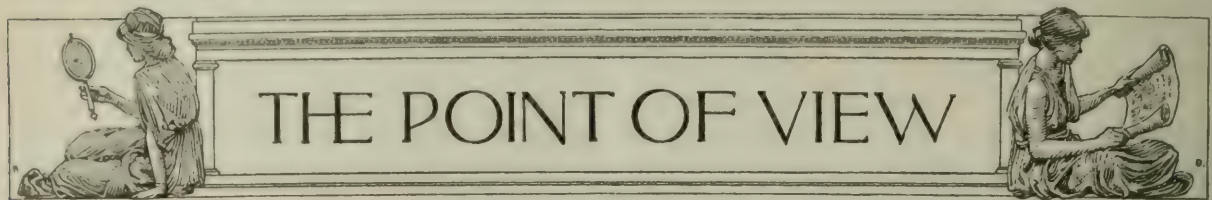
Molière was his own stage-manager, and at the first performance of "L'Amour Médecin" he was responsible for "all the by-play of the stage." And when Mr. Henry Arthur Jones produces his own plays he takes care that the actor shall not fill in the wrong hundred supplementary touches. But when the author of the play is dead or unable to be present at the rehearsals, we sometimes see "the quaintest results." There are actors who



are supersubtle in the supplying of the little touches which the dramatist has left to their discretion and who so embroider the parts they are playing that the main outline is obscured and enfeebled.

At the end of the nineteenth century there was an actor of prominence whose career I had followed with interest for more than a score of years, observing the expansion of his reputation and the deterioration of his art. When I first saw him on the stage he was direct and swift, creating a character in bold outline; and

at the end of a quarter of a century he had become painfully over-ingenious in the accumulation of superfluities of detail which masked the main lines of the part. In fact he had begun by acting inside the character and he had ended by acting outside it. The result was quaint enough; but it was also pitifully ineffective; and if the authors of the plays he thus disfigures by the trivialities of his jig-saw fretwork could have beheld his performance, they would have cried out in protest at this betrayal of their purpose.



Breakfast  
Laughter.

GROWING up in a family where the unspoken dictum seemed to run, "Be as happy as you can in your own way without bothering anybody," which came to include "Eat your breakfast when and where you please so you leave things tidy and do not disturb other people," I have breakfasted alone many more times than in company. In company of bodily presences, I mean, for the book propped up against the sugar-bowl has roofed thousands of transient personages, some of whom have passed from strangers into acquaintances and from acquaintances into friends, and some, thanks to the little god of laughter, have grown into husbands and wives and children, flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone. The laugh, then, has become the very rib extracted, the rib clothed upon, the rib revitalized, and in this embodiment I would fain introduce it to my friends.

There was the winter of my discovery of Hardy. To be sure I had read "Tess" as it came out in the old *Bazar*, or read at it, for it troubled my girlhood and discouraged omniverousness. The trouble lingering on in suggestion kept me unduly long from Hardy's earlier tales. Then, when the fullness of time had come, I ate my breakfast *Under the Greenwood Tree* in company with Silly Leaf:

"But I can sing my treble!" continued

Thomas Leaf, quite delighted at being called a fool in such a friendly way; 'I can sing my treble as well as any maid, or married woman either, and better! And if Jim had lived I should have had a clever brother. To-morrow is poor Jim's birthday. He'd ha' been twenty-six to-morrow if he'd lived till to-morrow.'

"You always seem very sorry for Jim," said old William musingly.

"Ah! I do. Such a stay to mother as he'd always ha' been! She'd never have had to work in her old age if he had continued strong, poor Jim!"

"What was his age when 'a died?"

"Four hours and twenty minutes, poor Jim! 'A was born as might be at night; and 'a didn't last as might be till the morning. No, 'a didn't last. Mother called en Jim on the day that would ha' been his christening day if he had lived; and she always is thinking about en. You see he died so very young.'

"Well, 'twas rather youthful," said Michael."

I finish the incident in quotation, but with "four hours and twenty minutes" my coffee cup dashed to the floor, laughter having to hold both his sides. For months the memory of that scene was potent to clear my blackest mood, and though I can never again quite recapture the magic of the original reverberation it still haunts



my consciousness, a tonic for mind and body.

Followed in speedy succession other Hardys, each revealing delectable characters whose rustic ideas are often the truest wisdom. "That's the feeling I've feel'd over and over again, but not in such gifted language," I say to myself with Ethelberta; "taste wi' juvenals is quite fancy," I comment, as visiting children surreptitiously eat my tiger-lily bulblets; while the novelist begets in me a faint echo of his own power of visualizing men and women. No experience of my own varied life is more vivid than that scene in the *Return of the Native* where Wildeva and the Reddleman—the latter red as the devil—sat at midnight in the middle of the heath playing for the stolen gold, thirteen glowworms in a circle around the edge of the flat stone lighting the dice in the centre; with the forty or fifty heath ponies gathered inquisitively around. Hardy has but one rival in his humorous country folk and that is George Eliot. Indeed, it was a clap from *Felix Holt* that first started me on my hunt for breakfast hilarity. Felix is not all light and fun, you know; the reader's heart is often wrung; but recall with me Felix's garrulous mother, admiring the statue of Silenus carrying the infant Bacchus, who looked so affectionately at the hairy gentleman whom she took to be one of the Transome family:

"It's most pretty to see its little limbs, and the gentleman holding it. I should think he was amiable by his looks; but it was odd he should have his likeness took without any clothes. Was he Transome by name?" Or, in earlier phrase, was he holding "Infant Ignorance on the arm of Fashion," as the witty Lucian neatly disposed of Gallius? A long stride, I admit, from the modern author to the ancient, but Lucian could step in to afternoon tea and instantly catch our note of modernity. Should he bring along Horace, quoting "without love and laughter nothing is pleasant," and Socrates with his jocular fancy and twinkling eye, the very humanities would consort with us. Before none of these guests would I feel as shy as I often do before some stripling of the schools or some impudence of the department store. Lucian confirms the heresy that the wisest is often the wittiest. Knowing, as he did, every word and phrase from Plato, Aristotle, and Demosthenes, he used his mastery of

diction for the fun of the ages. My breakfasts with Lucian tête-à-tête were memorable, especially the morning he recounted his extravaganza of the city where were no people, but only lights. When he added simply that "their death was to be quenched," I, by name a child of light subject to such a possibility, was touched to the quick.

Questing for books that should start my day with a cheer, Peacock came as treasure trove. The step from Lucian to Peacock, that "laughing philosopher," is as logical as the one from George Eliot to Hardy. Lucian's Greek masterpiece was doubtless familiar to the brilliant young classical scholar sixteen centuries his junior, who also "threw his characters together pell-mell and let dialogue and incident evolve themselves from the juxtaposition." Both are typical of the spirit of comedy about which Meredith later had his own word to say. Peacock's racy felicities are not easy to transmit by disjointed excerpts. As he makes Quedy say, in *Crochet Castle*: "'No man should ask another why he laughs or at what, seeing that he does not always know, and that if he does he is not a responsible agent. Laughter is an involuntary action of certain muscles developed in the human species by the process of civilization. The savage never laughs.'—'No, sir,' replies the author in the person of his mellow Dr. Folliott, 'No, sir, he has nothing to laugh at. Give him Modern Athens, the "learned friend" and the Steam Intellect Society. They will develop his muscles.'" The cogency of which sent me off, and I seemed to see even Peacock kicking up his heels.

MEREDITH, who learned a thing or two from his father-in-law, says that the test of true comedy is that it shall awaken thoughtful laughter, and calls attention to Shakespeare's "laugh of heart and mind." Bagehot opines that if we were to save up all the gayety of our whole lives it would come to about the gayety of one speech of Falstaff. I have laughed over Falstaff in many hours and places, but never, I think, at breakfast. Had I only found him unheralded and of myself how he would have figured o' mornings! Even the mournful Dante overscored, unexpectedly enough,

Meredith and  
"True Comedy."



since, when searching for a mere allusion, I came upon this matter of exact statistics: "Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years on earth, and was then four thousand three hundred and two years in limbo, whence Virgil, at Beatrice's prayer, moved to succor Dante"; and again, when Beatrice stands a little apart smiling indulgently at Dante's thirst to hear the genealogies of the first families of Florence; and his lilting conclusion:

"Therefore one is Solon born;  
Another Xerxes; and Melchisedec  
A third; and he a fourth whose airy voyage  
Cost him his son."

When qualified breakfast books seem scarce I turn confidently to a seedy pair on my shelves, *Don Quixote*, "the wisest and most splendid book in the world," chants one enthusiast, and *Tristram Shandy*. Sterne was "firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles it adds something to this fragment of life." One of the strange delights with which *Tristram* is loaded came as a by-product, the son of a son, and that, so far as I can see, an illegitimate son. Possibly some one can furnish the marriage certificate. Balzac's haunting and terrible allegory, *La Peau de Chagrin*, has for dedication the name and title of M. Savary, followed by a sketch of a snake and a reference to a chapter of *Tristram Shandy*. The indicated chapter, however, contains nothing about a snake. It mentions, rather, a waved line representing the flourish Trim gave with his stick as he and Uncle Toby marched down to call on the Widow Wadman. By it he conjured up the Spirit of Calculation. Now, why, I ask myself and my readers, should Balzac have filched this waved line, put a head on one end and attenuated the other into a tail, and have labelled it as a quotation from *Tristram*? Was he invoking for the proper shrinking of that diabolical skin the Spirit of Calculation? or did he translate a device as we too often mistranslate statements from foreign tongues? Balzac's intellectual culture was doubtless slight. He knew little of history or foreign peoples or philosophy or literature. In any case, his version gives a new point of speculation, and as such I can almost credit the tragic *Peau de Chagrin* as a breakfast laugh-raiser.

Of the labelled humorists I have included

only Artemus Ward, whose similes have become part of my all-day speech; and Bangs, whose modern versions of Adam, Eve, and Noah evoke "joyful roars to the benefit of the lungs." When Demosthenes puts a pebble in his mouth in order to enunciate more clearly, and Raleigh maintains that it is better to have had a head and lost it than never to have had a head at all, I masticate my toast with fresh abandon; while Shem's defense of Noah's judgment in not including the Saurian tribe in the ark sent me even this very day into an access of glee:

"Papa is right about that, Mr. Barnum," said Shem; 'the whole Saurian tribe was a fearful nuisance. About four hundred years before the flood I had a pet creosaurus that I kept in our barn. He was a cunning little devil—full of tricks and all that; but we never could keep a cow or horse on the place while he was about. They'd mysteriously disappear and we never knew what became of them until one day we surprised Fido in——'

"Surprised who?" asked Dr. Johnson scornfully.

"Fido," replied Shem, 'that was my creosaurus's name.'

Mark Twain's best things were part of me before I began collecting, breakfastly speaking; beside which he was more irresistible *per se* at any meal than in even his immortal books.

"And we that knew the best  
Down wonderful years grew happier yet;  
I sang at heart and talked and ate  
And lived from laugh to laugh  
When you were there and you and you."

Not laughter inspiring but a bit pathetic was my last word from our incomparable humorist. The island wind has blown from the tray the card on which he had for once written his name—"thinking you might like it better," was his gentle comment as he retrieved the strayed autograph.

One of my recreations on wakeful nights is the conceit of moving-pictures, and in the series of "Books I Have Met" it is the laughter-breeders that oftenest loose the chain of circumstance and deliver me over to Morpheus. There my *alter ego*, equipped with a great reading-glass, passes slowly down the *Rue de Comique*. As the flowers spring up from the soil of the past they greet



her with appropriate pantomime. The Snark gyres and gimbles; Lear's old men and young ladies perform their prestidigitations; the Owl and the Pussy Cat raise the five-pound note as a sail; the old French peasant with the yard of black pudding on her nose wrings her hands; the Brass Bottle is as brazen as of old, Micawber as irresponsible and Pickwick as irresistible, Munchausen and Tartarin as fertile, Mrs. Malaprop and the Vicar of Morwenstow no less unexpected; and Mrs. Lecks and the Virginian fraternize in flannel. My *alter ego* pats their cheeks, "dogs" their ears, thumbs their pages, turns their petal-like leaves, snips off an impudent head—the Queen's, not Alice's—and waters Sentimental Tommy with an ecstatic tear. If, as Steele said, you can judge a person's temper by the passages that throw him into convulsions of laughter, my *alter ego's* judge must be as qualified as Silas Wegg to be miscellaneous.

Ruminating on life's little reactions, I realize that while a subject may inspire a laugh it is certainly a laugh that has inspired this subject. That laughter is laughable only to those who know not laughter; to us others it is a wing of imagination to waft us back to some of the purest joys of the past, and a wing such as Shakespeare and Lincoln lifted to escape the tragedy of the present. For sincere, beneficent laughter one thing is necessary, yes, two: a mirthful nature and the habit of its outward expression, which once acquired become a means of felicitous intercommunication and through the agency of suggestion contagious even to oneself.

I air no theories of laughter—physical tickle or feeling of superiority, lapse from dignity or disappointed expectation; share none of Schopenhauer's doctrine of the incongruous, nor laud laughter in the biblical sense of scorn. Rather, I hold with Darwin that it brightens the eye; with Bergson that it promotes good manners and is an index of our outlook on life; with Rabelais that it is the natural function of men; with Leigh Hunt that laughter enables mirth to breathe freely; with Pater that it is wise to catch at any contribution of life that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit for a moment free; with Sully that he who produces a laugh of pure gladness brightens the world for those who hear him; with Harry Lauder, who the very night of his bitterest sorrow

murmured to the encoring crowd: "We'll show 'em."

None can foretell the source of titillation in others. The books heretofore mentioned may not be the key to decipher the taste of a single reader; but if the catalogue urges you to retrace the Street of Laughter, with all its closes and by-ways; if it beguiles you from the temptation to look at life pathetically; if it reminds you of humorous friends in your bookcases who may once again bring you the old cheer—illuminating friends whose light be not quenched—then this trifling is its own justification. For we must not succumb to Banville's state of despair: "Now, well-a-day, 'tis over late to laugh." It is overhard, but let us keep expectant hearts. If, as Thoreau says, a man does not keep pace with his companions it is because he hears a different drummer:

In my happy life days without breakfasts as days without books have been negligible. Thousands of both have been mine; but, as I have indicated, here and there a breakfast is rubricated, starred, stands out in shining individuality because some character in some book at that moment provoked the deep laughter that Homer named inextinguishable. Thanks, Silly Leaf, and thanks to you, Mrs. Holt; to you Shandys three, to Noah and other Risibilities I have met.

THAT this has been a time to disembarass ourselves of superfluities and get down to essentials is so obvious that we don't need to have it pointed out to us, yet there is a good deal of preachment on the subject. It is entertaining to get the different points of view. One woman writer is jubilant over the promise of a new Utopia: a simple world of few or no servants, few clothes (and those made very short in the skirts), moderate food, and modest entertainments; in short, a general reduction of the cares of the body. "Oh, destiny," she cries, "help us to recover our lost democratic simplicity!"

Women and the Simplified Life.

Another, more radical, quotes those who say that we must "dip into the primeval," that all our "miserable little civilization" must go, and we must find ourselves back at the beginning of things, hoping, after



some eons, to climb up again into—presumably—the perfect civilization. According to this melancholy prophet all that the world has painfully learned through the eons of the past is to go to the scrap-heap; not only the civilization of the body, but the civilization of the soul. I don't believe it! Mortify the flesh as we may and must, our souls and minds are not going to the scrap-heap. When, indeed, has the spirit of mankind ever mounted higher than in the wreck of so much that has been dear? No, we may be obliged, and doubtless to our souls' good, to bake and brew—did I say brew? The expression is archaic and will soon become obsolete in our bone-dry age—to cook, then, to sweep and dust, to wash and iron and sew, but in relearning these household arts we shall also practise the virtues of thrift, of perseverance and energy and self-sacrifice; and the high virtue of patriotism will become more than ever a part of the texture of our souls. Nor shall the civilization of the intellect perish. Only we shall not have time for the unessential or the unworthy.

But this emergency comes home to many women who are no longer able to perform hard manual labor. Servantless, they flock to the hotels, which become veritable "Old Ladies' Homes." Foregathering in these places of refuge, they think sometimes, but less often than one would imagine, of their household treasures—the old mahogany, the china, the pictures, the family clock which has passed the time of day with three or four generations, all now packed away in the storage warehouses.

One hears quaint things in these hotel parlors. The ladies speak sometimes of the burden and expense of those possessions which they can no longer use, and incidentally of other possessions which one doesn't usually talk about. Says one of them:

"There's one thing I wish I could somehow get rid of, and that's burial lots. I've got three of them to take care of and my

husband has two, and we have another where we are going to be buried ourselves."

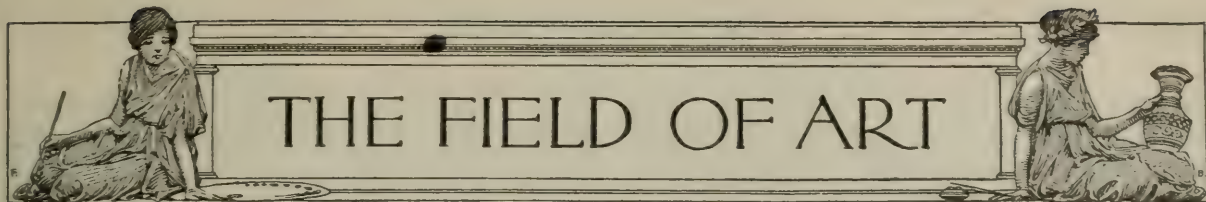
How queer and remote it sounds and how one's mind leaps to those graves in France! We must take care of the graves of our ancestors, but who will take care of the graves of our children?

And then we think of those who are now coming back to us and of what they want. Even we, who have suffered no hardships that are worthy of the name, will always be somewhat occupied with the care of our bodies. Much as we praise simplicity, we shall still like good beds, good food, and clothes that please the eye. And how much more they, who have lived in unimaginable scenes of squalor and horror, now cherish the graces of life! I remember a young man who, after a period of work in the jungle of the Amazon, was writing home about the summer vacation which he was to spend with his family. "I don't want," he wrote, "to go to any summer place where I shall have to lead a primitive life. I want civilization. I want to sit on a piazza and have things brought to me."

They are coming back to us, our men, tired, stripped of illusions, freed from old prejudices, but holding to ideals; and they will presently take into their hands the affairs of the country and manage them, it is to be hoped and expected, more wisely and with a larger view than they have ever been managed before—in spite of the persistence of human nature. And I think that they now more than ever cherish the amenities. There are terrible things that they cannot forget, but the little things—a picture on the wall, a bit of silver on the dinner-table, a rose-bush blossoming in the garden, the touch of fine linen on a bed as their eyes close for the night, and all the dear remembered observances of a well-ordered life, help to set the horrors back to a bearable distance.

And so we must, through all simplifications, hold fast to our niceties.





## NEW YORK AS AN ART CENTRE

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS

THE thought of New York is a life-long dream to many art students. Perhaps fortune smiles upon you and the dream comes true. You reach New York at night. Emerging from the Grand Central Station, you are in the heart of the metropolis, and her myriads of lights look like fairy-land.

You may have spent a year or more in an art school in your home-town, and now you want to gain all possible benefits from your visit. Back in the nineteenth century it was necessary to go to Europe if one wanted to see great works of art. Now there are some twenty large art museums in the United States. It is to New York, however, that you must come for the greatest of these, the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In New York there are also wonderful private collections, art dealers whose doors swing open to the public, great buildings, and outdoor sculpture that offer pleasure to all who have eyes to see and minds open for enjoyment. And there are a dozen or more art schools and libraries that tempt the student to linger and drink to the full from this deep stream of beauty.

In the short space of this article it is possible only to hint at the vast wealth of art in New York. By "art" is meant here not only paintings but all that appeals through beauty of line, form, and color. We shall

have to be satisfied with a few "pilgrimages" to some of these shrines of beauty.

The City Hall, in its park, is the civic centre of the city. This building, erected between 1803 and 1812 (restored 1908-15) from the plans of John McComb, has been called "the most beautiful building in the United States." Its two stories of arched windows and central section with columns and cupola seem to gain strength and stateliness when contrasted with the towering Municipal Building just beyond. Within the City Hall there are many portraits of distinguished citizens by the early American portrait-painters, such as Thomas Sully, S. F. B. Morse (better known as the inventor of the telegraph), John Trumbull, John Vanderlyn, and others.

City Hall  
Park.

In the park, near the entrance to the City Hall, stands the bronze statue of Nathan Hale by Frederick MacMonnies. Lorado Taft, in his "History of American Sculpture," has said of this figure: "There are not a few intelligent people who have found in this figure of Nathan Hale a greater satisfaction than in any other portrait-statue in the country. The artist chose the supreme moment of the patriot's life. He has shown him pinioned, with arms close-bound to his sides and ankles fettered, standing proudly but without the defiance with which a lesser hero would have posed before the world and with which a lesser artist would have disfigured his work." MacMonnies has said



of this statue: "I wanted to make something that would set the bootblacks and little clerks around there thinking—something that would make them want to be somebody and find life worth living."

Just north, in Chambers Street, is the Hall of Records with its roof decorated by a series of statues representing the arts and sciences. Beyond rises the Municipal Building like a giant straddling Chambers Street. The architects were McKim, Mead, and White, while the crowning gilded figure, typifying the spirit of New York, is by A. A. Weinmann. Standing in the portico of the Municipal Building, one can see on the opposite side of City Hall Park the fifty-two storied Woolworth Building, an adaptation to a twentieth-century business building of the Gothic style which originated in the church structures of the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries.

It is difficult to realize that seventy-five years ago what is now known as Madison Square was a rather unsightly part of the island occupied only by Corporal Thompson's little yellow tavern and an old arsenal which was utilized as a house of refuge. To-day the heart of the city has swept past Madison Square, but it is still a busy centre. At the southern end, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue cross at Twenty-third Street, stands a business building of many stories known the world over as the "Flatiron." On the eastern side of the square is a notable group of buildings, and at the northern end of the park, facing Fifth Avenue near Twenty-fifth Street, is a masterpiece by one of the most famous American sculptors, Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

This statue of Admiral Farragut shows him standing on the deck of his ship, with feet well apart, the left hand raised and holding a spy-glass. The strong, clear-cut features convey the strength of will back of them. The pedestal too is noteworthy. The architectural features of this seat were designed by Stanford White. The low reliefs of waves and mermaids and the inscription form a decorative mass that does not detract but rather enhances the dignity of the figure above.

The same architect and sculptor collaborated in another feature of Madison Square, namely Madison Square Garden. The building occupies an entire block and is of the Spanish-Moorish type; its tower, based

upon the Giralda tower, is capped by a gilded "Diana," the work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

The Appellate Court House, at the north corner of Twenty-sixth Street, is notable both for its exterior sculptures and its interior mural paintings. The latter include large panels by E. H. Blashfield, H. O. Walker, and Edward Simmons, and smaller ones by Kenyon Cox, H. Siddons Mowbray, Robert Reid, C. Y. Turner, and Willard Metcalf. The architect of the building was James Brown Lord, and the exterior sculpture is by D. C. French, Philip Martiny, J. S. Hartley, Herbert Adams, Charles H. Niehaus, Karl Bitter, T. S. Clarke, M. Schwartzott, and F. W. Ruckstuhl.

Fifth Avenue from Twenty-third Street to Fifty-ninth Street has long been noted for its throbbing life and the art dealers have clung persistently to this central artery, though the heart of Manhattan Island. The best-known art auction-house in the country is still located on Madison Square, and there, during the season—from January to April—follows a succession of exhibitions and sales that attract collectors and dealers from all parts of the world. This is no exaggeration, for European dealers have been known to cross the ocean merely to be present at one session.

To the student these exhibitions offer endless opportunities for the cultivation of taste. Hundreds of important works of art are shown here that are later absorbed into private collections, and are never again accessible to the public. By attending the auction sales one can have all the thrills of a millionaire without spending a penny.

The same "open-door" policy is followed by all the New York art dealers, not only on the Avenue but in the neighboring side streets, which harbor many interesting nooks. Everywhere the art-lover is made to feel quite as welcome as the buyer. The majority of the dealers have special interests. Should you wish to see paintings by American artists there are a half-dozen firms where you are certain to find new work by living men; some of these firms have work by the ultra-moderns only, others specialize in the landscapes of the end of the last century. In the upper part of the Avenue are found "Primitives" and "Old Masters."

The dealers in antiques, near antiques,



and copies of antiques are legion. Time was when they considered it necessary to preserve the "dust of ages" in order to attract customers. The dirty old shops that used to line Fourth Avenue from Twenty-third Street to Thirty-third are fast disappearing to make way for tall office-buildings. The same firms have migrated to clean and attractive quarters on Madison Avenue from Forty-second Street to Fifty-ninth. They know that the public has gained in taste and knowledge, and that it is no longer necessary to use dust and dirt as a lure.

It is only possible to hint at the wealth of beauty and the wonder of craftsmanship contained in the vast series of galleries that form the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Fifth Avenue façade extends from Eightieth Street to Eighty-fourth Street, and back of this are several parallel wings with connecting galleries. Merely to walk through the galleries would take several hours.

Here is the list of collections as published by the museum authorities: The fine arts—painting, sculpture, and architecture—as well as what are usually called decorative or industrial arts. Ancient art includes Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Cypriote, Etruscan, Greek, and Roman antiquities. In painting, the attempt is made to illustrate the history of the art from the Middle Ages to the present time, with especial attention to the work of the American artists. The decorative arts include woodwork, metal-work, ceramics, and textiles. The collections represent the East and the Near East (China, Japan, Persia, and Asia Minor), Europe, and America.

The largest single object exhibited, and one of the oldest, is the "Tomb of Perneb," the burial-vault of an Egyptian dignitary who lived about 2650 B. C. It originally stood in the cemetery near Memphis and was shipped block by block to New York and re-erected in 1916. Beyond the series of Egyptian rooms, in the north end of the building, are the armor galleries. The mounted knights in full accoutrement form a brilliant array, differing only in degree from the troops who fought so recently in France. Pieces in this collection of armor have, in reality, served as models for certain protective armor designed for the American troops. Careful examination will reveal many exquisite examples of the armorer's art.

The south wing of the main floor of the Museum is devoted to classical antiquities. Here are the original marbles, bronzes, terra-cotta figurines, vases, and glass vessels that graced the homes and public squares of the Greeks and Romans some twenty centuries ago and more. One of the most important pieces is the bronze Etruscan chariot which dates from the sixth century B. C. It was found in 1902 in a tomb near Monteleone in Umbria, Italy.

The Morgan wing with its twenty-five galleries is a veritable treasure-house of the decorative arts. Here are displayed the Gothic and Renaissance sculpture, furniture, woodwork, tapestries, and other objects of these periods, partly given to the Museum by its late president, J. Pierpont Morgan, and additions presented by the son after his father's death.

The paintings are on the upper floor. In the place of honor, at the head of the main staircase, hangs Raphael's "Virgin and Child with Saints." In this Marquand Gallery every picture is a masterpiece. The thrill of seeing the original paintings which have become so familiar through reproductions is repeated many times while wandering through the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum. Here are Van Dyck's "James, Duke of Lennox," Vermeer's "Young Woman with a Water Jug," and many others.

The neighboring galleries contain the Altman collection with its wonderful group of thirteen Rembrandts, three paintings by Hals, and numerous others by the lesser Dutch masters. In the adjoining room there are canvases by Velasquez, Memling, Holbein, Dürer, Botticelli, and others. Besides paintings, the Altman collection includes smaller objects of art that are of great importance, such as the salt-cellar or "coupe" of enamelled gold by Benvenuto Cellini, Chinese porcelains, and Persian rugs.

The series of galleries devoted to paintings, arranged by schools, leads one from the early Italian to those of the Renaissance, then through the Dutch and Flemish schools to the English and French of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and finally to the work by American artists covering the period from the portrait-painters of Colonial days through the nineteenth century to the men of to-day.

There are hours of enjoyment in the Museum for the art-lover who can browse among the Oriental art or the textiles, the





*Drawn by T. K. Hanna.*

SHE WAS STARING AT HENRY AS THOUGH SHE HAD NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE.

—"The Trafficker," page 570.



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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## THE SUN

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

**A** GIRL sits crouched over her knees on a stile close to a river. A Man with a silver badge stands beside her clutching the worn top plank. The Girl's level brows are drawn together; her eyes see her memories. The Man's eyes see the Girl; he has a dark, twisted face. The bright sun shines; the quiet river flows; the cuckoo is calling; the mayflower is in bloom along the hedge that ends in the stile on the towing-path.

*The Girl.* God knows what 'e'll say, Jim.

*The Man.* Let 'im. 'E's come too late, that's all.

*The Girl.* He couldn't come before. I'm frightened. 'E was fond o' me.

*The Man.* And aren't I fond of you? My Gawd!

*The Girl.* I ought to 'a' waited, Jim; with 'im in the fightin'.



*The Man.* (*Passionately.*) And what about me? Aren't I been in the fightin'—earned all I could get?

*The Girl.* (*Touching him.*) Ah!

*The Man.* Did you——?

*He cannot speak the words.*

*The Girl.* Not like you, Jim—not like you.

*The Man.* 'Ave a spirit, then.

*The Girl.* I promised 'im.

*The Man.* One man's luck's another's poison. I've seen it.

*The Girl.* I ought to 'a' waited. I never thought 'e'd come back from the fightin'.

*The Man.* (*Grimly.*) Maybe 'e'd better not 'ave.

*The Girl.* (*Looking back along the towing-path.*) What'll 'e be like, I wonder?

*The Man.* (*Gripping her shoulder.*)

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Daise, don't you never go back on me, or I should kill you, and 'im too.

*The Girl looks at him, shivers, and puts her lips to his.*

*The Girl.* I never could.

*The Man.* Will you run for it? 'E'd never find us.

*The Girl shakes her head.*

*The Man.* (Dully.) What's the good o' stayin'? The world's wide.

*The Girl.* I'd rather have it off me mind, with him 'ome.

*The Man.* (Clenching his hands.) It's temptin' Providence.

*The Girl.* What's the time, Jim?

*The Man.* (Glancing at the sun.) 'Alf past four.

*The Girl.* (Looking along the towing-path.) 'E said four o'clock. Jim, you better go.

*The Man.* Not I. I've not got the wind up. I've seen as much of hell as he has, any day. What like is he?

*The Girl.* (Dully.) I dunno, just. I've not seen 'im these three years. I dunno no more, since I've known you.

*The Man.* Big, or little chap?

*The Girl.* 'Bout your size. Oh! Jim, go along!

*The Man.* No fear! What's a blighter like that, to old Fritz's shells? We didn't shift when they was comin'. If you'll go, I'll go; not else.

*Again she shakes her head.*

*The Girl.* Jim, do you love me true? (For answer, the Man takes her avidly in his arms.) I ain't ashamed—I ain't ashamed. If 'e could see me 'eart.

*The Man.* Daise! If I'd known you out there I never could 'a' stuck it. They'd 'a' got me for a deserter. That's 'ow I love you!

*The Girl.* Jim, don't lift your 'and to 'im. Promise!

*The Man.* That's according.

*The Girl.* Promise!

*The Man.* If 'e keeps quiet, I won't. But I'm not accountable—not always, I tell you straight—not since I've been through that.

*The Girl.* (With a shiver.) Nor p'raps 'e isn't.

*The Man.* Like as not. It takes the lynchpins out, I tell you.

*The Girl.* God 'elp us!

*The Man.* (Grimly.) Ah! We said that a bit too often. What we want, we take, now; there's no one to give it us, and there's no fear'll stop us; we seen the bottom o' things.

*The Girl.* P'raps 'e'll say that too.

*The Man.* Then it'll be 'im or me.

*The Girl.* I'm frightened.

*The Man.* (Tenderly.) No, Daise, no! (He takes out a knife.) The river's 'andy. One more or less. 'E shan't 'arm you; nor me neither.

*The Girl.* (Seizing his hand.) Oh! no! Give it to me, Jim!

*The Man.* (Smiling.) No fear! (He puts it away.) Shan't 'ave no need for it, like as not. All right, little Daise; you can't be expected to see things like what we do. What's a life, anyway? I've seen a thousand taken in five minutes. I've seen dead men on the wires like flies on a fly-paper; I've been as good as dead meself an 'undred times. I've killed a dozen men. It's nothin'. 'E's safe, if 'e don't get my blood up. If he does, nobody's safe; not 'im, nor anybody else; not even you. I'm speakin' sober.

*The Girl.* (Softly.) Jim, you won't go fightin', wi' the sun out and the birds all callin'?

*The Man.* That depends on 'im. I'm not lookin' for it. Daise, I love you. I love your eyes. I love your hair. I love you.

*The Girl.* And I love you, Jim. I don't want nothin' more than you in the whole world.

*The Man.* Amen to that, my dear. Kiss me close!

*The sound of a voice singing breaks in on their embrace. The Girl starts from his arms and looks behind her along the towing-path. The Man draws back against the hedge, fingering his side, where the knife is hidden. The song comes nearer:*

"I'll be right there to-night  
Where the fields are snowy white,  
Banjoes ringin', darkies singin',  
All the world seems bright."

*The Girl.* It's 'im!



*The Man.* Don't get the wind up, Daise. I'm here!

*The singing stops. A man's voice says: "Christ! It's Daise; it's little Daise 'erself!" The girl stands rigid. The figure of a soldier appears on the other side of the stile. His cap is tucked into his belt, his hair is bright in the sunshine; he is lean, wasted, brown, and laughing.*

*Soldier.* Daise! Daise! Hallo, old pretty girl!

*The Girl does not move, barring the way, as it were.*

*The Girl.* Hallo, Jack! (*Softly.*) I got things to tell you.

*Soldier.* What sort o' things, this lovely day? Why, I got things that'd take me years to tell. 'ave you missed me, Daise?

*The Girl.* You been so long.

*Soldier.* So I 'ave. My Gawd! It's a way they 'ave in the Army. I said when I got out of it I'd laugh. Like as the sun itself I used to think of you, Daise, when the crumps was comin' over, and the wind was up. D'you remember that last night in the wood? 'Come back, and marry me quick, Jack!' Well, 'ere I am—got me pass to 'eaven. No more fightin', an' trampin', no more sleepin' rough. We can get married now, Daise. We can live soft an' 'appy. Give us a kiss, old pretty.

*The Girl.* (*Drawing back.*) No.

*Soldier.* (*Blankly.*) Why not?

*The Man, with a swift movement, steps along the hedge to the Girl's side.*

*The Man.* That's why, soldier.

*Soldier.* (*Leaping over the stile.*) 'Oo are you, Pompey? The sun don't shine in your inside, do it? 'Oo is 'e, Daise?

*The Girl.* My man.

*Soldier.* Your—man! Lummy! 'Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief! Well, soldier? So you've been through it, too. I'm laughin' this mornin', as luck will 'ave it. Ah! I can see your knife.

*The Man.* (*Who has half drawn his knife.*) Don't laugh at me, I tell you.

*Soldier.* Not at you, soldier, not at you. (*He looks from one to the other.*) I'm laughin' at things in general. Where did you get it, soldier?

*The Man.* (*Watchfully.*) Through the lung.

*Soldier.* Think o' that! An' I never was touched. Four years an' never was touched. An' so you've come an' took my girl. Nothin' doin'! Ha! (*Again he looks from one to the other—then away.*) Well! The world's before me. (*He laughs.*) I'll give you Daise for a lung protector.

*The Man.* (*Fiercely.*) You won't. I've took her.

*Soldier.* That's all right, then. You keep 'er. I've got a laugh in me you can't put out, black as you are! Good-bye, little Daise!

*The Girl makes a movement toward him.*

*The Man.* Don't touch 'im!

*The Girl stands hesitating, and suddenly bursts into tears.*

*Soldier.* Look 'ere, soldier; shake 'ands! I don't want to see a girl cry, this day of all, with the sun shinin'. I seen too much o' sorrer. You an' me've been at the back of it. We've 'ad our whack. Shake!

*The Man.* Who are you kiddin'? You never loved 'er!

*Soldier.* Oh! I thought I did.

*The Man.* (*Fiercely.*) I'll fight you for her.

*He drops his knife.*

*Soldier.* (*Slowly.*) Soldier, you done your bit, an' I done mine. It's took us two ways, seemin'ly.

*The Girl.* (*Pleading.*) Jim!

*The Man.* (*With clenched fists.*) I don't want 'is charity. I only want what I can take.

*Soldier.* Daise, which of us will you 'ave?

*The Girl.* (*Covering her face.*) Oh! Him.

*Soldier.* You see, soldier! Drop your 'ands, now. There's nothin' for it but a laugh. You an' me know that. Laugh, soldier!

*The Man.* You blarsted——!

*The Girl springs to him and stops his mouth.*

*Soldier.* It's no use, soldier. I can't do it. I said I'd laugh to-day, and laugh I will. I've come through that, an' all the stink of it; I've come through sorrer.



Never again! Cheer-o, mate! The sun's shinin'!

*He turns away.*

*The Girl.* Jack, don't think too 'ard of me!

*Soldier.* (*Looking back.*) No fear, old pretty girl! Enjoy your fancy! So long! Gawd bless you both!

*He sings and goes along the path, and the song:*

"I'll be right there to-night  
Where the fields are snowy white;  
Banjoes ringin', darkies singin'—  
All the world seems bright!"

*fades away.*

*The Man.* 'E's mad.

*The Girl.* (*Looking down the path, with her hands clasped.*) The sun 'as touched 'im, Jim!

## THE MAKING OF AN ANGLER'S WIFE

By Ruth Danenhower Wilson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN FROST



BEGAN with a high ambition to become an angler—not an angler's wife. All during our engagement My Fisherman had talked joyfully of whipping streams and lakesides. His enthusiasm was contagious. When the first crocus stuck its head out under the barberry hedge I began to read old Izaak Walton and modern sporting magazines. The sound of running water kept trickling in my head. From Mr. Walton's statistical pages I developed an enthusiasm for dace, though to this day I haven't an idea what manner of fish they are. They are not to be found in fish-markets.

I talked fish with every dinner-party for the next month. I found an old college professor who was an authority on snaring suckers with a horse-hair loop. A young lawyer told me how to dip minnows in a net to be put on the hook wigglingly alive—a most alluring bait. To my amazement I found that if you scratch almost any member of the male species you strike fish-scales.

My Fisherman treated my new interest in a more or less academic, detached manner. He branded the fascinating sport of snaring suckers as arrant idiocy. When I proudly aired my Waltonian knowledge he intimated that times had changed, and he knew a thing or two he

could teach old Izaak if he ever met his shade by a brookside.

My interest in my trousseau flagged. More and more I was realizing that clothes do not matter to trout. Honeymoon plans had chivalrously been left to me, so I glowingly made the great decision. Our honeymoon was to be a June-moon, a fishing-moon, a running-water-moon, a dace-moon, a snaring-sucker-moon. I really made myself believe that I had been wild to get into the hills for years. I nursed an aversion for the stereotyped summer-hotel wedding-trip.

At my decision My Fisherman opened the smothered fires of his heart. Of course, I was the most wonderful girl in the world. How had I dreamed he'd been thinking of this very thing for weeks, but hadn't dared mention it because he knew brides doted on places where they could show their pretty new clothes? How had I guessed that the dream of his life was to lead me beside a brook and teach me all the subtle arts of angling he had culled from his own cherished experiences?

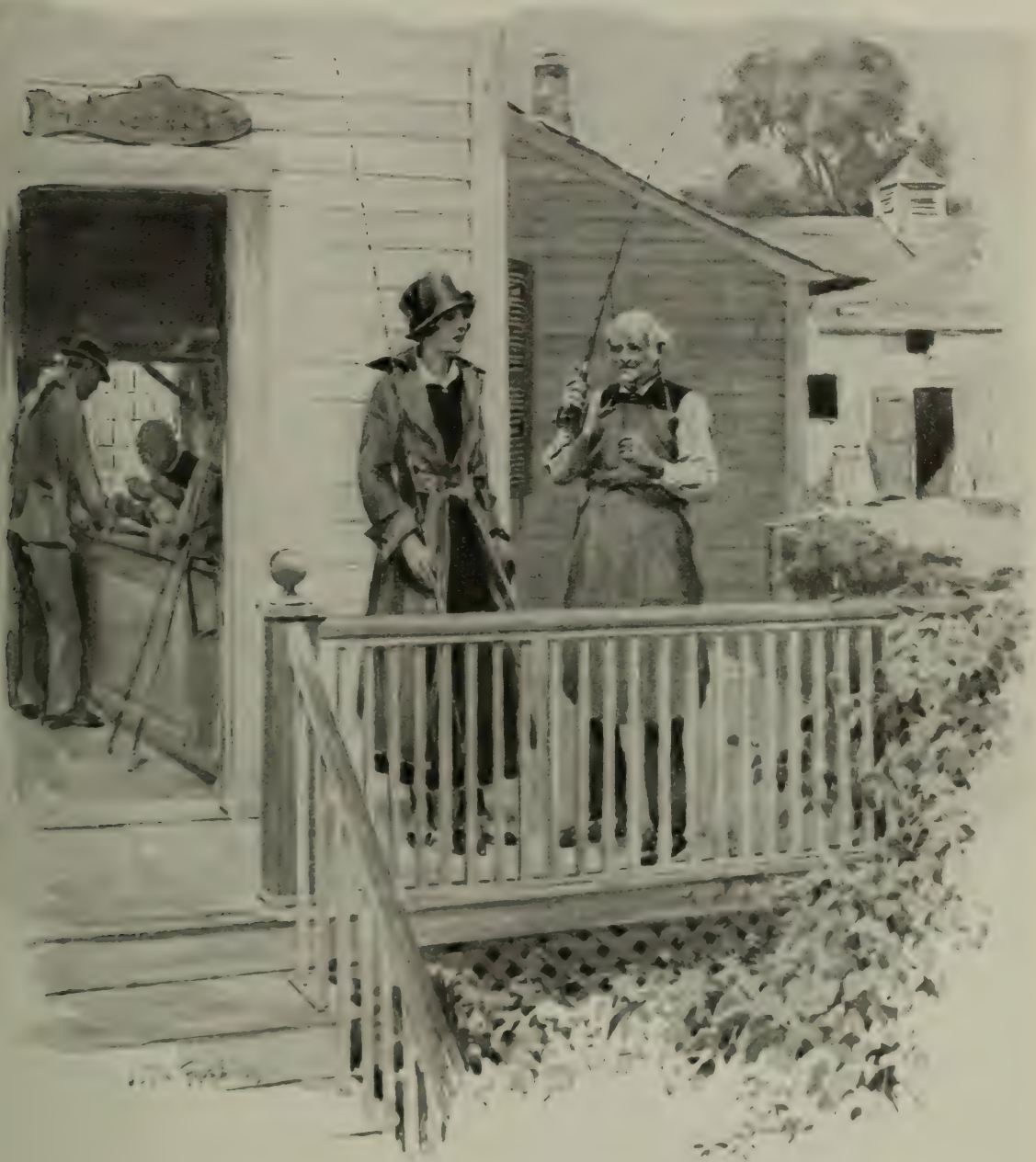
The rest of that evening we spent in tracing half a dozen proposed routes. The next week was bounded by maps and railroad guides that dwarfed the importance of the wedding list itself.

Two weeks later found us, motor and



baggage, at the door of a little country hostelry in the heart of the Green Mountains. My Fisherman knew of a marvellous little old man who had his shop

My enrolment as a would-be angler began when I passed under that mystic fish. Until then I had wanted to angle only because My Fisherman wanted me



The little bald, bespectacled craftsman took me out and gave me a first lesson in casting.—Page 518.

on a side street of this Vermont village. Obscure as the place was, there were few real fishermen who did not find their way to it sooner or later. We had come on purpose without an inch of tackle, and before we had even unpacked our bags we sought out the quaint shop with the high wooden stoop and the weather-beaten sign of a fish defying the Vermont climate.

to. But that shop changed me for the moment into a primitive being of the chase. It looked like a place where brownies and hobgoblins would steal o' nights to mend their shoes. A little old brownie man sat at a bench making something out of a rooster's tail. At his side another old fellow was working just as industriously over a condor's feather



and the wing of a tuscon. A fussy little baldheaded man in a gingham apron—the master of the shop and the eldest of the three brothers—was separating the strands from the silkworm into some mysterious things called triple leaders. All about were rods in various stages of construction, trays of artificial flies, little tin bait-boxes, creels, reels, and a hundred kinds of silk fish-line. After My Fisherman had selected two complete outfits, from supple rods down to fly-hooks, the little bald, bespectacled craftsman took me out on the high wooden stoop in front of the shop, and gave me a first lesson in casting. How he loved the art of sending the long line straight out without so much as a swish to warn the imaginary trout in the busy village street! His wise old face screwed up to the greatest seriousness over his gingham apron. What matter if my erratic fly skittered perilously near the hats of passing automobilists, if my awkward line tickled the dignified village policeman?

The old man's joy in teaching a new pupil was inspiring. Looking back I realize that he was the only male I met during our entire trip who gallantly assumed, without conscious effort, that a woman could fish if she half tried. Of course his business was to make people believe the art was easy. At any rate he worked me up to summits of enthusiasm.

Our next step was to get fishing clothes. My Fisherman had scorned the natty suits displayed in sporting-goods shops in town. They were worn "only by dubs who could never catch anything." From an enterprising Pole in the village store I purchased a khaki skirt and Norfolk jacket for three dollars and forty-three cents. They were made in Vermont, and had something of the rugged outline of the place. My Fisherman also looked strangely unfamiliar in corduroy trousers and a flannel shirt of native make. I had a comforting thought that no one could possibly take us for bride and groom, as we motored merrily through the village in our trout togs.

We found our first brook leading through an enchanted aisle of willow and alder with clover-filled hay-fields breathing sweet on both sides. I thrilled at the

prospect of my first lesson in angling on the actual field of conflict. There was wine in the June morning. The self-important little brook chuckled and purred and minced on its way delightfully vainglorious.

With my heart athrill I sat down under a spreading willow-tree, arranging my tackle in a neat little bundle for My Fisherman to assemble. Absently humming a tune, I shut my eyes and drew in the delicious fragrance of meadow and upland. Then I drew on my boots and fussed around for a convenient place to hide my shoes. Presently I turned back to my tackle, ready for the first plunge in a most inviting pool down the stream. To my utter surprise I found my tackle as I had left it, rod still in its flimsy case, fly-book neatly folded, reel tumbled over on its shiny little side, and the line still twisted about its cardboard.

Trying to hide my amazement, I looked up, and then I gasped in astonishment. My Fisherman had disappeared! After one or two quick darts in the near vicinity I swept my eyes slowly around the horizon, and finally focussed them on a crawling, wriggling worm just this side of my prospective pool. When it eventually attained the rotten trunk of a scourge-eaten chestnut, it cautiously lifted itself and then, mysteriously, it melted into the shadow of the tree.

In humbled silence I crept back from the bank and put my tackle together as best I could, although I never did get the reel to wind as it should have done. For the rest of that morning I "followed on," I who had been gallantly helped over every coping, was left to slip down banks, stumble through briars, and flounder into pools. I was not entirely neglected. Occasionally My Fisherman, after he had exhausted the possibilities of a pool, would wave bravely back to me, swinging his arm with all the unconscious bravado of one supporting the first trenches. Or he would wait until I came up within hailing distance to shout unintelligible glad tidings, and to hold up something that looked like an animated sardine, and which I took for a dace. I liked the sound of his voice once again. There was much of the old charm and the old vitality in it, and I was encouraged to hope that, after



all, perhaps this "following on" was the correct Montessori procedure in the piscatorial pedagogy. After a few experimental dips with my absurd red bug I stopped my travesty of fishing. Every time they saw the camouflage they'd run like scared cats. This amused me much more than massacring them on the tip of a rooster's tail.

After all, I mused, I had enjoyed skipping from stone to stone. A rod was a good excuse for the outing, even if I did not know how to use it. And finally, when, at the end of the morning, my man came back to me, flushed with victory, and laid the spoils at my feet, I noted with a woman's instinct and forgave with a woman's weakness, that after all My Fisherman had been out carrying the lance for His Woman. But all the same I wanted to know how to fish.

Our ensuing expeditions in Vermont ended the same way. Never by hook nor crook could I beg off from a fishing-trip. But neither could I ever persuade my man to take me as a serious partner in the quest. He confessed that fishing could never again have its old charm without me—a gushing, rhapsodizing, perambulating audience, but I took it that there was always to be the little row of footlights between us. So we left Vermont with no improvement in my skill as an angler, although I had learned several important lessons in the art of being an angler's wife.

We abandoned the motor to go by boat down the St. Lawrence and into the Saguenay country. It was a trip of short stops at large hotels. To my secret joy, My Fisherman had decided not to take our tackle with us. Once again, I ruminated, we might have long, delightful rambles, once again I might approach him without fear of scaring fish. So for a whole long week we played along the fringe of the Canadian wilderness. At my beckoning My Fisherman sang entrancing snatches, or called the Peabody birds with amusing imitations. Or we knelt together over the rare *Linnæa*, pale, sweet twinflowers in mossy settings. It was idyllic. And in that land there was not the voice of running water.

But, of course, it could not last. A fisherman is like a good, clean hound in some

ways. His nose is delicately attuned. One evening, just at dusk, I found him out in back of the hotel, with his nose in the air, circling mysteriously. When I called to him with some alarm in my voice he confessed rather sheepishly that he was looking for an old sand road that was supposed to open at a pine-grove and lead over the hills to the inevitable trout-ing waters beyond. The next morning we were off with a horse rig. It has many advantages over walking all the way. If you ride that first quarter of a mile you will always retain some logical connection between the fishing-trip and the romantic one-horse vehicle and one-horse driver with which you started. Otherwise, search as you may your retrospective confines, you shall never be able to determine just why it was that you paid ten dollars to walk behind an aged, bony horse and an aged, bony buggy and an aged, bony French-Canadian up and down twelve miles of sand mountain. All of which, of course, has little to do with fishing, and still less, I am convinced, with honeymooning. The only point of contact between that trudge and the pursuit of my theme is the opportunity it gave me to trail on behind My Fisherman and observe him in the steady, disinterested pursuit of a far goal. It was stimulating, it was sublime, when one realized how by putting one foot after another I could attain even the sand mountain.

Eventually, many hours later, we came down from the sand mountain into the fresh green wilderness of running water. The road took a quick little surprise turn, and ran into the back door of a dilapidated log cabin. Ten feet from the front door of the cabin a river ran out into a gem of a wood lake. At dusk we were ready for my second lesson as a fisherman's wife.

Much to the disgust of my driver guide, My Fisherman helped me to the place of honor in the stern of the clumsy, home-made rowboat. The rangy, aged French-Canadian must still have maintained something of the chivalry of his French ancestry, because he made every effort to keep his opinion of women fisherfolk to himself. He smothered his tender feelings, and mine, with throaty gutturals of disdain. He permitted my honeymoon





*Drawn by John Frost.*

When it eventually attained the rotten trunk of a scourge-





caten chestnut, it cautiously lifted itself. — Page 518.



radiance to reflect in terms of deepest gloom upon his pockmarked countenance. He let his chagrin work itself out by way of his rowing arms in a sudden, jerky, and most uncomfortable manner of rowing. What made the situation still more unendurable was the fact that my husband's French left much to be desired when it came to Canadian setting. When I was a child my parents had amused me with a French-Canadian guide in the upper Adirondacks, so that I remembered much of the patter, although nothing of the piscatorial nomenclature. I had been playing the rôle of interpreter since leaving the hotel. This may have had something to do with our guide's despondent state of mind as we started for our second adventure with dace.

I should like to pause here to sketch in the background of that second adventure. But descriptive writing has gone out of fashion. These days no one dares to hang the sun, like a piece of Christmas tinsel, on the topmost limb of a fir-tree, and then fling the brilliant kindergarten yarns to the four winds. But I cannot go on without a word about the mellow Canadian night closing in on us, with the balsam in our nostrils and the saintly melancholy of the Peabody bird in our ears. And after that, the soft flap of the water against our boat and the constant swish of the casting.

I magnanimously left the fishing to the men. As there were only two rods, I suggested that it might be well for me to spend this second lesson in careful observation of method and technic. My Fisherman insisted upon sharing his rod with me. I was to use it for half an hour and then he was to try. But with the moral of my first lesson well in mind, I held to my decision to play audience.

So while the men-folks stealthily whipped the calm surface of the wood lake I lay back and waited for the stars to come out of the dim afterglow. My reverie was of log cabins, of primitive Puritan ancestry, of men and women who went to build the new fires of new homes, of their simple living, of the contentment which came from the daily tasks of the drawing of water, the fetching of firewood and the hunting of food—man and his woman working out their lives to-

gether from sunrise to sunset, horizoned by a few acres of bleak New England.

Now and then my reverie was broken by gentle commands to translate requests for a new leader, or the tobacco, or certain information concerning the nature of the feeding bottom of the lake. Also I recall that there were many vague allusions to the perverse hunger of fish. There were frequent little changes of position. After they had whipped the waters adjacent to a hoary old boulder that stuck its nose out of the twilight they moved on to attack a bog of snaggy tree-trunks.

Incidentally, with the instinctive feminine desire for an anchor to windward, I stealthily baited a worm on a drop-line, and let it noiselessly down over the side of the boat. I committed the atrocity during a low visibility, so that it was executed without detection. And then we had pushed gently up toward the inlet of the river, with nothing more stirring than intonating frogs. Finally, when the stars were quite out, My Fisherman reluctantly reeled in his line and gave the good word for home. It was almost at the precise moment that the guide's oars caught the water that I felt the indescribable tug at my line. I had almost forgotten that I had a line. I had absently held my hand over the gunwale, letting my fingers trail in the cool water. My first thought was that I had caught bottom. I had a mental flash of the guide's face when he learned how I had been deceiving him, and he was forced to manœuvre around with an oar to free my hook. A second flash made me abandon hook, bait and sinker, and thus avoid all complications of an unpleasant nature. But a third flash was an unmistakable triple tug on the line. After that I screamed, and began to pull in, hand over hand.

I cannot attempt to describe fully the scene that followed. Perhaps, after all, the situation can be covered by that hard-working favorite of detective literature, "all was confusion." I have memories of exultations, of quick alarms, of entreaties, of expletives of hope, of hope deferred, of hope in all its fine gradations to hope abandoned. There were shrill barbaric cries of "Let him run! Let him run! Give him line! Give him line! Don't pull him in like an anchor! Play him!



Play him!" And then that last superb climax of a gentle honeymoon: "I command you to give me that line!"

With the memory of marriage vows still in my ears, I realized instantly that I was undone. Even in that ear-splitting confusion I knew that I should have to obey. Let modern brides smile as they will over the absurdities of the marriage ceremony. When primitive man calls in no uncertain voice to unhand, it is best

no matter. He weighed two pounds and a quarter, and was all we had to save us that night from a meatless Wednesday. There was no obvious lesson to be learned from my second adventure as a fisherman's wife. I accepted without comment the explanations that no respectable trout would take a worm at that time of day or, if he did take it, would stay on a hook to be ignominiously hauled in like a bag of meal on a wet washing-day. Like



I stealthily baited a worm on a drop-line, and let it noiselessly down over the side of the boat.  
—Page 522.

to unhand. But first I intended to have one more wild fling of freedom. I slid both hands deep in the water and took a firm twist on the line. Then I braced my shoulders for a mighty heave. With a quick thrust of my knees I reared suddenly to my feet, threw my arms high and wide and——!

Well, that night back at the cabin, after we had supper and the guide had built us a huge wood-fire, I could still feel myself sprawling madly in the bottom of that leaky boat, scrambling and slipping, clawing madly with everything except my teeth to keep that dace from skittering back to the deep. I can still feel the cold, slimy thing clasped madly, passionately to my breast. I can still hear—but

Brer Rabbit, "I ain't sayin' nothin'." And perhaps therein lies the text!

My third and last lesson that summer was staged at a charming little backwoods pond in northern New Hampshire. The month was August. We had had many delightful weeks of motoring and tramping and riding, but My Fisherman pleaded for just one more try at the trout before we left the White Mountains. In one of his long tramps from the hotel, and with the help of a small map in the hotel circular, he had located Jabe's Pond, a tiny lake almost lost in the wilderness along the Maine State line. It seemed too bad to deny this last opportunity. Besides, My Fisherman, playing skilfully upon my former success with a worm, in-



veigled me with a promise of a canful of the squirmy things if I would accompany him.

For this last adventure we obtained the services of the local celebrity, an old Indian guide. I fear that the only thing red about him was his flannel shirt, a most distressing color scheme in the dog-days. However, it is to this guide that I owe my final dismissal from the probation of a fishing apprentice, so I shall not stoop here to malign his taste in haberdashery. That evening we fished again from a canoe with the twilight wrapping us in a soft blanket of romance. After one or two casts, in which I succeeded in entangling my line with that of the austere gentleman in the other end of the canoe, I gave it up and insisted upon the Indian taking my rod. My Fisherman, it is true, was scrupulously polite and patient in unravelling my line, but there was something so redolent of the suppressed heroic, so much of the spirit of "I am determined to suffer in silence," that I made up my mind he needed a little real competition.

And how that old half-breed could cast! My Fisherman had once won some kind of a casting-contest; the little old fly-maker in Vermont seemed to run the nerves of his fingers out into a hundred feet of line; the Canadian guide had been a caster of parts, but my Indian was beyond description. He sat there huddled up, with the paddle across his knees, and his old, smelly pipe drooping from his tight lips. He was a melancholy figure, taciturn, slow-moving, heavy in his breathing, but how he could shoot that line straight out into the rim of the twilight! There was hardly more than a fleck of the wrist, no other part of the body appeared to assist. Somewhere in his gaunt forearm short muscles of steel snapped that fly clear and true as though it had been shot from a rifle.

For the rest of that summer evening

I was content to lie back and watch and listen. Overhead the lines whistled softly. I followed the wedge-shaped wake of a muskrat in the black water. Twice there came the indignant snorting of a deer that had picked up our scent from the shore. For over an hour I did not stir or speak. For gradually there, at the end of the summer, I found myself piecing together, bit by bit, the profound philosophy of an angler's wife.

No mere woman can ever actually share man's zest in the pursuit of game and fish, I mused. It would take more than the vote to bring her to his point of view in these matters. For century after century primitive man has enjoyed his fish-spears and his arrows, while his woman has stayed home to do the planting. Perhaps she discovered agriculture by digging fishworms for her man. Modern woman may feign an ardor for angling, but it will always remain an artificial taste, cultivated, I fancy, by the advice of women's magazines to make her husband's interests her own. I fear me that she can never hope to have her husband's primitive zest for the sport. She will instinctively love the beautiful tramps along tumbling cool brooks, and she will adore the quiet sunrise and sunset fishing-ponds of the north woods.

It was the Indian who broke into my philosophy. It had grown so dark that they could no longer bring the trout to the surface. The stars were out, and so were the whippoorwills, and some one was blowing the horn to call us in to a late supper at the cabin.

Then it was that the guide, dipping his paddle for the first long, powerful stroke, spoke in his melancholy gutturals:

"Umph-lady," he whispered huskily, "she good fish-woman. Nobody know she there." Reflectively, almost enthusiastically, he pulled at his pipe.

Thus did I gain my diploma as an angler's wife.



# DOMESTIC RELATIONS AND THE CHILD

By Robert Grant

Judge of the Probate Court, Boston; Author of "Woman and Property," etc.



NOT long ago a petition for the adoption of an infant was presented in court. Of the three people who stood before me, all of whom were over forty, one was a man, two were women, and as I looked them over I noticed the sweet dignity of the elder woman's expression. The other was of coarser grain, and the male in the human triangle—for it turned out to be a triangle—who must have been close on fifty-five, was of nondescript aspect, a little shop-worn, though fairly well-to-do. I supposed it to be the ordinary case of childless parents seeking to adopt a single woman's infant. On questioning them I discovered the man to be the father of the child by the other woman, and that his wife, she of the fine countenance, was applying with him for leave to adopt the waif of the illicit relation. Under the law the adoption would not be valid unless she joined in the petition.

Mistrusting my own ears I looked at the wife inquiringly only to hear: "Yes, I've decided that it's best. We've no children, and the baby will be better off. She can't afford to look after it." Terse and pitifully to the point. Here the dialogue ceased, for the culprits, already familiar with the programme, were merely awaiting my sanction. As I signed the decree I said to myself that compared with this wife Chaucer's patient Griselda seemed an amateur. Instead of leaving her husband to his evil devices and the child to its fate, she had taken the proof of his sin to her arms. A woman friend to whom I mentioned the episode replied: "Well, of course she had ceased to care for her husband."

This seemed not unlikely, and yet, penetrating as was the truly feminine comment, I found it superficial. Nevertheless, as if to bear out my friend's implication that such magnanimity was incompatible with matrimonial self-respect,

a pleasant-faced young woman came before me a few weeks later with the request that I permit some worthy strangers to adopt her baby, and in response to my inquiry why she wished to part with it, answered: "I'm married now and we have another at home, and, though my husband knows and has paid for the board of the first, he prefers I shouldn't keep it. These people have had it ever since I married." Yet until the girl became explicit it had been on the tip of my tongue to suggest that if I talked to her husband he might change his mind, and this because his unwillingness somehow jarred on me from being so exceptional. Or, to put this a little differently, my memory held such a long file of husbands ready to embrace the full consequences of their wives' mistakes before marriage that I had become hardened (or shall I not say softened?) to the knowledge that they were apt to do so.

The contrast between the two cases serves as a peg on which to hang the skein of argument—a skein tangled, nevertheless, by the crisscross of changing social currents. It happened that the first person (also a woman) to whom I spoke of the second incident, remarked: "I'm not surprised that the husband didn't care to support another man's child born out of wedlock." The obvious answer was that in my official consciousness it was the exceptional husband who demurred. Being a nice person, she shook her head, an equivalent to saying that in a similar plight it would be too much to expect. Unquestionably it used to be—and not very long ago—the convention that the innocent child must suffer and the maternal tie be severed in order to avoid condoning sin or trampling on conjugal proprietary rights. A half-century back the conduct of the modern Griselda just instanced would have seemed so quixotic as almost to merit reprobation. If to-day we admire though marvel at the mag-



nanimity, it is largely because of the change in society's sense of responsibility toward the child.

The consciousness of the courts differs from that of two other rival authorities or tests—that of the church and that of the legislator. All these seek the same end, the welfare of humanity, but the angle of approach is quite dissimilar. The church prescribes from the point of view of its conception, based fundamentally on Holy Writ, of what men and women ought to be, the lawmaker from a yearning for immediate concrete change, but the function of the courts is to enforce and interpret existing laws. In this endeavor they are forbidden to overstep the bounds of existing law, that is, to legislate, but in so far as they fail to keep in touch with what mankind is thinking about, and to assimilate the temper of the age—growth of new ideas as distinguished from mere sporadic tendencies—they become disqualified to adapt existing laws to current human needs and aspirations.

Nowhere is this receptiveness to what is going on—which with time becomes a rich consciousness—more essential than in the courts which have to do with domestic relations, where legal technicalities are largely subordinated with the sanction of precedent to the main issues involved. I remember hearing a critic of a candidate for the presidency say that he would make a pretty good probate judge. This damning with faint praise was meant to register the benevolent inexactness permitted to those who hold this judicial office. Yet if a wide and wise discretion is thus allowed and expected, it becomes inevitable that those who exercise its functions vigilantly should discover that certain public states of mind which strain old conventions exist and have to be reckoned with. This is merely a preliminary to the proposition that in the mirror of my judicial consciousness reflecting the experience of over twenty-five years the child has acquired stature and the parent dwindled proportionately where the happiness or welfare of the one comes in conflict with that of the other; and correlatively that the woman "in trouble" has acquired a new rating.

To be sure, the stock of the latter has

been going up steadily since the cast-iron days of the "Scarlet Letter," and so rapidly of late that if we are to credit the consciousness of the Wells, Galsworthy, Compton McKenzie school of fiction—and are they not in the forefront of the "serious" contemporary novelists of old England?—she has nearly touched par as a subject of human interest. Although Mr. Wells has recently discovered a God with his own peculiar hall-mark, he has yet to disclaim that he would not regard a League of Nations braced by domestic continence as a menace to liberty if not contrary to nature; and even Arnold Bennett has strayed from the "Five Towns" in order to introduce us in London in wartime to "The Pretty Lady," with the apparent implication that not only are the "Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady sisters under the skin," but that the underlying distinction between a countess and a street-walker is far to seek.

This consciousness of the novelists—and it could be matched over here—reflects the glare of the pavements and footlights. That of the courts which deal with domestic relations is derived from the slow round of drab and often pathetic situations shorn of all except sheer reality, though constantly yielding surprises. Yet my experience tallies with that of the novelists to the point of admitting (if continuous data merit so pusillanimous a word) that the young woman "in trouble" and who wishes to "get out" by handing over the evidence of her "indiscretion" to some couple yearning for a child not infrequently shows little compunction at parting with her baby or little sense of concern at having one. Doubtless she feels more of both than the facial mask discloses, and it may be that the very beneficent societies for girls who supply "first aid" to the erring would tell a different story, but it would seem as if shame in the old-fashioned sense was no longer to be taken for granted. I am not referring to the rounder whose presence in the criminal dock argues that she has become so inveterate in her habits as to be beyond the influence of altruism, but to the casual victim of misplaced confidence (to adopt a prevailing euphemism). The freemasonry of women which once was so relentless that it applied



the thumbscrew of torture to offenders against chastity without discrimination has happily been won to mercy; indeed so intensely and entirely so that what with helpful hands and bountiful hearts and all the compassionate ardor of scientific social service, it is possible to-day for a quizzical court to wonder whether random childbirth is from the point of view of a fresh start in life more of a handicap to a young woman than an operation for appendicitis. Certainly for one reason or another the moral aspect which used to separate the two misfortunes like a gulf has been considerably modified and pressed by the economic problem, "How shall I manage with this new mouth to feed?" the mother finds it easy to transfer the burden to society, which, impersonated by some childless couple on the lookout for just such a chance, frequently provides the only practical solution.

Between the child and the rival trio more or less at odds as to what is best for it—the parents (or parent), the charitable societies and institutions and benevolent relatives or other aspirants for custody—the consciousness of the courts stands like a buckler or wind-shield. The courts become the umpire if these clash. Why, for instance, when adoption of an illegitimate child is sought, should the mother be required to attend? In order that the judge may make sure that she is not being coerced into compliance, and that her readiness to part with her baby for good and all (if it be good) is absolute. It is easy to induce a woman under the stress of weakness and mortification that "the best way out of it" is to hand over her new-born baby to people who offer a "good home," and that all she has to do is to sign the paper. Yet if this is permitted to suffice, the maternal instinct—the most precious in the world—is liable to be robbed of genuine choice, as more than one instance known to me would bear out. For the woods are full of people eager to adopt children—the number appearing to be on the increase—and it might be added that superfluous infants just now are much easier to be had than cases of champagne. The old prejudice against thrusting one's hands in a grab-bag, eugenically speaking, and breeding by proxy is in abeyance if not dying out.

Parents who long for the joy of a child in the house are less apt to be deterred by the dread of atavism, and, arguing that environment and a good bringing-up are quite as potent factors in the stability of a family tree as the influence of the original sap, are more ready to take a chance and brave the whisper of the neighborhood: "A foundling! To think he may grow up and marry my daughter," a likely and horrible contingency. Naturally these would-be adoptive parents endeavor by means of the Binet and Wassermann tests and other methods of investigation to secure as flawless grafts as possible, and their inclination is to prevent the real parents from knowing who is to adopt the child or where it is to live, in order to forestall the possibility of later regrets or interference. This is a precaution on which those who make a business of discovering healthy infants for eligible couples like to insist if they can. The policy is debatable, but the practice in careful courts is to require the presence of all parties at the same time, for the hide-and-go-seek method of interviewing them separately or not at all derogates from the authority of the court by substituting another arbiter and, furthermore, exposes the child to complete ignorance of and disassociation from its blood relatives in the event that the experiment works badly or the adoptive parents de- cease. In cases of guardianship or adoption where the issue is between vicious or improvident parents and a charitable society, it is often imperative for the child's sake to conceal its whereabouts lest formative influences be undermined or the patience of those providing a good home abused. In every instance involving custody, the paramount consideration, which might be termed the pole-star of precedent where a child is concerned, is—what is for its welfare or best interests?

The "best interests" of the child is a glib and appealing phrase, but less easy of exact interpretation than appears at first sight, and, pole-star as it is in the consciousness of the courts, it shades away in meaning every little while. It is commonly referred to as a modern doctrine, which, strictly speaking, it is, and yet we may fairly assume that the English judges who for centuries habitually awarded chil-



dren to the father rather than the mother when the parents could not agree, held the belief that they were benefiting the child no less than the father by recognizing his traditional title to custody. The ancient conception of the child as property, with its consequence that the father must be little less than a monster to forfeit exclusive rights of guardianship, a doctrine which left the mother virtually in the lurch, died hard in England, even if it is entirely extinct; but the courts of our several States almost universally repudiated from the outset the harshness of the English principle by awarding children of tender years to the mother, provided she was not very much to blame for the family discord, which usually meant meretricious, and this, too, though the statutes of most States constituted the father the natural guardian during coverture. If this favoritism between the parents as to natural guardianship has not been done away with everywhere in this country, the date is not far distant when it will be, and, on the other hand, the attitude of the courts where parents battle over children has inclined so steadily toward the mother that, unless she has shown herself wanton or exceptionally recreant or heartless, she is not likely to be separated from them. Indeed, the pendulum has swung so far in the opposite direction and the theory of paternal ownership been so completely discredited that the boot is sometimes found upon the other leg, and women are heard asserting that they own their children because they bore them, and that under no circumstances should they be deprived of them—a complete reversal of the original injustice. There is a woman who keeps writing to me just before Christmas: "When you sit down at table in your beautiful home with all your family around you, think of — —, whom you robbed of her only child, and whose heart you have broken." And yet this pathetic Banquo at the feast fails to spoil my appetite, for, though I pity the poor mother, I think of the daughter who was removed from degrading surroundings before she had lost the chance to grow up a self-respecting woman. In other words, mother-love, though set upon a pinnacle in the conscience of modern courts, must yield to a higher consideration, the well-

being of her offspring. Where the custody of children is concerned, the only enemy which the modern woman has to fear is her own unfitness which is more apt to be challenged by the social workers and charitable societies, who might be called liaison officers of the courts of domestic relations, than by masculine ill-will. This beneficent body-guard, who probe into and bring to the attention of the court the conditions which menace the child, serve as a buffer between it and maternal Bolshevism. But an assumption that the contest is one-sided or invariably simple would be far from correct. In its capacity as umpire the court will make sure that the child is safeguarded, and yet not sacrificed to the indiscriminate zeal of the social worker. Remonstrance by the parents will not avail to prevent the feeble-minded offspring from being segregated and so afforded its only chance for social development; yet in dealing with normal children the consciousness of the court keeps the balance even by allowing no one to forget that a dinner of herbs with parental affection is preferable if consistent with safety to the stalled ox of the institution—or even the home provided by the institution. Rarely, however, do those who minister to the needs of neglected children fail to live up to the spirit of this creed in their recommendations or to give the benefit of reasonable doubt to parents ambitious for another chance. It should be said, too, that it is a part of the consciousness of modern courts that these liaison officers of our social system, who are truly indispensable allies to justice, almost never trespass on one another's preserves or trample on one another's toes in religious matters. Rarely do their wires cross, because of an almost universal disposition to live in peace with their philanthropic neighbors, a course encouraged in some jurisdictions by statutes which prescribe that wards of the State shall be brought up in the religion of their parents.

When we turn from the semi-submerged to the every-day family, what human contests are fiercer than those which involve the custody of a child or children? And here the courts have to reckon not only with maternal love, but with that of the grandmother. On the



death of a young wife a man not infrequently decides to break up housekeeping and confide the child for the time being to her mother—an eminently suitable arrangement. So far so good, but when two or three years later he decides to marry again, litigation is not uncommon, due to the refusal of the grandmother to part with it, and in her desperation (for otherwise she has not a leg to stand on) she is apt to endeavor to prove that her late daughter's husband is a disreputable person if not a fiend in human shape—evidence which in the consciousness of the court is liable to be taken with a grain of salt. Yet other women always express sympathy for the grandmother—as if to say: "It may be the law, but it ought to be different." In a case where two deaf-mutes had married and the wife had died, the father intrusted the only child, who was free from defects congenitally in all respects, to his mother-in-law. Presently he decided to marry again and his choice, oddly enough, was another deaf-mute, though capable and pleasing. He had a terrible time in recovering his baby, for there was nothing the grandmother and her other children, some of whom were deaf-mutes, some normal, did not allege against him, and the court-room was vibrant with sign-language, all the deaf-mutes in the community having gathered in his behalf. It was clearly a case of grandmother-love, but complicated for me by the puzzling consideration as to what effect living with two people who were deaf and dumb would have on a normal child; so much so that I required medical advice, which declared positively that the association would not be injurious, and so the father prevailed, although I have never felt absolutely sure that I was right.

It would be erroneous to suppose that intensity of feeling where the custody of children is concerned is confined to relatives. A childless woman who has acquired one by guardianship papers frequently becomes so attached to it that at the threat of separation her distress is not to be distinguished from the maternal instinct. I have a case in mind of a well-to-do couple whose custody of a little girl, apparently white but with negro blood in her veins, was disputed after possession for several years by the real mother, a colored woman, single at its birth (the

father being a white man), who had finally married a negro and set up housekeeping. It appeared that the mother had abandoned the child on the door-steps, and as her husband could provide a decent home and they had no children, was seeking to reclaim it. The matter was puzzling, for there was the problem of miscegenation to consider. Would it be for the best interest of the child, who sooner or later must betray her origin, to stay where she was or be remanded to her colored natural mother? I remember vividly the frantic solicitude of the foster-mother, who had obtained the child from a charitable home, at the possibility of losing her. The case finally hinged on disinterested testimony, which proved the real mother to be so unfit to bring up the child that, though once more I "saw through a glass darkly," I sent the foster-parents away rejoicing.

According to the National Census of 1906, over 72,000 divorces were granted in the United States. In the world census of 1900 this country stood second only to Japan, 55,000 divorces as against 93,000, with France and Germany showing less than 9,000 apiece. These more or less familiar figures reveal an increasing and deplored but not necessarily evil tendency among our people to adjust their marital disagreements in the courts, a process which must be more or less heterogeneous in its mismating consequences until a national divorce law is passed, or diversity between the several States is cured by uniform legislation. This is not the occasion to discuss the ethical pros and cons of divorce, much less of remarriage. So far as the consciousness of the courts is concerned the issue is dead, for divorce, however reprehensible it may seem to some, represents a world-wide and growing conviction of democracy that it is the best and often the only relief against "the infernal brutality of whatever name, and, be it crude or refined, which at times makes a hell of the holiest relations." Divorce is a surgical operation, with more or less social stigma attached; appendicitis, with the difference that the patient, though relieved, wears the earmark of having made a mess of things, and yet constantly the only escape from a living death.

Incidentally, a very considerable num-



ber of the divorces applied for involves the custody of children, and it is to be borne in mind herewith that couples deterred by religious scruples from severing the marriage tie are permitted by the church without reproach to seek separate maintenance—the modern equivalent, though unilateral in that it can only be brought by a wife, for the divorce *a mensa et thoro* of the old ecclesiastical courts as distinguished from a divorce from “the bonds of matrimony”—a proceeding that prescribes the terms on which warring couples are to live apart, yet leaves them still man and wife. This favorite and much-invoked modern expedient for all who believe in the literalness of “let not man put asunder,” is granted commonly on somewhat less exigent grounds than would justify divorce pure and simple. Consequently, so far as the offspring are concerned, the consciousness of the courts has much the same problem to consider whether it be a case of pulling the tooth or killing the nerve. In each case the truly vital consideration for society is—how about the children?

The novelist, Edith Wharton, in her brilliant short story, “The Other Two,” has etched with skilful irony the social consequences of easy divorce by letting the curtain fall on the wife serving afternoon tea to all three husbands, to the quizzical dismay of the last legal and fond possessor. It would be easy to match the unsavory philandering with the marriage still more or less in vogue among the fashionable rich who happen to be vulgar by equally gross and increasingly pitiful realities in the descending social scale. On the other hand, it is scarcely too much to say that it often seems to the jaded consciousness of courts dealing with discordant domestic relations that Jack and Jill might better be allowed to go their separate ways except where there are children. The power to perpetuate the tie which holds together two utterly mismatched lives pulling in opposite directions is a thankless privilege unless redeemed by considerations for the race. On the issue of preserving the family, an aim alike of the church, the lawgiver, and the courts, each from its own angle, it is significant that 75 per cent of proceedings for divorce, and all for separate maintenance, are initiated by women. Modern

divorce at its inception, though open to men, was designed primarily for the protection of wives from masculine tyranny, and the dire statistics which offend so many people have been in large measure a register of relief from intolerable conditions more or less sanctified by prior generations of patient Griseldas. Yet when we turn from the immediate past and look ahead, does not the established policy of modern courts (at least those in the United States) to vouchsafe complete protection to the wife, both as concerns herself and custody of her children, unless her conduct has been outrageous, prompt the question whether responsibility for the preservation of the family will not rest henceforth largely on the attitude of woman?

To develop this it is to-day practically possible for a wife to allow mere caprice or unsubstantial grievances to deprive her children of their father, and thus sacrifice their true welfare to her own egotism. No woman can be compelled to live under the same roof with her husband, and, if she leaves him, even “liking some one else better” will not prevent her from retaining the custody of young children, if all that appears on the surface is incompatibility. It would be incorrect to allege that the consciousness of the courts recognizes more than a drift in this direction; yet opportunity runs hand in glove with the temptation, one extenuated by the apostles of freedom who hold that marriage is “up” to a man, and that if he cannot retain his wife’s affection she is justified in leaving him. This postulate of liberty, if not set forth in much of current fiction, is to be read between its lines. Years ago, when a woman in whose favor I had decided whispered to the court officer as she went out, “Tell the judge he’s a darling,” I thought it not unlikely that I had been cajoled. Yet this was a mere error in psychology. When, on the other hand, only the other day a young woman (accompanied by her mother) tripped up to the bench to inquire if she could obtain a divorce or separate maintenance because her husband “smoked in bed,” I was disposed to ask myself whether the pendulum between the sexes had not swung so far the other way that the next patient Griselda would be a man.



# THE MESSAGE OF LEONARDO

## HIS RELATION TO THE BIRTH OF MODERN SCIENCE

By George Sarton



LEONARDO DA VINCI died in the little manor of Cloux, near Amboise, where he had been for the last three years the honored guest of Francis I, on

May 2, 1519, that is exactly four hundred years ago. He was not only one of the greatest artists, but even more the greatest scientist and the greatest engineer of his day. Indeed, with the passing of time his unique personality looms larger and larger and bids fair to attain, as soon as it is completely known, gigantic proportions.

The most befitting way of celebrating with our Italian friends this four hundredth anniversary is to try to explain this mysterious personality. If he was not a miracle, we must be able to show how he came to be what he was. Leonardo the artist is so well known that I shall hardly speak of him, but it is worth while for the purpose that I have in mind briefly to recall the most important facts of his life.

He was born in Vinci, a village in the hills between Florence and Pisa, in 1452, an illegitimate child, his mother being a peasant woman, and his father Ser Piero, a notary, a man of substance. The latter's family can be traced back to 1339, along three other generations of notaries. Soon after Leonardo's birth, his father took him away from his mother, and both parents hastened to marry, each in his own set. Ser Piero must have been a man of tremendous vitality, mental and physical. He was one of the most successful notaries of the Signoria and of the great families of Florence, and his wealth increased apace. He married four times, the two first unions remaining childless. His first legitimate child was not born until 1476, when Leonardo was already twenty-four, but after that ten more children were borne to him by his third and fourth wives, the last one in the very

year of his death, which occurred in 1504, when he was seventy-seven.

Thus Leonardo had five mothers. The real one disappears soon after his birth; she bore him and her mission ended there as far as Leonardo was concerned. What the four others were to him, we do not know, for he does not speak of them. He had five mothers and he had none. He is a motherless child, also a brotherless one, because he does not seem to have had much to do with his eleven brothers and sisters—far younger than himself anyhow—except when, at their father's death, they all leagued themselves against him to deny him any part of the patrimony. A motherless, brotherless, lonely childhood, we cannot lay too much stress on this; it accounts for so much.

In or about 1470 Ser Piero placed his son, now a very handsome and precocious boy, in the studio of Andrea Verrocchio, who since Donatello's death was the greatest sculptor of Florence; also a painter, a goldsmith, a very versatile man, indeed. Within the next years Leonardo had the opportunity to show the stuff of which he was made, and by 1480 his genius had matured. He was considered by common consent a great painter, and moreover his mind was swarming with ideas, not simply artistic ideas, but also architectural and engineering plans.

Leonardo was born in the neighborhood of Florence and bred in the great city. It is well, even in so short a sketch, to say what this implies. The people of Tuscany are made up of an extraordinary mixture of Etruscan, Roman, and Teutonic blood. Their main city, Florence, had been for centuries a considerable emporium, but also a centre of arts and of letters. Suffice it to remember that of all the Italian dialects it is the Tuscan, and more specifically its Florentine variety, which has become the national lan-



guage. The prosperous city soon took a lively interest in art, but loved it in its own way. These imaginative but cool-headed merchants patronize goldsmiths, sculptors, draftsmen. They do not waste any sentimentality, neither are they very sensual: clear outlines appeal more to them than gorgeous colors. Except when they are temporarily maddened by personal jealousy or by a feud which spreads like oil, it would be difficult to find people more level-headed, and having on an average more common sense and a clearer will.

Leonardo was a Florentine to the backbone, and yet this environment was not congenial to him. He was distinctly superior to most of his fellow citizens as a craftsman, but he could not match the best of them in literary matters. The Medici had gathered around them a circle of men whose delight it was to discuss topics of Greek, Latin, and vernacular literature, and to debate, often in a very learned manner, the subject of Platonic philosophy. There is no gainsaying that these Neoplatonists were a brilliant set of men, but their interests were chiefly of the literary kind; they were men of letters and loved beautiful discourse for its own sake. On the contrary, young Leonardo, following an irresistible trend, was carrying on scientific and technical investigations of every sort. The engineer in him was slowly developing. Perhaps, he could not help considering these amateur philosophers as idle talkers; but it is just as likely that, being a motherless child, he was not endowed with sufficient urbanity to fare comfortably in this society of refined dilettanti. Nature more and more engrossed his attention, and he was far more deeply concerned in solving its innumerable problems than in trying to reconcile Platonism and Christianity. Neither could his brother artists satisfy his intellectual needs; they were talking shop and fretting all the time. A few had shown some interest in scientific matters, but on the whole their horizon was too narrow and their self-centredness unbearable. Also, Florence was becoming a very old place, and an overgrowth of traditions and conventions gradually crowded out all initiative and real originality. So Leonardo left and went to

Milan, to the court of Ludovico Sforza, at that time one of the most splendid courts of Europe. Milan would certainly offer more opportunities to an enterprising and restless mind like his. The very desire of outdoing Florence was a tremendous impulse for Ludovico: he was anxious to make of his capital a new Athens, and of the near-by university town of Pavia a great cultural centre. His happiest thought perhaps was to keep around him two men who were among the greatest of their day—Bramante and Leonardo. The liberal opportunities which were offered to these two giants are the supreme glory of the Sforza and of Milan.

Leonardo was employed by the Duke as a civil and military engineer, as a pageant master, as a sculptor, as a painter, as an architect. How far he was understood by his patron it is difficult to say. But he seems to have thriven in this new atmosphere, and these Milanese years are among the most active and the most fertile of his life. He was now at the height of his power and full scope was given to his devouring activity. It is during this period, for instance, that he modelled his famous equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, that he painted the "Virgin of the Rocks," and the "Last Supper," while he was also superintending important hydraulic works, and pursuing indefatigably his various scientific investigations. Yet even at this time of greatest activity and enthusiasm he must have been a lonesome man. This brilliant but very corrupt court was of course the rendezvous of hundreds of dilettanti, parasites, snobs—male and female—and what could Leonardo do to protect himself against them but be silent and withdraw into his own shell?

Milan justly shares with Florence the fame of having given Leonardo to the world; it was really his second birthplace. Unfortunately, before long, heavy clouds gathered over this joyous city, and by 1500 the show was over and Ludovico, made prisoner by the French, was to spend the last ten years of his life most miserably in the underground cell of a dungeon. From that time on Leonardo's life became very unsettled. It is true, he spent many years in Florence, employed



by the Signoria, painting the "Gioconda" and the "Battle of Anghiari"; then for some years he was back in Milan, but he is more and more restless and somehow the charm is broken. After the fall of the Sforza, Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua—perhaps the most distinguished woman of the Renaissance—tried to attach Leonardo to her service, but he refused, and instead he chose, in 1502, to follow Cesare Borgia as his military engineer. One may wonder at this choice, yet it is easy enough to explain it. At that time Leonardo was already far prouder of his achievements as a mechanic and an engineer than as a painter. It is likely that in the eyes of Isabella, however, he was simply an artist and he may have feared that this accomplished princess would give him but little scope for his engineering designs and his scientific research. On the other hand, Leonardo found himself less and less at home in Florence. The city had considerably changed in the last ten years. Savonarola had ruled it, and many of the artists had been deeply swayed by his passionate appeals, and even more by his death. For once, fair Florence had lost her head. And then also, young Michael Angelo had appeared, heroic but intolerant and immoderate: he and Leonardo were equally great but so different that they could not possibly get on together.

In 1513-15 Leonardo went to the papal court, but there, for the first time in his life, the old man was snubbed. Having left Rome, his prospects were getting darker, when fortunately he met in Bologna the young King of France, Francis I, who persuaded him to accept his patronage. The King offered him a little castle in Touraine, with a princely income, and there Leonardo spent in comparative quietness, the last three years of his life. It must be said to the credit of Francis I that he seems to have understood his guest, or at least to have divined his sterling worth. France, however, did not appreciate Leonardo, and was not faithful to her trust. The cloister of Saint-Florentin at Amboise, where the great artist had been buried, was destroyed by a fire in 1808, and his very ashes are lost.

He was apparently an old man when he died, much older than his years, ex-

hausted by his relentless mind and by the vicissitudes and the miseries of his strange career. Only those who have known suffering and anxiety can fully understand the drama and the beauty of this life.

Throughout his existence Leonardo had carried on simultaneously, and almost without a break, his work as an artist, as a scientist, as an engineer. Such a diversity of gifts was not as unusual in his day as it would be now. Paolo Uccello, Leo B. Alberti, Piero dei Franceschi, even Verrocchio himself, had shown more than a casual interest in scientific matters, such as perspective and anatomy, but Leonardo towers far above them. The excellence of his endowment is far more amazing than its complexity. His curiosity was universal to such a degree that to write a complete study of his genius amounts to writing a real encyclopædia of fifteenth-century science and technology. From his earliest age he had given proofs of this insatiable thirst for knowledge. He could take nothing for granted. Everything that he saw, either in the fields or on the moving surface of a river, or in the sky, or in the bottega of his master, or in the workshops of Florence, raised a new problem in his mind. Most of the time neither man nor book could give an answer to his question, and his mind kept working on it and remained restless until he had devised one himself. This means, of course, that there was no rest for him until the end. In a few cases, however, a satisfactory answer suggested itself, and so a whole system of knowledge was slowly unfolding in him.

His apprenticeship in Verrocchio's studio must have greatly fostered his inquiries in the theory of perspective, the art of light and shade, and the physiology of vision; the preparation of colors and varnishes must have turned his thoughts to chemistry, while the routine of his work woke up naturally enough his interest in anatomy. He could not long be satisfied by the study of the so-called artistic anatomy, which deals only with the exterior muscles. For one thing, the study of the movements of the human figure, which he tried to express in his drawings, raised innumerable questions: how were they possible, what kept the



human machine moving and how did it work? . . . It is easy to imagine how he was irresistibly driven step by step to investigate every anatomical and physiological problem. There are in the King's library at Windsor hundreds of drawings of his which prove that he made a thorough analysis of practically all the organs. Indeed, he had dissected quite a number of bodies, including that of a gravid woman, and his minute and comprehensive sketches are the first anatomical drawings worthy of the name. Many of these sketches are devoted to the comparison of human anatomy with the anatomy of animals, the monkey or the horse for instance; or else he will compare similar parts of various animals, say, the eyes or a leg and a wing. Other sketches relate to pathological anatomy: the hardening of the arteries; tuberculous lesions of the lungs; a very searching study of the symptoms of senility. On the other hand his activity as a practical engineer led him to study, or we might almost say to found, geology: he set to wonder at the various layers of sand and clay which the cutting of a canal did not fail to display; he tried to explain the fossils which he found embedded in the rocks and his explanations were substantially correct. Moreover, he clearly perceived the extreme slowness of most geological transformations, and figured that the alluvial deposits of the river Po were two hundred thousand years old. He well understood the geological action of water and its meteorological cycle. His work as a sculptor, or as a military engineer (for instance, when he had to supervise the casting of bombards), caused him to study metallurgy, particularly the smelting and casting of bronze, the rolling, drawing, planing, and drilling of iron. On all these subjects he has left elaborate instructions and drawings. He undertook in various parts of northern Italy a vast amount of hydraulic work: digging of canals, for which he devised a whole range of excavating machines and tools; building of sluices; establishment of water wheels and pipes, and his study of hydrodynamics was so continuous that notes referring to it are found in all his manuscripts. He also studied the tides, but did not understand them.

In fact, it is impossible to give even a superficial account of all his scientific and technical investigations, and the reader must forgive me if the magnitude of the subject obliges me to limit myself to a sort of catalogue, for the adequate development of any single point would take many a page. Leonardo's manuscripts contain a great number of architectural drawings, sketches of churches and other buildings, but also more technical matters; he studied the proportion of arches, the construction of bridges and staircases; how to repair fissures in walls; how to lift up and move houses and churches. There is also much of what we would call town-planning; the plague of Milan in 1484 likely was his great opportunity in this field, and he thought of various schemes to improve public sanitation and convenience, including a two-level system of streets. Botany repeatedly fixed his attention and we find many notes on the life of plants, the mathematical distribution of leaves on a stem, also beautiful and characteristic drawings of various species. A great deal of the work undertaken for his employers was of course connected with military engineering: hundreds of notes and sketches on all sorts of arms and armor, on all imaginable offensive and defensive appliances; of course, many plans for fortifications and strongholds (how to attack them and how to defend them); portable bridges; mining and countermining; *tanks*; various devices for the use of liquid fire, or of poisoning and asphyxiating fumes. He adds occasional notes on military and naval operations. He had even thought of some kind of submarine apparatus, by means of which ships could be sunk, but the dastardliness of the idea had horrified and stopped him.

No field, however, could offer a fuller scope to his prodigious versatility and ingenuity than the one of practical mechanics. A very intense industrial development had taken place in Tuscany and Lombardy for centuries before Leonardo's birth; the prosperity of their workshops was greater than ever; there was a continuous demand for inventions of all kinds, and no environment was more proper to enhance his mechanical genius. Leonardo was a born mechanic. He had



a deep understanding of the elementary parts of which any machine, however complicated, is made up, and his keen sense of proportions stood him in good stead when he started to build it. He devised machines for almost every purpose which could be thought of in his day. I quote a few examples at random: various types of lathes; machines to shear cloth; automatic file-cutting machines; sprocket wheels and chains for power transmission; machines to saw marble, to raise water, to grind plane and concave mirrors, to dive under water, to lift up, to heat, to light; paddle-wheels to move boats. And mind you, Leonardo was never satisfied with the applications alone, he wanted to understand as thoroughly as possible the principles underlying them. He clearly saw that practice and theory are twin sisters who must develop together, that theory without practice is senseless, and practice without theory hopeless. So it was not enough for him to hit upon a contrivance which answered his purpose; he wanted to know the cause of his success, or, as the case may be, of his failure. That is how we find in his papers the earliest systematic researches on such subjects as the stability of structures, the strength of materials, also on friction which he tried in various ways to overcome. That is not all: he seems to have grasped the principle of automaticity—that a machine is so much the more efficient, that it is more continuous and more independent of human attention. He had even conceived, in a special case, a judicious saving of human labor, that is what we now call “scientific management.” . . .

His greatest achievement in the field of mechanics, however, and one which would be sufficient in itself to prove his extraordinary genius, is his exhaustive study of the problem of flying. It is complete, in so far that it would have been impossible to go further at his time, or indeed at any time until the progress of the automobile industry had developed a suitable motor. These investigations which occupied Leonardo throughout his life, were of two kinds. First, a study of the natural flying of birds and bats, and of the structure and function of their wings. He most clearly saw that the

bird extracts from the air the recoil and the resistance which is necessary to elevate and carry itself forward. He observed how birds took advantage of the wind and how they used their wings, tails, and heads as propellers, balancers and rudders. In the second place, a mechanical study of various kinds of artificial wings, and of diverse apparatus by means of which a man might move them, using for instance the potential energy of springs, and others which he would employ to equilibrate his machine and steer its course.

It is necessary to insist that most of these drawings and notes of Leonardo are not idle schemes, or vague and easy suggestions such as we find, for instance, in the writings of Roger Bacon; but, on the contrary, very definite and clear ideas which could have been patented, if such a thing as a patent office had already existed! Moreover, a number of these drawings are so elaborate, giving us general views of the whole machine from different directions, and minute sketches of every single piece and of every detail of importance—that it would be easy enough to reconstruct it. In many cases, however, that is not even necessary, since these machines were actually constructed and used, some of them almost to our own time.

To better visualize the activity of his mind, I would now suggest to take at random a few years of his life, and to watch him at work. We might take, for instance, those years of divine inspiration when he was painting the “Last Supper” in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, that is about 1494–8. Do you suppose that this vast undertaking claimed the whole of his attention?

During these few years we see him act professionally as a pageant master, a decorator, an architect, an hydraulic engineer. His friend, Fra Luca Pacioli, the mathematician, tells us that by 1498 Leonardo “had completed with the greatest care his book on painting and on the movements of the human figure.” We also know that before 1499, he had painted the portraits of Cecilia Gallerani and of Lucrezia Crivelli. Besides, his note-books of that period show that he



was interested in a great variety of other subjects, chief among them hydraulics, flying, optics, dynamics, zoology, and the construction of various machines. He was also making a study of his own language, and preparing a sort of Italian dictionary. No wonder that the prior of Santa Maria complained of his slowness! It so happened that during these four years he did not do much anatomical work, but during almost any other period he would have been carrying on some dissecting. Corpses were always hard to get, and I suppose that when he could get hold of one he made the most of it, working day and night as fast as he could. Then, as a change, he would go out into the fields and gaze at the stars, or at the earthshine which he could see inside the crescent of the moon; or else, if it were daytime, he would pick up fossils or marvel at the regularities of plant structure, or watch chicks breaking their shells. . . . Was it not uncanny? Fortunate was he to be born at a time of relative toleration. If he had appeared a century later, when religious fanaticism had been awakened, be sure this immoderate curiosity would have led him straight to the stake.

~But remarkable as Leonardo's universality is, his earnestness and thoroughness are even more so. There is not a bit of dilettanteism in him. If a problem has once arrested his attention, he will come back to it year after year. In some cases, we can actually follow his experiments and the hesitations and slow progress of his mind for a period of more than twenty-five years. That is not the least fascinating side of his notes; as he wrote them for his own private use, it is almost as if we heard him think, as if we were admitted to the secret laboratory where his discoveries were slowly maturing. Such an opportunity is unique in the history of science.

Just try to realize what it means: Here we have a man of considerable mother-wit, but unlearned, unsophisticated, who had to take up every question at the very beginning, like a child. Leonardo opened his eyes and looked straight upon the world. There were no books between nature and him; he was untrammelled by learning, prejudice, or convention. He just asked himself questions, made ex-

periments and used his common sense. The world was one to him, and so was science, and so was art. But he did not lose himself in sterile contemplation, or in verbal generalities. He tried to solve patiently each little problem separately. He saw that the only fruitful way of doing that is first to state the problem as clearly as possible, then to isolate it, to make the necessary experiments and to discuss them. Experiment is always at the bottom; mathematics, that is, reason, at the end. In short, the method of inductive philosophy which Francis Bacon was to explain so well a century and a half later, Leonardo actually practised.

This is, indeed, his greatest contribution: his method. He deeply realized that if we are to know something of this world, we can know it only by patient observation and tireless experiment. His note-books are just full of experiments and experimental suggestions, "Try this . . . do that . . ." and we find also whole series of experiments, wherein one condition and then another are gradually varied. Now, that may seem of little account, yet it is everything. We can count on our fingers the men who devised real experiments before Leonardo, and these experiments are very few in number and very simple.

But perhaps the best way to show how far he stood on the road to progress, is to consider his attitude in regard to the many superstitions to which even the noblest and most emancipated minds of his day paid homage, and which were to sway Europe for more than two centuries after Leonardo's death. Just remember that in 1484, the Pope Boniface VIII had sown the seed of the witch mania, and that this terrible madness was slowly incubating at the time of which we are speaking. Now, Leonardo's contempt for astrologers and alchemists was most outspoken and unconditional. He met the spiritists of his age, as we do those of to-day, by simply placing the burden of proof on their shoulders. It is true, for all these matters, his Florentine ancestry stood him in good stead. Petrarca had already shown how Florentine common sense disposed of them; but Petrarca, man of letters, would not have dared to treat the believers in ghosts, the medical



quacks, the necromancers, the searchers for gold and for perpetual motion as one bunch of impostors. And that is what Leonardo did repeatedly and most decidedly. Oh! how they must have liked him!

I must insist on this point: it is his ignorance which saved Leonardo. I do not mean to say that he was entirely unlearned, but he was sufficiently unlearned to be untrammelled. However much he may have read in his mature years, I am convinced that the literary studies of his youth were very poor. No teachers had time to mould his mind and to pervert his judgment. The good workman Verrocchio was perhaps his first philosopher, nature herself his real teacher. He was bred upon the experiments of the studio and of real life, not upon the artificialities of a mediæval library. He read more, later in life, but even then his readings, I think, were never exhaustive. He was far too original, too impatient. If he began to read some idea would soon cross his head, divert his attention, and the book would be abandoned. Anyhow, at that time his mind was already proof against the scholastic fallacies; he was able, so to say, to filter through his own experience whatever mediæval philosophy reached him either in print or by word of mouth.

Neither do I mean to imply that all the schoolmen were dunces. Far from that, not a few were men of amazing genius, but their point of view was never free from prejudice; it was always the theological or legal point of view; they were always like lawyers pleading a cause; they were constitutionally unable to investigate a problem without reservation and without fear. Moreover, they were so cocksure, so dogmatic. Their world was a limited, a closed system; had they not encompassed and exhausted it in their learned encyclopædias? In fact they knew everything except their own ignorance.

Now the fact that Leonardo had been protected against them by his innocence is of course insufficient to account for his genius. Innocence is but a negative quality. Leonardo came to be what he was because he combined in himself a keen and candid intelligence with great technical experience and unusual crafts-

manship. That is the very key to the mystery. Maybe that if he had been simply a theoretical physicist, as were many of the schoolmen (their interest in astronomy and physics was intense), he would not have engaged in so many experiments. But as an engineer, a mechanic, a craftsman, he was experimenting all the while; he could not help it. If he had not experimented on nature, nature would have experimented on him; it was only a choice between offensive and defensive experimenting. Anyhow, whether he chose to take the initiative or not, these experiments were the fountainhead of his genius. To be sure, he had also a genuine interest in science, and the practical problems which he encountered progressively allured him to study it for its own sake, but that took time: once more the craftsman was the father of the scientist.

I would not have the reader believe that everything was wrong and dark in the Middle Ages. This childish view has long been exploded. The most wonderful craftsmanship inspired by noble ideals was its great redeeming feature, but unfortunately it had never been applied outside the realm of religion and of beauty. The love of truth did not exalt mediæval craftsmen, and it is unlikely that the thought of placing his art at the service of truth ever occurred to any of them.

Now, one does not understand the Renaissance if one fails to see that the revolution—I almost wrote, the miracle—which happened at that time was essentially the application of this spirit of craftsmanship and experiment to the quest of truth, its sudden extension from the realm of beauty to the realm of science. That is exactly what Leonardo and his fellow investigators did. And there and then modern science was born, but unfortunately Leonardo remained silent, and its prophets only came a century later. . . .

Man has not yet found a better way to be truly original than to go back to nature and to disclose one of her secrets. The Renaissance would not have been a real revolution, if it had been simply a going back to the ancients; it was far more, it was a return to nature. The



world, hitherto closed in and pretty as the garden of a beguinage, suddenly opened into infinity. It gradually occurred to the people—to only very few at first—that the world was not closed and limited, but unlimited, living, forever becoming. The whole perspective of knowledge was upset, and as a natural consequence all moral and social values were transmuted. The humanists had paved the way, for the discovery of the classics had sharpened the critical sense of man, but the revolution itself could only be accomplished by the experimental philosophers. It is clear that the spirit of individuality, which is so often claimed to be the chief characteristic of this movement, is only one aspect of the experimental attitude.

It may seem strange that this technical basis of the Renaissance has been constantly overlooked, but that is simply due to the fact that our historians are literary people, having no interest whatever in craftsmanship. Even in art it is the idea and the ultimate result, not the process and the technique which engross their attention. Many of them look upon any kind of handicraft as something menial. Of course, this narrow view makes it impossible for them to grasp the essential unity of thought and technique, or of science and art. The scope of abstract thinking is very limited; if it be not constantly rejuvenated by contact with nature our mind soon turns in a circle and works in a vacuum. The fundamental vice of the schoolmen was their inability to avow that, however rich experimental premises may be, their contents are limited;—and there is no magic by means of which it is possible to extract from them more than they contain.

The fact that Leonardo's main contribution is the introduction, not of a system, but rather of a method, a point of view, caused his influence to be restricted to the few people who were not impervious to it. Of course, at almost any period of the past there have been some people—only a very few—who did not need any initiation to understand the experimental point of view, because their souls were naturally oriented in the right way. These men form, so to say, one great intellectual family: Aristotle, Archimedes,

Ptolemy, Roger Bacon, Leonardo, Stevin, Gilbert, Galileo, Huygens, Newton. . . . They hardly need any incentive; they are all right anyhow. However, Leonardo's influence was even more restricted than theirs, because he could never prevail upon himself to publish the results of his experiments and meditations. His notes show that he could occasionally write in a terse language and with a felicity of expression which would be a credit to any writer; but somehow he lacked that particular kind of moral energy which is necessary for a long composition, or he was perhaps inhibited, as so many scientists are, by his exacting ideal of accuracy.

All that we know of Leonardo's scientific activities is patiently dug out of his manuscripts. About 5,800 pages are extant, of which 1,150 are still practically unexplored. He was left-handed and wrote left-handedly, that is in mirror-writing: his writing is like the image of ours in a mirror. It is a clear hand, but the disorder of the text is such that the reading is very painful. Leonardo jumps from one subject to another; the same page may contain remarks on dynamics, on astronomy, an anatomical sketch, and perhaps a draft and calculations for a machine. Now, it is clear that to thoroughly understand his thoughts on any subject, a study, however exhaustive, of one manuscript is insufficient; it is necessary to follow him through all the manuscripts. Incredible as it may seem, that has not yet been done! After four centuries we do not yet know the text of Leonardo in the sense that we know the text of Shakespeare or of Dante; such knowledge will only become accessible when all the manuscripts have been published, and their contents classified in a systematic order. In other words, we shall only know Leonardo when the labor of composition and editing, which he left undone, has been accomplished.

If I may be permitted to say a few words of it, the task in which I am engaged is precisely the establishment of a standard text of Leonardo's writings, and furthermore the elaborate study of the origin and the development of his thoughts. From what I have said above, it is sufficiently clear that this part of my task is nothing less than the preparation



of an encyclopædic survey of artistic, scientific, and technical thought at the height of the Italian Renaissance. To measure the size of this undertaking, it is enough to bring before one's mind the many scholarly lives which have been entirely spent, and well spent, in a similar endeavor with regard to Dante. Yet the study of Dante is in many ways far simpler. His scientific lore does not begin to compare with Leonardo's knowledge. The *Divina Commedia* is the sublime apotheosis of the Middle Ages; Leonardo's note-books are not simply an epitome of the past, but they contain to a large extent the seeds of the future. The world of Dante was the closed mediæval world; the world of Leonardo is already the unlimited world of modern man: the immense vision which it opens is not simply one of beauty, of implicit faith, and of corresponding hope; it is a vision of truth, truth in the making. It is perhaps less pleasant, less hopeful; it does not even try to please, nor to give hope; it just tries to show things as they are: it is far more mysterious, and incomparably greater.

I do not mean to say that Dante had not loved truth, but he had loved it like a bashful suitor, while Leonardo was a conquering hero. His was not a passive love, but a devouring passion, an indefatigable and self-denying quest, to which his life and personal happiness were entirely sacrificed. Some literary people who do not realize what this quest implies, have said that he was selfish. It is true, he took no interest in the petty and hopeless political struggles of his day; Savonarola's revival did hardly move him, and he had no more use for religious charlatanry than for scientific quackery. He would be a poor man, however, who would not recognize at once in his aphorisms a genuine religious feeling, that is, a deep sense of brotherhood and unity. His generosity, his spirit of detachment, even his melancholy, are unmistakable signs of true nobility. He makes me often think of Pascal. He was very lonely, of course, from his own choice, because he needed time and quietness, but also because, being so utterly different, it is easy to conceive that many did not like him. I find it hard to believe that he was very genial, in spite of what Vasari says. Being surrounded

by people whose moral standards were rather low or, if these were higher, who were apt to lose their balance and to become hysterical because of their lack of knowledge, Leonardo's solitude could but increase, and to protect his equanimity he was obliged to envelop himself in a triple veil of patience, kindness, and irony.

Leonardo's greatest contribution was his method, his attitude; his masterpiece was his life. I have heard people foolishly regret that his insatiable curiosity had diverted him from his work as a painter. In the spiritual sphere it is only quality that matters. If he had painted more and roamed less along untrodden paths, his paintings perhaps would not have taught us more than do those of his Milanese disciples. While, even as they stand now, scarce and partly destroyed, they deliver to us a message which is so uncompromisingly high that even to-day but few understand it. Let us listen to it; it is worth while. This message is as pertinent and as urgent to-day as it was more than four hundred years ago. And should it not have become more convincing because of all the discoveries which have been made in the meanwhile? Do I dream, or do I actually hear, across these four centuries, Leonardo whisper: "To know is to love. Our first duty is to know. These people who always call me a painter do annoy me. Of course, I was a painter, but I was also an engineer, a mechanic. My life was one long struggle with nature, to unravel her secrets and tame her wild forces to the purpose of man. They laughed at me because I was unlettered and slow of speech. Was I? Let me tell you: a literary education is no education. All the classics of the past cannot make men. Experience does, life does. They are rotten with learning and understand nothing. Why do they lie to themselves? How can they keep on living in the shade of knowledge, without coming out in the sun? How can they be satisfied with so little—when there is so much to be known, so much to be admired? . . . They love beauty, so they say—but beauty without truth is nothing but poison. Why do they not interrogate nature? Must we not first understand the laws of nature, and then only the laws and the conventionalities of men?



Should we not give more importance to that which is most permanent? The study of nature is the substance of education—the rest is only the ornament. Study it with your brains and with your hands. Do not be afraid to touch her. Those who fear to experiment with their hands will never know anything. We must all be craftsmen of some kind. Honest craftsmanship is the hope of the world. . . .”

And that is not all, because Leonardo's message is a very complex one. He has also something to say of the scientists, or rather of these overtrained and uneducated specialists, these Pharisees of science, almost as inarticulate as fishes:

“What do these people know anyhow? They are trying to find the truth, so they say. But why don't they try to be human? Why are they so pale and so peevish? Why do they stand outside like beggars? How is it that all their science has failed to enlighten them? Why are they so afraid of beauty? Is knowledge without beauty and without love worth anything? . . .”

We must try to reconcile idealism and knowledge, science and art, truth and beauty. The ability of every man to do so is the real measure of his education. In the last analysis, that is what Leonardo tells us, and it is also the message of the New Humanism.

## THE CHARM OF OLD NEW ORLEANS

By Edward Larocque Tinker

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



**C**HARLES MERYON, with an affectionate etching-needle, working on a copper plate bitten by the concentrated essence of his devotion and admiration

for his subject, has left us etchings which preserve the glorious memories of a wonderful old Paris, already almost passed. Pennell first heralded the poetry of Pittsburg, and the artistic possibilities of the New York sky-scraper. For the aspiring young artist, either etcher or painter, there remains close at home a new field just as fertile; so fertile in fact that he who succeeds in adequately translating the fascination and charm of old New Orleans, before it has been lost, will build for himself a monument which will live long after his death to make Americans proud, not only of their artists, but also of those old French and Spanish ancestors who builded that city.

Latin taste has moulded the form and decreed the decorations of all the old buildings of the “Vieux Carré,” or old part of the city. In some of the streets you almost imagine yourself in Seville, Naples, old Paris, or Habana. The Spanish settlers imposed on the architecture

their feeling that a house, like a family, should present to the world a quiet impassive front, with just a glimpse through a well-balanced archway of a patio filled with fig-trees and flowers, where the real family life was lived. But the fine hand of our French ancestors is equally apparent. With their greater love of the graceful, they have added balconies with wrought-iron railings, hand-forged by negro slaves, from wonderful designs, carried in their master's hearts from their beloved France. The Spanish contributed their love of bright colors, and for a hundred years or more, these houses have been painted in alternating coats of pink, soft green, orange, blue, red, each coat fading soon in the severe sunlight, and being overlaid with some new color, until now, due to the continued assaults of the elements, many colors show through, giving a vividly varied but harmonious tone to the old walls that would make a painter's left hand itch for his palette and his right for a brush.

Then there are the market-places from whose cool, dark depths you can look out into the brilliant sunshine at the Rembrandt-lighted figures of the hucksters in picturesque groups near the curb, semi-





The wine-merchant's courtyard

In the good old days, huge hogsheds of the finest wines from France rumbled from the ships arrived from sea to this old house, and, passing through the iron gateway, were trundled down this cool, dark tunnel into the sunlight-flooded paco, and stored in dark surrounding rooms, while right above, the old wine merchant lived in constant watch upon his precious wares.





Patterns in the bayous.

The spidery patterns of reflected masts and rigging, constantly in motion below the surface of the bayous, like a den of writhing black snakes, are an inspiration to an etcher's point.





*Looking out from the cool, dark depths of the old market-place into the full, blazing force of the Southern sunshine.*





Antoine's courtyard.

While Voisin's is a name dear to the French gourmet's heart, Antoine's has become a place of pilgrimage for those Americans who feel that the satisfaction of the palate should be a fine art. For a hundred years or more this famous old restaurant has kept unchanged its fine French flavor both of appearance and of cookery. Even its back courtyard remains as it was when the military guard of the first Spanish governor stabled their horses in its stalls.





The Country Club oak.

This stately old tree, festooned with its streamers of Spanish moss, has probably guarded during its two or three hundred years of existence the mating secrets of the grandmothers and grandfathers of some of the very men and women who flirt and take tea in its shadow to-day.





Faded faces of past splendors.

These old houses, which used to shelter the belles and beaux made familiar by Cable's novels, now house teeming families of Italian immigrants, who have settled like a plague of locusts upon the "Vieux-Carré."

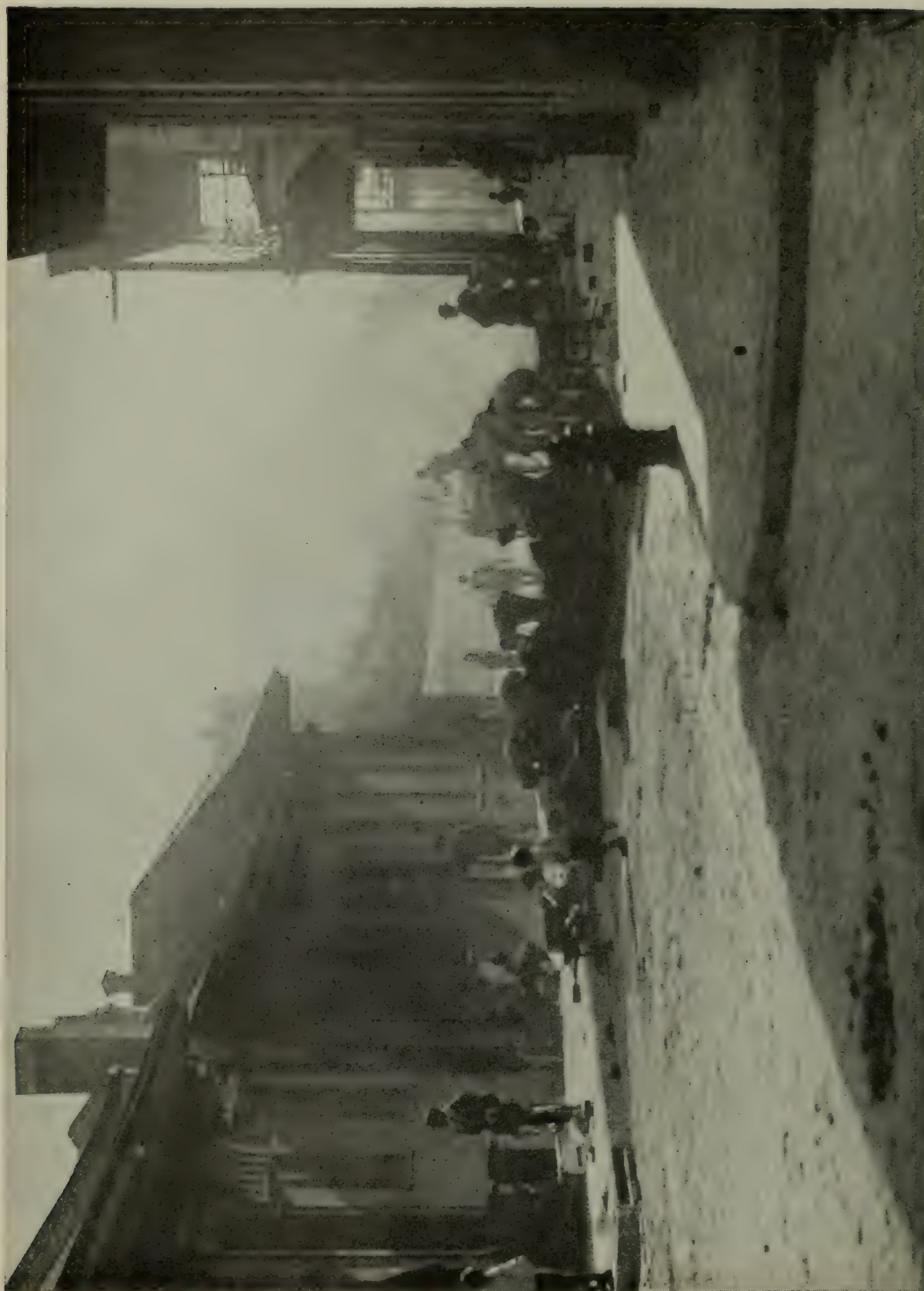




The House of Lions.

Originally, these queer carved lions were the outward and visible sign of the inward pride of birth and possession of the old Frenchman or "parrain" who built this house. To-day, like the broken-down race horse who pulls the ragman's cart, it has fallen from its proud estate, and a little placard brands the door with that sign manual of earthly deterioration, "Rooms to Let."





Repaving the old French Quarter.

Originally the streets of the "Vieux-Carré" were paved with enormous cobblestones brought over in ballast by the ships from France. While the diagonal lines of the cobbling lent to the picturesqueness of the streets, its unevenness detracted from the comfort of the passengers, so in this materialistic age the cobbles are rapidly giving place to asphalt.



silhouetted against the façades of the lovely old houses across the street—the fruit-stalls with the patches of sunlight livening the mingled colors of the fruit—the wagons backed up to the curb, loaded with carrots in color an orange-like distilled sunshine, and with tops so-fresh and green that you were sure each carrot must have had a separate bath before it was loaded—the haggling housewife, market-basket on arm—the old, old negro mammy, who, although dressed in rags, mumbling along bent over a stick, begging a precarious living of scraps of meat and spoiled vegetables, still continues to wear that badge of slavery, a “tignon,” or Madras handkerchief of many faded colors.

For those who must look upon water to really live, there’s the broad Mississippi, with one whole bank topped with warehouses and lined with ships of every kind, square-riggers with their interesting tangle of cross-yards and rigging, ocean-going steamers in camouflage colors, even the old-time Mississippi steamboat still with its clumsy stern paddle-wheel, each vessel a sufficiently concrete promise of adventure to stir the blood of any two-fisted man.

Should more circumscribed marines appeal, bayous cut right into the heart of the city, tied to whose banks rest flotillas of lateen-rigged luggers, and schooners on whose bulwarks are constructed

queer lattice-work fences to accommodate enormous deck-loads of charcoal. At just about sunset, the snaky reflections in the water of the repeated masts of the luggers, are not a whit less alluring than the shadows cast in any Venetian canal.

It’s one of the saddest things, however, to realize that most of the bright picturesque spots in the world are being rapidly ironed flat, into the dull drab monotony of a purely utilitarian plane. The Mexican is giving up his silver-buttoned leathern charro clothes and bullioned sombrero, the Japanese his becoming silks and flowing lines, the Chinaman his queue—all to adopt the hideous livery of modern Europe. In the same way New Orleans, like the rest of the world, is beginning to conform, to destroy her old glories, in the pursuit of her ambition to become that artistic atrocity—an “up-to-date American city.”

But the damage has not yet been done—only commenced. Few of the lovely old buildings have yet been destroyed. There is still time, not much, but sufficient, for the right American artist, with sympathy in his touch and reverence in his heart, to preserve for future generations the full flavor and charm, the fascination and color of old New Orleans, and in the doing to give himself a claim, not only to fame, but also to the gratitude of the American people.

## WRONG NUMBER

By Meredith Nicholson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL FOSTER

I



HEY called him Wrong Number in the bank because he happened so often and was so annoying. His presence in the White River National was painful

to bookkeepers, tellers, and other practical persons connected with this financial Gibraltar, because, without having any definite assignment, he was always busy. He was carried on the rolls as a messenger, though he performed none of the duties

commonly associated with the vocation, calling, or job of a bank messenger. No one assumed responsibility for Wrong Number, not even the cashier or the first vice-president, and such rights, powers, and immunities as he enjoyed were either self-conferred or were derived from the president, Mr. Webster G. Burgess.

Wrong Number’s true appellation as disclosed by the pay-roll was Clarence E. Tibbotts, and the cynical note-teller averred that the initial stood for Elmer. A small, compact figure, fair hair, combed to onion-skin smoothness, a pinkish face



and baby-blue eyes—there was nothing in Wrong Number's appearance to arouse animosity in any but the stoniest heart. Wrong Number was polite, he was unfailingly cheerful, and when called upon to assist in one place or another he responded with alacrity, and no one had reason to complain of his efficiency. He could produce a letter from the files quicker than the regular archivist, or he could play upon the adding-machine as though it were an instrument of ten strings. No one had ever taught him anything; no one had the slightest intention of teaching him anything, and yet by imperceptible degrees, he, as a free-lance, passed through a period of mild tolerance into acceptance as a valued and useful member of the staff. In the Liberty Loan rushes that well-nigh swamped the department, Wrong Number knew the answers to all the questions that were fired through the wickets. Distracted ladies who had lost their receipts for the first payment and timidly reported this fact found Wrong Number patient and helpful. An early fear in the cages that the president had put Wrong Number into the bank as a spy upon the clerical force was dispelled when it became known that the young man did, on several occasions, conceal or connive at concealing some of those slight errors and inadvertences that happen in the best-regulated of banks. Wrong Number was an enigma, an increasing mystery, nor was he without his enjoyment of his associates' mystification.

Wrong Number's past, though veiled in mist in the White River National, may here be fully and truthfully disclosed. To understand Wrong Number one must also understand Mr. Webster G. Burgess, his discoverer and patron. In addition to being an astute and successful banker, Mr. Burgess owned a string of horses and sent them over various circuits at the usual seasons, and he owned a stock-farm of high repute, as may be learned by reference to any of the authoritative stud-books. If his discreet connection with the race-track encouraged the belief that Mr. Burgess was what is vulgarly termed a "sport," his prize-winning shorthorns in conjunction with his generous philanthropies did much to minimize the sin of the racing-stable.

Mr. Burgess "took care of his customers," a heavenly attribute in any banker, and did not harass them unnecessarily. Other bankers in town who passed the plate in church every Sunday and knew nothing of Horse might be suspicious and nervous and even disagreeable in a pinch, but Mr. Burgess's many admirers believed that he derived from his association with Horse a breadth of vision and an optimism peculiarly grateful to that considerable number of merchants and manufacturers who appreciate a liberal line of credit. Mr. Burgess was sparing of language, and his "yes" and "no" were equally pointed and final. Some of his utterances, such as a warning to the hand-shaking vice-president, "Don't bring any anæmic people into my office," were widely quoted in business circles. "This is a bank, not the sheriff's office," he remarked to a customer who was turning a sharp corner. "I've told the boys to renew your notes. Quit sobbing and get back on your job."

It was by reason of their devotion to Horse that Burgess and Wrong Number met and knew instantly that the fates had ordained the meeting. Wrong Number had grown up in the equine atmosphere of Lexington—the Lexington of the Blue Grass, and his knowledge of the rest of the world was gained from his journeys to race-meets with valuable specimens of the horse kind. Actors are not more superstitious than horsemen, and from the time he became a volunteer assistant to the stablemen on a big horse-farm the superstition gained ground among the cognoscenti that the wings of the Angel of Good Luck had brushed his tow head and that he was a mascot of superior endowment. As he transferred his allegiance from one stable to another luck followed him, and when he picked, one year, as a Derby winner the unlikeliest horse on the card and that horse galloped home an easy winner, weird and uncanny powers were conceded to Wrong Number.

Burgess had found him sitting on an upturned pail in front of the stable that housed "Lord Templeton" at six o'clock of the morning of the day the stallion strode away from a brilliant field and won an enviable prestige for the Burgess stables. Inspired by Wrong Number's confidence, Burgess had backed "Lord



Templeton" far more heavily than he had intended, and as a result was enabled to credit a small fortune to his stable account. For four seasons the boy followed

bile to pieces and put it together again. Burgess was his ideal of a gentleman, a banker, and a horseman, and he carried his idolatry to the point of imitating his



Burgess had found him sitting . . . in front of the stable that housed "Lord Templeton."—Page 550.

the Burgess string, and in winter made himself useful on the Burgess farm somewhere north of the Ohio. He showed a genius for acquiring information, and was cautious in expressing opinions; he was industrious in an unobtrusive fashion; and he knew all there is to know about the care and training of horses. Being a prophet, he saw the beginning of the end of the horse age, sniffed gasoline without resentment, and could take an automo-

benefactor in manner, dress, and speech. Finding that Wrong Number was going into town for a night course in a business college, Burgess paid the bill, and seeing that Wrong Number at twenty-two had outgrown Horse and aspired to a career in finance, Burgess took him into the bank with an injunction to the cashier to "let him run loose in the lot."

While Mrs. Burgess enjoyed the excitement and flutter of grand-stands, her



sense of humor was unequal to a full appreciation of the social charm of those gentlemen who live in close proximity to Horse. Their ways and their manners and their dialect did not, in fact, amuse her, and she entertained an utterly unwarranted suspicion that they were not respectable. It was with the gravest doubts and misgivings that she witnessed the rise of Wrong Number, who, after that young gentleman's transfer to the bank, turned up in the Burgess town-house rather frequently and had even adorned her table.

On an occasion Webster had wired her from Chicago that he couldn't get home for a certain charity concert, which she had initiated, and suggested that she commandeer Wrong Number as an escort; and as no other man of her acquaintance was able or willing to represent the shirking Webster, she did, in fact, utilize Wrong Number. She was obliged to confess that he had been of the greatest assistance to her and that but for his prompt and vigorous action the programmes, which had not been delivered at the music-hall, would never have been recovered from the theatre to which an erring messenger had carried them. Wrong Number, arrayed in evening dress, had handed her in and out of her box and made himself agreeable to three other wives of tired business men who loathed concerts and pleaded important business engagements whenever their peace was menaced by classical music. Mrs. Burgess's bitterness toward Webster for his unaccountable interest in Wrong Number was abated somewhat by these circumstances, though she concealed the fact and berated him for his desertion in an hour of need.

Webster G. Burgess was enormously entertained by his wife's social and philanthropic enterprises, and he was proud of her ability to manage things. Their two children were away at school and at such times as they dined alone at home the table was the freest confessional for her activities. She never understood why Webster evinced so much greater interest and pleasure in her reports of the battles of warring factions than in affairs that moved smoothly under her supreme direction.

"You know, Web," she began on an

evening last September, after watching her spouse thrust his fork with satisfaction into a pudding she had always found successful in winning him to an amiable mood; "you know, Web, that Mrs. Gurley hasn't the slightest sense of fitness—no tact—no delicacy!"

"You've hinted as much before," said Webster placidly. "Cleaned you up in a club election?"

"Web!" ejaculated Mrs. Burgess disdainfully. "You know perfectly well she was completely snowed under at the Women's Civic League election. Do you think after all I did to start that movement I'd let such a woman take the presidency away from me? It isn't that I *cared* for it; heaven knows I've got enough to do without that!"

"Right!" affirmed Burgess readily. "But what's she put over on you now?"

Mrs. Burgess lifted her head quickly from a scrutiny of the percolator flame.

"Put over! Don't you think I'd give her any chance to put anything over! I wouldn't have her *think* for a minute that she was in any sense a *rival*."

"No; nothing vulgar and common like that," agreed Webster.

"But that woman's got the idea that she's going to entertain all the distinguished people that come here. And the Gurleys have been here only two years and we've lived here all our lives! It's nothing to me, of course, but you know there *is* a certain dignity in being an old family, even here, and my great-grandfather was a pioneer governor, and yours was the first State treasurer, and that ought to count and always *has* counted. And the Gurleys made all their money out of tomatoes and pickles in a few years; and since they came to town they've just been *forcing* themselves everywhere."

"I'd hardly say that," commented Burgess. "There's no stone wall around this town. I was on the committee of the Chamber of Commerce that invited Gurley to move his canning factory here."

"And after *that* he was brazen enough to take his business to the Citizen!" exclaimed Mrs. Burgess.

"That wasn't altogether Gurley's fault, Gertie," replied Burgess softly.

"You don't mean, Web——"

"I mean that we could have had his account if we'd wanted it."





*Drawn by Will Foster.*

"We thought the commission would be tired of the train." Page 558.



"Well, I'm glad we're under no obligations to carry them round."

"We're not, if that's the way you see it. But Mrs. Gurley wears pretty good clothes," he suggested, meditatively removing the wrapper from his cigar.

"Webster Burgess, it can't be possible that you *mean* ——"

"I mean that she's smartly set up. You've got to hand it to her, particularly for hats."

"You never see what I wear! You haven't paid the slightest attention to anything I've worn for ten years! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! That woman buys all her clothes in New York, every stitch and feather, and they cost five times what I spend. With the war and everything, I don't feel that it's *right* for a woman to spread herself on clothes. You know you said yourself we ought to economize, and I discharged Marie and cut down the household bills. And Marie was worth the fifty dollars a month I paid her for the cleaner's bills she saved me."

Mrs. Burgess was at all times difficult to tease, and Webster was conscious that he had erred grievously in broaching the matter of Mrs. Gurley's apparel, which had never interested him a particle. He listened humbly as Mrs. Burgess gave a detailed account of her expenditures for raiment for several years, and revealed what she had never meant to tell him, that out of her personal allowance she was caring for eight French orphans in addition to the dozen she had told him about.

"Well, you're a mighty fine girl, Gertie. You know I think so."

The tears in Mrs. Burgess's eyes made necessary some more tangible expression of his affection than this, so he walked round and kissed her, somewhat to the consternation of the darky butler who at that moment appeared to clear the table.

"As to money," he continued when they had reached the living-room, "I got rid of some stock I thought was a dead one the other day, and I meant to give you a couple of thousand. You may consider it's yours for clothes or orphans or anything you like."

She murmured her gratitude as she took up her knitting, but he saw that the wound caused by his ungallant reference to Mrs. Gurley's wardrobe had not been healed by a kiss and two thousand dollars. Ger-

trude Worthington Burgess was a past mistress of the art of extracting from any such situation its fullest potentialities of compensation. And Webster knew as he fumbled the evening newspaper that before he departed for the meeting of the War Chest Committee that demanded his presence down-town at eight o'clock he must make it easy for her to pour out her latest grievances against Mrs. Gurley. He is a poor husband who hasn't learned the value of the casual approach. To all outward appearances he had forgotten Mrs. Gurley and for that matter Mrs. Burgess as well when, without looking up from the government estimate of the winter-wheat acreage, he remarked with a perfectly feigned absent air:

"By the way, Gertie, you started to say something about that Gurley woman. Been breaking into your fences somewhere?"

"If I thought you would be interested, Web——"

This on both sides was mere routine, a part of the accepted method, the established technic of mollification.

"Of course, I want to hear it," said Webster, throwing the paper down and planting himself at ease before her with his back to the fire.

"I don't want you to think me unkind or unjust, Web, but there are *some* things, you know!"

He admitted encouragingly that there were indeed some things and bade her go on.

"Well, what made me very indignant was the way that woman walked off with the Italian countess who was here last week to speak to our Red Cross workers. You know I wired Senator Saybrook to extend an invitation to the countess to come to our house, and he wrote me that he had called on her at the Italian Embassy and she had accepted; and then, when the countess came and I went to the station to meet her, Mrs. Gurley was there all dressed up and carried her off to her house. For sheer impudence, Web, that beat anything I ever heard of. Every one *knows* our home is always open and it had been in the papers that we were to entertain the Countess Paretti. It was not only a reflection on me, Web, but on you as well. And, of course, the poor countess wasn't to blame, with all





"It's the best party you ever pulled off."—Page 550.

the hurry and confusion at the station, and she didn't know me from Adam; and Mrs. Gurley simply captured her—it was really a case of the most shameless kidnapping—and hurried her into her limousine and took her right off to her house!"

"Well, after the time you'd spent thinking up Italian dishes for the lady to consume, I should say that the spaghetti was on us," said Burgess, recalling with relief that the countess's failure to honor his home had released him for dinner with a British aviator who had proved to be a very amusing and interesting person. "I meant to ask you how the Gurleys got

into the sketch. It was a contemptible thing to do, all right. No wonder you're bitter about it. I'll cheerfully punch Gurley's head if that'll do any good."

"What I've been thinking about, Web, is this," said Mrs. Burgess meditatively. "You know there's an Illyrian delegation coming to town, a special envoy of some of the highest civil and military officials of poor war-swept Illyria. And I heard this afternoon that the Gurleys mean to carry them all to their house for luncheon when the train arrives Thursday at noon, just before Governor Windridge receives them at the State-house, where there's to



be a big public meeting. The Gurleys have had their old Congressman from Taylorville extend the invitation in Washington and, of course, the Illyrians wouldn't *know*, Web."

"They would not," said Webster. "The fame of our domestic cuisine probably hasn't reached Illyria, and the delegation would be sure to form a low opinion of Western victualling if they fed at the Gurleys. The Gurleys probably think it a chance to open up a new market for their well-known Eureka brand of cat-sup in Illyria after the war."

"Don't be absurd!" admonished Mrs. Burgess.

"I'm not absurd; I'm indignant," Webster averred. "Put your cards on the table and let's have a look. What you want to do, Gertie, is to hand the Gurleys one of their own sour pickles. I sympathize fully with your ambition to retaliate. I'll go further than that," he added with a covert glance at the clock; "I'll see what I can do to turn the trick!"

"I don't see *how* it can be done without doing something we can't stoop to do," replied Mrs. Burgess with a hopeful quaver in her voice.

"We must do no stooping," Webster agreed heartily. "It would be far from us to resort to the coarse kidnapping tactics of the Gurleys. And, of course, you can't go to the mat with Mrs. Gurley in the train-shed. A rough-and-tumble scrap right there before the Illyrians would be undignified, and give 'em a quaint notion of the social habits of the corn-belt. But gently and firmly to guide the Illyrian commissioners to our humble home, throw 'em a luncheon, show 'em the family album and after the shouting at the State-house give 'em a whirl to the Art Institute, and walk 'em through the Illyrian Relief rooms, where a pretty little Illyrian girl dressed in her native costume would hand 'em flowers—that's the ticket."

"Oh, Web, you are always so helpful when you want to be! That's the most beautiful idea about the flowers. And perhaps a *group* of Illyrian children would do some folk-dances! I'm sure the visitors would be deeply touched by that."

"It would certainly make a hit," said Webster, feeling that he was once more rehabilitated in his wife's affections and

confidence. "You say the Gurleys' publicity agent has already gazetted their hospitable designs? Excellent. The more advance-work they do on the job the better. We'll give a jar to the pickles—that's the game. Did you get that, Gertie? Pickles—a jar of pickles; a jar to the pickle industry?"

"I was thinking," said Mrs. Burgess, with a far-away look in her eyes, "how charming the folk-dances would be and I must see the settlement-house superintendent about choosing just the right children. But, Web, is it *possible* to do this so *no one* will know?"

"Don't worry about that," he assured her. "Arrange your luncheon and do it right. I've heard somewhere that a great delicacy in Illyria is broiled grasshoppers, or maybe it's centipedes. Better look that up to be sure not to poison our faithful ally. You'd better whisper to Mrs. Windridge that you'll want the governor, but tell her it's to meet a prison reformer or a Congo missionary; Windridge is keen on those lines. Ask a few pretty girls and look up the Illyrian religion, and get a bishop to suit."

"But you haven't told me how you *mean* to do it, Web. Of course, we must be *careful*——"

"Careful!" repeated Burgess, shaking himself into his top-coat in the hall-door. "My real name is discretion! You needn't worry about that part of it. The whole business will be taken care of; dead or alive, you shall have the Illyrians."

## II

WRONG NUMBER, locked up in the directors' room of the White River National, studied time-tables and maps, and newspaper clippings bearing upon the Western pilgrimage of the Illyrian Commission. In fifty words Webster G. Burgess had transferred to his shoulders full responsibility for producing the Illyrians in the Burgess home, warning him it must be done with all dignity and circumspection.

"That's for expenses," said Burgess, handing him a roll of bills. This job isn't a bank transaction—you get me? It's strictly a social event."

Wrong Number betrayed no perturbation as the president stated the case. Matters of delicacy had been confided to



him before by his patron—the study of certain horses he thought of buying and wished an honest report on; the cautious sherlocking of a country-town customer who was flying higher than his credit; the disposal of the stock of an automobile manufacturer whose business had jumped ahead of his capital—such tasks as these Wrong Number had performed to the entire satisfaction of his employer.

In a new fall suit built by Burgess's tailor, with a green stripe instead of a blue to differentiate it from the president's latest, and with a white carnation in his lapel (Mrs. Burgess provided a pink one for Web every morning), Wrong Number brooded over this new problem for two days before he became a man of action.

His broad democracy made him a familiar visitor in cigar-stands, billiard-parlors, sporting-goods emporiums, soft-drink bars, and cheap hotels where one encounters horsemen, expert trap-shooters, pugilists, bookmakers, and other agreeable characters never met in fashionable clubs. After much thought he chose as his co-conspirator, Peterson, a big Swede, to whom he had advanced money with which to open a Turkish bath. As the bath was flourishing, the Swede welcomed an opportunity to express his gratitude to one he so greatly admired; and besides, he still owed Wrong Number two hundred dollars.

"I want a coupla guys that will look right in tall hats," said Wrong Number. "You'll do for one; you'll make up fine for the Illyrian Minister of Foreign Affairs—he's a tall chap; you'll see from that picture of the bunch being received at the New York City Hall. Then you want a little wizened cuss who won't look like an undertaker in a frock coat to stand for the Minister of Finance. We need four more to complete the string and they gotta have uniforms. Comic-opera hats with feathers—you can't make 'em too fancy."

The Swede nodded. The Uniform Rank of the Order of the Golden Buck, of which he was a prominent member, could provide the very thing.

"And I gotta have one real Illyrian to speak the language to the delegation."

"What's the matter with Bensaris who runs a candy-shop near where I live? He's the big squeeze among 'em."

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"We'll go down and see him. Remember, he don't need to know anything; just do what I tell him. There's a hundred in this for you, Pete, if you pull it right; expenses extra."

"The cops might pinch us," suggested Peterson warily. "And what you goin' to do about the mayor? It says in the papers that the mayor meets the outfit at the Union Station."

"If the cops ask the countersign tell 'em you turned out to meet the remains of a deceased brother. And don't worry about the mayor. He's been over the Grand Circuit with me and brought his money home in a trunk."

He drew a memorandum-book from his pocket and set down the following items:

Pete. 2 plug hats; 4 uni.

Band.

Bensaris.

Mayor.

Five touring-cars.

"The honor, it is too much!" pleaded Bensaris when Wrong Number and Peterson had told him all it was necessary for him to know, at a little table in the rear of his shop. "But in the day's paper my daughter read me their Excellencies be met at the Union Station; the arrange' have been change'?"

"The papers are never right," declared Wrong Number. "And you don't need to tell 'em anything."

"A lady, Mees Burgett, she come here to arrange all Illyrians go to Relief office to sing the songs of my countree. My daughter, she shall dance and hand flowers to their Excellencies!" cried Bensaris beaming.

"The Bensaris family will be featured right through the bill," said Wrong Number.

"You are too much kind," insisted Bensaris. "It is for the mayor you make the arrange'?"

"I represent the financial interests of our city," Wrong Number replied. "You want to go the limit in dressing up the automobiles; make 'em look like Fourth o' July in your native O'Learyo. Where do we doll 'em up, Pete?"

The garage of a friend in the next block



would serve admirably and Peterson promised to co-operate with Bensaris in doing the job properly.

"Tail-coat and two-gallon hat for Mr. Bensaris," said Wrong Number. "Pete, you look after that." He pressed cash upon Mr. Bensaris and noted the amount in his book. "We'll call it a heat," he said, and went up-town to pilot Mr. Webster G. Burgess to a ten-round match for points, between two local amateurs, that was being pulled off behind closed doors in an abandoned skating-rink.

### III

THE Illyrian Commission had just breakfasted when their train reached Farrington on the State-line, where the mayor of the capital city, Mr. Clarence E. Tibbotts, *alias* Wrong Number, and Mr. Zoloff Bensaris, all in shining hats, boarded the train.

Having studied the portraits of the distinguished Illyrians in a Sunday supplement provided by Mr. Tibbotts, Mr. Bensaris effected the introductions without an error, and having been carefully coached by the same guide, he did not handle his hat as though it were a tray of chocolate-sundaes. The kindness of the mayor and his associates in coming so far to meet the commission deeply touched the visitors. The fourth assistant secretary of state, who was doing the honors for the American Government, heard without emotion of the slight changes in the programme.

"We thought the commission would be tired of the train," explained Wrong Number, who was relieved to find that his cutaway was of the same vintage as the fourth assistant secretary's. "So we get off at the first stop this side of town and motor in."

"Luncheon at Mr. Gurley's," said the secretary consulting a sheaf of telegrams.

"Had to change that, too," said Wrong Number carelessly; "they have scarlet fever at the Gurleys'. The Webster G. Burgesses will throw the luncheon."

The secretary made a note of the change and thrust his papers into his pocket. Mr. Tibbotts handed round his cigarette-case, a silver trinket bearing "Lord Templeton's" head in enamel relief, a Christmas gift from Mr. Webster

G. Burgess, and joined in a discussion of the morning's news from the Eastern front, where the Illyrian troops were acquitting themselves with the highest credit.

When the suburban villas of Ravenswood began to dance along the windows, Mr. Tibbotts marshalled his party and as they stepped from the private car a band struck up the Illyrian national hymn. Several dozen students from the near-by college who chanced to be at the station raised a cheer. As the Illyrians were piloted across the platform to the fleet of waiting automobiles, the spectators were interested in the movements of another party—a party fully as distinguished in appearance—that emerged from the station and tripped briskly into a sleeper farther along in the train that had discharged the Illyrians. Here, too, were silk hats upon two sober-looking gentlemen who could hardly be other than statesmen, and uniforms of great splendor upon four stalwart forms, with topping plumes waving blithely in the autumn air. And out of the corner of his eye Mr. Clarence E. Tibbotts, just seating himself in a big touring-car, between the fourth assistant secretary of state and the Illyrian minister of finance, saw Peterson's work, and knew that it was good.

The procession swept into town at a lively clip, set by the driver of the first car, that bore the mayor and the minister of foreign affairs, which was driven by a victor of many motor speed-trials, carefully chosen by Wrong Number for this important service. The piquant flavor of Wrong Number's language as he pointed out objects of interest amused the American secretary, much bored in his pilgrimages by the solemnities of reception committees; but it served also to convince the Illyrian minister of finance of the inadequacy of his own English.

Lusty cheering greeted the party as it moved slowly through the business district. When the Illyrian minister and the fourth secretary lifted their hats Wrong Number kept time with them; he enjoyed lifting his hat. He enjoyed also a view of half a dozen clerks on the steps of the White River National, who cheered deliriously as they espied their associate, and hastened within to spread the news of his latest exploit through the cages.

It is fortunate that Mr. Tibbotts had



taken the precaution to plant a motion-picture camera opposite the Burgess home, for otherwise the historical student of the future might be puzzled to find that the first edition of the *Evening Journal* of that day showed the Illyrian delegation passing through the gates of the Union Station, with a glimpse of Mrs. Arnold D. Gurley handing a large bouquet of roses to a tall gentleman who was not in fact the Illyrian minister of foreign affairs but the proprietor of Peterson's bath-parlors. The *Journal* suppressed its pictures in later editions, and printed without illustrations an excellent account of the reception of the Illyrians at Ravenswood and of the luncheon, from facts furnished by Mr. Tibbotts, who stood guard at the door of the Burgess home while the function was in progress.

Who ate Mrs. Gurley's luncheon is a moot question in the select circles of the capital city. Peterson and his party might have enjoyed the repast had not the proprietor of the bath-parlors, after accepting Mrs. Gurley's bouquet at the station-gates, vanished with his accomplices in the general direction of the lodge-room of the Order of the Golden Buck.

When foolish reporters tried to learn at the City Hall why the mayor had changed without warning the plans for the reception, that official referred them to the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, who in turn directed the inquirers to the governor's office; and the governor, having been properly instructed by his wife, knew nothing whatever about it.

As the Burgesses were reviewing the incidents of the day at dinner that evening, Mrs. Burgess remarked suddenly:

"Now that it's all over, Web, do you think it was quite fair, really *right*?"

"You mean," asked Webster huskily, "that you're not satisfied with the way it was handled?"

"Oh, not that! But it was almost *too* complete; and poor Mrs. Gurley must be horribly humiliated."

"Crushed, I should say," remarked Webster cheerfully. "This ought to hold her for a while."

"But that fake delegation you had at the station to deceive Mrs. Gurley——"

"I beg your pardon," Webster interrupted. "I assure you I had nothing to do with it."

"Well, all I *know* is that just before dinner Mrs. Windridge called me up and said the governor had just telephoned her that Mrs. Gurley tried to *kiss* the hand of some man she took for the Illyrian minister of foreign affairs as he went through the station-gates. And the man is nothing but a rubber in a Turkish bath. You *wouldn't* have played such a trick as that, Web, would you?"

"No, dear, I would not. For one thing, I wouldn't have been smart enough to think it up."

"And you know, Web, I shouldn't want you to think me mean and envious and jealous. I'm not really that way; you know I'm not. And of course if I'd thought you'd really bring the Illyrians here, I should never have mentioned it at all."

Webster passed his hand across his brow in bewilderment. At moments when he thought he was meeting the most exacting requirements of the marital relationship it was enormously disturbing to find himself defeated.

"Your luncheon was a great success; the talk at the table was wonderful; and the girls you brought in made a big hit. It's the best party you ever pulled off," he declared warmly.

"I'm glad you think so," she said slowly, giving him her direct gaze across the table, "but there were one or two things I didn't *quite* like, Web. It seemed to me your young friend Tibbotts was a little *too* conspicuous. I'm surprised that you let him come to the house. You couldn't—you *wouldn't* have let him *know* how the Illyrians came here! He really seemed to assume full charge of the party, and in the drawing-room he was flirting outrageously with pretty Lois Hubbard, and kept her giggling when I'd asked her *specially* to be nice to the fourth assistant secretary, who's a bachelor, you know. And if Mrs. Hubbard *knew* we had introduced Lois to a boy from the race-track——"

"It would be awful," said Webster with one of the elusive grins that always baffled her.

"What would be awful?" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing! I was thinking of Wrong Number, and what a blow it would be if I should lose him. I must remember to raise his salary in the morning."



# THE COLLEGE MAN IN ACTION

By Paul van Dyke

Director American University Union, Paris



HE college man in action not only helped to beat the German, but he has utterly routed his old enemies at home. For the college man has had his enemies at home—I mean he has suffered from criticisms so unreasonable and unjust as to betray that their origin was inveterate hostile prejudice.

These criticisms were of two sorts: The first kind is illustrated by the story of the machine politician of one of our smaller New England cities who, soon after the triumph of a certain reform, said in disgust: "The game of politics is no good any more, everywhere you turn you run up against one of these damned college men." The other sort of hostile criticism of the American college man was not that the college man took a part in public affairs which were not his business. Quite the contrary, there were a certain number of people hostile to college education and its results simply because they chose to assume, without ever examining the facts, that a college education unfitted and indisposed men to take an efficient part in the practical affairs of life.

These criticisms were directed not against any particular faults in the education given by our colleges. They were much deeper and declared that the graduate was entirely incapable of practical work because the habits he had contracted as an undergraduate made him incapable of it. In other words, this hostile attack, which can hardly be called criticism, asserted that the young college man was made soft and incompetent by his college education.

An examination of the solid facts of the careers of eminent men in all branches of effort demonstrated the falsity of this hostile assumption. For example, our last three Presidents were graduated respectively from Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. Nevertheless, these hostile attacks had some effect on the public

mind, and the falsehood that the honor men of colleges never amount to anything afterward in life—a statement which has been demonstrated to be absolutely contrary to the facts—had entirely too much weight even among college men themselves.

Those of us who really know the college boy have been perfectly aware of his faults, for we have been spending our lives trying to correct them. Perhaps the most noticeable is idleness. The college boy takes very often the pose of a certain pride in being as idle as he conveniently can. This is really the tendency of at least nine men out of ten of all sorts and conditions. Only the average man conceals what it has been the mode among young men in colleges to parade. The college lad is also exceedingly careless, as ninety-nine out of a hundred men of all sorts and conditions are. But life off the campus tends to repress carelessness because it brings, in the rough, rude world, loss and pain. Those who knew him, however, were always sure that under these faults there was a solid foundation of admirable manly character, that he knew more than he sometimes seemed to know, and that beneath many of the habits of a boy he concealed the strength of a man. And those of his old friends who know the attitude he took at the beginning of this war and his conduct up to the end of it have our grateful admiration touched by a human "I told you so" sort of feeling, because the young men we have so thoroughly believed in have more than justified our belief. If ever any set of young men in the world have proved that they were neither soft nor incompetent, our college boys, thousands of whom left the campus and within a few months were leading their men against the German machine-guns, have proved it.

The thing most to be feared among the large number of young college men, who received a commission after a few months'



training, was the carelessness which had undoubtedly existed in a life where they had the privileges of men without their responsibilities. It was something of a question what these young fellows, many of whom had never even had to pay their own bills, would do when there was put into their hands full responsibility for the welfare and the life of from fifty to two hundred and fifty men.

My own conclusion, based on conversations with a large number of these young college officers is that they were anxious about the condition of their men, very proud of their conduct and quite conscious of their responsibility for them. It was very rare to come across one who did not show by his bearing and talk that he fully understood what it meant to do his duty as an officer and a gentleman. I have no means of examining facts, but I venture to express the opinion that among the comparatively small number of officers who have been guilty of conduct in service which has required the severe discipline they have received on the ground that they showed a lack of sense of responsibility unbecoming in the commanders of men, there has been an infinitesimally small percentage of college men.

That the college man was able to hold his own in comparison with other men in the profession of a soldier is abundantly proved by the very large percentage of them who have risen either from the ranks to a commission or from one commission grade to another. I know one case of a rise in the field from a second lieutenant to colonel. I know another from private to captain.

Perhaps the most notable quality about the college man in action has been that he insisted on being considered not as a college man, but as a man. He claimed no privilege, but wherever he was put into the game he played it for all he was worth, and his comrades who had enjoyed less chances than he had never had reason to suspect that he had any consciousness of it.

The only privilege he asked was the privilege of using to the full any talent he possessed, and of getting into the game as quickly as possible. The only laments over the armistice I have heard were the

laments of young officers of my acquaintance who had been robbed by it of the chance to prove by actual experience their willingness to face hideous discomfort, pain, and death. I remember very well, for instance, a strapping non-commissioned officer whom I met just behind the lines, and how plainly the care and pride with which he brought the men of his platoon to introduce them to me manifested the good-fellowship which existed between him and them. He was in line, as he told me afterward, for a commission for the same reason which had given him his rank of first sergeant: proved capacity. But he was not trying to make any capital among his fellows out of the fact that he had better social rank and better army prospects than they had.

Another characteristic of the college man in action, is that he did not change his habitual good humor. I have seen men arrive back from the lines, eaten with vermin from head to foot, without a bath for five weeks, having slept in their uniform in the rain under the open sky night after night, with all their baggage lost or stolen, but I have never heard grumbling nor seen flinching. I have known gassed men, or men convalescent from wounds, bothering the surgeons in the hospital almost to death trying to get permission to go back to the discomforts of the field before they were fit to go, and all this with the same undying chaffing good humor we know so well in the campus.

The college boy in action also preserved the characteristic which has sometimes been the cause of his being misjudged; that is to say, his habit of concealing his real attitude and his real motives. Many undergraduates, particularly young undergraduates, have a curious air of seeming to be a little ashamed of trying to take seriously the real object of their college life, which is the development of their minds. They do not like to make profession of serious intention lest they should be suspected of posing, but many of them undoubtedly rather like to pose the other way. This same habit they carried over into facing the terrible business of war. Thus people who did not know him, were in danger of forming the mistaken judgment that the young college man went



into the war from a boyish love of adventure and without a real understanding of the terrible dangers he was facing. To say this is to show a crass ignorance of psychological facts. The college man of any age went into the war because he thought his country needed him, because he believed in the cause for which he was fighting. They rarely talked of the danger before them, but they were perfectly conscious of it. The phrase they used before the fighting began to a man who had got into a regiment was significant: "Well, John, I hear you have got your one-trip ticket to France."

This characteristic of reticence about their consciousness of danger was particularly noticeable in the case of aviators, among whose ranks there was an unusually large proportion of college men. Flying in fighting-machines, even when they are not fighting, is a dangerous game; a large number of men gave their lives for their country when practising it before ever having entered into combat. Every aviation-field has a row of graves alongside. It contains the bodies of young lads who in the formal judgment of their officers died "in the course of duty." One day when I was in a large aviation-camp, two men in two separate machines were thus killed, through no fault of their own, the same afternoon. In this camp there were eight fields for different stages of learning to fly, and they were numbered from one to eight. The boys habitually spoke of the graveyard as number nine. For the lads who went into aviation had made up their minds that their lives, for one reason or another, would probably be short. But they were not in the habit of talking about these dangers to outsiders or showing in their conduct any consciousness that they would probably die within a year. It would have been perfectly easy for any person unskilled in young men to draw the false inference that they were entirely unconscious of the imminence of death.

Another thing is very manifestly true of our college men, though I think it is equally true of all officers and men in our army whether college men or not: they all hate war, and in consequence they dislike everything connected with war. Practically none of them liked war when

they went into it, and they have had to overcome natural instinctive feelings in order to learn to be soldiers.

For example, the idea of using the bayonet was particularly distasteful to most of the young college men with whom I talked in America before they came to France. I believe that some natural repugnance existed among our troops as a mass. Yet every officer with whom I talked spoke of the readiness and eagerness of his men to charge with the bayonet. Scores of officers have told me that the only difficulty they ever had with a platoon, company, battalion, or regiment was to hold them back and stop them from trying to make too long advances. I have it from officer after officer out of his actual experience that the Germans would not stand up to our men with the bayonet, and one older man, with the habit of careful observation, told me he had seen numbers of German dead, killed by the bayonet, but had never been able to find on the field of battle a single American killed by the bayonet. This seems to me a prerogative instance of the triumph of will, reason, and the sense of duty over the repugnance of natural instincts which must have been, from what I saw before I left America, particularly great among college men.

I remember one of my students, a young man of the utmost refinement of spirit, whom I asked: "What branch of the service will you choose?" He said: "The infantry." "Why?" "Because I believe this war must be settled by dirty work with the bayonet. I hate the thought of it, but I want to take my share of the dirty work." The gallant lad who insisted on going into the ranks, and was commissioned almost in spite of himself, died heroically in the south bank of the Marne helping to stem the German rush across the river. The official report said that in the immediate vicinity of his dead body and that of the enlisted man who fell beside him, there were eleven dead Germans.

Those people who feared that war would breed among any class of our American young men, college men or others, a military spirit or a love for war, may lay aside their fears. If you want to meet people who hate war with a deadly hate,



talk now with officers and men of our army who have been in France. Those who have had no chance to take their share in the terrible business may have a sense of disappointment that it is over before they could prove themselves in it, but those who have been in it hate it; though they would have fought to the last man rather than end it in any other way than by a complete triumph of righteousness and liberty. The real pacifists, although they do not bear the name, those who believe that the only things for which war can be made are justice, liberty, and peace, will receive an enormous reinforcement from the American army on its return home.

If there is anything in this article which seems to suggest that college men expect any special consideration for what they

were able to do, either as officers or in the ranks, for their country and for the liberty of the world, it is unintentional. They have tried to play their part not as college men but as men, not holding themselves in any way separated from their fellows of the simplest grade of education. They have claimed no privilege whatever, except the privilege of taking the largest possible share of the hardships and dangers of war.

It seems to me that this great experience must have brought to the college men and, indeed, to all sorts and conditions of men in our army, a new sense of the fundamental truth of real democracy; which means equality of duties. It can hardly fail to produce a new feeling of the brotherhood of men, and a new desire for fellowship with all right-thinking men.

## THE TRAFFICKER

By A. Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATED (FRONTISPIECE) BY T. K. HANNA



LOOKED at the portrait, at the picture beneath it of the brig *Diana*, ploughing her way seaward under billowing sail, and then at my grandfather.

"No," I said, "I never heard the story. I've often wanted to know what really happened."

"There's no reason why you shouldn't—now. You're a grown lad."

He limped over to a wing chair set by one of the long windows of the library in the old house on Walnut Street, leaned his white head on his hand, and stared ruminantly out at the garden.

"That portrait," he began suddenly with a lifting of the hand toward the wall, "is the portrait of my great-uncle David Buell—your great-great-great-uncle, Templeton, founder of the house of Buell & Co., New York and Paris. And that"—motioning to the picture of the scudding ship—"was the famous *Diana*, Captain Pym. Uncle David had it painted

in the early days, when she was first sent out in the China trade. It was in the *Diana* that his wife—but you shall have the story.

"I saw him first at morning prayers. They had sent me to bed early the night before, and I knew nothing of what was going forward until black Mahala woke me the next morning with the usual admonition to hurry with my dressing and go down to the library for prayers, where my grandfather and my cousin, Henry Buell, were waiting for me. Henry was a handsome, high-spirited lad of fifteen then, five years my senior and an orphan like myself. We lived in this old house here in Louisville, with our grandfather, Judge Nathaniel Buell.

"I was sidling noiselessly into the room, conscious of being late, when I was suddenly arrested by the sight of an immense, gray-haired, stern-visaged man seated beside my grandfather. I stood stock-still in the middle of the room, staring impolitely at the unfamiliar presence,



until recalled sharply to my senses by my grandfather's voice.

"Templeton, hark ye! Have ye lost your manners? 'Tis your grand-uncle David Buell, arrived last night from New York. Shake hands with him, boy!"

"I hastily achieved my best obeisance, received a brief, uninterested glance from Uncle David, my grandfather opened the family Bible with an extra flourish, and we composed ourselves as best we could to listen to the morning lesson. But I was sorely distracted. My eyes and my thoughts kept wandering to Grand-uncle David sitting on the opposite side of the room. As at a great distance, my grandfather's voice rumbled to me:

"The burden of Tyre . . . she is a mart of nations . . . whose antiquity is of ancient days . . . whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth. . . . The Lord of hosts hath purposed it to—' My grandfather stopped reading suddenly, shut the Bible, and sank to his knees.

"I didn't hear a word of his prayer—my mind was occupied with the Scriptures my grandfather had just read. Old Isaiah had been writing about men like my great-uncle, I reflected in astonishment. *He* was a 'merchant prince' and a 'trafficker,' one of the 'honorable of the earth.' But what was it the Lord purposed to do to such? What was it my grandfather had started to read? Unfortunately he had stopped at the most interesting moment. I sighed as I rose from my aching knees, balked in my childish speculations.

"At breakfast I had a good opportunity of studying my great-uncle David. He sat opposite me at table, facing the big east window through which a shaft of bright morning light struck full on his gray hair and forceful, unhandsome face. He ignored Henry and myself and talked business uninterruptedly with my grandfather, whose affairs were disposed of in short order. Child as I was, I knew that his worldly achievement cut but a poor figure in comparison with the blatant, spectacular business triumphs of my grand-uncle David. *His* talk was all of the Spanish main, of cargoes from the West Indies, of argosies winged to foreign ports with smooth, strange-sounding names that fell

on my childish ears like molten gold. I looked at my purse-proud, determined uncle and fell to dreaming of pirate ships, of bloody decks and fierce sea-fights. I wondered, with a leap of the heart, if in the closed, dark chambers of his great New York house there were not stored kegs of yellow Spanish pieces and barrels of pearls and diamonds and rubies filched from sunken, white-masted ships. . . . As I listened to the sound of his voice I thought that it seemed to take on the metallic ring of gold and silver. . . .

"He had never married. Love had formed no part in the scheme of life of this man, who, tight-fisted and implacable, had fought his way up the ladder of success until he stood at a dizzy eminence. Family affection he had none.

"I'm establishing a new line of packets between the island of Jamaica and New Orleans. It was necessary for me to see my agents in New Orleans. The shortest way from New York to New Orleans is through Louisville, down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers,' he announced briefly.

"So it was not owing to affection for your only brother or for these children of my two dead sons, that you came, David?' asked my grandfather a little bitterly.

"I'm a busy man, Nat,' returned my uncle, shrugging his broad shoulders.

"You're a cold-blooded money-getter, David,' retorted my grandfather. 'Why don't you marry and open your heart to softening influences? Some day nature will have her revenge. You'll want a wife and you won't be able to get her. Young women don't want to marry old men, and old men are fools to marry young women.'

"Bah! who's talking of marriage? Not I—but if I should decide to marry I'll get the woman I want—never fear! Money can buy everything.'

"Except love!' Henry's boyish treble rang out unexpectedly.

"What do you know about love, boy?' Uncle David swung about in his chair and stared contemptuously at Henry for a second; then, heaving an immense shoulder away from him, turned back to my grandfather.

"The boy's right. And to what end is all this amassing of wealth, David?"



asked my grandfather gravely. 'You have no child to leave your riches to.'

"My uncle's heavy eyebrows drew together in a frown. 'I've thought of that,' he said briefly. Suddenly he swung about again and looked at Henry.

"'When you are older, boy, would you like to come to me and learn to be a great merchant, or are you all for the law, like your grandfather?' He waved a somewhat contemptuous hand in the direction of his brother.

"'I—I had meant to be a judge, like grandfather,' said Henry bravely, 'but I think now, sir, I would rather own ships and sail the seas.'

"My great-uncle threw back his head and laughed loudly.

"'There's something to you then, boy, after all.' He turned to my grandfather. 'He's a smart lad, I take it. Perhaps I shall send for him later to learn the business. How about it, Nat—will you let him go?'

"'If he wishes to,' said my grandfather quietly.

"I felt a spasm of jealousy surge up within me. No one ever paid any attention to my plain, uninteresting self when Henry was about.

"'Perhaps I shall send for you, boy—who knows?' said Uncle David again, laying a big hand on my cousin's thin young shoulder. Then he turned to my grandfather and began once more talking of the wonders of the sea trade of this country, the greatness of its merchant princes, the power of gold.

"We listened in fascinated silence. It was with difficulty that Henry and I tore ourselves away and set out for Mr. Snethen's Gentlemen's Academy. When we hurried back in the afternoon we found, to our unspeakable chagrin, that Uncle David had gone. He had disappeared as quickly and as completely as he had come. Enchantment had fled; flat reality had descended upon us once more. The conjurer had shut up his box of tricks; the lights were out.

"We didn't see him again for five years.

"During all that time he hardly gave a sign of life. We heard, vicariously, of his enormous successes, attested now and then by costly foreign presents—cabinets of teakwood inlaid with shimmering

mother-of-pearl, puncheons of Jamaica rum, and carved bibelots of jade and ivory that smelled mysteriously of spices and Oriental perfumes. And then, suddenly, one morning there came a short letter from him announcing his arrival in a few days and leaving us to conjecture the cause of his unexpected visit. We were all three of a mind that it was to take Henry away with him, and it was therefore with unalloyed astonishment that we heard instead, on his arrival, the news of his approaching marriage.

"'I'm going to take your advice, Nat,' he said to my grandfather. 'My big house needs a mistress, my fortune an heir. She's the daughter of an English planter at Spanish Town—Miss Victoria Milnor. She's nineteen years old, and she's got spirit—rides a horse like a boy. There's something fearless, untamed, about her that bewitches a man. Proud as the devil, too—her father's the younger son of a great house, and her English pride of race fits her beauty rarely well.'

"'And how will you wear this rich jewel, David?' asked my grandfather gloomily. My uncle shot him a piercing glance.

"'What I have I can keep,' he said in his hard, even voice. 'Is it likely that the man who is master of thirty sailing-vessels, whose cargoes go east and west, north and south, whose name is known from Canton to Port-au-Prince, cannot hold one weak woman?' and he closed his big hand as though crushing in his fierce grasp something precious and elusive.

"'You can only hold a woman by love, David,' said my grandfather. 'Are you going to bring your bride back this way so we may know her?'

"'No. We sail from Spanish Town for the port of New York. I'm sorry you won't see her, Nat. I'd be willing to bet you a cargo of malvoisie against one of your musty law-books that you'd tell me she's the handsomest young creature you ever set eyes on.'

"There was an air of gallantry, a heavy, belated eagerness, about him that sat incongruously on the stern old man and rather shocked both Henry and myself. I think it shocked my grandfather, too.



"‘Are you in love with her?’ he asked in a curious voice, turning suddenly to Uncle David.

"‘He had the grace to redden slightly. ‘Love her? What do I know of love? I shan’t let her make a fool of me, if that’s what you mean. But I can afford luxuries. I’m a rich man, Nat. I want the best of everything and I mean to get it. Money can get it. Her father and I came to an understanding quickly enough,’ and he shrugged his shoulders again after his foreign fashion.

"‘That’s not the way—not the way,’ murmured my grandfather in a troubled voice.

"‘It’s my way,’ retorted my uncle in his hard voice, and flinging himself out of his chair he moved toward the door.

"‘I must be getting off. I take the steamer *Natchez*, Captain Caleb. She starts at five.’ He turned to me. ‘Ring the bell, Templeton, and have one of the black boys bring down my travelling-bag.’

"In a few minutes Cyrenius had brought down my uncle’s big portmanteau, and at four o’clock precisely the coach drew up at the door, my uncle entered it, and we waved him a farewell from the steps as he rolled away. And so, once more, Great-uncle David passed out of our lives.

"The next four years were busy years for us. Henry settled down to the study of law in grandfather’s office, though he made no pretension to liking it. I entered the Transylvania College, but after a couple of years of it I left and went into the tobacco firm of Imrie & Dumesnoy, meaning to become a merchant, as I had no more inclination for the law than Henry—much to my grandfather’s distress.

"As for my uncle David, we heard but little of him. Now and then a brief letter would come, bitter with the sting of some loss. It seemed as though the fickle goddess Fortuna had suddenly deserted her arrogant favorite. Now it was the *Hawk*, in the Mediterranean trade, gone to the bottom in a heavy gale off the Azores. Now the failure of the great wine house of Miguel Silva at Oporto, a large amount of whose paper my uncle held. Twice the *Commercial Gazetteer* brought us news of disasters that had befallen him—first an

account of the *Enterprise* aground on the Dry Tortugas, her rich cargo of sugar, fustic, and Rio coffee a complete loss; and six months later the news of the great fire that swept his warehouses at Spanish Town, destroying the vast stores of logwood, cacao, rum, and pimento waiting to be shipped to the port of New York.

"It was shortly after this last disaster that he suddenly presented himself here one morning with no warning of his coming. We were at breakfast and he came straight into the room unannounced.

"‘I’ve had a cursed tiresome trip up from New Orleans. I stopped by to get Henry,’ he said in his customary brusque fashion. ‘I want him to come back to New York with me, Nat. I’ve a notion he’ll make a success of business. I’ve no son to leave the business to, and I want it to go to one of my name, at least. I’ve a fancy that way.’

"‘I see,’ said my grandfather slowly. ‘How is Victoria?’

"‘Handsome than ever. But—I have no children. Well, I’ll take Henry here. I’ll take him into the firm, and he’ll live in my house—it’s the custom in New York, Nat, for young clerks to live with their employers—and perhaps he’ll bring me luck! I’ve need of you, boy,’ he went on hurriedly, turning to Henry. ‘Things have been going badly with me of late. As soon as you take hold of affairs a little I shall leave you to look after the New York house with Mr. Elias Nexsen, my confidential agent, and set out for Canton. My China trade’s going to the devil. Things are in a cursed tangle over there.’ He passed a hand wearily across his forehead. He looked fagged and much older. ‘What do you think of it, boy? Will you come?’

"Of course Henry said he would go. He was packed and ready to leave this old house which had been his home since boyhood in a couple of days. At first he wrote by almost every mail. Three months after he had reached New York he announced Uncle David’s departure for Whampoa aboard the sloop *Orient*. After that his letters grew less and less frequent. . . .

"It was about a year after Henry had left us that the firm of Imrie & Dumes-



noy decided to send me to New York. They were doing a big export business with Liverpool, and it was necessary to have an honest agent at the port of New York to look after their tobacco interests. I went with less than a week's notice, expecting to stay six months at most. How little we know the future! I never came back, except on short visits to my grandfather, until I was an old man." He moved his stiff knee a little and gazed thoughtfully out of the window.

"Henry met me on the wind-swept Trident wharf, at the foot of Duane Street, when the *Aspasia*, one of Uncle David's packets, which I had taken at Baltimore, dropped her anchors," he went on after a moment's silence. "He looked handsomer than ever in his silk beaver and greatcoat buttoned up to his throat—it was a cold day in January.

"'Welcome to New York, Temple!' he cried, grasping both my hands. 'And welcome to the house, too—Victoria says you are to stay with us.' I made a protest.

"'Good Lord, Temple! You'll be doing us a real favor—the house is as big as a barn, and we're lost in it. Uncle David's in China, you know—not that we miss him!' he added with a laugh, and, catching me by the arm, we set out at a lively pace toward Broadway.

"We walked briskly up the crowded street in the stinging wintry twilight, the snowflakes falling thick and fast. At Canal Street we turned west to Laight, and in a moment more were mounting the snowy steps of Uncle David's imposing mansion in Saint John's Park.

"'We'll find Victoria in her boudoir,' said Henry, and, nodding to the servant who had opened the door for us, he ran quickly up the stairs.

"As we gained the upper hall I saw a sour-visaged, middle-aged woman pass softly down the corridor to a room in the rear.

"'Who's that?' I asked Henry in astonishment.

"'The housekeeper—an Englishwoman. She's a queer fish—neither Victoria nor I like her,' he said indifferently, and, stopping before a heavy mahogany door, knocked.

"Victoria was standing by her harp

looking at some music when we entered. She was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen—or have ever seen since, for that matter. No words can convey an idea of her loveliness to you, Templeton. Of what avail to say that she was tall and slender, with a fine-grained skin of English fairness, blue eyes fringed with dark lashes, and golden-brown hair curling in ringlets on each side of her charming face? Above and beyond all that there was something irresistibly enchanting—a boyish frankness and good nature and sweetness, in spite of a certain haughtiness of bearing, by moments. She wore a white dress, I remember, and a blue ribbon about her throat.

"She came forward quickly at our entrance and gave me her outstretched hand cordially enough, but it was at Henry she looked as he stood by my side. And later, at dinner, and when we had gone up to her boudoir again for music, I saw her look at him again and again. . . .

"We had a gay evening. Victoria played and sang divinely—or so I thought. I was too dazzled to criticise—I could only gaze and worship. She flung me a look now and then and a smile, but all her arts and graces, all her sweet gayety and unconscious coquetry, were for Henry. The old jealousy leaped up within me at last, and I sat there cursing myself inwardly for a fool and longing to get away and have it out with myself after the old fashion. Suddenly Victoria noticed my preoccupation.

"'Henry!' she cried, 'how thoughtless of us! Templeton is perishing of fatigue. You must go to bed!'

"I rose to my feet, muttering a good night, and quickly opened the door. There, upon the threshold, stood the woman who Henry had told me was the housekeeper. As the light from the room fell upon her she drew back, and I fancied I saw an expression of discomfiture flit across her ill-favored countenance. But it was gone instantly.

"'I was about to knock to see if anything was wanted before I went to bed,' she said quietly. She looked at Victoria and, though she spoke civilly, there was, I thought, a nameless insolence in her glance.

"'Nothing—except to be sure that Mr.



Buell's room is in order for him. Templeton, this is Mrs. Croft, the housekeeper,' said Victoria carelessly.

"The woman dropped me a courtesy.

"'Welcome to the house, sir—if I may make so bold. It is rare good luck for Mrs. Buell to have another cousin come to cheer her up. Young people take to young people, I mind me, sir; and now that the master's away the house is dull.' She gave me a sidewise glance from under half-veiled eyes. I thought I saw the shadow of a mocking smile about her thin, colorless lips. She dropped me another courtesy and glided softly down the hall.

"Henry went to my room with me, and, in spite of Victoria's injunctions to get some sleep, we sat up half the night talking of our affairs. I had never seen him in such high spirits—he was all enthusiasm and hopefulness and happiness. I think that even on that first evening I divined the cause, but he—he didn't know until afterward. . . .

"Time passed more pleasantly than I could tell you, boy. Business at our respective warehouses until evening, and then home and music in Victoria's boudoir and laughter and gayety among ourselves. Sometimes the dashing Miss Penelope Willetts and her brother Anthony would come in and spend the evening with us. And often young Mrs. Stephen Instone—she that was the beautiful Miss Angelica l'Hommedieu—would bring her husband and favor us with her society. She sang like a bird, and I can tell you it was something to see and hear—Victoria at her harp and Angelica Instone standing beside her singing 'Oft in the Stilly Night' or 'Twas the Last Rose of Summer.' Young girls aren't the bewitching creatures nowadays that they were when I was young, boy!

"But oftener we were alone, and I soon saw that Henry and Victoria liked that best. I think they never asked themselves why. I am sure they did not know. But Mrs. Croft and I knew. I hated the woman from the first and I feared her. She was forever about, spying upon them, suddenly presenting herself, under some pretext or other, at Victoria's boudoir door when Henry was with her playing and singing, making excuses for entering the dining-room when they were at table,

or lurking upon the stairway as they passed up or down. . . . As for Victoria and Henry, they were only conscious that they were happy and that life was good. No shock of separation, no clash of duty and desire had come to awaken them. The days' happiness spilled over like wine from a full cup. . . .

"It was late on a still, warm afternoon in May that the *Commerce*, one of Imrie & Dumesnoy's packets, came in from Liverpool, bearing disturbing news of the tobacco market overseas. I had an engagement with Victoria and Henry to walk on the Battery—it was the fashion then, boy—but I was detained so long by Captain Lewis and his news that, thinking to miss them, I went straight up to Saint John's Park as soon as I was free to get away. To my surprise, Mrs. Croft, in her best silk gown, opened the front door for me.

"'I—I thought it was the master,' she said when she caught sight of me. For an instant she made as if to close the door, in her confusion, then she bit her lip and threw it open wide.

"'Is my uncle expected?' I demanded in astonishment.

"'Yes, sir. About an hour ago, sir, Mr. Nexsen sent his man on the run up here to tell Mrs. Buell that the *Orient* was in from China and that the master would be at the house in time for supper. Unfortunately, Mrs. Buell is not at home, sir. Mrs. Buell has gone to walk on the Battery with Mr. Henry.' She shook her head distressfully, then suddenly glanced up sidewise with one of her half-veiled, knowing looks that always set my nerves to trembling.

"I went slowly into the library and sat down. And while I sat there, wondering stupidly what I had best do, or if it were not wisest to let bad enough alone, I heard the front door open again and Mrs. Croft saying, 'Welcome home, sir!' and my uncle answering her in a wearied voice: 'How d'y' do, Mrs. Croft? Everything all right?'

"She must have dropped him her customary courtesy, for I heard the rustle of her silk dress, and then, after an instant's pause, in an eager tone: 'Well, sir, I can't say as everything is all right. Might I



“speak with you in your study a few minutes, sir?”

“‘I’m devilish tired, Mrs. Croft. Can’t the matter wait?’

“‘It’s—important, sir. I think you would wish to know it at once.’

“There must have been an air of mystery about her that intrigued my uncle, for, after a moment’s hesitation, I heard him say, in a surprised and rather truculent tone: ‘Very well, Mrs. Croft, but I can only give you a few minutes.’

“It was a good half-hour, though, before I heard her softly descending the stairway. A minute later the bell rang and Victoria and Henry came in. They were in a gale of laughter and high spirits that dropped from them like a discarded garment at Mrs. Croft’s announcement:

“‘The master has arrived, Mrs. Buell, but does not wish to be disturbed. He has sent for one of the ships’ captains on business. He will see you at supper.’

“Victoria turned on the woman in astonishment.

“‘What! Mr. Buell here and sends me such a message—by you!’

“‘Yes, madam.’ Mrs. Croft spoke in her softest tone.

“For an astounded instant Victoria was silent and motionless. Then she ran quickly up the stairs to her room. In a little while she came slowly down again and I heard her pass into the dining-room. Henry joined me in the library and together we went in to supper—people had supper in those days, boy—late dinners were almost unknown.

“Victoria was standing at the head of the table awaiting us. I had never seen her in such extraordinary beauty. No wonder that Uncle David stopped short on the threshold and stared at her as though dazzled by her loveliness. He advanced into the room, his eyes growing colder and sterner at each step. Victoria came quickly forward, but before the forbidding look he bent upon her she wavered and drew back.

“‘Madam,’ said my uncle—and there was a cold edge to his voice that set my nerves to shaking—‘madam, have you no welcome for your husband?’

“Victoria drew herself up with a haughtiness that could be hers at times and which well became her.

“‘Sir,’ she said icily, ‘I was not sure whether the moment had arrived for welcoming you—or if you wished it still further delayed.’

“He shot her a black look from beneath his heavy brows as he bent ceremoniously over her hand.

“‘Your absence from your home on my arrival made delay unavoidable, madam, as I take it.’

“‘Not having the powers of a clairvoyant, it was impossible for me to know when to expect you, sir,’ she retorted.

“‘True—a not altogether unmitigated misfortune for me, especially as the time I spent awaiting you was not lost. Nevertheless, had you formed the habit of going to the Trident wharf for news of the *Orient*, instead of promenading the Battery, you might have been there when she dropped her anchors.’

“‘Very true,’ said Victoria slowly, her face paling. ‘And I am sure that either of my cousins, whom, by the way, you have not greeted, would have been as pleased to be my escort there as on the more pleasant Battery. Shall we be seated?’

“Some remnant of decency made my uncle cease what—but for its icy politeness—might have appeared an unseemly wrangle and turn to Henry and myself. Henry, indeed, he noticed only by a cold bow and stare. With me he shook hands, not overcordially, and asked a few questions concerning my grandfather. I returned his grudging politeness by inquiries as to his voyage and the condition of the China trade.

“‘The East India business is going to the devil, boy. The tea trade’s done for!’ He pushed back his hair with an impatient gesture, stared moodily at his plate, and ate awhile in silence. But he could keep neither his eyes nor his thoughts off of Victoria for long.

“‘I am glad to see, madam, that my absence has affected neither your health nor your spirits. I have never seen you looking better or happier.’ He spoke with biting sarcasm and stared again, in a sort of wonder, at Victoria’s splendor.

“‘This climate agrees excellently with me after the heat of Spanish Town, and Henry and, later, Templeton have done all in their power to console me for your



absence,' she said, smiling a little. I thought I caught a hint of mockery in the smile.

"‘So I hear,’ said my uncle slowly, and again he bent a piercing glance upon her. ‘It is a pity that for the future you must be deprived of at least Henry’s agreeable society.’

"Victoria flung up her head. ‘I do not understand,’ she said, and she gave my uncle look for look.

"‘The *Diana* sails for Whampoa at five in the morning, and Henry goes with her as supercargo,’ he said coldly.

"Henry started to his feet.

"‘This is short notice, sir! I thought the *Diana* was to lay over a voyage for repairs! Captain Pym knew nothing of this project when I talked with him this morning.’

"‘Captain Pym be damned! He’ll not sail with the *Diana*, and her repairs can wait!’ He glared at Henry and burst out in sudden fury. ‘By heaven! must I take every seaman and every young fool in my employ into my confidence before I send a ship to sea?’

"‘I belong in neither category, sir!’ said Henry proudly, staring back at my uncle with an anger as fierce as his own. ‘I only know that the *Diana*’s hold is empty and that this short sailing notice is unprecedented!’

"‘Silence!’ thundered my uncle, and then he turned with a deadly calm to where Victoria, pale as death, had risen in her place. She was staring at Henry as though she had never seen him before. And suddenly I saw her expression change. She stretched out a white hand. Henry, half-risen, was staring at her, too, his heart in his eyes—they looked like lost souls outside paradise.

"My uncle got heavily to his feet, his face black with passion. With a shaking finger he pointed to the door.

"‘To your room, madam!’

"I led her, trembling, and with a last backward glance at Henry, up the stairs.

"It must have been four o’clock in the morning when I awoke. I was lying dressed on my bed, where I had thrown myself the night before. I had been glad enough to keep my own room, having no wish to overhear that fierce altercation

which I knew was taking place below. As I wakened I was conscious of soft, cautious steps in the hall and the rustle of a woman’s dress. I sprang to the door, a deadly fear at my heart.

"‘Victoria!’ I said.

"She stopped and held up a warning hand. I grasped her arm and drew her into the room. ‘Victoria—where are you going?’

"‘To Henry,’ she said quietly. She turned upon me a face I had never seen before. Its beauty was ravaged as though by some inward, consuming fire.

"‘Don’t look at me like that!’ she commanded passionately. And then—‘Oh, Temple, Temple!’ She leaned her lovely head against the chimney-piece and hid her face in her hands. Suddenly she wrenched her arm free and began to speak rapidly, her face still hidden from me.

"‘I can guess what you think of me, Templeton!’ she said bitterly. ‘But you don’t—you can’t—understand, and I don’t care, anyway. I care about nothing in the whole world but Henry! I never cared for *him*—I never pretended to. He bought me, Temple, as he buys his rich cargoes—with gold. But he could not buy my heart. And he left me here alone. There was only Henry and myself—for a long while.’ She wrung her hands. ‘He went last night—went aboard the *Diana* so as to be ready to sail. He dared not come to tell me good-by—but I saw him go. And I am going, too, Templeton. You can no more hold me here than this chain can hold me!’ She felt for a slender gold chain about her neck and with a slight gesture snapped the delicate links. Suddenly she laid an anxious hand on the door-knob. ‘It is getting late. I must be off instantly, Temple!’

"What could I say to her, boy? I was young myself and her passion swept me off my feet. Looking back on it, I can think of a dozen arguments I might, and should, have tormented her with, but I didn’t think of any of them then, and, besides, I don’t believe they would have turned her from her purpose by so much as a hair’s breadth.

"‘I can’t let you go alone, Victoria,’ was all I said.

"Outside day had dawned—a warm,



sweet spring day, the air as soft as velvet against our cheeks. In the park the birds were singing. We walked swiftly down Laight to Canal Street and so to Broadway. Victoria almost ran, in an agony of fear lest the *Diana* should weigh her anchors before she got there. . . . At Duane Street we turned sharply west and made our way to the Trident wharf. There at the water's edge still hovered the *Diana*, ready for flight, her sails, snowy-white in the morning sun, billowing gently. . . . The gang-plank was still down, and near it, on the deck, stood Henry, quite alone. Victoria gave a little cry and he looked down—I shall never forget the look on his face, boy. And then, with outstretched arms, he came forward to meet her. . . .

"I watched the *Diana* until she was well out to sea, then made my way slowly back to the house.

"My uncle was awaiting me, impatiently pacing up and down the library behind the breakfast-room.

"*'You are late, Templeton,'* he said to me coldly. Then he turned to the servant. *'Go to Mrs. Buell's room and ask her to come down immediately.'*

"I waited until the man was out of the room, and then I went over to the door and turned the key in the lock.

"*'There is no use sending for Victoria, Uncle David,'* I said slowly, *'Victoria—is gone.'*

"For a moment I do not think he took in the meaning of my words. He stopped in his rapid walking to and fro and turned an irascible countenance upon me.

"*'Gone?'* he said—*'gone where?'* I was silent, and suddenly a wave of horrible comprehension swept over his face.

"*'Hell and fury, Templeton! what d'y' mean?—speak out, boy!'* He grasped the table with both hands and stood there, swaying backward and forward, staring at me with wild eyes under frowning brows. A spasm of pity wrenched my heart.

"*'With Henry—on the Diana—'* I managed to say.

"Silence followed my words. I had expected a burst of fury, and in surprise I at last looked at my uncle. His face had gone dead white and he was standing quite still. Every trace of anger had left

him; only fear—a deep, silent fear—held him now. His heavy brows were lifted and his eyes, stretched open to their widest, seemed to be envisaging some horror.

"*'On the Diana!—not on the Diana, Templeton!'* I heard him implore me under his breath. *'How could I know she would be on the Diana?'* Suddenly he turned on me fiercely.

"*'Damnation, Templeton, the Diana isn't seaworthy! She'll never come back, boy! Pym wouldn't sail on her!—I—I put a new skipper aboard—!'*

"I started back in horror. *'You did this and you sent Henry—!'* I felt my gorge rise. I had no pity now for this murderer. I wanted to stab him with cruel words. *'Don't you know that a woman will follow her heart? Have you forgotten what grandfather told you—that you can only hold a woman by love?'*

"He eyed me dully. *'I see now,'* he said at last. *'You can hold a man by duty or honor or fear—but you can only hold a woman by love! I've sinned, Templeton!'* he cried out hoarsely, *'and the Lord has taken vengeance. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. I will repay!"'* He put up his hand to his forehead. *'There was another David, Templeton, who sent a man away, into danger—'* Suddenly I saw his lifted hand begin to shake and his face, which had been white, go red and purple and commence to twitch ominously. He gave me one frightened look and pitched forward upon the floor.

"I ran to the locked door, opened it, and shouted to the servants. One of them ran next door for old Doctor Grinnell, the others helped me lift my uncle up the stairs and lay him on his bed.

"For three months he lay there like a log, boy. I got Imrie & Dumesnoy to send out another agent and I gave up all my time to looking after Uncle David and helping Mr. Elias Nexsen straighten out his affairs. We found them in a bad way. For five years he had had constant reverses. Lust of gold, pride of conquest, arrogance of possession had been his undoing. He had been too high-handed with the goddess Fortuna and she had punished him—she had a way of punishing those



venturesome traders who tempted her too outrageously. . . .

"Some three months after his seizure he began to mend a little, to talk intelligibly, and to walk slowly about with the help of a stout stick. But so negligible had his interest in the business of living become that one thing alone seemed to vitally concern him. Each evening on my return from the wharf and warehouses his first, and often only, question was for news of the *Diana*.

"One snowy night in December, about eight months after the *Diana* had put to sea, Mr. Elias Nexsen came heavily up the steps of the big house in Saint John's Park and rang the bell. Hurrying past the servant who let him in, he came straight into the library, where I sat alone reading.

"We've had news of the *Diana*," he said briefly. "Captain Bradford is just in with the *Cumshaw* from Canton—five months out from the China port. A quick voyage. He put in at the Falkland Islands for water. There he learned the news. The *Diana* went down, with all on board, in a smashing gale—pounded to pieces on a reef in sight of the islands! You'll have to tell Mr. Buell, boy. I can't—I'm too old!"

"I broke the news to my uncle as gently as I could. He was strangely quiet. For a long while he sat quite silent, his head

bowed upon his breast, his dark eyes, under their heavy brows, staring into a past at which I could only dimly guess.

"Once he lifted his head and looked at me.

"I have sinned, Templeton! The things of this world have been too much with me. Who am I that I should escape the divine wrath?"

"And later, when I rose to go for the night, he laid a detaining hand upon my arm. 'Templeton,' he said, 'bring me the Bible. We will have evening prayers, boy.'

"For a long while after I had handed it to him he let the book lie unopened upon his knees. At length, with a deep indrawing of the breath, he picked it up and, opening at the twenty-third chapter of Isaiah, began to read.

"It was the first time I had heard that chapter of Isaiah since the morning of uncle David's visit, so many years before, when my grandfather had commenced to read it and had stopped so suddenly. But this time I heard it to the end—'The burden of Tyre. . . . She is a mart of nations whose antiquity is of ancient days, . . . whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth. . . . The Lord of hosts hath purposed it to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth. . . .'"

## BEFORE SUMMER

By Arthur Davison Ficke

O SUMMER, come, and on these hills of snow  
The veil of all your ancient magic spread.  
Come through the meadows with flower-crownèd head,  
That bleeding-heart may hang, and roses blow.  
O Moon of Summer, come as once you came,  
Filling our valleys with a mist of dream.  
Pour down pale silver on each quiet stream,  
And sink to westward like a sleeping flame.  
O Love of Summer, come upon the night  
When the low Moon to dusk has almost gone;  
Come with thine own light leading thee alone,  
With voice more soft than the Moon's tenderest light.  
Only when thou art here, the lover knows  
Why Summer's Moon is sweet, and Summer's Rose.



# MEMORIES OF THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

By Le Roy Jeffers, F.R.G.S.

Of the New York Public Library; Librarian American Alpine Club; Secretary Bureau of Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America; Member Explorers, Harvard Travellers, English, American, and Canadian Alpine, and Sierra Clubs, etc.



LOOKING backward over many summers in which I have wandered amid the charms of all our States, I ever return in thought to the most alluring of them all—our California. Long will her mountains and lakes, her forests and flowers, remain the paradise of all who seek renewing of mind and freedom of spirit. Here rises range upon range resplendent with light, on whose summits linger the snows of unnumbered winters. Large are the regions within her spacious domain, unknown to all save the mountaineer.

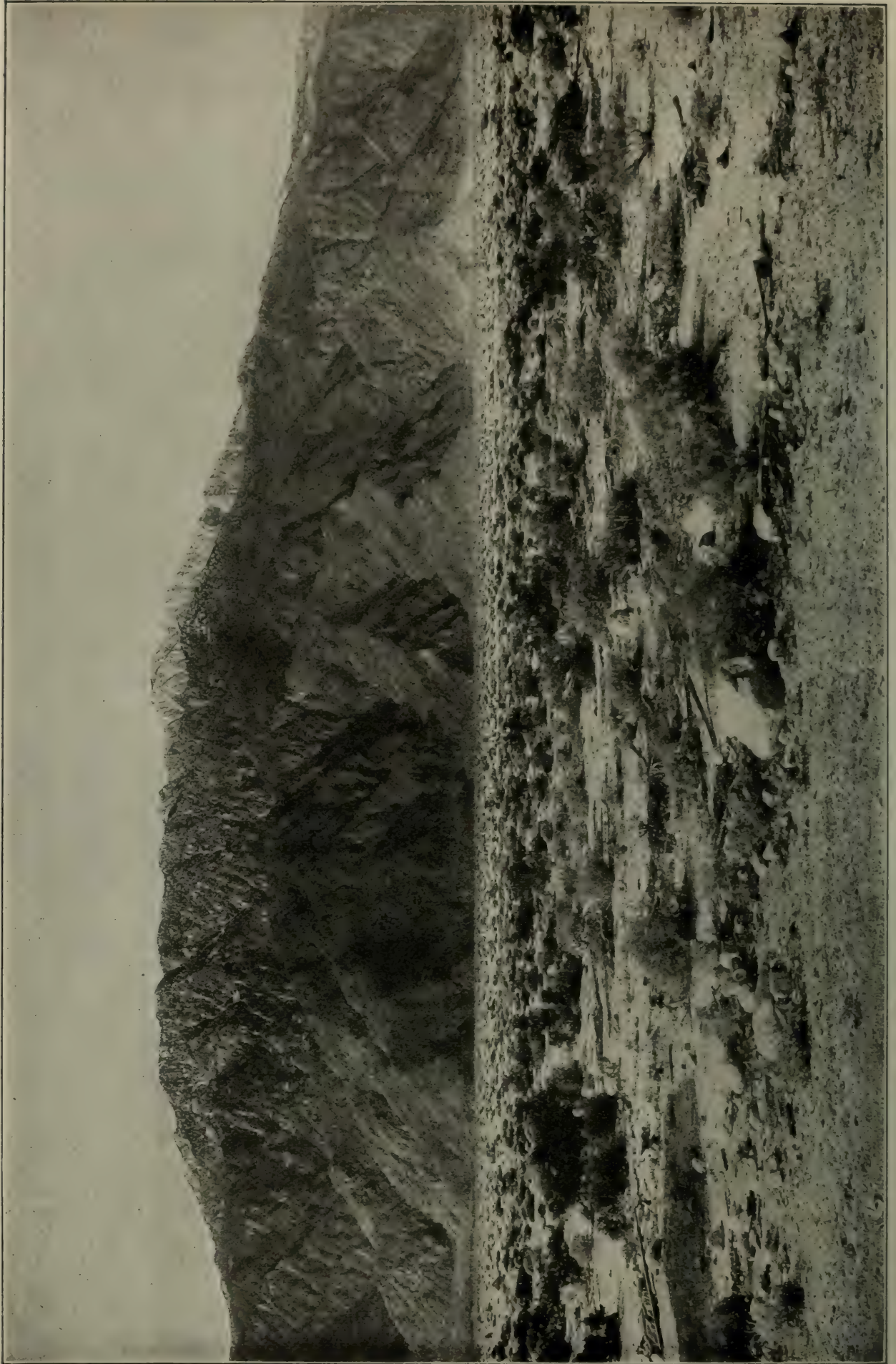
To the traveller who seeks a first acquaintance with this glorious country the mountains open their portals with joy. As the train surmounts the divide we are conscious of a new world of life and beauty awaiting us, for the very air comes laden with a thousand promises soon to be revealed. Eagerly we scan the landscape clothed with tree and flower to us unknown. If we enter by a southern gateway we skirt the Salton Sea, across whose mystic waters the desert ranges loom ethereal in mirage. Passing clusters of date palms wherever water rises through the sands, we approach the mighty wall of San Jacinto, scarred and seared with desert heat, yet crowned with snowy mantle. As we traverse the pass the vast gray mass of San Gorgonio, 11,485 feet, reaches out to cast its spell upon us. We pause to visit Redlands hidden among its citrus groves and ever-blooming flowers. Above it rise steep, sheltering ridges, once brown of grass, on which the cactus and the white-bellied yucca grew, but now with magic draft of mountain water clothed in semitropic verdure. Beyond in heavenly company the everlasting mountains gather. Long will we linger in

the sunshine, while the clouds and storms encompass San Bernardino and San Gorgonio, whitening their summits, softening their outlines.

On my journeys among the mountains of North America I carry sleeping-bag and mountaineering equipment on my back, with ice-axe in hand. Leaving the world behind while exploring some interesting region, I live on dried fruit and crackers, with plenty of fresh air and water. Starting at daybreak and travelling until dark, one may often cover twenty to thirty-five miles of mountainous country in a day, including one or two ascents on the way.

For years the San Jacinto Mountains had called me, and I had reluctantly passed by. Finally I sought them, taking the railroad to Hemet, then the auto for the long upward climb to Strawberry Valley. Downward over the unfolding landscape the eye travels far across canyons and ridges, softened in purple haze. Arriving at evening, I at once started up the trail which winds backward and forward for miles in search of an upland valley. When I reached its trickling, mossy waters, darkness enfolded them, and I lay down by their side. With the early morn and voice of bird awakening, I again followed the trail until it seemed to lose its direction. Soon I left it for the mountains, forcing my way up steep ridges of thorn-bush and unyielding manzanita, where progress depended on grasping these waist-high tormentors, throwing my foot above them, and pulling myself upward. Needless to say, one must be clothed for the occasion! On reaching the summit of the range I traversed peak after peak of loose granite blocks that offered many little problems in rock-climbing, but reaped increasing reward in the





Mount San Jacinto, 10,805 feet, Southern California.





Yosemite Valley, California.

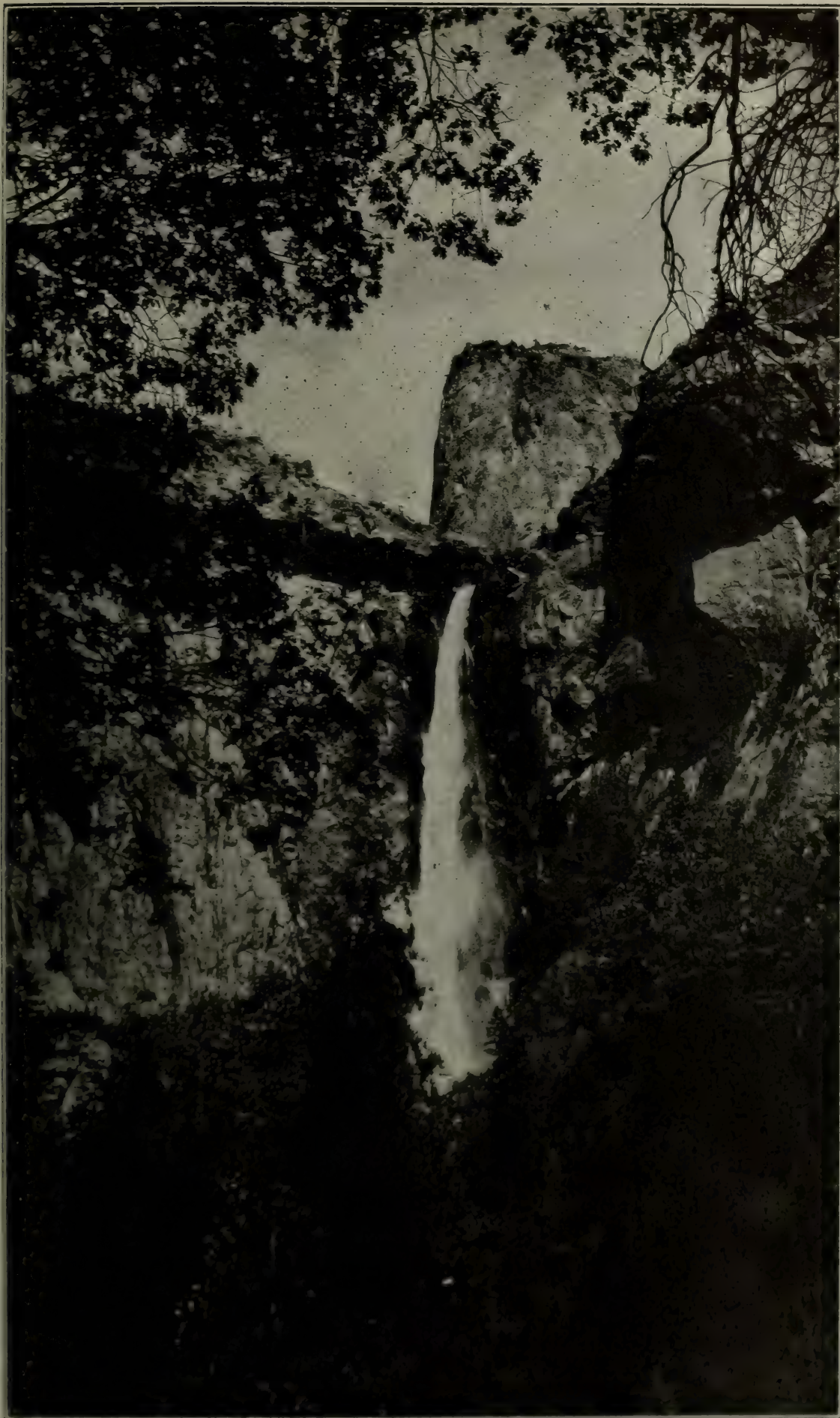




*Reproduced from a photograph by J. N. Le Conte.*

Yosemite Falls, 2,565 feet above the valley.





*Reproduced from a photograph by G. E. Brown*

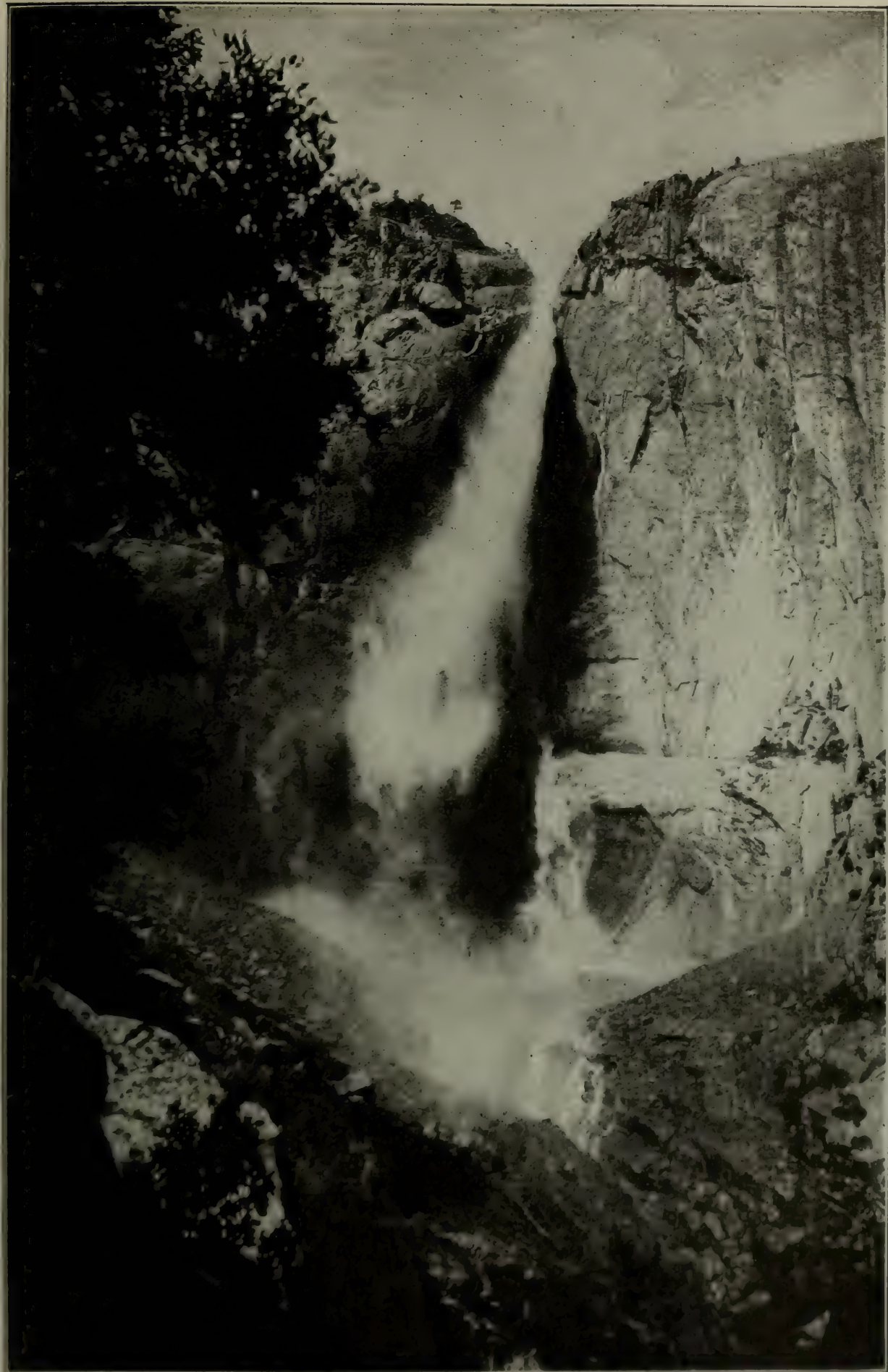
Bridal Veil Fall, Yosemite Valley.





*Azalea Occidentalis*, California.

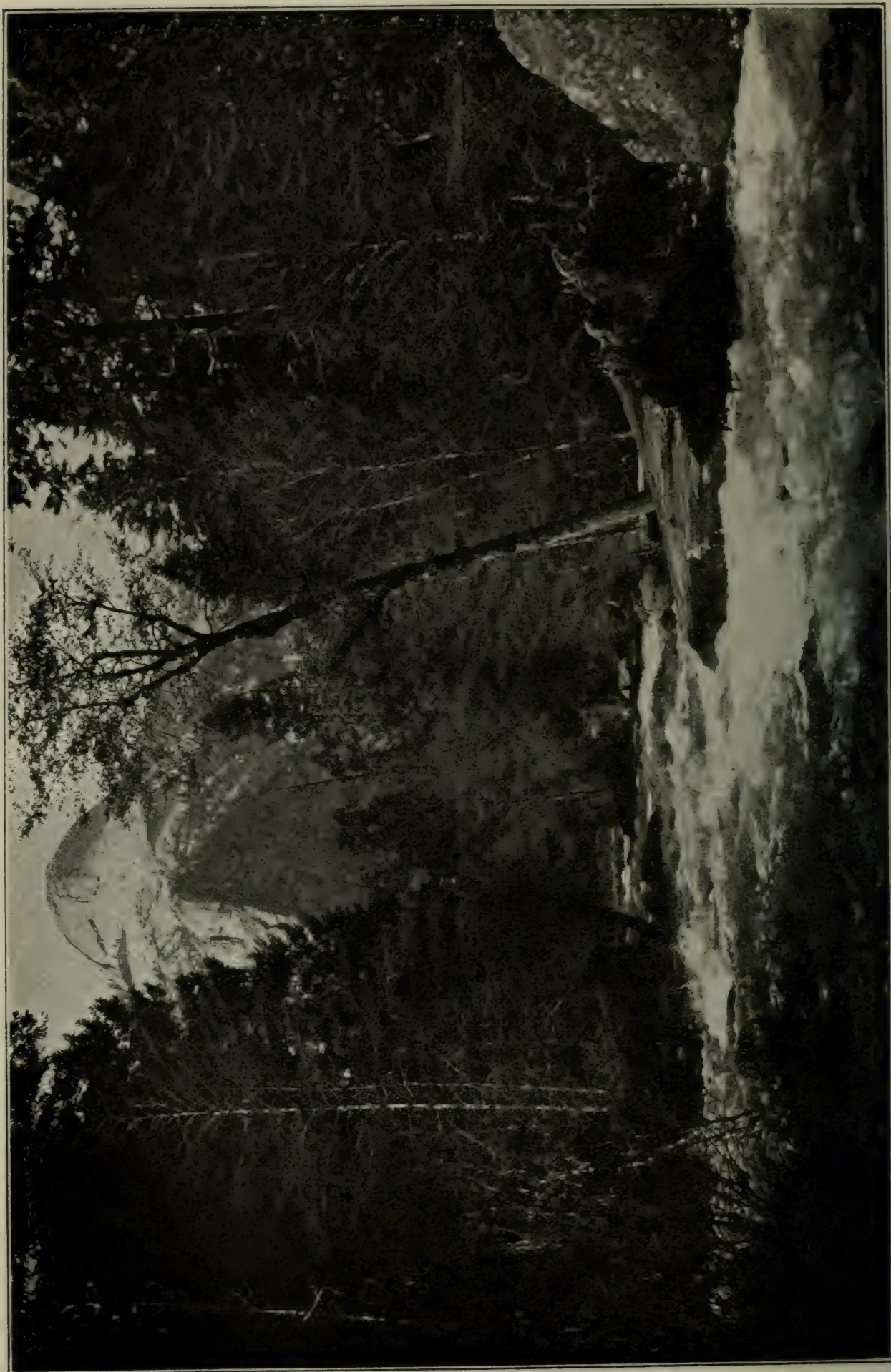




*reproduced from a photograph by J. N. Le Conte.*

Upper Yosemite Fall, 1,430 feet.





Happy Isles and North Dome, Yosemite Valley.





*Reproduced from a photograph by J. N. Le Conte*

Nevada Fall, Yosemite National Park.





*Reproduced from a photograph by Lindley Eddy.*

unfolding landscape beneath me. Swinging to the north through snow-banks, I finally reached the sharp terminal summit of Mount San Jacinto, 10,805 feet. All around lay mapped a magnificent view extending from the reds and browns of the desert, with its opalescent Salton Sea, to the green of the citrus groves and, far beyond, the gleam of the blue Pacific. Just across the gulf to the north towered the mighty crest of San Geronio, while through the pass at my feet, nearly 10,000 feet below, the long trains of the Southern Pacific slowly writhed like snakes of the desert. Gathering lasting memories of the view, I hastened downward by another route through all but impenetrable chaparral, reaching Hemet by evening.

Poor is the traveller who pauses not at Riverside to stroll up Roubidoux Mountain, from whose summit the landscape fairly smiles in its fruitfulness. In California the mountains are ever in view, but one never wearies of their friendship. Pasadena without them would be a land of enchantment no more. Ride, if you will, up Mount Lowe while your soul expands with

Sequoia Gigantea, Sequoia National Park, 280 feet in height and 36½ feet in diameter.

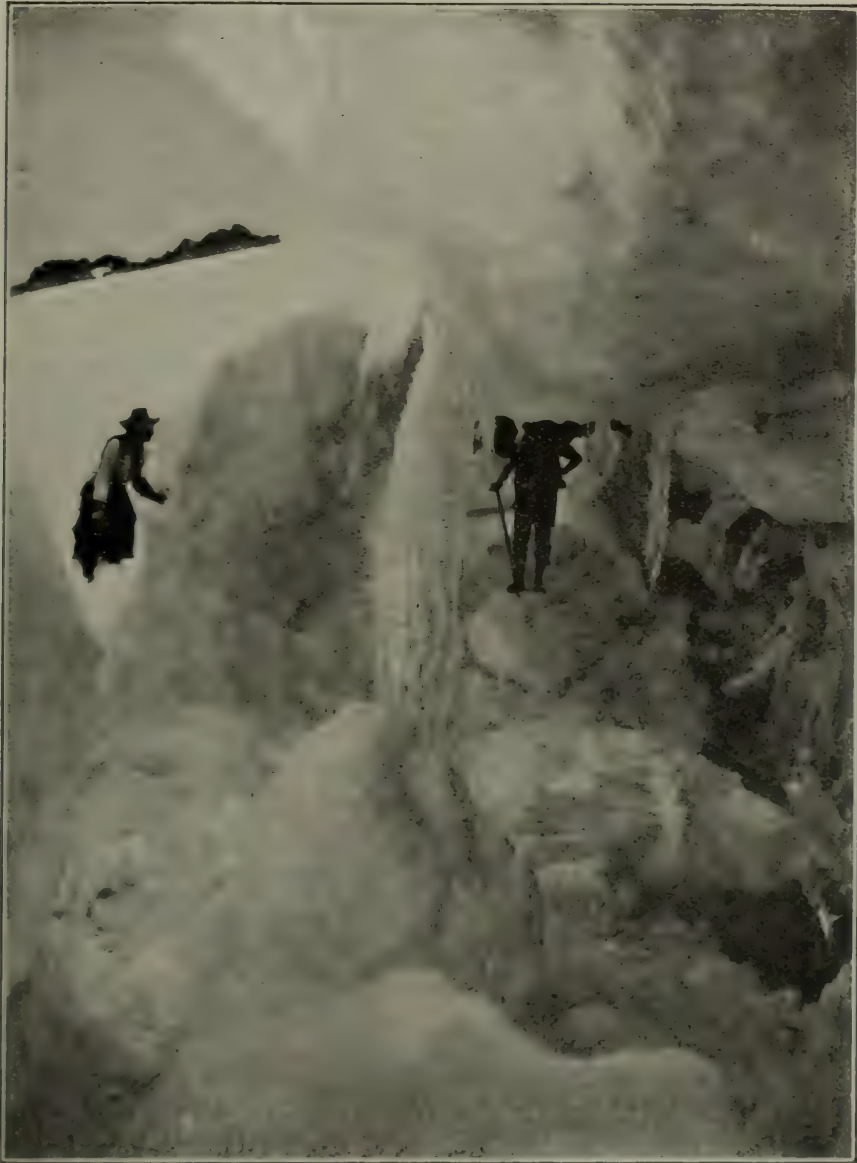
Sequoia towers far above his neighbors, majestic in the silence of unnumbered centuries. For ages his companions have been the storms and the stars, while only the birds and the squirrels are in his confidence.



the view. Then you may follow the trail along the ridges to San Gabriel Peak, or to Mount Wilson and its observatory.

Most important in the development of mountaineering and in the preservation

and Muir Lodge in Santa Anita Canyon, Southern California. Sierrans are active in the exploration of the mountains and in making them accessible to all by the construction of trails, while the club is foremost in its endeavor to secure adequate



*Reproduced from a photograph by H. L. Hueter.*

Bergschrund of the Glacier on Mount Lyell, 13,090 feet.

Across its mile of glacier we work our way, coming finally to the bergschrund, where the steep summit snows open in yawning icy depths of green and blue before continuing their journey toward the valley.

of the natural beauties of California is the work of the Sierra Club. With headquarters in San Francisco and Los Angeles, local walks and excursions are taken amid the hills, while in summer a month's outing is held in the high sierra. Three mountain lodges are maintained: the Le Conte Memorial in Yosemite Valley, Parsons Memorial in Tuolumne Meadows,

protection and development of our National Parks. In common with all organizations belonging to the Bureau of Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America,\* the Sierra Club educates its

\* The Association consists of the following clubs and societies which comprise over twenty thousand members: American Alpine Club Philadelphia and New York; American Game Protective Association, New York; American Museum of Natural History, New York; Adirondack Camp and Trail Club, Lake Placid Club, N. Y.; Appalachian Moun-



members in the preservation of bird and animal life, and of trees and flowers in their natural environment. In its annual publication, the *Sierra Club Bulletin*, may be found much of interest for all who love the mountains.

The Sierra Club holds its summer outings in three great regions of the Sierra Nevada: The Yosemite National Park, embracing the Merced and Tuolumne basins; the various forks of the Kings River, and the Kern River with its tributaries. The club is about to add a fourth region, that of the headwaters of the San Joaquin and its branches. This vast area is filled with many of the most beautiful mountains, lakes, and waterfalls in America; while its magnificent canyons, giant trees, and exquisite flowers are the everlasting delight of all who have lingered among them.

If one is willing to open his heart to the mountains, let him come to Yosemite, for in this temple of God he may enter into their joy. In silent majesty the smooth gray walls of the valley rise for thousands of feet above its flowery meadows. Often their faces smile with softened yellow. Here one may rest by the peaceful waters of the Merced while he listens to the songs of the birds mingling with the wind-blown music of the falls; or one may climb without fatigue for hours on precipitous trails, drawn upward by the life-giving air of the summits. Who has not gazed in rapture on the fairy comets of the Bridal Veil, now swaying in the breeze, now glittering with rainbow hues as they mingle with the sunshine; and who would not linger amid the golden-hearted, gloriously fragrant azaleas, home of the sunbeams and of the tiniest and most exquisite of hummingbirds? In the mirror of the placid Merced one loses the cares of the world, while his heart cannot long resist the magic of the great Yosemite Falls. Upward to their snowy fountains let us climb, follow-

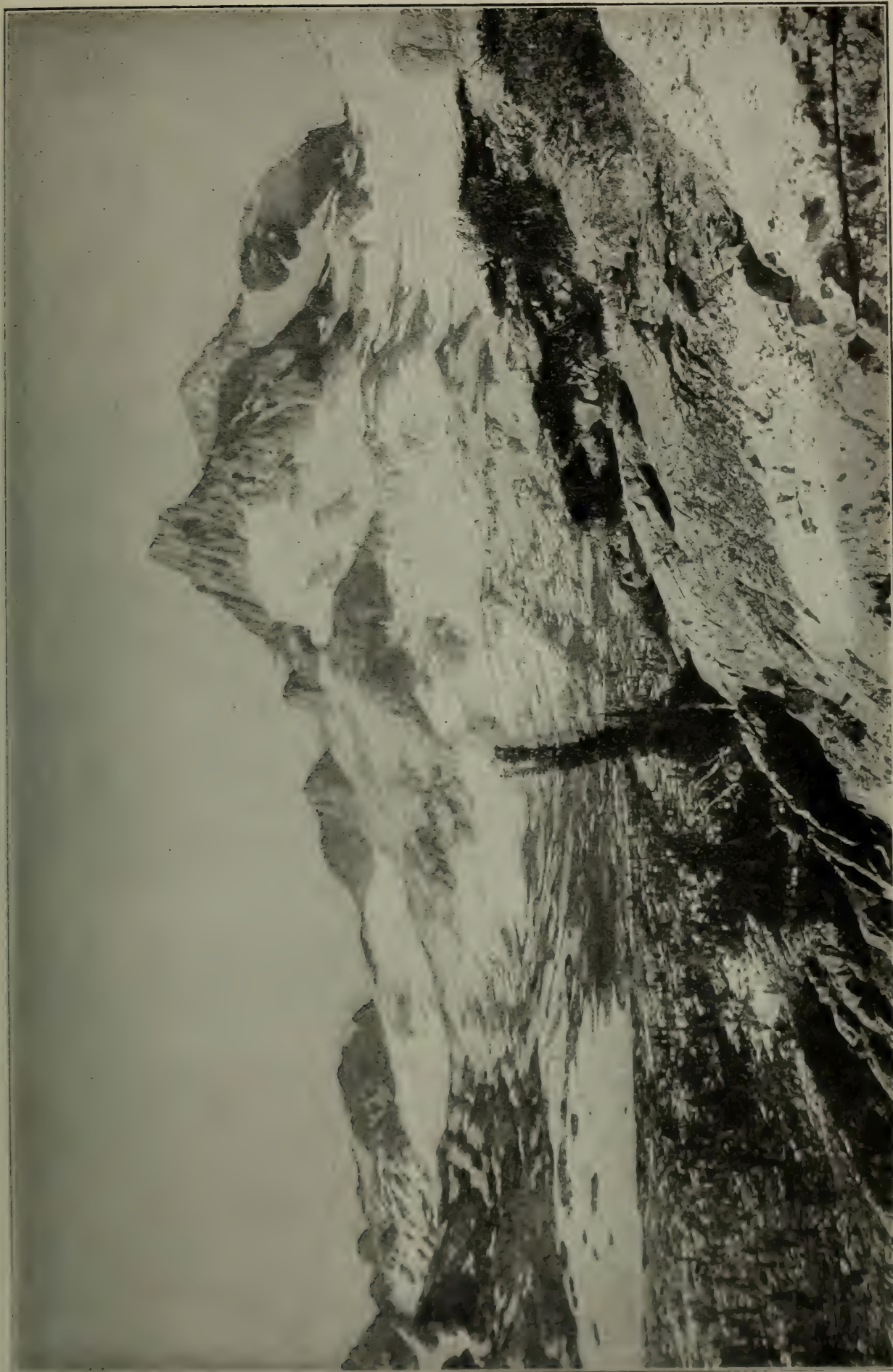
tain Club, Boston and New York; British Columbia Mountaineering Club, Vancouver; Colorado Mountain Club, Denver; Field and Forest Club, Boston; Fresh Air Club, New York; Geographic Society of Chicago; Geographical Society of Philadelphia; Green Mountain Club, Rutland, Vermont; Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club, Honolulu; Klahhane Club, Port Angeles, Wash.; Mazamas, Portland, Oregon; Mountaineers, Seattle and Tacoma; National Association of Audubon Societies, New York; National Parks Service, Department of the Interior, Washington; Prairie Club, Chicago; Rocky Mountain Climbers' Club, Boulder, Col.; Sagebrush and Pine Club, Yakima, Wash.; Sierra Club, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

ing the zigzags of the trail through the cooling spray clouds of the upper fall, coming finally to the very brink where in mighty volume the river leaps for nearly 1,500 feet in air. Our very thoughts are swept onward with tremendous power in the rush of the fall, and we let the eye follow downward on the glistening wings of the water comets.

Reluctantly we leave the deep-voiced waters and cross the torrent to the high cliffs overlooking the valley. A grander insight and appreciation of this unique region await us at every view-point, and we soon follow the trail to Eagle Peak, from whose commanding height we behold a vast company of mountains leading to the highest sierra. Down through unyielding chaparral we force our way to the summit of El Capitan, finding its brow strewn with enormous blocks of granite and catching interesting glimpses of the abyss through its western fissures.

Every one who seeks a most glorious day's excursion and who thinks little of a twenty-two mile stroll will follow the Clouds' Rest trail to its summit at 9,925 feet. At first we linger amid the Happy Isles, fringed with fern and fragrant azalea, along whose banks the tumbling Merced rushes, tossing its foam bells to the flowers. Soon we come to a trail leading to Sierra Point, just beneath the unclimbed southern face of Grizzly, where we enjoy a unique view of all the finest falls of the valley. Resuming the trail, we dash through the thunderous mist clouds of Vernal Fall, climbing beside its feathery jets to the smooth green brow of the fall. We follow up the madly rushing torrent to the mighty Nevada Fall, 600 feet in height, the greatest in volume of all in the valley. Cooled by its spray, we gaze back at the tremendous walls of Liberty Cap, and on reaching the brink of the fall we stand silent before its stupendous power. From the Little Yosemite Valley we swing to the left, catching inviting glimpses of the great Half Dome, whose highly polished slopes forbid all climbers save those who come with rope and staple. At last we mount the final zigzags of the trail, reaching the storm-worn rocks of Clouds' Rest. At our feet yawns the far, smooth depths of Tenaya Canyon offering no hinderance to any one

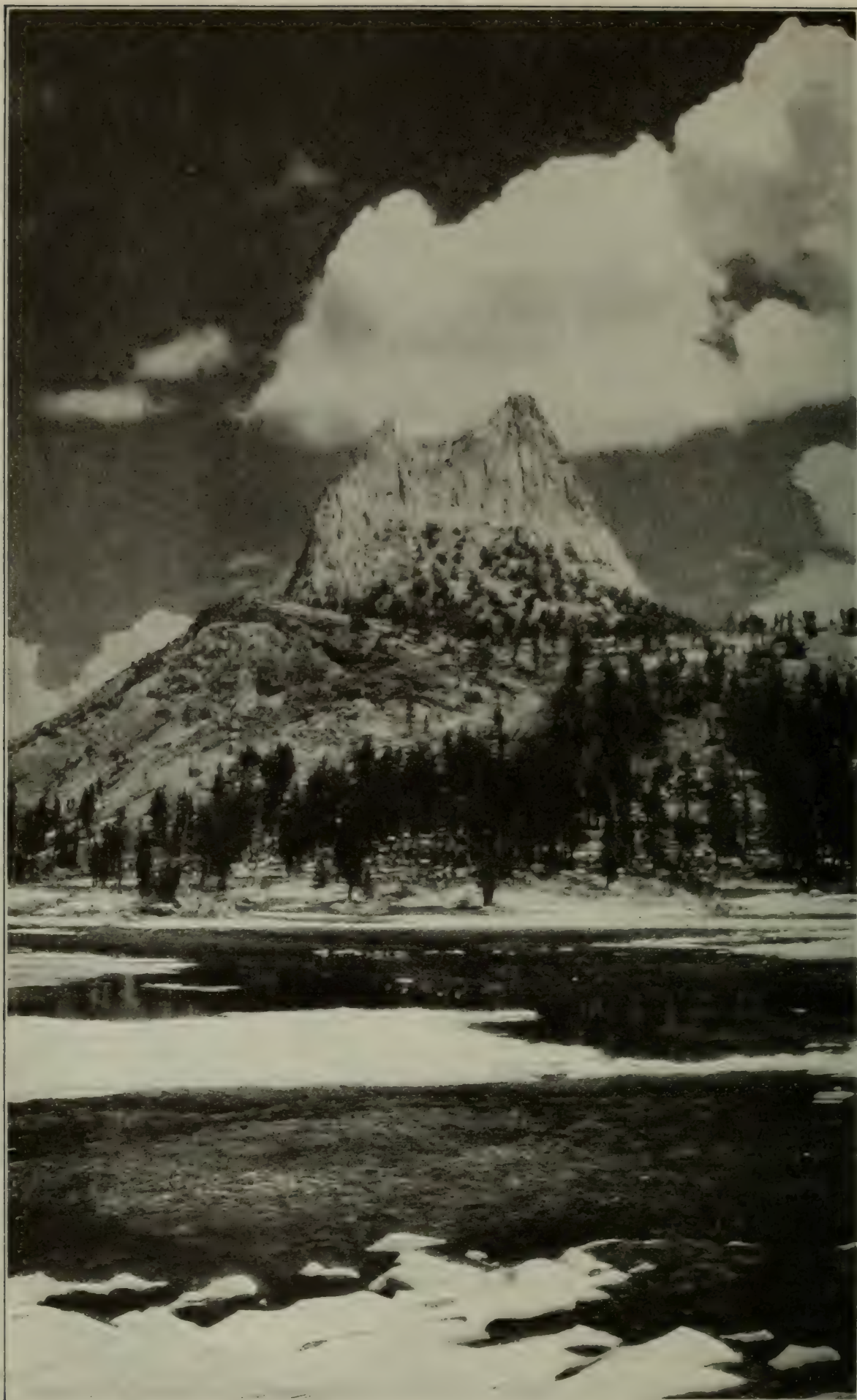




Mount Ritter, 13,156 feet, Sierra Nevada Mountains.

*Reproduced from a photograph by J. N. Le Conte.*





*Reproduced from a photograph by C. C. Clark.*

Cathedral Peak, 10,933 feet, Yosemite National Park.





*Reproduced from a photograph by G. R. King.*

Hetch Hetchy Valley, Yosemite National Park.



who would become a celestial mountaineer. To the west the Half Dome rises in magnificent guardianship over Yosemite Valley, while to the east the white-robed sentinels of the High Sierra fling aloft their snowy banners. At this elevation electrical conditions are often interesting, and, while enjoying the view, I have listened to the singing of the rocks about me

to the soothing music of the wind as it plays upon the needles of the stunted pines.

No one should omit a visit to the Mariposa Grove of Sequoia; but if you would have your thoughts undisturbed, journey afoot, pausing at the wonderful viewpoints on the ascent from the valley and communing with tree and flower on the



*Reproduced from a photograph by J. F. Place.*

Waterwheel Falls, Tuolumne Canyon.

and to the crackling sparks from my slightly uplifted fingers.

Another excursion which no fair walker should find too strenuous is by way of the Vernal and Nevada Falls to the trail leading past the rushing Illilouette Fall, and reaching a commanding view from Glacier Point. Thousands of feet directly beneath one the valley purples in the softening sun, while across its silent gulf is borne the solemn music of the falls. Better still is the glorious view of the surrounding mountains from above on Sentinel Dome, 8,205 feet. If one climb directly upward, battling with the tangled growth, he reaches the glacier-polished rocks of the dome, quite ready to listen

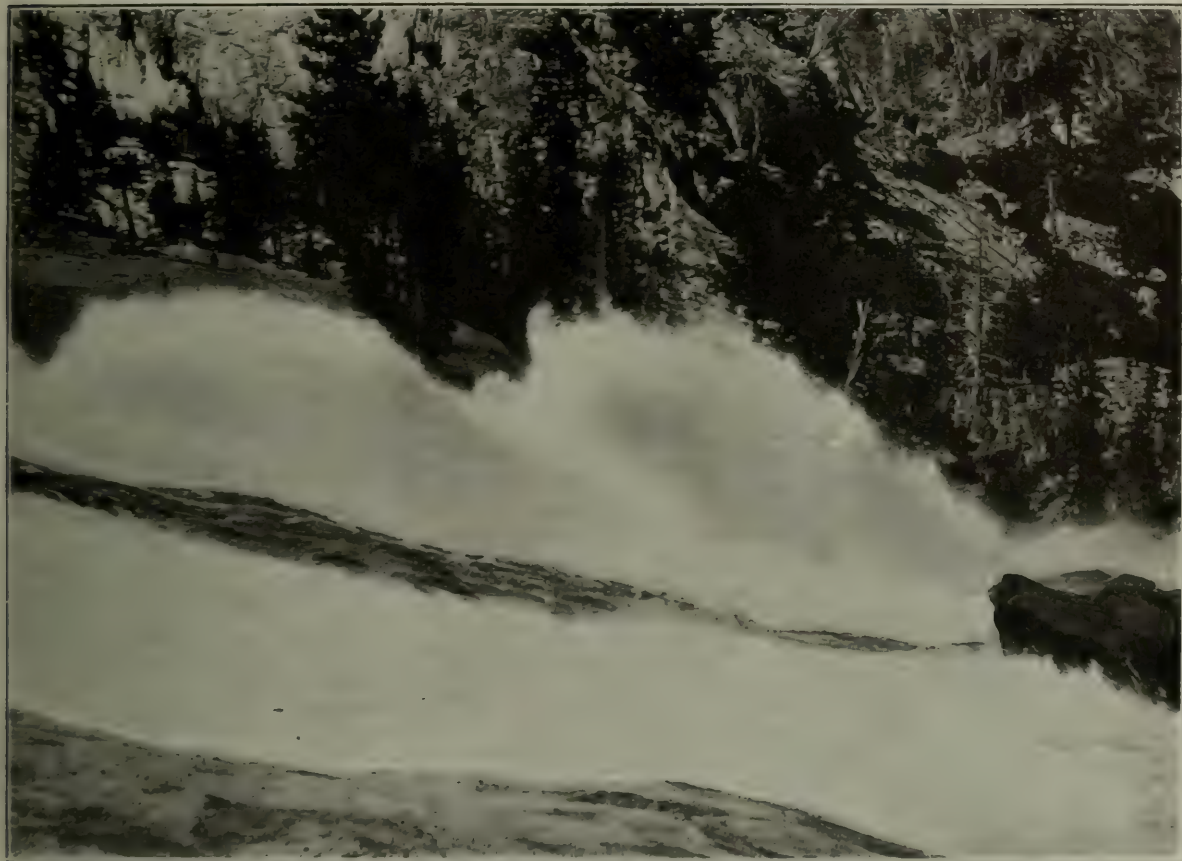
way. Never approach this oldest and grandest of trees with the noisy, unthinking tourist who comes but to desecrate the sacred temple. Sequoia towers far above his neighbors, majestic in the silence of unnumbered centuries. For ages his companions have been the storms and the stars, while only the birds and the squirrels are in his confidence.

Leaving Yosemite on a more distant excursion, we follow up the Merced, with its amazing rock walls, enter the Little Yosemite, and skirt the shore of Lake Merced. Coming to Lake Washburne, we find it bordered by an interesting slope of polished granite, across which a tiny, wandering crack offers the only alterna-



tive to a rapid slide into the silent depths below. At last we reach the upper basin of the Merced, enclosed by magnificent walls, over which the various forks of the river foam in lacelike drapery. We follow up the McClure Fork, toil through the deep snows of Vogelsang Pass at 10,500 feet, travel at top speed down Rafferty Creek to the Tuolumne Meadows,

cally mingle with the sky. Silently we follow the wandering shadow of a sunlit cloud as softly, with invisible brush, it deepens the distant color, bringing little islands of the landscape as minutely to our vision as if we saw them through a glass. Down the steep snow slopes of Mount Gibbs, 12,700 feet, we glissade to Mono Pass, where Bloody Canyon, with



*Reproduced from a past photograph, J. L. Paine.*

Waterwheels of the Tuolumne.

and make camp opposite Fairview Dome and the Soda Springs.

Rising above the meadows are glorious peaks that call us to their summits day after day. To the east are Mount Dana and Mount Gibbs, commanding wonderful views of the desert, which is clothed in richest browns and purples, threaded here and there with the verdant pathway of a mountain torrent. About us glistens the lingering snow, while more than a mile beneath our feet lies the burnished surface of Mono Lake and a weird company of volcanic cones, into whose desolate craters we peer in wonder. Beyond the shimmering heat-waves of the desert purple and opalescent mountains mysti-

its deep red walls, its sapphire lakes, and its unpaintable flower fields offers an enchanting pathway to the desert.

After a restless night amid the rocks and snow by the rushing headwaters of the Lyell Fork of the Tuolumne, we are off by moonlight for the climb of Mount Lyell, 13,090 feet. Across its mile of glacier we work our way, coming finally to the bergschrund, where the steep summit snows open in yawning, icy depths of green and blue before continuing their journey toward the valley. Soon we reach the tumbled granite of the summit, where our toil is repaid by the splendid view, and our thirst is quenched with delicious orange juice and snow. Just be-



yond us rises the jagged peak of Mount Ritter, 13,156 feet, so difficult of ascent from some directions that even John Muir found it nearly impossible on his conquest of the mountain in the early 70's.

Above the Tuolumne meadows on the

the peak. As I reached its topmost pinnacle a thunder-storm, which had been playing upon the deep-toned organ-pipes of the surrounding mountains, centred upon my peak. The great rocks about me voiced themselves in a continuous



*Reproduced from a photograph by J. N. Le Conte.*

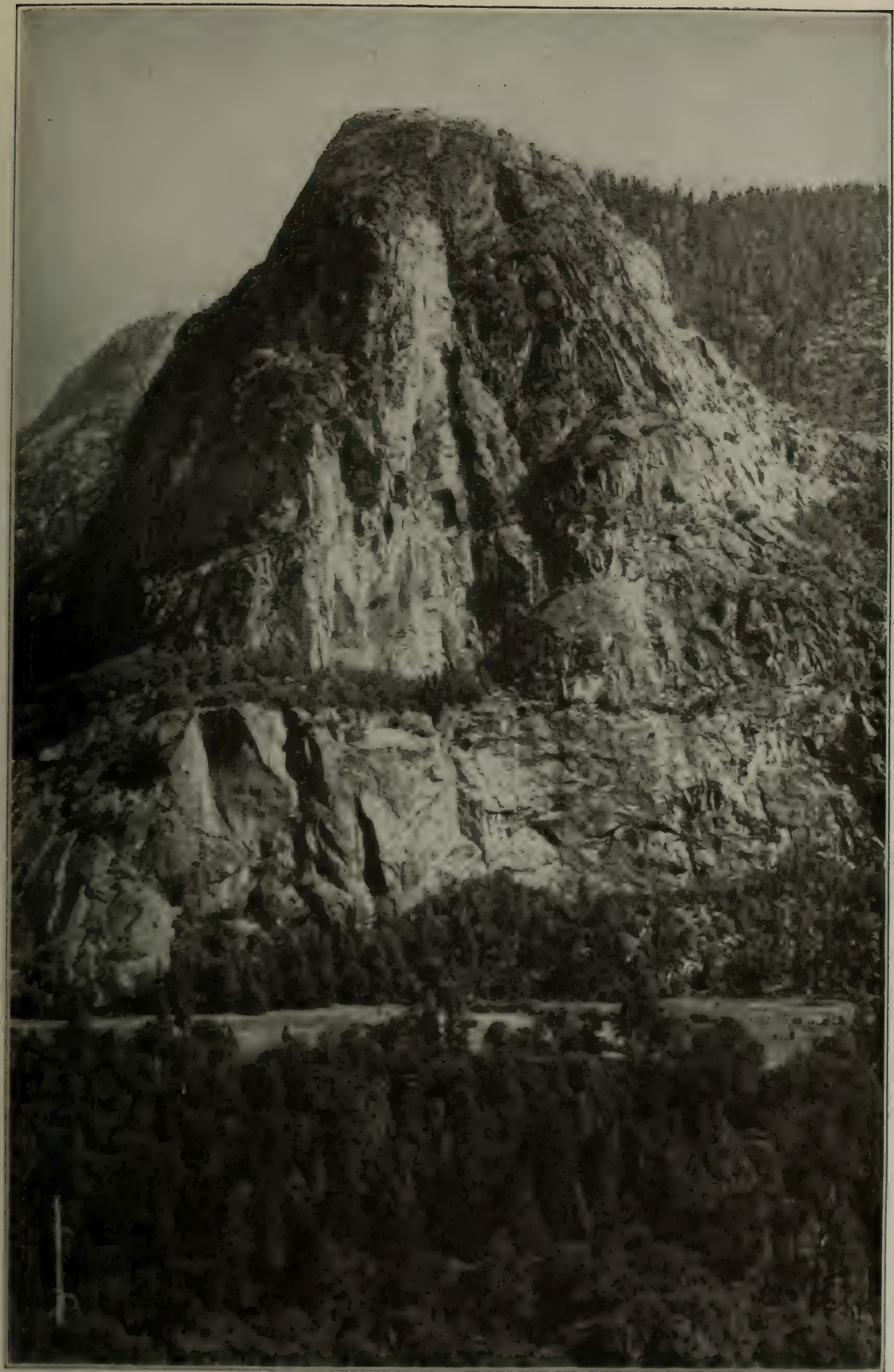
Wapama Fall, Hetch Hetchy Valley.

south the gray spires of Cathedral Peak, 10,933 feet, irresistibly appeal to the mountaineer. One July afternoon I followed the Sunrise Trail past tiny ice-filled lakes to the far side of the peak. Here is a thrilling vista down the rounded, glacier-polished canyon walls of Tenaya Creek to the distant Yosemite. Having no one to delay my progress, I was soon working my way through the chaparral up the steep slopes and granite slabs of

musical humming that often precedes the visible discharge of electricity. Crouching to escape the rain, my hair stood on end while I faced the situation for an hour, and then hastened back to camp amid the glow of a glorious sierra sunset.

To descend the Tuolumne Canyon with the river in spring is a new and wonderful experience. Down snowy cascades and over polished granite aprons too glassy to stand upon, the water tumbles and foams

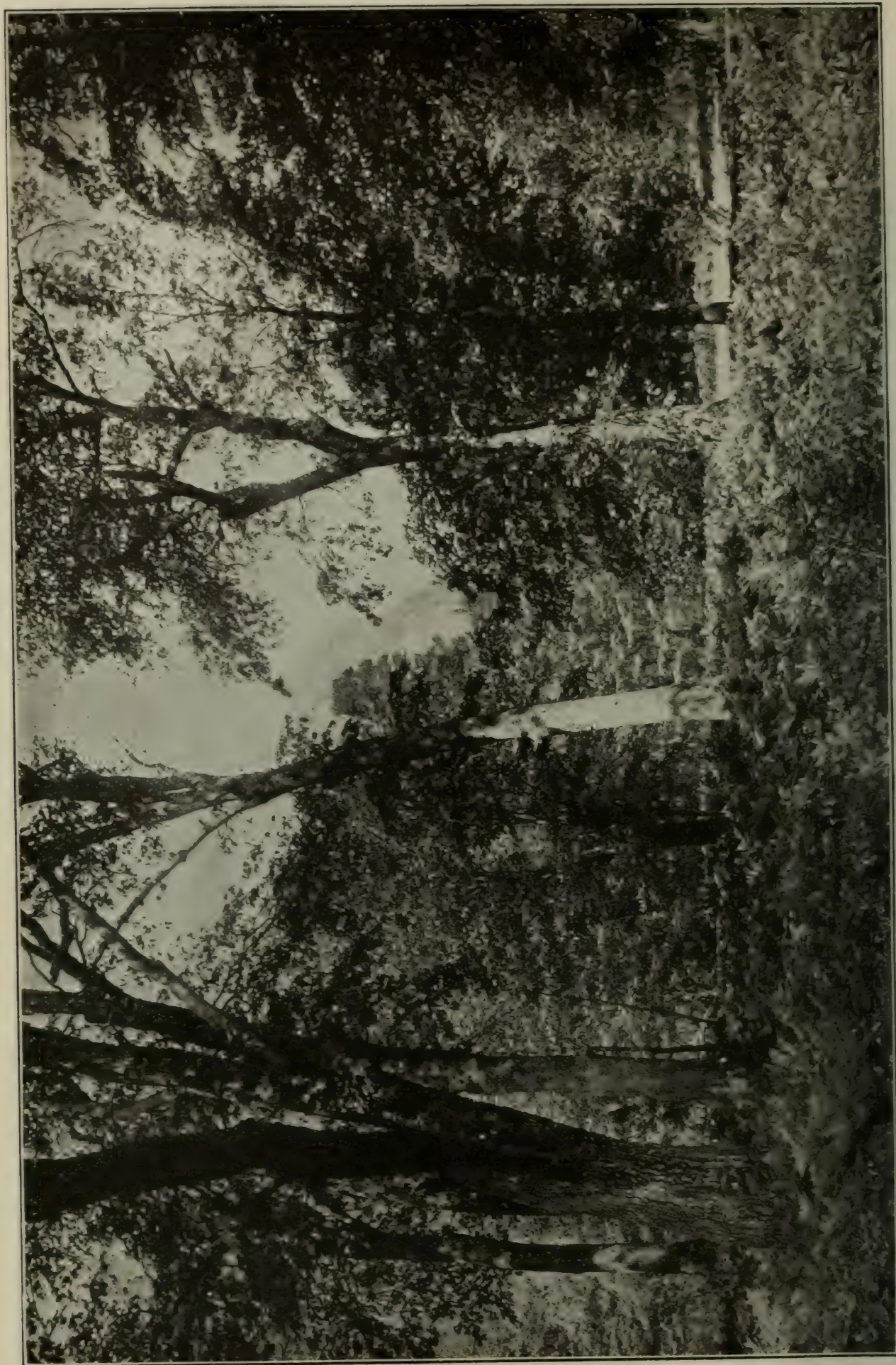




*Kulana Rock, Hetch Hetchy Valley, photograph by W. J. Anderson.*

*Kulana Rock, Hetch Hetchy Valley.*





*From a photograph by J. N. Le Conte.*

*The park-like floor of Hetch Hetchy Valley.*



so swiftly the eye refuses to follow. Leaping and bounding over talus, and madly whirling itself thirty or forty feet in air as it encounters the rocky pockets and ridges of its pathway, this mountain torrent surpasses all others of the Sierra in interest and wonder. Here, by sunlit pools that mirror the shyest of mountain flowers, is the hidden abode of the ouzel, fairy-bird of the irised spray.

Precipitously the canyon walls tower 5,000 feet on either hand, and, while I have scaled its cliffs alone, by far the easiest route is down its eighteen fascinating miles to the Hetch Hetchy. Until recently no trail dared to enter the canyon, and one had to force his way in continuous battle with thickest chaparral and talus blocks as large as houses, which crowd the river in utter confusion. Sometimes the only route down the cliffs seemed to be in grasping the boughs of a tree and descending its trunk; again one had to place his feet against the trunk and work horizontally through the otherwise impenetrable undergrowth. Such slow but well-earned progress delights the heart of a mountaineer, for he finds problems to solve at every step. High water at Muir Gorge compelled our ascent for 1,200 feet over dome-like granite, on which the lizards and rattlesnakes are sunning themselves in harmless content. John Muir preferred never to disturb the peace of a snake, according it the same privilege of life that he himself desired.

If one remains with the main body of the Sierra Club he may travel northward from the Tuolumne Meadows, visiting the little-known regions of the park. In this land of the sky, at 9,000 feet, are many beautiful lakes dotted with tiny islets and surrounded by mountain walls.

One of the finest of these is Rodgers Lake, on whose rocky shore we camp for several days, reluctantly leaving it of an early morning for a memorable day's stroll into the Hetch Hetchy Valley. After the long descent into Pleasant Valley comes mile after mile through the forest on Rancheria Mountain, in company with the vast Tuolumne Canyon far below, and finally the incomparable view of Hetch Hetchy from Le Conte Point.

Partaking of the beauty and majesty of Yosemite itself, the Hetch Hetchy Valley is familiar to comparatively few, for formerly one might enter its portals only by trail. Through it flows the peaceful Tuolumne, into which comes tumbling the wild Wapama Fall, 1,700 feet in height and of greater volume than the Yosemite. Up among the live-oaks and azaleas of its talus slopes you may bathe with the birds in its spray. Whether you saunter joyfully amid the wild roses, lilies, and lupines of the meadows, or lie contentedly beneath the spruces, pines, and libocedruses of the slopes, heavenly glimpses await you of the sublime pyramid of Kolana, rising nearly 2,000 feet above the valley. Delicate ferns and flowers embroider its precipices and giant trees have clung to its face for centuries. Divinely radiant, the whole valley rejoices with life. Recently, however, its noble trees have been destroyed, and man is turning it into a beautiful reservoir! If you have gazed in awe upon its mighty walls of living gray, wandered through its deep carpet of ferns and flowers, enjoyed the cooling shade of its giant oaks, or drunk from its life-giving fountains, while your heart grew young amid its air and its sunshine, you have priceless memories that can never be wholly effaced.



# THE DAY OF LIBERATION

STRASBOURG, DECEMBER 9, 1918

By Frederick W. Beekman

Rector of the American Church of the Holy Trinity, Paris, and Chaplain-Director of the American Soldiers' and Sailors' Club



WISHING to see the American Ambassador, I went to the Paris Embassy Saturday morning, December 7, sent in my card, and was soon received. During our conversation the Ambassador was called to the telephone, and spoke of leaving that evening for Alsace-Lorraine. Putting down the receiver, he said: "I am leaving at six o'clock on a government special with President Poincaré, Clemenceau, statesmen, diplomats, and military officers for Metz, where to-morrow France will deliver her formal message of liberation through her President, and be received by the people of Lorraine. The next day we will go to Strasbourg, thence to Colmar and Mulhouse for a similar purpose, and return to Paris on Wednesday."

While the Ambassador was talking the deep significance of his words came over me. This was to be the first official recognition of the liberation of the two provinces, "lost to the mother country," after forty-seven years' alienation. An overwhelming desire to witness scenes which forever will be recorded in history surged through my heart. I at once said: "Mr. Ambassador, were you yourself not a guest of the French Government, I would dare ask you to assist me to go too. I would rather be in Alsace-Lorraine during the next two or three days, and particularly in Strasbourg on Monday than any place in the world." To this he replied: "I am only the guest of the French Government and I am afraid it is too late for you to make the necessary military arrangements to leave Paris to-day in time for the Metz celebration, but if you can get to Strasbourg by Monday morning and will find me, I will assist you to see everything, once you get there." Knowing that it was almost impossible to secure a military pass beyond Nancy and that there was practically no railway ser-

vice east of that city, I, however, instantly determined to try for it and said: "If your Excellency will give me some sort of a letter which will help me to get from Nancy to Strasbourg by train or over the road, I will be grateful." He replied: "I think perhaps I can do that." Then, ringing a bell for a secretary, he dictated a letter to Monsieur Mirman, Préfet de Meurthe-et-Moselle, Nancy, in which he begged the préfet's good offices in the matter. Thanking him, I went at once to the headquarters of the American commander of the Paris district, and secured the following orders: "Chaplain Frederick W. Beekman has permission to proceed to Strasbourg and return. By command of Brigadier-General Harts. L. S. Edwards, Adjutant-General." As I left the adjutant-general's office with my precious pass, I was keenly aware that this officer felt quite certain that I would get no nearer Strasbourg than Nancy unless I walked, an impossible feat within the time.

A ticket for Nancy and a place réservée having been secured, Sunday morning found me a half-hour ahead of time at the Gare de l'Est and seated in my compartment by the window. The ride itself was interesting, vividly so, from Château-Thierry to Epernay, where the marks of desperate struggle and Hun atrocity were everywhere in evidence. Just outside the ticket-office in the Château-Thierry station hung the sign which told the inquirer that Paris was a little more than forty miles away. It required but little imagination to see the crowd of German soldiers in early June who, having broken the French lines, confidently stood there pointing to that very sign, as they boasted to each other that soon, yes, within the month, they would either enter Paris or get twenty miles nearer, from which distance their thousands of heavy guns would batter Paris into ruin or submission. As events, however, proved,



this same army was driven backward faster than it came on until, broken and spent, it begged for armistice.

Leaving Château-Thierry, there was scarcely a town or village with house standing, and the countryside was scarred and torn. From Epernay to Bar-le-Duc and beyond there was lesser evidence of the Boche's handiwork, and as the day darkened to its close our train entered Nancy—Nancy, the beautiful, the brave, Nancy, which had suffered so much from hundreds of air raids, but which had always kept the invader at an arm's length of ten miles.

It was but a few minutes before that I learned that two coaches of our train were specials and contained senators, deputies, and diplomats who had not been able to arrange their affairs in time to go with the main party to Metz, but were to join it at Strasbourg. I also was disturbed to learn that Monsieur Mirman, préfet at Nancy, to whom I carried the Ambassador's letter, had lately been made préfet of Metz, and had gone there some days before. However, leaping from the train as it came to a stop, I rushed to the commissaire militaire français to see what could be done, was at once referred to the American R. T. O., who, after examining my orders, smilingly said: "You can go to Strasbourg if you can get there, but there are no regular trains as yet, you know." I then went hastily to the ticket office and demanding a ticket for Strasbourg was told that none would be on sale until late at night, and perhaps not then. After this the ticket window was closed, but at once the door opened and a man whom I took to be the agent hurried out. I hailed him and in French asked if he really thought there were no trains going east, when with a perfect London accent he replied: "For heaven's sakes speak English and I'll answer you"—which he did not do satisfactorily, however, as he knew no more of train schedules than I. Having thus exhausted every means but one, I walked back to where the two special coaches were standing and climbed on board. It was a beautiful Pullman coach, one lately taken from the German Government under the armistice terms. Stepping into the first compartment, I asked the only occupant, a French officer of the tank

service (the rest were walking about the station) if this compartment was filled. He answered that there was one unoccupied seat and urged me to take it. This I was not slow to accept, and I had scarcely done so when the whistle blew, senators, deputies, and officers entered the train hurriedly, and in a moment it made its way out of the station which so often during the past four years had been a target for the enemy's bombing-machines out toward Lunéville, the old frontier, and Alsace.

It was slow riding, but at length we came to Avricourt, the frontier station. We were held here under orders for a half-hour, while French soldiers on guard gathered around here and there. As the train pulled into the station there were several sky-rockets sent up, and when I asked a French officer the reason he smilingly answered: "On s'amuse." The station itself looked like a battle-field. Windows were gone, doors were torn off, and it was unoccupied. Finally, we went on slowly and came to town after town. Every station with its German name was decorated as for a fête. Christmas trees and greens, French flags and colors were seen everywhere. German railway officials in German uniform, not as yet relieved, and who may not be until peace is actually signed, German women in uniform, acting as station-hands and carrying lanterns, crowds of Alsatians, most of them showing French colors, but others with gloomy faces crowded the station. The Germans kept together and seemed to have little to say. As the station-masters exchanged orders with the train conductor there was evident embarrassment. The larger part of the crowd at every station had come, hoping to get to Strasbourg by train for the morrow. So it was until finally Strasbourg was reached, at a quarter to eleven.

It was in 1912 that I last stepped from a Paris train onto the platform of this same station. But how changed! The same German signs directed the traveller, but then there were crowds of people moving here and there, and always the German soldier. French uniforms were unknown and unseen, except in books or papers. Now, however, French poilus with bayonets fixed stood guard. There was no civilian to be seen, and as the less



than a hundred French dignitaries and the single American left the train, a group of French officers approached and presented each in turn with a *carte d'invitation*, which on its face bore these words: "République Française, Haut-Commissariat de la République à Strasbourg, Visite Présidentielle du 9 Dec. 1918," etc. On the back of the card was our hotel assignment.

As we left the station we passed through lines of soldiers, and on and out into the crowd which had gathered in the Place de la Gare. There was no excitement, but deep and quiet interest. The stars were in the sky, the lights in the square were burning brightly and revealed the decorations in place for the morrow. Everywhere was the tricolor of France, and close by was the welcoming arch for the President. Despite the hour and the long journey, sleep had no attraction for me, so I strolled about the streets, the German-named streets, looked in the shop-windows, the German-named shops, but most of them displayed the welcoming colors of the mother country, and lettered signs with "Vive la France!" "Vivent les Libérateurs!" "Aux Vainqueurs!" and on one building could be read, in English, "God Bless our American Liberators." Frequently an avis on the window-pane announced: "This firm has been reorganized and is now entirely French." I finally came to the Place Kléber and stood looking up at the statue of Napoleon's great general. Then I realized that my hotel of six years before was only a few yards away. It was then the Rotes Haus, but now the electric sign announced "La Maison Rouge." As it were but yesterday, I recalled an answer given me on the very spot by an Alsatian who said: "Yes, our heart is French, deeply French, but the German, despite his harshness, is giving us an efficient civil government." The square was quite dark, but the lights of a neighboring café attracted me and I entered. Scarcely had I done so when several French aviators followed me and took seats. As they were covered with decorations and gave evidence of a rare camaraderie, I inquired who they were, and was told that the two nearest me were Fonck and Nungesser, the leading aces of the French air service and their comrades. Again I

thought of a night in August, 1912, when I sat in this same café and called to mind that in the seats now occupied by Frenchmen whose names are household words in Europe there sat several young German officers and almost all with swordcuts on their faces, the result of university or corps duels.

Where are they now? Where, I wonder! For they were German officers and young. But the café proprietor and his waiters were quite as polite to the French ace of aces and his comrades, who paid him in francs, as he was six years before to the duel-marked German officers who paid him in marks.

But it was now after midnight. So after stopping to read the programme of the morrow's events posted at a street corner and in French, which for such had long been "verboten," I wandered back to my hyphenated Hotel Diebold-Bristol, bade "bon soir" to the night clerk, who promised with Alsatian accent to call me at "zed heures," and went to my room and to bed, so thoughtfully provided by the République Française.

The morning was gray and soon turned to a fine drizzle. The Place de la Gare was filled with French cavalry. The crowds began to gather early. By eight, officers placed their guards across the Place and along the curbs, as far as the eye could see in the direction of the Hôtel de Ville, where the President at half-past nine was to deliver the message of the French nation to the people of the lost province. As I wore the uniform of an American officer, I broke the lines and walked along the street to the Place Kléber, where on the steps of my old hotel, La Maison Rouge, I met ten or twelve military attachés and other officers. We were immediately taken in charge by a French general, detailed for the purpose, who, breaking the cordon, took us through the vast crowds, gathered to witness the President place a wreath at the base of the statue of Kléber, while en route from the station. We crossed the Place and on down the street through still denser crowds to the Hôtel de Ville. As we passed the statue of Kléber, where stood in line three hundred French veterans of '70, gray-bearded but erect with the pride of the Revanche, we exchanged salutes. The crowd cried: "Vivent les



Alliés!" "Vivent les Libérateurs!" and more frequently, "Vive l'Amérique!" Arriving at the Hôtel de Ville, we were placed directly in front of and only ten feet from the spot from which President Poincaré was to speak. Such suppressed emotion! The air was surcharged with it. Every window of the Hôtel de Ville was filled with women fortunate enough to be placed there. Senators, deputies, diplomats, soldiers, movie-men, photographers, student corps, women in Alsatian dress were everywhere. Then cheering was heard in the distance. It grew louder until in a moment the first carriage, which contained President Poincaré and Clemenceau, drove up. They alighted, and were followed immediately by the presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, Marshals Joffre, Foch, and Pétain, General Gouraud, the one-armed commander of the district, Marshal Haig, Generals Pershing and Plumer, Lord Derby (the British Ambassador), Mr. Sharp (the American Ambassador), Mr. Vesnitch, the Serbian Minister, and many others. While the applause was at its height, President Poincaré, looking out over the cheering crowd, raised his hand for silence, and began to speak. His first sentence brought a tumult of cheers: "Alsaciens," he said, referring to the German demand that the Alsace-Lorraine question be left to a plebiscite, "le plébiscite est fait." Cheers punctuated every sentence, and always with the accustomed "Bravo!" and "Très bien!" In less than half an hour the address ended. Then for a short space friend spoke to friend here and there, when the honor guests drove or walked to the Strasbourg Cathedral, where they were received by the ecclesiastical dignitaries and Swiss Guards, in white satin, and carrying maces. I found myself walking toward the cathedral beside General Plumer, the famous British general, but as the crowd, quite unfamiliar with either the British or American uniform, persisted in crying "Vive l'Amérique!" I said: "General, they only know the British uniform from pictures in German papers, and they take you for an American." Once within the cathedral, and after a brief but impressive service, the guests were escorted to that seventh wonder of the world, the Strasbourg

clock. As the clock struck the hour the cock crew, the apostles walked just as they had for these many years, but it seemed to some of us as if the cock crew with more vigor, and the apostles walked with more elation than they had for forty-seven years.

Luncheon-hour had now come, and in Alsace, as in Paris, everything stopped for two hours. Following, however, the schedule, the presidential party visited the largest Protestant church, and immediately afterward the synagogue, for Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews are more equally represented in Alsace than elsewhere in France. After luncheon we were again in motion toward the scene of the Grand Défilé of the afternoon. My ticket said Tribune B, and soon we were in our places in the Central Reviewing Stand, and only twenty feet behind the President's chair. Place de la République the beautiful square was called which only yesterday bore the name of the Kaiser Platz. When we arrived at the Tribune du Président, a full half-hour before the arrival of the presidential party, there was much time to observe. We looked directly out, not half a mile away, to the cathedral, with its glorious façade, whose lace-like tower and highest flagstaff in the region bore the tricolor of France, lately replacing a German Red Cross flag, which had protected a wireless apparatus and signal-station just below. The university buildings flanked the great square, and one could read "Universitäts- u. Landes-Bibliothek," and not far away stood what was left of a Hohenzollern monument, destroyed by the students. I was told that at the time the students tore the Prussian helmet from the head of the equestrian figure, they bore it to their favorite club, where, having fixed it firmly in the floor by means of the helmet spike, they used it in the same manner as American experts of the weed would have done in certain American hotels of a primitive type.

I wish that I could adequately describe the events of the next two hours, but they are indescribable as they are unforgettable. An elderly Alsatian who stood near me, and who had lived in Strasbourg for over sixty years, said, as tears glistened in his eyes: "Il faut voir pour savoir."



But that the reader may the more fully see the scene of the Grand Défilé, let him picture a great square of state and university buildings, within which is a circular half-mile track, not of cinders for athletic sports, but of clay and gravel for military parade, and within the track rich turf, cultivated trees and shrubbery. At the central point of the northern end was the Tribune du Président or Reviewing Stand. Within a few moments after the filling of this stand by the guests of the republic, soldiers cleared the track and were posted closely along its edges.

The Défilé began with the approach of a French general with staff, followed by a cavalry band. Saluting the President and reviewing officers, the general wheeled outward and took position facing the stand and at the head of the long turfed aisle, which stretched away between trees as the diameter of a circle. Then there passed for an hour French soldiers and sailors of every branch of the service, mostly members of Gouraud's army, the poilus in horizon-blue, the Moroccans with yellow uniform and red fezzes, resembling a moving field of poppies; artillery, the heavies and the seventy-fives, and the smaller types, mortars and machine-guns, like big insects ready to crawl, cavalry-men and marines, with the pompons rouges of Brittany, many of them of the immortal nine thousand, which for seven days held at bay forty-five thousand Germans on the retreat on Paris, in 1914. Last of all came the tanks, which moved along the parade-ground like huge turtles. As every branch of service, led by its band, went by, its officers coming to the salute as only Frenchmen can—picked units from fighting divisions of the line—our admiration rose; but Alsace herself was still to come, and for this we waited.

After the last tank a moment passed. Then a few hundred yards away could be seen approaching the Alsatian column, and at its head the French veterans of '70. Admiration and cheers for the young, the vigorous, the victorious gave way to indescribable emotion. Cheers and tears, tears and cheers, and as the head of the column came abreast the presidential stand, from these gray-haired soldiers of France of the last war, from these prisoners of hope, their heads

uncovered, their right arms lifted high, involuntarily, and without command there burst forth the pent-up cry of long years: "Vive la Patrie, Vive la France!" How often during the past had the "Marseillaise" made vibrant heart chords, but played as it was at this moment, in the city of Rouget de Lisle, and of its birth, and for the veterans of a lost cause now redeemed, words cannot describe.

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

Ah, yes, for Alsace, "le jour de gloire est arrivé."

Every village in all Alsace marched. Led by the local band, the mayor followed in his long black coat with tricolor sash. Then came scores of leading citizens in frock coats and silk hats, and always in front of the reviewing stand faces were turned inward, hats were raised high, and France was cheered and always followed the women and girls, yes and with them boys in their early teens. With their Alsatian bows for a head-dress, their short full skirts of corresponding hue, marching twenty abreast, often quickstepping to the music and throwing flowers toward the stand, what a riot of color and movement, what grace, what joy! As a scene at a carnival it would have been superb, but to-day it was more. When the present century draws to its last quarter, there will be living in France old women whose eyes will glisten as they tell their grandchildren of the day in Strasbourg long ago when they marched and danced before the President, the Premier, and Marshals of France on the day of the Great Liberation.

Next in moving and dramatic appeal to the review of the veterans of '70 was that of the conscripts, the next class of Alsatian youth to be called to the German colors. There were hundreds of them, these boys of seventeen. Close beside the standard marked "Conscripts" was born by a stalwart youth a new flag of France, and after it had been lowered in salute it became instinct with life and was waved and waved by tireless because happy arms. As the student corps marched by a neighbor said: "Ah! les pauvres jeunes, they have not been permitted to speak or read a word of French, and now their unfinished university courses will be under a French faculty."



Another neighbor said of them: "Ah, their New Year vows were not in vain." And then he told how on every New Year's Eve at midnight, ever since Alsace-Lorraine had been torn from France, the loyal student corps marched in file to the Place Kléber and, passing without a word the statue Kléber, returned to corps headquarters. Watched by the German police, not a word was uttered, nor a song sung, but as each student passed the statue of Napoleon's Alsatian general, he looked upward into Kléber's face and then beyond to Him who sitteth on His throne beyond the stars, and vowed in his heart eternal loyalty to France.

If one were asked who was the popular hero of the day the answer is quickly given. President Poincaré was cheered to the echo. Joffre and Foch came in for equal and tumultuous applause. Pétain's cheers were hardly less. Gouraud, the commander of the district, he of the shattered arm and limp, but with a face and heart to command, was beloved by all. General Pershing, as the commander of our own army, which did so much at St.-Mihiel and in the sector nearest Alsace-Lorraine was constantly acknowledging the cries, "Vive l'Amérique!" and "Vive Général Pershing!" Marshal Haig was by no means slighted, but above all cries could be heard the cheer for a plain civilian, he who in his youth in the *Chambre des députés* had refused to vote for the separation forced by the Treaty of Frankfurt, he who suffered political exile and taught French for a living in a little town in Connecticut, he who at the age of seventy-six seized the reins of government, which were slipping from the hands of a tottering ministry and threatening to drag France and the cause of the Allies with it, the Man of 1918 and of the War, Georges Clemenceau. As a ten-year-old Alsacienne was borne on shoulders through the crowd to the front of the reviewing stand and placed in the Premier's hands her flowers, and as the old hero, taking them with a smile, kissed her excited cheeks, some one in the crowd shouted: "Vive le Tigre!" The Premier smiled. Then every one cheered, while a woman, with flashing eye and toss of head and with an inimitable gesture, said: "Il l'aime."

After the last choral and gymnastic

societies, so long suppressed, had marched by, the Défilé ended and the vast crowd slowly made its way back to the centre of the city.

An old friend and college mate, one of a handful of Americans in Strasbourg that day, proposed that we dine together at the popular Café Sorg. As I glanced at the *carte des vins* I was aware that the upper half had been pasted over, and as I held it to the light I could plainly see the coats of arms of the several German states which made the German Empire. Every table held French and Allied officers. On the walls were French flags and cards which read, "Vive la patrie, vive Poincaré, vive Clemenceau!" although a few days before German officers dined at the same tables and had ordered Moselle and Rhine wines from the same card, but as it had first come from the printers. In the change brought by the waiter was a five-mark note, which was returned as a *pourboire*, as was evidently intended. Our train left at 9.10, so we walked through the streets of this French town, which next to Paris is the most attractive. Allied flags were as frequent as on the Paris boulevards. The Alsatian girls were already arm in arm with the French soldiers. There was to be a Grand Ball later in the evening. I went to the station and inquired which was the special train for Paris. In a few moments, in a most comfortable compartment and on a Pullman lately taken by the victors from the vanquished, where the porter spoke only Alsatian-German and where the printed directions were all in German, I fell asleep. The last thing I can remember was trying to repeat the formal protest of the deputies of Alsace-Lorraine in the *Chambre des députés* in Bordeaux, (where it had been removed from Paris) and following the acceptance of Bismarck's terms of '71:

"Handed over to the Dominion of the foreigner in contempt of all justice and by an odious abuse of force, we once more declare null and void a compact which disposes of us without our consent. Your brothers of Alsace-Lorraine, separated at this moment from the common family, will preserve for the France banished from their hearths, a faithful love until the day when she will come again to take her place there."



# "SWEET ARGOS"

By Stacia Crowley

A WIND from the West!  
How it blows into the heart of me.  
A wind from the West!  
Why the West is a part of me,  
There, I was born.  
There, where the prairies are broad,  
When the wild things were growing;  
There, when the wild birds were singing  
And wild herds were lowing.  
Now it is fields of corn.

But the wind is not tamed,  
And oh, the wild tunes that it whistles to me;  
Tunes that it piped on the prairies  
That billow and roll like the sea;  
Tunes that it caught from the hearts of things there,  
Tumultuous and free.  
The rhythm of beating hoofs  
Drumming the earth in their race;  
The half-tamed stallion's neigh,  
And the rain in your face.  
Oh, the wind gathers all of it,  
All, as it goes rushing by;  
Even the whir of the wild hawk's wings  
As he swoops like a bomb from the sky;  
Even the meadow-lark's call,  
And a sweeter one never was heard.  
'Tis the voice of the prairie sunset  
But you can't put it into a word.

And the white nights of winter,  
When the air is so cold and so clear  
That it glints like the blade of a sword.  
I know I can hear the voice of that silence.  
And I hear, too, the rush and swirl of the storm,  
When the blizzard has marshalled its hosts,  
Sweeping resistlessly forward  
Its columns of sheeted ghosts,  
Who lashed into bitter fury  
By the speed of their fierce advance,  
Leap and whirl and mingle  
In a frantic Dervish dance.

It harps too the primal prairies,  
Where the strong dark rivers run;  
Where all things live, as all things should,  
In the broad clear light of the sun;  
Where a friend is indeed a friend,  
And a foe is indeed a foe,  
And you feel you can almost love him  
Because he hates you so.



Sometimes it is full of voices,  
 Sometimes it is full of tears,  
 The stab of a wrong or the sob of a song  
 Passed with the passing years.

Sometimes 'tis a child who listens,  
 In the wonderful long ago,  
 Filled with such blissful terror  
 As only a child can know.  
 Cuddled safe in the home nest  
 And thrilling to every cry,  
 While the wind and the wolves together  
 Howl the prairie-born's lullaby.

And then—but I hear the prelude  
 Of a song known only to me.  
 Even the wind may not sing it  
 For its chords are mystery.  
 Back my feet to your furrow,  
 Bend to your tasks my will.  
 No, I must not remember.  
 Oh, wind from the West, be still.

## THE HOLE IN THE FENCE

By H. S. Hall

Author of "The Open Hearth"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON



THE lower half of the twenty-foot fence back of the rod mill was built of concrete and served as a retaining wall, the level of the mill yard, at that point, being ten feet above the road-bed of the Mid-line Railroad, which ran just outside. The upper half of the fence was constructed of pine boards two inches thick, fastened to stringers which were bolted to iron posts sunk into the concrete. And above the tops of the boards, carried on uprights that were secured to the iron posts, were six strands of barbed wire. It was a good fence.

It was a superior fence, warranted by Davidson, the boss carpenter, who built it, to be man-tight. Yet in the ten years of its existence as a fence it had never

turned back Slim Joe, the gas-poker, once he had set his ambition on a cooling draft of lager. He had gone over the top of the six strands of barbed wire; he had gone between them; he had gone beneath them; he had knocked boards loose from the stringers and gone through the openings thus made. He was now going beneath the upper half of the fence, between the boards and the concrete.

With infinite patience and great labor he had surreptitiously chiselled out a depression in the top of the concrete wall; he had cut and hacked through and removed two of the two-inch boards, and had so made a hole, a small hole, indeed, through which he could wriggle his slim self, his exit being made feet first, his entrance head first.

A small, battered piece of corrugated



roofing iron, placed carelessly over the hole, concealed the opening so effectually that no one had discovered it. Tom Whitehead, the roundsman, whose duty it was to see that no outsiders sneaked into the mill-yard and no insiders sneaked out, knew that Slim Joe had an exit somewhere. He knew that Slim Joe was going out every day for beer, and he knew he was fetching beer into the yard for Eddie Welper, familiarly known about the rod-mill as the Tanner. But he could not locate that hole.

"I casn' find it," he said to Sligo, the boss roller, as they sat on the concrete wall, their backs against the corrugated piece of roofing iron. "I know th' slim eel is goin' out steady fer his drink, but I casn' find that 'ole. I've looked 'nd I've looked 'nd I've looked fer that 'ole, but I casn' find it. I'm puzzled."

"Tom, you've got to find that hole!" declared Sligo. "Spring is coming on, and Slim's thirst and the Tanner's thirst will grow like weeds from now on. I've got enough hurry-up orders to keep us going like blazes for the next six months, and the chief gaffir will be after me all the time. I can't get along without Slim and the Tanner—they're my two best men—but I can't get along with them if they're going to be soused with beer half the time, as they both will be if there's a hole for Slim Joe to slip through. Confound him, he doesn't need a hole—he's so thin he could slip through a crack between the boards!"

"If it was me I'd can th' both of 'em," said Tom Whitehead.

"Can nothing! You know I canned Slim a half-dozen times last summer for running beer into the mill, and what good did it do? Didn't I have to hire him back every time? He's the only man in Steelburg that can make gas on that dilapidated, antiquated set of producers. As for the Tanner—he never goes out; you know that. He's too big to make use of any kind of an exit smaller than a wagon-gate. And I'd make a lot of rods, wouldn't I, if I discharged the Tanner? He's the only bulldogger I ever had that was worth a nickel an hour!"

"No, th' Tanner don't go out fer no beer, true enough, but he has Slim pack

it in to him by th' barrel. Yes, sir, I'd can th' both of 'em," said Tom again.

"You find that hole and close it up!" ordered Sligo, rising and starting away. "Never mind telling me what you'd do—find the hole!" The roundsman gazed after the retreating figure of the boss roller until it had disappeared behind a corner of the mill building.

"Find th' 'ole!" he muttered. He threw his arms back and thrust his thumbs into the pockets of his vest, the action causing his elbows to strike sharply against the piece of corrugated iron. "Find th' 'ole! I casn' find no 'ole!" He sat in that comfortable position for a few minutes, then rose and walked off.

Hardly had he passed from sight among the cars and stacks of steel billets near the furnaces when the Tanner came slowly out from behind a gas-producer, looked up and down the yard, and walked over to the fence and sat down by the piece of corrugated iron. He sighed noisily.

The Tanner was huge and heavy. He tipped the scale beam at two hundred and eight in the summer months, at two hundred and forty-five in the winter months. He was bald-headed, pouch-eyed, smooth-shaven, bull-necked, and, from his shoulders to his hips, exceedingly vast. He spoke softly and breathed hard. He was always good-natured, always willing to do a favor, always hungry, and always dry. He was not a vegetarian, but vegetating was his conception of a well-spent life. Any kind of thinking was unpopular with the Tanner.

To-day he was very hot, very sweaty, and very thirsty. He crooked the index-finger of his right hand and raked it across half his brow and the right side of his face, flipping away the perspiration it gathered in its downward sweep. Then the crooked index-finger of his left hand raked the other half of his brow and the left side of his face. He mopped his face and neck vigorously with his little cloth cap and exhaled a blast from his mighty chest. Then he started to sing, in a remarkably small voice:

"Good-by, maw! Good-by, paw!  
Good-by, mule with the big hee-haw!"

"Pss-st!"



The Tanner checked his singing and turned his head to listen.

"Pss-st! Hey, Tanner!" The voice came to him from outside the fence. He pushed the piece of corrugated iron to one side, uncovering a hole of irregular shape. He stooped and put his face at the opening.

"All set, Slim?" he asked.

"All set. Take 'em in," returned a voice.

The Tanner thrust his arm into the hole as far as he could reach. When he drew it back there was a tin dinner-pail in his hand. Again the arm went into the hole, and another tin dinner-pail was brought in. Again the arm disappeared, and this time when it was drawn back the hand held another hand. A red head, a red face, and a red mustache followed the hand. A man's body, a very thin body, followed the face and, with much squirming and twisting and wriggling, worked its way through the opening. The Tanner set up the piece of corrugated iron in its former place.

"Is th' coast clear?" asked the newcomer.

"Sligo 'nd Tom Whitehead are nosin' round," replied the Tanner. "Better get a sandwich ready for 'em." He drew a newspaper package from a cavernous pocket and unwrapped it. It contained two meat sandwiches. One of them he handed to the slim man.

"Guess I'll take a snort," said the Tanner. "Keep your eye peeled, Slim."

He was removing the lid from one of the pails when Slim Joe spoke sharply. Both men fell to devouring their sandwiches. The boss roller had come out of the mill and was walking over to them.

"Eating a little lunch, boys?" he asked carelessly.

"Yep, takin' a bite," replied Slim Joe.

"Hot to-day, isn't it? Glad we're not on the big sizes. I never saw it so hot at this time of year. D'ye mind if I take a sip of your tea? I'm thirsty, though I've been drinking water all day."

Consternation showed on the faces of the two men.

"Th' tea ain't no good to-day, boss," said the Tanner. "Th' boardin'-house missus must've spilled some soap in it, th' way it looks 'nd tastes."

"Anything's better than water in weather like this. I'll just taste it, anyhow," said Sligo.

He removed the lid from one of the pails.

"Yes, I should say she did put soap into your tea!" he exclaimed angrily. "Look at the suds!"

He jerked the lid from the other pail. "More soap-suds, eh! Where did you fellows get this beer?" he demanded.

Slim Joe looked up in surprise. "Beer!" he cried. "Is that beer? Well, say, what do you know about that, Tanner? Th' boardin'-house missus put beer in our pails! 'Nd we was thinkin' all th' time she'd dropped some soap in th' tea! Say, ain't she th' limit, to do a thing like that?"

Sligo boiled with wrath. "Now, look here, you two lushers," he roared, shaking an angry fist in their faces, "there's going to be a stop to this! This can't go on! I won't stand for it! You fellows know what I'm up against, that I've got to keep this mill pushed to the limit all the time, and I can't do it if my workmen are drinking booze. You've got to quit or I'll fire you! Where do you get out, Slim? Where's your hole?"

"Me? Why, I don't go out!" replied Slim Joe in a hurt voice. "No man can get over or through a fence like this! This beer here in these pails is a big surprise to me, boss, believe me. Th' boardin'-house missus——"

"Shut up!" yelled the boss roller. "If I could find that hole I'd put a man by it with a shotgun and tell him to shoot you if you came near it! Where is it, Slim? Tell me or I will fire you!"

Slim Joe turned the palms of both hands up, shrugged his shoulders, and twitched his red mustache. With a snort of anger Sligo walked away a few steps, then turned.

"This is the last time!" he cried. "The very last time! You go out again and fetch in beer and both of you quit for keeps! Understand?"

"Yes, sir, 'nd thank you kindly, boss, for giving us another show," said the Tanner.

Sligo stamped away into the mill.

Slim Joe looked at the Tanner and winked. The Tanner looked at Slim Joe



and grinned. Then they each lifted up a pail and drank long and deep.

"Beats all, doesn't it, how grouchy Sligo's got to be since them rush orders for rods hit him," said the Tanner as he lowered his pail and reached for his sandwich.

"I reckon th' big gaffir's worritin' him a lot these days about not gettin' out rods enough," returned Slim Joe, wiping his foam-flecked lips with the back of his hand. "It's thunder when th' main gaffir gets to proddin' you up on work, they tell me."

General Manager Stevens, the "big gaffir," was indeed worrying the boss roller. He was not satisfied with the daily output of the rod-mill—he had not been satisfied, for that matter, for nearly three years, since the European War had caused unprecedented orders for rods to flow in to the Steelburg mills. In 1914 he considered one hundred and seventy-five tons of No. 5 rods a very creditable day's performance. Under his urging Sligo had raised that figure to two hundred. Then two hundred and twenty-five were demanded; and when the boss roller had succeeded in forcing his figure to that height there came a request for two hundred and fifty.

"We must get them out, get them out, Sligo!" Stevens kept telling the boss roller. "I wouldn't be pushing you so hard now, after you've accomplished so much, but these orders we are getting nowadays are Uncle Sam's. These rods are to go into barbed wire, and you know where that barbed wire goes—straight to France, to fence out the Huns and other wild animals. Speed up, Sligo, speed up! Hitch your rod-mill to a comet!"

Sligo had the twelve-hour day turn, Jack Robinson the night shift. Robinson was a younger and less experienced rod roller than Sligo, and his production figures had never equalled those of the day turn. When Sligo was averaging two hundred tons Robinson was running out one hundred and eighty tons. But with the general manager's putting pressure upon him, urging and pleading for more rods, the young roller had been doing better, and when Sligo's figure stood at two hundred and twenty-five his was two hundred.

Both rollers were on the job every minute of their time. Both of them had spurred on their respective crews to greater efforts, and the men were responding. A number of young fellows from the mills had gone to the colors; some of them were already in France, and the thought that they were working for the safety of the boys whom they knew, who would soon be lying behind wire entanglements made from the rods they were rolling, struck fire into the souls of the workers there, and they toiled over the red bars, amid the whirring rolls and about the hot furnaces as they had never toiled before.

Sligo's crew was a better crew than Robinson's—it was composed of older men, men of greater skill and longer experience. But there were two weak links in his chain, if a mill crew may be called a chain—Eddie Welper, his bulldogger, and Joe Smoots, his head gas-poker. These two men had a penchant for alcoholic drink, and they got it, not only when they were off duty but while they were at work; got it in spite of the company's twenty-foot fence, in spite of all rules and regulations, in spite of Sligo's threats, in spite of the fine detective work and guard duty of Tom Whitehead, the roundsman. Had the Tanner been more godlike in his make-up, this would be the place to refer to Slim Joe as Ganymede.

For ten years they had been working for Sligo. He had in them his two best workmen. He appreciated them; he showed his appreciation; but he could not induce them to conform to the rules of the plant, that liquor should not be brought into the mill-yard. For ten years he had been threatening them; for ten years he had been pleading with them; a dozen times he had discharged them; but they continued to work for him, and Slim Joe continued to slip out for beer.

Slim Joe's job, it was admitted by all, was the toughest and dirtiest job about the mill, and nobody denied that the Tanner's was the hardest. Poking gas tries a man's soul, bulldogging tests his muscles. Making gas on producers that should have been scrapped in the '90's was a trick not many men could turn; bulldogging on a roughing train that was set so close to the heating furnace that a



thermometer hung there would register never below a hundred, was work few could do.

"How does he stand it?" Sligo had said a hundred times as he watched the Tanner heaving up the white-hot, one-hundred-and-seventy-pound bars from the lower to the upper passes, with the hot blasts from the mouths of the heating-furnaces pouring out upon him and the dripping billets racing past him on the feed-roll trains. And more than once he had told himself that he did not wonder that Slim Joe's throat cried out for a cooling draft, when he would see him barring and poking and sledging at the worn-out producers, with the thick, yellow clouds of soggy, sulphurous smoke rolling up about him.

One day there came a letter to Sligo from the general manager's office, calling attention to the fact that his average tonnage for the week past had gone above two hundred and twenty-five tons, and expressing the pleasure this fact had given to the management. "Now, if you can force that figure on up," the letter went on to say, "up to two hundred and fifty tons, you will never be asked to exceed it by another pound, be assured of that. We are very proud of the records you and Robinson have established for this mill. Can you do better? Can you make your top figure two hundred and fifty? We are going to ask Robinson to try for two hundred and twenty-five, and we believe he will reach it."

Sligo read the letter through and groaned. "It can't be done!" he muttered. "I am just about at the peak now! With some new equipment—but I'll try for it!"

And he set himself to work harder than ever. He looked over and restudied every gear, every pulley, every reel, every roll, seeking for a place to make an improvement. He carried stacks of blue-prints home with him and studied far into the night. He stayed at the mill over hours and talked with Robinson and the master mechanic and the chief engineer, and together they schemed and planned for increasing the mill's production. Changes, not great ones, were made in the mechanics of the mill here and there, extra men were added to the crews, one in this

place, another in that, and in a short while they were gratified to see the daily output begin slowly to increase. The workmen, noticing the growing figures chalked up at the weigher's shanty each turn, put forth greater efforts. As though to aid them, a cool spell of weather set in, and the great coils of red rods rolled away from the reels to the cooling yards in an unbroken line.

Sligo, keeping a wary eye on the two weak links of his chain, the Tanner and Slim Joe, chuckled as he saw them working with a zeal such as they had never before manifested. Since the day when he had discovered them with the "soapy tea" they had given him no trouble.

"If those two will only lay off their beer I'll be all right," he said to the general manager as they stood together one day watching the mill at its mighty work.

"They have always given you more or less trouble, haven't they?" asked the general manager.

"Yes, and they have given me a lot of valuable service, too."

"Why don't you get rid of them and break in some new hands? Some day they will fail you at a critical moment."

"I've tried it, but so far I have never found anybody who could measure up to them. Actually, with all the worry they cause me, I can get out more work with them at their worst than I can with any other men I have tried. They are two simple souls. If they had ever given a hint that they considered themselves indispensable to the running of this mill I should have fired them long ago. But if Slim Joe goes out again for beer or brings it in to the Tanner, I shall discharge both of them. I've told them so, and they know I will do it!"

The cool weather continued. The weigher's figures continued to grow greater. It was two hundred and twenty-eight; it was two hundred and thirty; it went to two hundred and thirty-five, to two hundred and forty. And Robinson's figure had moved up to two hundred and seventeen.

"Another week at this rate and we'll hit the high mark," laughed Sligo as he saw the clerk chalking up two hundred and forty-two.

That same night a warm April rain be-



gan falling, a hot, muggy wind rolled up from the south, and the next day the output dropped to two hundred and thirty-six tons, so quickly was the evil effect of a warm wave made noticeable in the efficiency of the men. Sligo became nervous. He watched the Tanner and Slim Joe closely. Both were showing signs of distress.

He kept himself in sight of Slim Joe, determined that he would offer the man no opportunity to slip out of the yard. Then a broken reel called him away to the far end of the mill building. When he returned he knew at a glance that the gas-poker had been outside—both he and the Tanner were unusually blithe.

"They've started!" he groaned.

He was called away again, this time to the roll-shop in another part of the yard. He was absent more than an hour. Coming back he was startled to see the mill running half empty. The finisher was blowing the whistle madly for steel. He looked across the rolls toward the Tanner. The big giant was smiling in a pleased manner and "fumbling" every other bar that came through to him. Sligo hurried over to him. As he neared the roughing-train he saw a bar with a split end shoot between the rolls. The bulldogger's long tongs reached down and picked it up. But instead of tossing it aside for a laborer to drag away, the Tanner calmly returned it to the rolls.

"Stop that! Stop it!" yelled Sligo. But it was too late—the rolls seized the bar. It separated at the split; one-half of it curled upward and was carried over and welded to the other part of the bar. The roll was "collared."

Sligo screamed with rage. A whistle shrilled a warning and the roughing-train began slowing down. There would be no more rods made that day until the "collar" had been removed—cut away with the oxygen flame.

The Tanner leaned comfortably on his tongs, surveyed the damage he had wrought, and began singing in his small voice:

"Good-by, maw! Good-by, paw!  
Good-by, mule with the big hee-haw!"

The boss roller interrupted his singing with a roar.

"Go to my office, Tanner, and wait for me there! Hurry up!"

The Tanner touched his cap, bowed and smiled, dropped his tongs, and moved ponderously away.

Sligo went running into the gas-house. There he beheld Slim Joe delivering a fiery oration to an assembly of Poles who were gathered about him, their faces wreathed in smiles. Gas-making had stopped.

"Get over to my office, Slim! You're fired! I want to give you your time!"

Slim Joe started at the sound of Sligo's voice. He gazed at him a moment, then his eyes were flooded with tears. Shaking his head sadly, he turned and left the building.

Putting one of the Poles in charge of the gas-house, and telling him to get the men to work, Sligo hastened through the mill to his little, dingy office that stood just outside the main building. He found the Tanner and Slim Joe awaiting him there.

"You're fired, both of you!" he announced as he entered the office and seated himself at his desk and picked up a book of blank forms. "You're fired for keeps this time! I gave you warning!" He hurriedly wrote out two discharge slips. "Here," he said, thrusting the slips into their hands, "here are your discharge slips. Take them to the time office and get your money, and don't let me see your faces again, ever!"

Slim Joe started to weep. "Boss, you're right, you're dead right!" he sobbed. "We done wrong; we ought to be canned; but if you ever get in a tight squeeze, boss, 'nd ever need us, we'll be ready to help you out. Good-by, boss!"

Sligo was amused. In spite of his anger he could not keep from laughing. "Ha, ha, ha!" he roared. "All right, Slim, I'll not forget your offer!"

The Tanner took off his little, greasy cap, touched his left breast with the finger-tips of his left hand, crooked a fat leg till an elephantine foot was standing on tiptoe, and sang lugubriously:

"Good-by, maw! Good-by, paw!  
Good-by, mule with the big hee-haw!"

Arm in arm the two discharges went away. Sligo went back into the mill.

That day his tonnage figure dropped to



two hundred and five—because of the “collar” on the roughing-roll the mill lost more than an hour’s time. The next day it was up to two twenty-eight; the next it dropped to two twenty-three. Robinson’s figure had touched two hundred and twenty-one.

In the days that followed Sligo watched things go from bad to worse. The heaters were continuously calling for gas; the finishers were continuously whistling for steel. Of the men he tried out at the gas-house none could keep the flues filled; of those he set to work at the roughing-rolls none could do the job as it should be done. The mill’s steady improvement was no longer in evidence; his crew had lost its swing, its grip on things; the men were showing their dissatisfaction in a score of ways. Robinson’s production figure was nearing the two-hundred-and-twenty-five mark. If something didn’t happen, if something wasn’t done soon, his average would be below Robinson’s, something he could not think of without trembling.

Then came the letter from the general manager’s office. It called Sligo’s attention to the production records for the past three weeks. “We understand you attribute your losses in tonnage to some defections in your crew,” it went on, “but, of course, you cannot offer that explanation with any hope that it may be an excuse that will protect you. It is up to you to build your crew of men upon whom you can absolutely rely at all times. When your tonnage for any week falls below the night crew’s tonnage for the same week, we shall be compelled to shift you and your crew to the night turn and give Robinson and his crew the day turn.”

The boss roller received the letter on a Monday morning. It stunned him. To transfer his crew to the night turn! He would not stand for such a humiliation—he would quit. Landley, his finisher, could have his job. He didn’t want to quit—not for ten years yet—but, of course, they wouldn’t expect him to accept such a demotion.

He went out into the mill and looked at the weigher’s record-board. Robinson had started the evening before, Sunday, at six o’clock. He had made two hundred and twenty-four tons. Sligo told

two or three of the workmen about the ultimatum he had received. In a very few minutes every man on his crew knew about it. There was loud and angry talk; there were threats made; there were bitter accusations made, some of them directed at the boss roller because of his having foolishly discharged two good men at such a critical time, some of them at the company for not installing up-to-date equipment, some of them at the inefficient gas-makers and roughers upon whom most of the blame was cast. Then a grim determination showed itself in the men’s faces, and they set to work to save themselves from the shame that was threatening them.

That day the tonnage figure was two hundred and twenty-eight, only four tons more than Robinson had made the previous night.

“Well, it’s better than I thought we’d do the first day of the week,” Sligo said cheerfully as the men left the mill that evening. “Keep it up at that rate and we’ll win out. To-morrow we’ll make two hundred and thirty-five.”

But on Tuesday the heater could not get the billets hot enough to roll—there was a shortage of gas all day, and no one could be found who could force the antiquated producers to produce gas. The production fell to two hundred and eighteen tons. On Monday night Robinson made two hundred and twenty-three tons, on Tuesday night two hundred and twenty-five tons. On Wednesday Sligo’s figure went down to two hundred and eleven. On Wednesday night Robinson made two hundred and twenty-three.

“We’re already beaten!” groaned Sligo when he came to work Thursday morning. “We’re losing every day! We’re lost; there’s no use trying now, but I’ll not quit yet.”

He went into the mill and plunged into the midst of the work himself. He was on the inclines with the hookers guarding against any tangle; he was over the rolls helping to set up refractory guides, cutting away scrap and cobbles; he was at the furnaces assisting the heaters to straighten the billets before the pushers; he was in the cooling-yards getting the coils properly piled; he was in the gas-house poking and barring and sledging



at the clinkered masses in the producers. He was working harder than any other man about the mill.

It was in the producer, along in the middle of the afternoon, that a Polish laborer, sledging in a fog of black, greasy smoke, and blinded by the acrid fumes that poured up about him, missed the bar and brought the heavy sledge down upon the boss roller's foot. The shoe was burst asunder and a flood of blood rushed out and mingled with the coal-dust and soot on the floor.

They carried the injured man to the emergency hospital. The surgeon dressed the wound and sent him home in an ambulance, saying: "You're good for a two weeks' vacation, Sligo."

Home and in bed, Sligo sighed: "That settles it. I'm through rolling rods. Robinson wins. Well, I guess I'll go now and buy that little farm I've been dreaming about these many years."

Over in the mill that evening at six o'clock the weigher chalked up for the day one hundred and ninety-six tons. Robinson's output that same night was two hundred and twenty-six tons.

In one of the cars of steel billets which a switching-engine shoved into the mill-yard, long after midnight that night, two figures were hidden, two men in workmen's clothes. One of them was very stout, the other was very thin. They crouched low among the billets, making not a sound as the car was pushed through the gate where a watchman stood. Between them they guarded a large and heavy basket. When the car was placed on the stock track back of the rod-mill and the train crew had gone away, the two climbed out and sneaked down the stairs leading to the ash-pits below an abandoned gas-producer.

"Well, Slim!" said the stout man when they had come to their destination.

"Well, Tanner!" said the slim man.

"Looks like we're here."

"Looks like it."

"Think we've got enough grub in that basket for two days?"

"Plenty."

"Let's take a snooze."

"Got ye, Steve."

They lay down and slept soundly until a whistle began to bellow. Then they

arose, ate heartily from the basket of food they had brought, and went above. Sligo's crew was entering the mill to take their places at the rolls. The men saw the Tanner walking toward the roughing-train and they saw Slim Joe climbing the stairs to the producer building. A yell went up, a cry of astonishment and pleasure. Landley, the finisher, who had been designated to fill Sligo's place, when the report of the injury to the boss roller had gone in, came running out to learn what was the cause of the cheering.

"The Tanner! Slim Joe!" he heard the workers crying.

He went over to the Tanner. "Say, you fellows can't work here!" he said. "Sligo told me you were fired for keeps, that you were never to be allowed in the mill again."

"Run away, little boy," chuckled the Tanner, picking up the tongs. "I've got something on my mind."

"You'll not get paid!" warned Landley.

"Now, don't bother me!" growled the giant amiably, heaving a glowing bar into the whirling rolls.

Landley went away. He looked over toward the producers and beheld Slim Joe busy with a bar, heaving and lifting. "Let the fools work, then, if they're that crazy!" he muttered.

All that day the heaters rejoiced in a superabundance of gas, and all day long the roughing-train was filled with the writhing and twisting bars of red steel. Slim Joe made gas as he had never before made gas, and the Tanner fairly played with the roughing-train. He would hardly permit the spell hands to relieve him, lingering near by, and at the least sign of a false move rushing in upon them and straightening out the tangle.

"There's a chance!" was the word whispered about the mill that afternoon when it became evident that the day's output was to be an enormous one. "There's a chance!" And from hooker boy to heater every employee did his level best.

The weigher chalked up two hundred and forty-two tons when the turn had been completed and the last coil weighed. A hundred tired and dirty men who had lingered to see that figure, cheered in frantic glee and forgot their weariness. They





*Design by D. C. Hutchison*

"Now, look here, you two lusher!"—Page 601.



gathered about the Tanner and Slim Joe and became so ardent in their expression of admiration for those two heroes that the Tanner seized a sledge and threatened to brain a dozen or so if they didn't clear out.

That night Robinson made two hundred and twenty-seven tons. His six turns were completed, and he had for his week's credit one thousand three hundred and forty-eight tons of rods.

Down among the ash-pits, where the Tanner and Slim Joe had retired to spend the night—they did not dare to leave the yard, knowing the gate watchman would not admit them the next morning unless they could show a workman's brass check—Slim Joe was doing some arithmetical work.

"It means, Tanner," he said, after a lengthy and elaborate calculation, "that we'll have to run out more than two-fifty to-morrow, with Robinson keeping up his lick to-night, if we're goin' to save Sligo's skin. Th' question now is, can we do it?"

"Like a top!" replied the Tanner. "Do it dead easy! Say, this grub goes down dry 'nd dusty. Couldn't you slip out through our private exit, Slim, 'nd fetch in a few scuttles?"

"Tanner, I'm surprised at you!" shouted Slim Joe. "If there was a brewery right outside th' fence by th' hole, with a free tap runnin', I wouldn't fetch in nary a drop at such a crissis like this! Dang me, Tanner, I wouldn't!"

"I reckon you're right, too, Slim," murmured the Tanner. "Well, I'll just squeeze th' vinegar outen these here pickles 'nd make that do. We've got to save Sligo's hide, that's one thing certain!"

Next morning the night crew left the mill in high good humor. "Day turn for us next week, you mud-turtles!" they jeered at Sligo's men. "You'll have to go over two hundred and fifty-three to beat us, and you can't do it! Day turn next week!"

Angry growls and bitter words were thrown at the departing crew, and the day's run began.

Sligo at home, sitting in a huge Morris chair, with a sore and swollen foot propped up on a stool, was ignorant of

what was going on at the mill. No word had been brought to him from there since he had left on Thursday afternoon. He was not thinking of rod-rolling any longer—he had thrown up his hands and quit. He was absolutely certain that Robinson would win the week's run. Already he had written to a farm agency asking about a small farm down State which he might wish to purchase in the near future.

It was about four o'clock Saturday afternoon when a boy from the mill came to his house.

"Landley says can you come down to the mill?" said the boy. "Big doin's goin' on over there!"

"What kind?" asked Sligo.

"We're goin' to beat the night gang all holler!"

"What's that?" snapped Sligo, sitting up in his chair. "Beat Robinson?"

"You bet! We're makin' rods to-day, believe me, boss! The Tanner and Slim, they got things to goin' good, believe me!"

"Who?"

"Slim Joe and the Tanner. They come out and pitched in yesterday mornin', and we didn't do a thing but grind out two hundred and forty-two old tons of rods, oh, no, I guess not! Say, you oughter see everybody diggin' in to-day! I tell you what, boss, things is hummin' over there! Yeow-ow!" The boy let out a screech of joy.

Sligo reached for a pair of crutches that stood near his chair. "Bill, you hiper down to Sam Dill's plumbing-shop on the corner and tell Sam I want him to bring his truck up here and haul me over to the steel plant! Hurry up, Bill, and tell Sam to hurry!" The boy dashed away with another yell of happiness.

Twenty minutes later the boss roller hobbled into the rod-mill. What he saw made him laugh with delight. The iron floors were covered with a swishing, swirling, twisting mass of rods, every rod in its right place; eight streams of red that rippled and quivered were pouring through the guides at the finishing-rolls; the giant six-thousand-horse-power engine was performing its mighty task with a dull, steady roar; he could hear the billets dropping with monotonous regularity from the furnace mouth to the feed-roll



trains, and over by the roughing-train he saw the Tanner at work, his fat face grim with determination. Some of the workmen bending over the rolls saw him and saluted him with jaunty waves of their tongs, then dropped their eyes to their work again.

"Heavens! Look at them making rods!" he muttered.

"When did the Tanner and Slim Joe come back? And how did you come to take them on?" asked Sligo.

"Yesterday morning; but I didn't hire them. I told them they wouldn't get paid if they did work. They laughed at me," replied Landley.

"They're hired now. See that the time office gets their names entered on the books. How much will you run out to-day, do you think?"

"It will go over two-fifty."

"How much do you need?"

"Robinson finished with thirteen hundred and forty-eight tons. We had ten hundred and ninety-five last evening. Two hundred and fifty-three will bring us up with him. We'll make it, if nothing happens."

Sligo hobbled over toward the gas-producers. He saw a black, sooty figure emerge from a fog of sulphurous smoke that enveloped the building and lean out of a window, gasping for breath.

"Hey! That you, Slim?" he yelled.

"That's me, boss!" was the reply, and the figure at once disappeared in the fog of smoke.

The Tanner caught sight of him and lifted a big hand in salute, scarcely taking his eyes away from the red bars of steel about his feet.

"Good boys!" murmured Sligo.

The last billet fell from the furnace's mouth on the stroke of six. Five minutes later the billet was a coiled rod lying on a buggy that was being pushed onto the scales. A hundred black and greasy, weary-eyed men were gathered in front of the scale house. The weigher came out and wrote upon a blackboard with a piece of chalk:

Day..... 255 tons.

Week..... 1,350 tons.

A roar went up from the assembled workmen. They whooped, they yelled,

they whistled, they sang, they beat one another with their fists. The Tanner started singing his favorite war-song, but got no further than "Good-by, maw!" when some one dealt him such a blow on the back that he strangled on the words. Slim Joe, black as a Cyclops, twitched his red mustache, now no longer red, and scowled affably. Sligo, forgetting his injury, threw his crutches into the air, did a clog on one foot, and fell over a wheelbarrow, the bandaged foot striking with a thud against the sharp corner of a steel column. He howled in agony. Two men picked him up and carried him to the mill-yard gate, and Sam Dill and his truck were 'phoned for. The doctor came an hour after he had been carried into his house, dressed his fresh injury, and told him he could stay there now for three weeks.

It was May before the boss roller went back to the rod-mill, hobbling along with the help of a cane. Only the best of reports had come to him during his absence. The daily average of the mill was keeping up to the two-hundred-and-fifty mark. There was no danger now that Robinson's crew might supplant his crew. The Tanner and Slim Joe were models of teetotalism, Landley told him.

"I must look those two up and give them a jolly," he said as he entered the mill. He looked over toward the roughing-train. The Tanner was not there—a spell hand was working.

"Pretty warm to-day. I suppose the Tanner is out in the yard for a breath of air," he said to himself.

He passed beyond the heating-furnaces and had paused to look into the stock-yard when he saw the Tanner saunter out of the mill building, cross to the fence back of the mill, and sit down on the concrete near a battered piece of roofing-iron.

"Wonder what that big tub is sitting out there in the sun for," muttered the boss roller. He leaned on his cane and waited, watching the bulldogger. In a minute or two he saw him straighten up and look up and down the yard. Then the piece of roofing-iron was pushed to one side, uncovering a hole. An arm was thrust into the hole and a dinner-pail



drawn out. A second pail was brought in. Then through the hole came a hand followed by a red head, a red mustache, and a red face.

Sligo gazed at the proceedings with astonishment. "By Harry!" he chuckled. "So that's where Slim's got the hole, eh?"

The Tanner and Slim Joe were sitting on the concrete now, looking at each other and smiling. Suddenly they each seized a pail and went hurrying away, crossed to the gas-producers' building, and dived down a pair of steps into underground regions. As they started to run from the fence the piece of corrugated roofing-iron toppled over and the hole was uncovered. They cast despairing glances at it over their shoulders; Slim Joe hesitated, as though he intended to return, but the iron was not replaced by them.

Sligo went hobbling out to the hole, picked up the piece of iron, put it in place, and sat down with his back against it. He had seen Tom Whitehead, the roundsman, coming in that direction.

"Say, Sligo," panted the roundsman as he came up a minute later, "I think that 'ole that Slim's got must be right around here sommers. I'm purty sure I seen th' Tanner 'nd Slim beatin' it away from around here with pails of beer."

"Oh, no, you didn't, Tom," said Sligo. "I saw them. They had been to the well over by the power-house to get some cooler water. That hole isn't near here. I know where it is—it's down yonder back of the condenser plant. Go down there and you'll see it—a couple of planks knocked off. Nail them on, Tom, and keep your eye on it. Hot weather is coming, and Slim may get gay again."

"Sure he will," said Tom Whitehead. "By golly, Sligo, I'm glad you found that 'ole—it'll save me comin' up here all th' time, lookin' for it. I'll watch it down there, Sligo, but you mind my word, that Slim 'nd th' Tanner are goin' to have beer. I'd can th' both of 'em, if it was me! Yes, sir, I'd a swore that there 'ole was right around here sommers." He turned and walked off.

Sligo waited until the roundsman was out of sight. Then he took a note-book from his pocket, tore out a leaf, and scribbled something on it. He pulled back the piece of roofing-iron and laid the piece of paper by the side of the hole, weighting it down with a brick-bat. He carefully replaced the piece of iron and hobbled away. There were but seven words on the piece of paper:

*Slim and Tanner:—Don't kill it.*

SLIGO.





# PHOTOGRAPHING BIRDS BY ELECTRICITY

By J. Alden Loring

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



SOME years ago I devised an electrical attachment for a camera-shutter by means of which I could take a photograph from a position as far away from

the camera as two hundred feet, the distance depending entirely upon the number of batteries and the length of wire used.

The camera is first focussed on the nest or perch upon which the bird is expected to light, the wires are carried back some distance—to a place of concealment, if the subject proves to be a timid one—and when the bird is in position the photograph is taken by simply pressing the electric button.

Besides the camera, batteries, wires, and push-button, the rest of my outfit consists of "dummy" cameras, one of which is placed near a nest or a perch and from day to day is moved nearer and nearer, until the birds have lost their fear; then the real camera is substituted.

Meal-worms, suet, grain and seeds of various kinds, cherries and strawberries, serve as food to decoy other species within photographing distance.

To photograph a bird the size of an English sparrow, my camera—a  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  Premo film-pack—is seldom more than two and a half feet from the subject. At so short a distance the depth of focus is not more than half an inch. The subject therefore must light within that half-inch; otherwise it will be out of focus and the photograph will be indistinct and will lack detail.

During the nesting season, from the first of May to the first of July, at Owego, Tioga County, N. Y., my home, the bird photographer's time is fully occupied. In favorable weather, from ten o'clock in the morning until four-thirty in the afternoon he is busy photographing. Before and after those hours and in rainy weather he is searching for new nests, moving his dummy cameras nearer to others upon which he expects soon to work, building platforms in trees, or borrowing lad-

ders from farmers and carrying them uphill and down-dale, through woods and swamps, sometimes for more than a mile.

One of the most difficult tasks of bird photography is in selecting or making artistic perches and settings and compelling your subjects to light on or near them. Unless you are photographing at a nest and must accept the conditions as they are, in nine cases out of ten food of some kind is the decoy that lures the birds within range. Often you are compelled to clear away the brush, weeds, sticks and other objects upon which a bird might light, leaving only the tempting perch that you have made and upon which your camera is focussed.

For instance, the photograph of the bronze grackle was taken at the edge of a river-bank which the birds frequented in search of food for their nestlings. I first placed the stone in position, and then put a tuft of grass behind it to serve the double purpose of a background and to block the bird's approach from that direction. By scooping out the mud bottom around the stone, the water was deepened so that the grackles were unable to reach the bait—a water-soaked bun—in any other way than by flying to the stone on which the camera had been focussed.

I once cut down a twelve-foot stub in the natural cavity of which a pair of Eastern bluebirds had built a nest, shortened the trunk to four feet, and moved it fifty feet out of the woods to the edge of the clearing where the light was favorable. I should never have attempted such a rash act had it not been that the young birds were ready to fly and I knew that their parents would not desert them.

The change was made while both birds were away, and I was curious to see what would happen when they returned. The female was the first to appear, her beak full of food. She lit on a telephone-wire within sight of the stub and, after a few seconds' rest, flew to the nest and fed the young birds. The same thing happened when her mate came back.





Bronze grackle.

This photograph was taken at the edge of a river-bank which the birds frequented in search of food for their nestlings.—Page 613.

After making several exposures on a pair of great-crested fly-catchers at their nesting cavity, I placed a perch near by, but they refused to occupy it. Waiting until they had gone for food, I put my hat over the top of the stub, thinking that upon their return curiosity might cause one of them to take advantage of the perch from which to scrutinize the hat. But not a bit of it. She hovered before the entrance and then entered. Again she took flight; so I hung my coat over the stub, completely blocking the cavity as I supposed; but the first bird to return found an opening I had overlooked and again eluded me. The next time they departed I arranged the coat more carefully and they were compelled to light on the perch.

I have harbored several pairs of house-wrens in bird boxes and houses, and have found that the male always arrived from the South about a week in advance of his mate. By the time Jenny appears he has packed his nesting-box so full of twigs that they almost block the entrance. That he blunders there is no doubt, for she chases him about until they both gasp for breath. Finally she enters the house and actually begins demolishing the nest. Stick after stick she drags through the doorway and drops to the ground, paus-

ing between times to look up and berate him.

"You old fool you!" she seems to say, "have you no sense? What do you mean by stuffing that house so full of rubbish that no respectable wren family would live in it? Why didn't you wait until I came to show you how it should be furnished?"

Perched on a stick just above her, he takes his medicine like a man; head and neck outstretched, tail and slightly quivering wings half-spread, while in a low, squeaky voice he vainly begs her to desist. All day long she keeps at work, and whenever he braves her wrath by attempting to bring back the twigs, she flies at him like a catamount. Finally they make up their differences and rear two broods a season.

A pair of catbirds that owned a nest in a neighbor's syringa-bush spent much of their time about our premises. My sister threw strawberries to them through an open window, and in a short time one learned to fly to a bush by the window, and attract her attention by "mewing" and gently quivering its wings.

Ten days after the young birds had left the nest the old ones had built a second nest in the same bush, and the female was incubating four fresh eggs. This gives



some idea of what an energetic pair of birds can accomplish. Although they still had four husky young birds dependent upon them for food, in ten days they found time to take care of the young ones, build a new nest, and lay four eggs.

There are many species of birds that build in dense bramble-thickets where prospecting for nests is anything but enjoyable work. In connection with this, I might say that it is really astonishing how much the bird photographer is taught about barbed-wire fences, poison-ivy, nettles, thorn-bushes, mosquitoes, bees, hornets, and "yellow-jackets."

The thicket in which a yellow-breasted chat built was of the character described above, but I finally found the nest after a three days' search. From behind a tree thirty feet away I worked the button until I had secured several photographs of the old bird at or on the nest. Then I erected a perch near by and to a twig, just

beyond the camera's field of vision, fastened a meal-worm. The male came to the nest first, fed the young birds, and spying the meal-worm squirming in the air flew to the perch and I pressed the button.

By climbing cautiously I was able to ascend the trunk of a giant oak to the nest of a yellow-throated vireo without alarming the brooding female. Taking a meal-worm from a box, I offered it to her and, to my astonishment, she accepted it from my fingers, hopped to the side of the nest, beat the worm on a limb to kill it, then swallowed it and resumed her position. At that moment her mate appeared on the scene and, ruffling his feathers, snapped his bill savagely and swooped back and forth at my head. Whenever he passed over her she "ducked" and watched him intently, as though shocked at the inhospitable reception he was giving me.

The harmony between these vireos was



Great-crested flycatcher  
Dragon fly in beak.



perfect. Both birds assisted in incubating the eggs and the male frequently brought food to his mate. When not on duty himself he spent his time searching for worms, and his whereabouts was always made known by his clear, liquid song. When the time came for him to relieve her in incubating, he came near, gave a low, dis-

tiny mite of bird life tumble from an egg-shell that had cracked open around the centre. Instantly I grasped the bulb—the birds were so tame that I did not use the electrical attachment—for experience had taught me what was about to happen. When the little fellow was entirely free from the shell his mother picked up one



House-wren pleading to his mate.

The male arrives from the South a week in advance of his mate.

tinct, hissing note, she flew off, and he immediately took her place. Not once during the week that I had them under observation did they leave the nest unguarded. To break the monotony while brooding, he frequently toyed with a tiny leaf just within his reach and often burst into song.

One scorching hot morning the female slowly rose from the eggs, hopped to the side of the nest, and intently peeped in. I too leaned forward just in time to see a

of the halves and, as she paused for a second before taking flight, I pressed the bulb. This, perhaps, is the only photograph ever taken of a bird in the act of carrying off an egg-shell.

In a huge meadow, a sea of white-topped daisies, I worked for ten days with a colony of bobolinks. You never hear of bobolinks nesting in colonies, but I mention it as such because within an area not more than two hundred feet square I found six nests.



The study of the individuality of birds is the most interesting by-product of bird photography, and with the bobolinks I found it unusually so. The female of the first pair I photographed showed no fear of the camera and rarely failed to take advantage of the perch before flying down to the nest on the ground four feet away.

were reversed. Although there were young birds in the nest, the female refused to come to it so long as the camera was near; consequently the task of feeding the nestlings devolved on her mate and he assumed it with alacrity. He was, by the way, the only male bobolink of the many in that field that I saw feeding the young.



Yellow-breasted chat.

This species of birds builds in dense bramble-thickets.

Her mate, however, proved just the opposite. Time and again, from various parts of the field where he had been gambolling about in the air with other bobolinks of his sex, he would make a bee-line for the perch, but when within a few yards of it his nerve failed him, so he settled on a yarrow or a daisy-top near by. Just once did he light on the perch, and with the click of the shutter he bounded into the air never to return.

With the second pair the conditions

Just as people sometimes sob from joy, so some birds sing from nervousness when their homes are in danger. This trait is common with catbirds and I have noticed it in other species—this male bobolink in particular. When he was perched above the nest with his beak full of crickets and "soft-shelled" grasshoppers, and I stepped up to change a film, he would begin singing without even taking time to swallow the food, yet it did not in the least interfere with his articulation. Then, as I



drew nearer, off he went, but before I had time to return to the button, fifty feet away, he was back again in position.

While the weed on which this bobolink

constantly appropriated the perch intended for the bobolinks. I threw stones at him until I almost struck my camera and was afraid to continue. Although I



Bobolink, male, singing.

Some birds sing from nervousness when their homes are in danger.—Page 617.

is perched appears natural, I not only transported and transplanted it, but, tied to the under side of the dock-weed stalk with grass blades, is a stick strong enough to prevent the bird from swaying out of focus. There are many little tricks of this character in bird photography that might be passed unnoticed.

A perfect nuisance, while I was at work on bobolinks, was a pesky little grasshopper-sparrow, who probably was part-owner in a nest in the grass near by. He

wanted his picture and did get several fine ones, he seemed to think that I cared for no other subject. Several times when he saw a bobolink making for the perch, he deliberately left his daisy or yarrow top and pre-empted the stick before the other bird could reach it.

One of my dummy cameras had been in position before a redstart's nest for several days before I substituted the real camera and found time to begin work. The birds had shown no fear of either the dummy or





Redstart, female.

She was kept so well provided with food that she rarely left the nest.

the real camera, but whenever I came near the nest they raised a great outcry and darted back and forth at me. Gradually these periods of agitation subsided as we became better acquainted, until during the latter part of our intimacy they came and fed the young birds while I stood three feet away, and then flew off and left me in full charge.

To work on birds that on first acquaintance risk their lives in defense of their home and loved ones, and then finally to win their confidence to the extent that they will deliberately fly away and leave you in complete charge is sure to touch the sentimental spot in a man's heart if it contains a drop of red blood. Never under such circumstances have I taken down my camera for the last time and commenced work on a new subject, without feeling that I had parted with a dear friend.

A more devoted little father than this male redstart it would be difficult to find.

Up to the time that the young birds were ready to leave the nest he kept them and their mother so well provided with food that she rarely left the nest. If a gnat or a small fly—which seemed to form their principal food—passed, she might flit after it, but she seldom ventured far and returned immediately. When he arrived with food and she refused to rise and let him feed the young ones, he would wait a reasonable length of time and then circle the nest from limb to limb looking for a tiny head that might be protruding from her side. Failing to find one and as though to say, "Here, I have no time to wait for you to rise; take it and feed them yourself," he passed the food to her and flew off in search of more. She might sit there five minutes before swallowing it herself or offering it to her little ones.

Occupying three small marshes, the largest not more than fifty feet across, and all of them under my observation for ten days, were only two male red-shouldered





Scarlet tanager, male and female.

The nest was about twenty feet from the ground in an apple-tree.

blackbirds, yet each swamp contained from two to four nesting females. For a week I tried to get a snap-shot of one of the males in the act of singing his song, "Konk-a-a-r-reee," but each time he moved. Finally I noticed that with the last syllable, "reee," he held his position for a fraction of a second.

One afternoon one flew over from one of his harems and lit on the perch that I had erected for him. There he sat for a few minutes; then, slowly spreading his wings, he began to sing, and as he reached the last note I pressed the button. The lack of contour on the top of his head is due, I think, to his having lost some of his feathers in a "scrap." The two males fought desperately, and several times I saw them clinch in mid-air and fall into the tall grass where they remained for several minutes before breaking apart and flying away.

The highest ambition of every bird photographer is for an opportunity to work on a pair of scarlet tanagers—that bright red fellow with black wings and tail, and a mate of almost uniform leaf-green color. The nest that I found was about twenty feet from the ground, in an apple-tree.

From day to day as I returned to move the dummy camera nearer, I held my breath as I peeped into the nest for fear that, during my absence, as often happens, a crow, a cat, or possibly a small boy might have robbed me of the long-sought opportunity. In time four young birds broke through their shell prisons and the dummy camera had done its work. There was still danger, however, that the click of the shutter might alarm the old birds, so I decided to put them through a course of training that would insure complete success.



In addition to the camera and its regular electrical attachment, I ran a second pair of wires to the nest and connected them with an instrument that made a much louder clicking sound than the attachment itself.

The female became reconciled in a short time and in three days I had finished with her, but her mate proved an obstinate subject. Whenever he came near the nest I worked the dummy clicker and off he went. Day after day we kept up this little game, but each day he gained confidence and came nearer. Finally, I saw by his actions that he could not resist much longer and was about to surrender. For some time he had been manœuvring about in the tree-top, edging closer and closer to the nest and pausing to look and listen when the clicker was worked.

Fearing that one of the wires might have become detached from a battery, I

bent over to examine them. When I looked up, there stood the tanager on the edge of the nest, a dash of black and flaming red. Then for the first time in my life I was attacked with "buck fever." My hands shook and I feared to press the button lest, at the critical moment, he might move. At last I did, and away he flew, but I *had him*. After that we both calmed considerably and I secured a wonderful series of photographs, one of which shows both birds at the nest.

"Watchful waiting" is the motto of the bird photographer. After you have arranged your camera, success may be yours within five minutes or you may have to wait as many days. The only way to succeed is to make your exposures, develop the films that evening, and, should the negatives prove failures, return the next day and persevere until you win out.



Red-wing blackbird, male.  
In the act of singing.





French Cuirassiers on the Rhine.

## WITH THE ARMIES OF OCCUPATION IN GERMANY

By Frederic C. Howe

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



THE Germany of yesterday, armed, arrogant, imperialistic, is gone; gone, I believe, never to return. The Germany of to-day is broken, faced with bankruptcy, and if work is not found for her vast industrial population, she may, and very probably will, drift quickly into revolution.

Repentant? That is a difficult question. I think it must be answered in the negative. That she believes her ruling caste, Kaiser, Junker, and big industrialists caused the war there seems no doubt. That the Kaiser was the tool, possibly the unwilling tool, of Ludendorff, von Tiritz, and the Crown Prince is widely held. That Germany will have to pay is ac-

cepted as inevitable. That she will come back for the recapture of Alsace-Lorraine and her indemnity is generally assumed by the French high military command. But these admissions do not spell repentance. They merely concede failure.

I have just returned from a fourteen days' motor trip through the occupied territories of South Germany. The tour was organized by the French Government immediately following the armistice. Its purpose was to witness the festivities in connection with the French occupation of Alsace-Lorraine, and to study the economic and industrial conditions of the occupied territory, which is held by the Allied armies as the main gage of the terms of the armistice. The route was from Nancy to Metz, then





French soldiers pontooning the Rhine at St. Goar. Dropping the last pontoons into place.



General Mangin and staff received by burgomaster and town council of St. Goar after crossing the Rhine.



along the Rhine to Mayence, thence to Coblenz, where the American army is in occupation, then on to Cologne with the British Expeditionary Force, and then through the whole of Belgium and the devastated regions of Northern France, from Ypres to Paris. It included visits to General Pétain, who had just been made a Marshal of France; to General Fayolle, the great French strategist, and,

attire, for Madame Poincaré was holding a Christmas festivity for four thousand school children, who gathered in the town-hall, clad in brilliant red and green Alsatian costumes, with short skirts, gay-colored silk shawls, and little white caps ornamented with the rosette of France. From the hands of the wife of the president these children received souvenirs of the reunion of Lorraine to France.



Tanks which were shot to pieces in the Ypres salient.

finally, to General Mangin, "the wildcat of the French Army," beloved by all the soldiers and called in for impossible offensives on critical occasions. He is in command of the French advance forces at Mayence on the Rhine.

Along the national road which skirts the Moselle and the borders of France from Nancy to Metz, villages and farmhouses greeted us with French flags, while the people smiled contentedly from their doorways as the caravan of French army motors flashed by. Metz, the capital city of Lorraine, for nearly fifty years under German occupation, was in gala

Throughout the town of Metz were many signs of French occupation. German names had been stripped from the streets and German signs had been painted from store windows. Stores of questionable loyalty bore notices suggesting that the soldiers should not trade there. On the façade of the cathedral above the market-place we observed a statue of William II, representing David. His hands had been manacled and below was the inscription: "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi."

We were followed from the reception by troops of children. Chattering in French, they told us how one thirteen-year-old



child had been imprisoned for speaking French on the streets. The girls, who quite naturally repeated the gossip of their parents, complained that American soldiers were fraternizing with German girls; they told us that one officer had eloped with a German girl and that the soldiers accepted wine and food from the German residents. This story we heard continually in the occupied territory. But the fraternizing was not confined to Americans. French officers also danced with German girls in the cafés. So did the soldiers. Stringent rules have been laid down by the American commanding authorities, but, as one of them said sympathetically, "You can't prevent American boys from playing with children," and this they were doing wherever we went. The boys had come from the penetrating cold of northern France, they had been living for months without comforts, without a bath, without a home or home surroundings of any kind, and Metz, Mayence, and Coblenz, with their restaurants, theatres, concert-halls, and (most important of all) comfortable billets in well-heated houses, were a joyous relief from the misery of the trenches.

It was almost unbelievable to see French guns planted on the upper Rhine, commanding German cities in the distance. It was even stranger to listen to a French military band in the plaza before the Rathaus in Wiesbaden, the most exclusive of the German watering-places. But the dramatic incident of the trip was at St. Goar on the Rhine, where the French spanned the rapidly-running river with pontoon bridges, a feat which the Germans insisted could not be done. This was followed by a review by Generals Fayolle, Mangin, and Marchand, of the French Army, on the east bank of the river. In order to witness this achievement we embarked at Mayence in the early morning in three American-built submarine chasers, which had been brought from the Atlantic through the rivers and canals of France to the headquarters of navigation on the Rhine. We steamed down the river at a rapid rate, past historic castles which from mediæval times had known no invading force, under the towering statue, "Germania," which stands high on the mountain-tops at Bin-

gen, facing toward France, through the vine-covered hillsides, from which come the most celebrated wines of Germany. About noon we came to St. Goar, where French engineers and soldiers were rapidly throwing the pontoon bridge into position. There remained but a few yards to be spanned, and soon above us on the river there appeared pontoons lashed together and drifting at a rapid rate toward the opening. When a short distance away kedge-anchors were dropped, cables were let out with the utmost precision, and in a few minutes' time the pontoons drifted into position and were lashed into place for the passage of the army. The soldiers in their boats stood at attention with long, flashing oars in the air; the French regiments also came to attention, bands played the "Marseillaise," and General Mangin and his staff crossed the bridge, to be greeted on the opposite shore by General Marchand, of Fashoda fame.

There was no arrogance, no humiliation. Nor was there any pomp in a ceremony which to France might have had a significance parallel to the occupation of Paris by the German army in 1871. It was all done quietly and unobtrusively. It might have been merely a military manoeuvre. Yet it was an historic incident and must have so impressed the French poilus, although they seemed more interested in watching their commander, to whom they are devoted, than in the event itself.

There was in the spirit of the occasion something typical of the attitude of the French, British, and American armies. They were not there to humiliate the people or to emphasize the fact of victory. Rather they were on German soil to see that the war was at an end, that the people were fed, and that the life of the country should flow as freely as was consistent with the terms of the armistice.

One's feeling about war and about the hatreds of peoples was somewhat shaken, it is true, by the relations of the soldiers of all the armies and of the people as well. There were no disturbances of any kind, no clash between the military and civil authorities, no conflicts with the people. One might, in fact, have been in Germany in peace times, so far as the rela-



tions of people were concerned. The soldiers were happy that the war was over. The German people accepted the presence of the armies without protest, although there was an almost complete absence of well-to-do persons on the street when the troops went by. The people had a detachment from the whole business of war and peace. Their daily life went on much as it always had. Theatres and opera-houses presented productions of the same high order as before the war. The programme of the symphony concerts at Mayence and in the Kursaal at Wiesbaden contained selections from French composers, while Mayence produced the opera, "If I Were King," frankly admitting that it was from the French. There were crowds of French soldiers in the theatres and at the concerts, as well as in the shops and cafés, and they were treated with courtesy. They in turn were comporting themselves in a way to make friends for France, for there is a strong demand in the latter country that the frontiers shall be extended to the Rhine, to prevent the possibility of another surprise attack by Germany, and that the territory on the left bank of the Rhine shall be a neutral zone in which no military operations or preparations for war shall be made by either country.

The territory occupied by the invading armies extends from Alsace-Lorraine, which is already treated as French territory, to Aix-la-Chapelle. The bridge-heads on the east bank of the Rhine, within a radius of thirty miles, are also occupied as a military precaution. The territories of occupation are divided between the French, with headquarters at Mayence, the British at Cologne, the Americans at Coblenz, and the Belgians farther north. The territory is administered on a military basis, with three objectives in view:

1. For military policing.
2. To maintain the economic life of the countries.
3. To supervise local administration through existing German authorities.

All of the agencies of local administration are maintained intact, while the recent elections were held without interference on the part of the military authorities. Political gatherings are permitted,

as is the publication of newspapers. But all this is under censorship, as are the telephone, the telegraph, and the post. Free communication between the left and the right banks of the Rhine is suspended, and Allied officials, aided by experts, determine all appeals for the export or import of materials from the two sides of the Rhine.

It seems to be the motive of the French occupation to contrast its rule with the severe "verboden" methods of Germany. The French occupation is easy and natural. The soldiers are considerate. They play with the children and mingle rather freely with the population. There is little interference with the life of the people, except that the cafés and restaurants are closed early. The French have brought with them experts in every line of industry and economic activity. And they have organized, with a suggestion of permanence, for the administrative control of the Palatinate and the Prussian provinces occupied by them.

Outside of Alsace-Lorraine the attitude of people seemed despondent. Hotel-keepers and business men said their country had little to look forward to but debt and indemnities. There were few people in the shops. The formerly busy factories in the Saarbrücken coal districts, as well as along the upper Rhine and at Mayence and Cologne, were empty of workers, although the fields along the highways were cultivated as intensively as they had been before the war. Credit was unorganized, for the banks of Germany radiate out from Berlin, Dresden, and Frankfurt, and there is little business communication between the two sides of the Rhine. The great iron deposits of Lorraine which were the source of much of Germany's wealth are now in the possession of France. The life-cord of Germany has been severed by the armistice, as it was by her blockade of the outside world.

Not that Germany seems industrially exhausted. The shops in the cities are filled with all kinds of merchandise, especially such merchandise as Germany can manufacture from iron and steel, from lumber and from those raw materials of which she has an abundance. But there is absolute exhaustion of many raw ma-



terials. I did not see a single German automobile in ten days' travel. There is no rubber in the country. It had been stripped for military purposes. Even the bicycles are on steel tires. Copper, too, is gone. To such an extent is this true that manufacturing plants, street-car lines, and other non-essential industries had been stripped of copper for military purposes.

There are none of the products of South Africa and the tropics, such as cocoa and cocoa-oil, coffee and tea. Worst of all, there is no wool or cotton or silk in the country, and the price of clothing has gone up to prohibitive figures. Women's suits, which before the war sold for \$18 and \$20, are marked up to \$100 and \$150. Men's cheap suits sell from \$80 to \$150. Trousers are \$20. Hosiery, hats, underwear, and shirts bring extravagant prices; linen collars sell for from 60 to 90 cents each. Shoes are of the crudest sort. The children wear wooden shoes. Men's shoes have wooden soles, or are spiked with steel nails. "It is a common saying in the country," said a tradesman, "that you cannot buy anything, from a shoe-nail to a hair-brush." Shirts and aprons are made of paper and cannot be laundered.

Such things as Germany produces within her own borders, however, are abundant, and the prices are but little, if any, higher than before the war.

The industrial interdependence of the world is seen in the breakdown of German industry. Mills and factories cannot operate without copper, rubber, cotton, wool, silk, and other raw materials which come only from America, Africa, and Asia. And Germany has none of these. In consequence her industrial life is at a standstill. It can only come to life again when the embargo is lifted and raw materials are permitted to come in. In the meantime German workmen are out of work. They are walking the streets. This is the human material from which the Spartacus movement recruits itself.

Notwithstanding these conditions, Germany may reorganize her life more quickly than the other Powers for the simple reason that she is defeated. This is a spur to action. Moreover, the elections are over, a moderate Socialist party

has come into power, working in co-operation with the peasants and the lesser bourgeoisie. And their interests are not in conflict. The political power of the privileged groups of great landowners and the banking and industrial classes has passed away. German territory has not been invaded, hundreds of millions of dollars of machinery and factory equipment have been stolen from France and placed in German factories. There is coal, iron ore, and lumber in abundance. Trade connections may be made with Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and possibly with Russia on the east, and a certain amount of raw materials may be obtained from these sources. Everything depends, it is true, on the policy adopted by the Peace Conference, but the problems of indemnity are so complicated, even the carrying out of the terms of the armistice involves so much co-operation from Germany, that it seems inevitable that German industry will be permitted to come back to life, if merely as a means of payment of the indemnity.

The mark is badly depreciated. It has fallen in value from twenty-four to fourteen cents. But, strange to say, the great inflation of paper money, which is issued by every province and even by the cities, in denominations as low as two cents, has not increased the price of those commodities which Germany herself produces, such as iron and steel and cutlery products. Prices at the hotels are what they were before the war, except that many articles of food, such as butter, eggs, fats, and wines have risen to high prices. But table d'hôte dinners at good hotels, consisting of soup, meat, vegetable, and dessert, with sugar in abundance, are still served at four-and-a-half marks, which is equivalent to sixty-five cents. This is one-third the price of similar meals in France. Sugar and bread are served freely. Meat is secured "behind the backs of the government," a hotel proprietor frankly stated. Those who have money live comfortably enough in this part of Germany at least. And we were told that conditions are worse than before the armistice.

The people on the streets seemed healthy and strong. They were well-clothed, although they maintained that



the clothes they wore had been bought before the war. Milk is rationed carefully, as it is all over Europe, but the price at the milk stations was lower than in France and seemed adequate for rationing needs.

The market-places, which are the centre of every German town, were filled with vegetables of great variety from the rich bottom lands on the left bank of the Rhine, which are still cultivated like a garden. The prices were very low.

The stories of food exhaustion in Germany seem to have been false, at least they have been exaggerated. And if the appearance of the people and the displays in the shops and market-places can be accepted as proof of anything, there is food in abundance for those who can buy. The trouble is not in an absence of food, but in an inability to buy food. The poor are out of work. The answer to the question, "What do people eat?" was always the same—"Potatoes." Potatoes three times a day. There is very little fat. In addition to potatoes, the poor get a little bread and occasionally some meat.

This was the condition in January and on the left bank of the Rhine. Food conditions in Prussia were worse, and German officials asserted that what food there was would be exhausted before spring, and the country would be in a starving condition before the next harvest could be gathered.

Industrial collapse from the embargo on wool, cotton, silk, rubber, copper, and food products, closed the mills and factories. This created destitution and suffering. For Germany, it is to be remembered, is primarily industrial. The supplies in the shops and the industries that were in operation were in those lines in which Germany was self-sufficient, such as iron and steel, machines, cutlery, lumber, and art products.

And this explains, in part at least, the military collapse of Germany. It was not only military, it was civil as well. While Marshal Foch was penetrating the German line and severing its connections the first week in October, the German soldiers in the reserve army and the people were being disrupted by disaffection, and by the activities of the Soldiers' and Work-

men's Councils, which everywhere came into existence as a result of hunger and the continued disillusion of the people. And in the days preceding the armistice the soldiers back home refused to fight; they assembled in their barracks and demanded that the officers choose whether they would stand by the people or go with the army. And many of the officers chose the former alternative. Those who did not were permitted to go to the front. The soldiers stacked arms. They laid aside their military uniforms. The people decided that they would fight no longer. This was frankly admitted by people on the left bank of the Rhine.

Every suggestion of militarism in the territories visited was gone. In ten days' time I saw but one officer and not a single soldier in uniform. Even the caps had disappeared. Not a single Iron Cross or other military distinction was to be seen. The people, apparently by common consent, had shed themselves of military trappings and settled down in a kind of despair, waiting for the terms of the armistice to be announced.

Despair is not peculiar to Germany. Despair is universal among the common people. This is true of France, of Italy, of Belgium, and Great Britain. Europe is sitting as at a wake, waiting for politicians to quit talking and set the world to work. But little, if anything, is being done. This is the story that comes from all the countries. The promised indemnities are like a great fund that has poured in upon a community after some devastating flood. The people will not go to work until the fund is exhausted.

There have been ambitious investigations and reports. Plans have been made for placing the returning soldier on the land, for state undertakings on a large scale, for the building of workmen's homes; but the reports are already forgotten. Statesmen in these countries are discussing the terms of peace, when they should first have done their best to set their states in order. The rebuilding of homes, the organization of agriculture, the development of credit to aid the farmer and the shopkeeper, and, most important of all, the demobilization of the army—all these problems are drifting aimlessly. The big problem in Europe is



the thirty million men who have to be gotten to work. If they are not demobilized and placed in employment within the next few weeks, crops will be short, and the foundations of the industrial as well as the political life of Europe may collapse. For revolution is a stomach disease. One needs only to inquire of a policeman, a street-car conductor, a street-cleaner, to hear the same tale in substantially the same terms. It is a story of potatoes for food, speculative prices, crushing taxes, and a distrust of governments.

Reconstruction is the big problem of Europe. Hunger will not wait. It cannot. While the peace commissioners are discussing the problems of peace and geographical boundaries millions of people are waiting for employment. To hold back revolution until the next harvest is gathered and work is found for the demobilized soldier is the real problem that faces the governments of Europe. And there were intelligent observers who feared that hunger might terminate the parleys at the Quai d'Orsay before the Treaty of Peace was signed.

## IMPRESSIONS OF ALSACE UNDER THE ARMISTICE

By General Emile Adolphe Taufflieb

Commander of the 37th French Army Corps



**F**ORTY-EIGHT years ago Alsatians left their native land as exiles, almost, indeed, as though they were criminals, since all who wished to retain their French citizenship had to be out of the country by the first of October, 1873. It was upon this condition alone that the choice of remaining French—a choice recorded and attested by the petitioner—was valid. Even at that time such documents were mere “scraps of paper” to the Germans. The black eagle kept a relentless hold upon its prey, the two provinces stolen from France. During all these forty-eight years I have never seen my people, who remained in Alsace, except secretly, for the German Government forbade the presence of French officers there lest too much French sentiment be aroused. But in spite of this inhibition—perhaps because of it—the love of France has endured in Alsace, and if it was impossible for me to go to my friends and relatives, they were only too glad to come to me in France, there to breathe the air of liberty and to gain new courage for the ceaseless warfare against German ideas. And now the tricolor waves once more over the towers of the old cathedral! Our soldiers

who fought at Wissembourg, at Reichshoffen, must have stirred in their graves when the first bugle-calls floated across the Vosges! France has returned in triumph, the Gallic cock has vanquished the German eagle.

What unforgettable days were those which marked the entry of our army into Saverne, Strasbourg, Colmar, Mulhouse! I, with other Alsatian officers, was not permitted to enter Strasbourg with the first French army of occupation. The military authorities decided that there were too many of us for all to be allowed to march at the head of our troops. It is perhaps true, for at this moment there are in the French army more than a hundred generals or colonels originally from Alsace-Lorraine. I do not speak of officers of lesser rank—they are legion. And do you know how many Alsatian officers there were in the German army at the outbreak of the war? Only *three*—General Scheuch, Major Charpentier du Morier, and the younger Zorn de Bulach, and when we examine into the history of these three renegades we find that if the father of General Scheuch was an Alsatian and a former French magistrate, his mother was a German. Charpentier du Morier entered the German army almost



twenty years ago, and was welcomed enthusiastically into the "*Cavalerie de la Garde*." By order of the Emperor every attention was shown him, so that one is led to think that it was vanity and self-aggrandizement which caused him to become a German officer. As for the young Zorn de Bulach, his mother was a German and his father, assistant to the Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, renounced his allegiance to France to become the friend of the Kaiser. The son of a renegade found it only natural to serve his lord and master, the Emperor William.

It was not until the 26th of last December that I arrived in Alsace, and I shall therefore write only of what I saw and heard, of my own impressions and of the feeling among Alsatians, a month after the entry of the French into their country. I left Nancy at five in the afternoon and arrived at Avricourt, on the old frontier, about eight. This station, where formerly one first encountered the rigid German red-tapism, a searching interrogation by a Boche gendarme and examination by the customs officer, was now plunged in absolute darkness and silence. The German had departed—a first happy impression! All the stations through which we passed later were elaborately decorated with great garlands of green leaves entwined with the tricolor ribbon, and on every side French flags and pennants inscribed with a welcome to our soldiers and the words "*Vive la France!*" repeated over and over.

Our first stop was at Saverne—no longer Zabern, we noticed with pride and satisfaction. The village where, a few years before the war, the German lieutenant, Forstner, had made himself famous by his brutal treatment of the young Alsatians, had recovered its French name. Saverne had its first little revenge!

We reached Strasbourg about midnight and when I found myself in the open square, still so brightly lighted that I could make out the French flags in the windows, my heart gave a great bound—I felt that at last I was in French Alsace! A moment later I found myself face to face with my cousin who had come to the station to look for me. I had not known

what had become of him during the war. Obligated to serve in the German army, I had only learned indirectly, that he had been sent to the Russian front with his two brothers. Of their fate I knew nothing until now. We could only look at each other—speech was impossible for emotion. We embraced, the tears of joy running down our cheeks, and it was not for some moments that I could gain sufficient control of myself to ask him of news of himself and of my people. Fortunately, in spite of all their privations, every one was well.

Not finding a cab, we walked to the Hôtel de la Ville de Paris, where I had engaged a room. In traversing even so short a distance we noted with satisfaction that the city was normal and calm. The streets and shops were well lighted, the trams were still running, people were walking about, laughing and talking, and poilus, the green and white brassard on their coat-sleeves, regulated traffic at the street-crossings. Nowhere was there a policeman to be seen. It was almost impossible to believe that a state of war existed.

Ever since the beginning of German domination in 1870, the Alsatian has had to be on his guard; the German spy system existed everywhere in Alsace; conversations were reported, in garbled versions, to the local authorities and many Alsatians were condemned on the most trivial complaints. During the war this inquisitorial system was carried to the extreme limit, and, the use of French in public being forbidden, it happened not infrequently that persons were sentenced to four days of prison merely for having said "*Bonjour*" to an acquaintance on the street.

One of my friends, Mr. Fritz-Kieffer, of Strasbourg, was deported to a village in Wurtemberg at the beginning of the war, and was put in solitary confinement for three years. When at length he was brought before the war council, he was acquitted as absolutely nothing could be proved against him. Many Alsatian families were interned in Germany solely on account of their French predilections. Mademoiselle W——, of Grandfontaine, near Schirmek, sixty-two years of age, was condemned to ten years of prison for



having written to a friend in Switzerland that "the Boches had dug trenches before Grandfontaine to stop the French." This old lady was imprisoned at Rastadt, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, when the armistice was signed, and refused to be liberated by the Red Guards sent by the German Soviets to set free the prisoners. When they opened the door of her cell she refused to leave, saying she would accept liberty only at the hands of French soldiers!

In order to have a clear idea of the prevailing sentiment in Alsace it is necessary to talk with the inhabitants of all ages and all classes—with farmers, business men, laborers, capitalists. And you must talk with them in their own language, in the Alsatian patois, to have them really open their hearts to you. I went from one end of Alsace to the other, from Strasbourg to Mulhouse. I talked with people of every social condition and I found everywhere the same feeling, in the cities as in the rural districts—joy at being rid of the German, the Prussian, the "Schwobe," as they say in Alsace. But this satisfaction will not be complete until every Boche shall have been driven out of Alsace. There can be no compromise, no forgetting, no pity. For forty-eight years Germans have caused untold suffering to this people, and the net result is that the Alsatian has for the Boche a profound and unalterable detestation. No principle of humanitarianism, no sentiment of brotherly love, can ever change that hatred. Germany has been at the throat of Alsace for forty-eight years, and Alsace will never forget it.

From the moment the armistice was signed and Alsatians knew that the Germans would have to get out of the country—even before the entry of the French troops—they began to decorate their houses with the tricolor. Flags were made as quickly as possible and as there was no blue cloth to be had, paper was used. When the French divisions finally made their entry into the city it went wild with joy. For Alsatians the army symbolized France bringing to them liberty and the right to live and breathe as free men.

For the older people, for those who, like myself, had known Alsace before 1870, it

was but the reunion with France, the return of the child to its mother. The bonds which had been broken by the Treaty of Frankfort were re-established.

For the younger Alsatians, for those who only knew France through hearing it talked of by their fathers and mothers, by their friends who had been there, and by their comrades who, to escape German military service, had enlisted in the Foreign Legion—for them also it was a great joy to become citizens of France, that great nation which in their eyes stood for Right and Justice, and which has unfalteringly held up to the world the torch of civilization.

And lastly for those young people who never even heard France spoken of, who never in school or in the army, heard anything but the glorification of Germany—"Deutschland über Alles"—though there were but few such in Alsace, yet for them too there was the happiness of being free of German domination, a veritable emancipation from slavery.

On the 31st of last December I attended a ball in Strasbourg, given for the benefit of the Red Cross. It was under the auspices of the mayor, who invited me to sit in his box from which I had a view of the entire ballroom. All the younger married women and young girls were in native Alsatian costume with the tricolor cockade fastened in the big Alsatian bows in their hair or pinned upon their breasts. On the last stroke of the old year, the French flag was unfurled in the centre of the room by an escort of poilus. With one accord everybody present rose and saluted the flag with cries of "*Vive la France! Vive l'armée française!*" It was profoundly moving. But when the orchestra struck the first notes of the "Marseillaise," that triumphal battle-song, composed at Strasbourg, and played for the first time one hundred and thirty years ago before the mayor, Dietrich, then indeed emotion and patriotic enthusiasm knew no bounds. Every one, men and women, stood up and sang the national anthem, their hearts stirred with the deepest feeling. It was Alsace's welcome to her deliverer, France.

A few days afterward I went to the chief town of the canton de Barr, where my family came from. The villagers,



hearing of my arrival, hastened to greet me. They wanted news of France and of the war. Those who had seen service in the German army told me of all that they had had to endure, all the brutalities committed by the Boche. The inhabitants were principally farmers, wine-growers, workmen, and shopkeepers. It was, of course, a much less cosmopolitan place than Strasbourg, and I was anxious to know what these people thought of the French successes and of the return of Alsace to France. I discovered, on calling them together and talking with them one evening, that all were happy to become once more French in open allegiance as in spirit. The war had only increased their love for France and their hatred for Germany. From the beginning of the occupation of Alsace by our soldiers, their kindness and willingness to help in the cultivation of fields and vineyards had won the inhabitants, and furnished a strong contrast to the Germans who had always taken the attitude of conquerors. Even the Germans acknowledge that the French occupation of Alsace in no wise resembles that of the Germans. To-day Alsace is more French than it was fifty years ago, and whoever dares to doubt it will incur the deep displeasure of the Alsations.

Just before leaving Alsace I held a small reunion in the outskirts of Mulhouse. The character of this crowd was quite different from the one in Barr. Here were only workmen, few of whom knew any French. I began speaking in German but was stopped by "No more German! Speak Alsatian! We don't want to hear any more of that language that reminds us of the Schwobe. We are no longer Germans—we are French and wish to remain French!" At the same time they began to sing the "Marseillaise," half in French, half in Alsatian. They had already made a translation of it completing the refrain in Alsatian by "Adieu, les Boches, we will see you no more!" When the Marseillaise was finished a great shout of "*Vive la France!*" went up.

I was very much touched by the welcome they gave me. Everybody sang, everybody wanted to shake my hand, to tell me how glad they were to see our

soldiers, to thank me for my share in the liberation of Alsace. Their eyes sparkled with happiness, but the moment the "Schwobes" were mentioned their expression changed; there were cries and threats of vengeance against the Germans and shouts of "*Vive la France!*" followed by "*Vive la République!*" for they were proud of belonging to the French *republic*—of being citizens of a great democracy and of feeling that at last they were free men.

This meeting at Mulhouse was tremendously enthusiastic. Perhaps the native wine of Alsace, the *kitterlé*, as it is called, helped to enliven things! But it must be remembered also that the Upper Rhineland has always been more turbulent and reactionary than the Lower Rhine provinces. Mulhouse has never had a visit from the Emperor, who took this method of punishing them for their opposition to Germany. He little knew how pleased the inhabitants were not to see him! Forty-five years after the war when a German regiment marched through the streets of Mulhouse, shutters were still closed, and German officers still excluded from the best society. Everywhere French was spoken, and on the 14th of July there were never enough trains leaving for Belfort to carry all the Alsations who wished to see the review of French troops.

I have tried to sum up in these few pages my impressions of Alsace received during a fifteen days' sojourn there. The forty-eight years under the German yoke have not changed the hearts of the Alsations. They have only become more devoted to France. How could it be otherwise? The German knows nothing of psychology. He thinks that everything yields to brute force. He does not know how to win hearts. All their liberties had been taken away from the Alsations, little by little. Never was Alsace more oppressed than just previous to the war.

First there was the suppression of the special Territorial Commission (Landes-Ausschuss), and of the Alsatian parliament; the country was placed under a Prussian protectorate, and Alsations excluded from any share in the government; they were not allowed in the postal or tel-



egraph service, nor in the railroads; instructors were Germans and the Alsatians were deported into Germany. The clergy alone remained Alsatian.

French was forbidden to be spoken; all sign-boards in houses had to be in German. Alsace was to be Germanized by force—a great mistake, for the Alsatian is independent and obstinate. He refused to be treated as a citizen of the second class; he wished to have the same rights as the Germans.

Alsace waited calmly for her deliverance. From the beginning of the war she confidently expected a French victory; she felt sure that "the day of glory" would arrive. Since the signing of the armistice the Germans have tried, by means of a tremendous propaganda, to incite Alsatians to form an independent republic, but the attempt failed completely. Alsace has not forgotten that during the two hundred years of her union with France she lived free and happy. She was not conquered. She gave herself freely to that union. She was the first to acclaim the great principles of the French Revolution. In 1792 the "Rights of Man" was posted up in every commune of Alsace. In 1871 Alsace was torn from France without being consulted, and she has protested from that time up to the present, before the entire world, against the tyrannical act which disposed of her people as though they were a herd of cattle.

But Alsace willed to remain French, and a large proportion of Alsatians stayed on in their country after 1870, although

forced to speak German. It is to these Alsatians and their children—many of whom were sent to France to complete their education and brought back French ideals—that we owe a continuation of the French spirit and an unchanged loyalty and devotion to France. Alsatian mothers whose children were educated at home neutralized the effects of German instruction by teaching them French and Alsatian songs, and by recounting to them the stirring stories of their forebears in the days when they fought for France.

German officials married to Alsatian women, were insensibly led to modify their Teutonic point of view, to adopt liberal ideas. Their children are true Alsatians, and rallied to the cause of France. There is, in fact, but one element of discord in Alsace—the German immigrant class, officials or business men, unmarried or with wives who are also German. These people will carry on an anti-French propaganda, and should be driven out of the country.

The Alsace situation is entirely up to France. It is not an international problem nor one to be solved by a plebiscite. It is simply a question of restitution to France of a population forcibly separated from the mother country without a chance of self-determination. It is the annulment of the Treaty of Frankfort, the consummation of the pact of Bordeaux, that testament willed to the National Assembly by the protesting deputies on the 16th of February, 1871.

LONG LIVE ALSACE! LONG LIVE FRANCE ONE AND INDIVISIBLE!







## THE POINT OF VIEW



The Pressing Demand for an International Language

MORE than a score of nations were at war with the German Empire and its vassal states; and the alliance between the various and disparate countries banded together in defense of civilization grew closer as they severally discovered the absolute necessity of unity of purpose. It has been proved that they can act together in war-time; and, therefore, the question is being raised on all sides as to whether they cannot retain a friendly understanding now that peace has been won. The advantages of their association to repel the ruthless aggressor have been so obvious, that there is a strong desire to preserve these advantages when the military struggle shall be succeeded by an economic rivalry likely to be almost as fierce.

Whether the alliance continues in some loose form or not, the parties to it have come to know one another better than they ever did before; and they have come to feel the need of a more sympathetic international understanding. It is not surprising, therefore, that a cry has arisen on both sides of the Atlantic for the adoption of a universal language by means of which the peoples of all the scattered Allied states could communicate freely and spontaneously. If the inhabitants of France and Italy, of Rumania and Portugal, of Servia and Cuba, of the British Commonwealth, and the United States are to be knit together by a more intimate friendliness, they would profit by the possession of a common speech in which to hold converse with one another.

This has led enthusiasts in London and in New York to urge that steps be taken at once to adopt as a universal speech either one of the existing racial tongues or one of the artificial languages of which half a dozen have been made to order in the past half-century. One American advocate of immediate action asserted that "the need is here and now—real, positive, pressing"; and he was insistent that the Allied governments in conjunction with the few neutral Powers shall "select some one existing language, to be made a part of the regular tuition in the schools of all countries—side by side,

of course, with the existing language of each country." He quoted aptly from Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth"—"For what are all your barbarous jargons but barriers between men's hearts?"

This American correspondent concluded by expressing his natural belief that the chosen language should be English. But at almost the same time that his appeal appeared in a New York newspaper, a British correspondent of a London newspaper, admitting the necessity of adopting an existing language as a medium for international communication, opposed the choice of any racial tongue as likely to arouse national rivalry, and suggested that if the living languages had to be excluded from the selection, it would be well to revive one of the dead languages; and he gave his own vote for Latin. At first sight, this would seem to be an impossible proposal, and yet on examination it is discovered to have a certain plausibility.

We all know that for a thousand years and more Latin was employed as a world language. It was the one tongue familiar to all men of education. Throughout the far-flung battle-line of the Roman Empire, it served in the forum, in the market-place, and on the tented field. The Romans might admire the nobility and the flexibility of Greek, and they might even admit its superiority over Latin, but they insisted on conducting the business of their empire in their own tongue. Gibbon tells us that the Emperor Claudius "disfranchised an eminent Grecian for not understanding Latin"; and the Roman speech long survived the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Latin lingered as the sole medium for the intercommunication of scholars until long after the Renaissance had spent its force. Dante and Bacon and Milton wrote in Latin, even if their fame rests wholly upon their works in their native idioms.

We must also remember that, although Latin is often carelessly classed as a dead language, it is still a living tongue in the Roman Catholic Church. The liturgy of this church is read and sung in Latin; the Pope's state papers are written in Latin;



and in many of the Jesuit colleges a large part of the instruction is in Latin. The language has been kept alive for the use of theology and of philosophy, and even of literature. But its vocabulary would be found painfully inadequate even to name a host of modern things that the Romans could not foresee. To be of use in the finance, the manufacturing, and the commerce of to-morrow, Latin would need to be expanded immeasurably; and even then the result would not be very satisfactory. A large body of the most learned literary experts might toil long and laboriously before they could devise Latin equivalents for the specific terms of the electrician and the biologist, the devotee of golf and the baseball fan, the art critic and the dressmaker.

**I**F no dead tongue can be recalled to life and galvanized into impossible activity, we must adopt one of the living languages and impose the study of this upon the citizens of all the lands where it is not already the native speech, or we must fall back on one of the artificial tongues. The American correspondent, from whom quotation has already been made, ruled out German, of course, as a barbarous jargon; it is the most uncouth, the most awkward, the least advanced of all the modern tongues; and it is therefore the least fit to be a medium of international communication—even if there were not other and more obvious reasons for refusing to consider it. The choice would lie between French and English, of course.

The Case for and  
against an Arti-  
ficial Language

English is now the native speech of the inhabitants of a very large part of the earth's surface, and its expansion in the nineteenth century is one of the most striking phenomena of that phenomenal epoch. French is still the language of diplomacy; it is still the second language most likely to be acquired by the educated men of all countries. The literatures of the two languages have grown side by side for nearly a thousand years, until each of them is richer than the literature of any other tongue, even if those other tongues have been made illustrious by sporadic men of genius. Each has its merits and its weaknesses; but each is fit for service throughout the world. There would be immense advantage if one or the other could be imposed on the peoples who do not possess it.

But this advantage will never accrue to the human race by international agreement. An adoption by joint action of either English or French is beyond the range of the possible; it is an iridescent dream. It is inconceivable that the inhabitants of the British Isles, of the scattered dominions which are proud to be included in the British Commonwealth, and of the United States, should ever agree to impose upon all its youth the acquisition of French. And it is equally impossible that the Latin races, the French, Belgians and Swiss, the Spanish-speaking peoples, the Portuguese and the Rumanians, should require their children to master a Teutonic tongue entirely foreign to their speech habits.

And this would seem to leave the field open for an artificial tongue, Volapük, Esperanto, or Ido, each of which has now or has had its enthusiastic advocates. Volapük may be disregarded, as it was cumbered with grammatical complexities long since discarded in English; and the vogue of Esperanto was waning even before the World War. But Ido is far less unsatisfactory than its two predecessors; it is euphonious, flexible, and easy to learn. One of its American admirers has asserted that it comes very near to perfection, and that its lack of patriotic associations will be no bar to its utility for international purposes. Possibly its undeniable merits may win for Ido the approval of those who are so unfamiliar with the history and the growth of language as to believe in the permanent utility of a speech deliberately manufactured.

One of the most obvious advantages of a living speech is that whenever a new thing comes into existence, needing an immediate name, this name is instantly supplied by one of those who is using the new thing. Every living language is developing spontaneously, and without control; and the various crafts and professions are forever enlarging their vocabularies. Now an international language must renounce spontaneity and the free creation of new words; it must submit to some central authority which will impose the obligatory international uniformity. But even if this insuperable difficulty could be overcome, any artificial language would be under another disadvantage as a medium for international communication. In conversation or correspondence between two persons of different nationality, the artificial language would



not be the native speech of either party. They would both of them be grappling with the difficulties of an idiom which was not their own.

There is, however, a third reason why no artificial language will ever be imposed on school children by the common consent of the civilized nations, or will ever be able to spread itself widely without governmental compulsion. This final reason is simply that the sturdy common sense of mankind will forever refuse to undergo the long labor of acquiring a language without a literature, and without a historic past, a language to be spoken only by those willing to take the trouble to master it, a language which is not the native speech of millions of people, making it in their own image and impressing upon it their racial characteristics.

**W**HEN then there is no likelihood that an association of friendly allies will formally adopt any one language, living or dead or still-born (as all the artificial tongues must be), and impose its acquisition upon all the children, are we therefore to be deprived of all the obvious advantages of a world-language? Are we to continue to dwell unresisting in the shadow of the Tower of Babel? Must we suffer forever from the evil consequence of the Confusion of Tongues? Well, if we are discouraged by the fact that international action is impossible, we may find encouragement in the facts which go to show that international action may not be as necessary as its advocates have asserted. In other words, perfectly natural causes may be at work now to ameliorate our existing linguistic chaos.

In a lecture before the armistice on "Some Gains of the War," Professor Walter Raleigh asserted that "after the war the English language will have such a position as it never had before: it will be established in world-wide security." No doubt, the position of English is now more secure; but there was no danger to its security before the invasion of Belgium. It was the native tongue of more than a hundred and fifty millions of men, women, and children; and it was the official language of many millions more in India, in Egypt, and in the Philippines. It was spreading more rapidly than any other idiom.

Professor Raleigh was eloquent in praise of our sturdy language; and he did not feel

called upon to say anything in behalf of French. But it is obvious enough that the French language now has such a position as it never held before, and that it also will be established in world-wide security. The French are the foremost of the Latin peoples, and the other Latin peoples accept their leadership.

There is no probability that any international action will impose the study of English upon the Latin peoples, or the study of French upon the Teutonic peoples; but there is every probability that the supremacy of French among the Latin tongues and the supremacy of English among the Teutonic tongues will be more and more widely recognized, so that the voluntary acquisition of one or the other of these supreme languages will become more and more customary among the peoples to whom neither tongue is native. It is certain, moreover, that the prolonged stay of millions of English-speaking soldiers in France will enormously increase the number of the French who speak English and of the Americans, the Australians, the Canadians, and the English who speak French. There will be an accelerated desire on the part of the soldiers of every nation to become bilingual.

This tendency will be fostered by the closer friendships created between the Allies by the war. There will be no need of an international agreement to compel the educational authorities of the United States and of the British Commonwealth to foster the study of French—the more especially as French will be freed from the former rivalry of German. And in like manner the educational authorities of France and of Belgium are certain to encourage in every way the study of English. The inevitable result will be that we shall have made an unexpected approach to the international world-language which is so greatly to be desired. We shall not have a single world-language, but we shall have two world-languages, friendly rivals, and dreading no rivalry with any other tongue. The competition of German is no longer to be feared, as it will be an abhorred idiom for many years to come, and we may even venture to suggest that in the immediate future the students of Spanish will far outnumber the students of German, and the Germans themselves will be forced to continue their useful habit of acquiring both French and English.





## WHAT AILS OUR INDUSTRIAL ARTS?

By James Parton Haney

Director of Art in High Schools, New York City

AMERICA, in matters artistic, is still a little short of breath. Public understanding, public appreciation, that vital oxygen the craftsman needs for his work, exists, but there is not enough of it. Everywhere one sees what doctors call "slight signs of cyanosis"—a little blueness of artistic lips, a slight coldness of artistic finger-tips. Art, in the public sense, is alive, but not live enough, not filled with strength equal to vigorous performance.

A few days since, in one of our greatest cities, a high school unveiled two large mural paintings done by a good painter and purchased through the aid and with the good-will of many hundreds of students. It was a little triumph of co-operation and altruistic effort. Everybody was invited to the unveiling. Mothers and fathers came, of course, but not a baker's dozen of officialdom, not half a dozen, not a corporal's guard. Not that officialdom was antagonistic. No! just indifferent. Where in France there would have been a great public function—the mayor, congratulatory speeches, the art spirit invoked, the students thrilled with public appreciation—there was instead acquiescence and apathy. The case is typical. Every art society throughout the country can cite a similar one.

Again, one can illustrate our public slant toward art in the attitude of the government toward the poster campaign in the great war. Here was a huge effort at public advertising, a hundred million of people to be educated through pictures, miles of hoardings to be covered; thousands upon thousands to be expended. And who was first called upon to do the work? Why, the hack draftsman of the commercial lithographer. And what horrors he perpetrated! to be pasted fifty in a row anywhere—everywhere—on monuments, on the façades of libraries, on barrels and on door-posts, till the eye was affronted at the broomstick soldiers,

the chorus-girl Columbias and the candy-box sisterhood in all stages of dishabille.

These early atrocities would have continued with official approval had not the artists of the country intervened. Led by a well-known illustrator, a devoted band of painters threw themselves into the breach. They met every week for months, developed voluntary competitions galore, produced and had accepted, after many Washington pilgrimages, a showing the country could afford to acknowledge in the face of the drawings which France, England, and Italy had secured from foremost designers and mural painters.

All this is not to say that there has been no progress in what may be called "national consciousness of art" in the last thirty years. There has, and it is soon to be put to the test. We are now to have, and most properly, memorials to those gallant lads who went overseas to fight the good fight, and who will not come back. Will these monuments be as ugly and banal as many of the lead and iron monstrosities of the late sixties? No, surely, they will not! Dozens of organizations are already taking steps to prevent such a calamity. But these very organizations are to meet with difficulties in getting their lessons over to the public. The stately shaft, the simple fountain, the bronze gate, the well-planned community house—these, as memorials designed by master craftsmen, are to be fought for, in a hundred communities where patriotic alderman or vote-seeking councillor is going to plead for a man on horseback, or a doughboy on foot, done by local talent.

Our memorials to our soldier and sailor dead are to be an index of the development of public taste. Undoubtedly this taste is growing keener and better, year by year, but the progress is slow. As an industrial people we have yet to realize that we have very little in the way of an industrial art.



Europe forged ahead mightily in her industrial art schools from 1890 to 1914, while we all but stood still. Some of our art trades indeed have not even held their own. Fine lithography, for example, has fallen from its high estate until plants that once boasted of many presses now see their machines reduced to few, while the choicest work has to go abroad for reproduction. What a commentary upon American initiative, ability, and artistic prowess.

This is not, however, to be a pessimistic review, but rather an attempt at what the medical fraternity would call "a diagnosis," with a suggestion regarding a cure. What's the matter with our industrial arts? Why are they as they are and how can they be bettered?

In the first place we've been busy, busy for a hundred years in setting our house in order, in making our fortunes out of agriculture and mining, in exploiting natural resources, in doing what our practical people like to call "practical things." We've gone timidly, and a little shamefacedly, into what our manufacturers call the "art side." We've borrowed talent from abroad when we've needed it, and scarcely given a thought to its production in our own schools.

Art in this country was born of the painter's studio rather than of the craftsman's atelier. This has led to many untoward results. Put briefly, it has given us, as a nation, a wrong approach. If painter and craftsman were still one, as once they were, the outcome would have been far different, but with our studio teaching, reaching down through studio-trained teachers even into our primary schools, we have come to think art primarily a matter of paint or clay, and not a thing which, through color and design, touches us at every hour of the day, in our dress, our homes, our business products, our advertising, and our countless civic ventures in parks and boulevards, in public buildings and in private dwellings. Our teaching in the public schools is better now, but the change has come late and the adult of to-day reflects the teaching of a generation ago.

To think aright on the subject of our artistic shortcomings, it is necessary to see clearly this twist in our mental attitude as a people. Art for the public, primarily, means pictures, particularly easel pictures; and after pictures, sculpture. Architecture is regarded as a kind of cousin, so that in

conversation we familiarly speak of "Art and Architecture." This is no criticism, but a statement of fact. The lay mind has been led by the painter's mind and the sculptor's mind until it has very definitely the studio point of view. It scarcely dreams that each one of us is in his own right an artist, and that, while he may not design textiles, he must use them, must decorate his home, set out his shop-window, plan his manufactured product, lay out his advertising and conduct every one of a thousand activities in the light of the principles of color and pattern. Each is a designer, albeit he may not, and generally does not, know it; but design he must, in some fashion, every day of his life, if it is only to pick out the tie and pin which go to make his morning's toilet.

Born of the idea that art is something over against us, something done by artists to be put up for us to admire, and not something which we must, ourselves, continually create, there has come to be the attitude noted in our civic authorities. It is what we may term, "a lack of responsibility." Art for our mayors, art for our commissioners of education, art for our boards of trade, is something for artists to look after, not something with which each city officer is concerned in the development of zoning systems, of bill-board laws, of school courses of study and the hundred other art questions—for they are real questions—which touch civic art and the training of citizens in its appreciation. At best, our city fathers in boards and councils appoint a municipal art commission and let it go at last. To realize how far we are to seek, one has only to propose that a board of aldermen debate one of these art interests and a gale of laughter sweeps the community. One mayor of a huge city referred slightly to "art-artists," but how much more slightly would we have scorned "aldermen-artists." Certes, we have as yet but little feeling of art responsibility. There are a hundred good citizens who would jump in to aid civic morals to one who would volunteer to aid civic art. Yet civic art and morals are closely tied, and the pride which makes for the latter is born of the city made beautiful by the united wish and will of its citizens.

What we have termed "lack of responsibility" goes further afield than mayors, councillors, and commissioners of education. It touches the press, great manufacturing



industries and wide-spread social organizations. All of these must aid if art is to be a practical thing, known of the people and supported by them. Read the art criticisms of the daily press. They're written by editors steeped in the studio tradition—pictures, and still more pictures, are reviewed, with now and again a bit of sculpture; but rarely, oh, so rarely, a reference which shows any consciousness on the part of the critics that art touches the people's life at any other angle, that our industrial art needs their aid and that our ideas of civic art are dependent in divers ways upon their teaching.

And the manufacturer, the man who must employ the artist to design for him—to put into his products the subtle touch which is to sell them when they are in competition with the work of other manufacturers. Is there any evidence that he senses his responsibility, and sees his relation to the artist as one in which he, the manufacturer, must seek out talent, help to train it in school, stimulate it with prizes and recognition, and open for it opportunity when trained? No, it cannot be averred that there is any wide-spread evidence of this. Great manufacturing associations there are by the score, but how many of them now give substantial support to the art schools which train the designers and artist-artisans they must use?

There is another weight, too, on the wrong side of the balance, and it bears heavily against us. It is the censure of the strabismic, the pleas of those who cannot see straight. More of this exists than is realized; some of it conscious, some, unconscious. It takes the form of criticism of our own people. It subtly undermines our confidence and faith in ourselves. It belittles our native talent, decries our native performance, makes wholesale charges of incompetence and in the words of one critic announces that our art teachers are grafting on the public to the extent of \$12,000,000 a year, while, as a people, we are "on the verge of artistic extinction."

All of this is nonsense, of course, but it is a bad kind of nonsense. When pronounced, as in the last case, by some one of standing in the art world, it reaches a wide-spread audience which has no way of gauging how far it is true and how far false. Other minor prophets sound the note of our incompetence, and, destructive criticism being far easier than constructive, so sickly

o'er our native hue of resolution, that many doubt whether after all we can rise to the heights of artistic excellence achieved in foreign fields.

To these native bad councillors, there are added those who have a more sinister reason for deriding our ability. These are they who have an interest in fostering the work of the foreign designer and manufacturer at the cost of our own industries. Some are of the whispering type, while others come out boldly to proclaim the product "made abroad" as something infinitely better than anything we can ever hope to make at home. One finds them everywhere, not merely in picture-shops with their endless canvases of foreign subject and title, but in the familiar marts of trade—dressmakers' establishments, furniture-shops, jewelry-stores, and haberdasheries. They argue vehemently that the "imported article" is superior to the native product. At times this is true, but the implication is that we have not the talent or the power to produce the finer thing, and this is false. We have the talent, but it has not the training, and here is the crux of the matter.

The whole question, be it said again, is primarily one of education. If we are to realize art as a moving, a moral, an essential force in the community, then all the agents which serve to educate the community must aid to teach this lesson. If also, we are, as an industrial country, to have an industrial art, then all the forces which can enmesh talent, discover in the elementary classroom, foster in the high school, hold it in the industrial-art school and further it in the trade studio, must aid in this task of practical conservation. We need a determined co-operative effort in both directions. We have never as a people realized our shortcomings; we have never sensed our capacity for advancement; we have never pooled our resources. We must mobilize our art forces for our own betterment.

Mobilization is a large and colorful term. It goes with a large and masterful gesture. But what does it mean in practice? We have gotten used to it, as we have gotten used to many another military phrase, and see in it some of its compelling military significance. We think of imperative messages, of systematic assemblings, of specific assignments of authority, of high command and implicit obedience—in short, of the



bringing together of many individual forces to perform as a united body a given task.

But mobilization of our art forces can have little of authority behind it. It will have to be a voluntary, not an obligatory co-operation. And all of those we have named will have to aid. First the schools. From primary school to college, we shall have to have teachers to teach art as a practical subject, not as a technic, not as something which is going to make artists of the multitude, but as something which is going to give an insight into color, design, and pattern, as things which play a part in the life of every individual every week and every day, things which concern us when we dress ourselves, furnish our homes, set forth the windows of our shops, or in larger ways, beautify our cities, erase our slums, plan our parks and build our monuments.

And then our secondary teaching forces—press and pulpit, public lecture courses and civic clubs, municipal art societies and women's associations; a mighty power resides in these to help the lesson along—editorial aid and wide publicity. Thought alone will not add a cubit to our stature, but thought put into trenchant phrase, thought illustrated with picture and lantern-slides—such thought can help greatly to bring home to our people the fact that art concerns them, not only in their homes, but in their shops; that it concerns them in the cleanliness and beauty of their towns; and that it mightily concerns them in the prosperity of their country, which must seek in the markets of the world to sell its manufactured products in competition with countries which have long since learned the lesson that a national art is a national asset, and that the training of the talented is an important business of the state.

Back of the entire industrial art movement stands the manufacturer. Until he realizes his responsibility, there can be no great industrial art system in this country, for it is only through the studio of dress-maker and weaver, of bronze-caster and silk-printer, of lithographer and jeweller, that the industrial artist can make his talent tell in the market. Every design bought abroad means one less made at home; every imported yard of cloth, set of china, roll of wall-paper, bolt of silk, means profit in the pocket of the foreign maker and designer and loss to our own industries.

The key of the question, so far as it touches our own production, stands thus in the training of our gifted youth. We surely have the talent. Any high school will show this. But we lack the means of schooling it. Industrial art schools dot Europe in every portion of the map. One ceramic centre in England has in a small circle of pottery towns seven ceramic schools of art, each with its own museum. How far we are behind, not only our public does not know, but our manufacturers do not know and hence do not care.

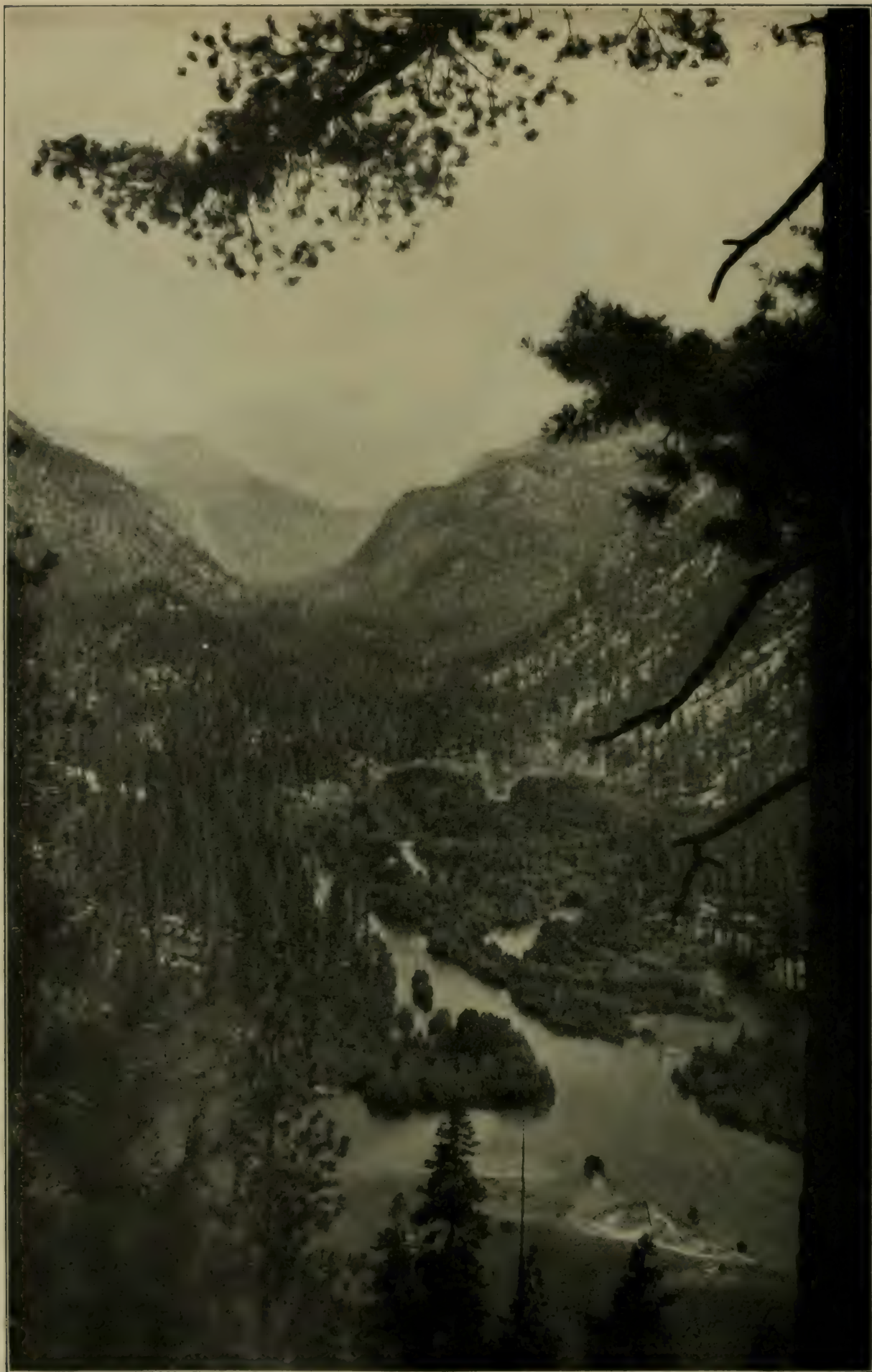
But the World War with its mighty lessons has taught many unpalatable facts. We have borrowed our industrial artists from abroad, but our source of supply is largely cut off. Europe is going to need its own trained talent—every ounce of it—in the mighty work of reconstruction to be done. If we are to compete fairly in the markets of the world, we must turn to our talent and train it in schools as well equipped and with courses as intensive as any known abroad. This we can do if we see the question fairly and attack it as intelligently as we did the mobilization of our forces in the contest of arms. But the training of a people in taste and the training of artist-artisans to produce goods to meet that taste is a task of no mean proportions. Industrial art schools are not cheap schools. The talented are limited in number; their training must be thorough, which means that it must be long. The wherewithal to support the schools cannot be forthcoming until there is public understanding of their need and adequate support from National and State funds and from private initiative. And the great manufacturing associations must aid. Their support is essential in council, in co-operative committees, in scholarships and in demonstrations of what public profit lies in this training of the talented.

Art in America is still a little short of breath. But the oxygen our air needs for its sustenance is available. The artist must draw this sustaining element from that which the public distils into the atmosphere by virtue of its appreciation, its understanding and approval of his effort. The means to this alchemy are plain, though they are not simple, nor are they single. Many must aid, for the profit is for the many.









*From a photograph by P. S. Bernays.*

LOOKING UP KERN CANYON FROM THE LAKE.

—"Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," page 645.



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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## HUMANE CULTURE—AND THE GERMAN KIND

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

**E**VERYBODY knows that there is a difference in meaning between the German word *Kultur*, and the word *Culture* as it is commonly used in English and in French. The object of this paper is to trace a little more clearly the nature and effects of this difference.

The fact that the German word is spelled with a *K* and the English with a *C* is of no great significance. It is one of those orthographical accidents which may occur even in the best regulated languages.

The fact that both words come from the same Latin root proves nothing in regard to their present connotation. In the wear and tear of usage, words from the same root often come to be not only different, but even positively opposed in their significance. Children of the same family may be not merely unlike but also actively hostile one to another, as in the celebrated case of Cain and Abel.

It seems to me that this is what happened to these two words. They came to stand for two ideas so contrary that a conflict between them was almost inevitable. It was because of this contrariety that the Germans were not able to understand, much less to admire, the other peoples of the world. It was for the same reason that these other peoples, the English, the French, the Italians, the Americans, while admiring some German products, as for example potash-fertilizers, cutlery, Dresden china, and beer, found themselves unable to love Germany as a nation, and absolutely unwilling to submit to the im-

position of her *Kultur* upon the world at the point of the sword in 1914.

This, in effect, is what Germany desired, resolved, and attempted to achieve, doubtless with a sincere purpose, and unquestionably by dishonest and lawless means. You may read the sincerity of the purpose in the verses of the pious poet Emanuel Geibel:

“Und es mag am deutschen Wesen  
Einmal noch die Welt genesen.”

You may hear the threat to use dishonest and lawless means in the words of the German Chancellor to the Reichstag:

“The injustice we commit [in invading Belgium] we will try to make good as soon as our military aims have been attained. He who is menaced as we are . . . can only consider how to hack his way through (*durchhauen*).”

You may judge the enormity of the claim advanced by the words of General von der Goltz:

“The nineteenth century saw the German Empire: the twentieth century shall see a German world.”

Now the existence of national leaders capable of entertaining and avowing such sentiments, and of a vast and prosperous people ready to accept and support their plans, and of an army of well-trained, obedient and fanatical millions of simple soldiers eager to carry out their predatory designs upon the world, was due, in my opinion, to the essential intellectual and moral vice of German *Kultur*, which is diametrically opposed to the humane ideal of culture.



Doubtless there were many economic, political and geographical motives and causes in the great war of 1914. But from the point of view of an humble disciple of philosophy, art and letters, I can see but one really important thing in it—the attempt of a narrow, racial, megalomaniac Kultur to impose itself upon mankind, not by the persuasive influence of sweetness and light, but by the developed force of a national “will to power.”

It was a separate and separating kind of civilization. As a system, clearly conceived and worked out, in school, university, community, industry, army and court, it was wonderful. But the value of any system depends upon the ruling ideas which are at the heart of it. There were three false assumptions at the root of German Kultur which put it in antagonism to humane culture and made it a menace to mankind. First, the assumption that the Almighty made the German race superior to all other races of the world. Second, that God chose the House of Hohenzollern to rule the German race. Third, that under this predestination the German race had a right to do what it pleased to work out its claim to the domination of the world.

It would be absurd to say that all Germans have ever accepted these three superstitions—these *Aberglauben*. But it would be senseless to ignore the fact that they have permeated and poisoned the extraordinary system of German Kultur.

Recall that luminous description of the aim and ideal of education which was given by Matthew Arnold in his simple, colloquial English way some forty years ago.

“Culture,” said he, “means the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit.” That was a humane and liberal conception, at once conservative and progressive, recognizing the unity of the human race, the value of universal standards, and the necessity of knowing what was best in the past in order to advance to something better in the future. It was based, obviously, not on outward authority, but upon the appeal of right reason to the individual.

German Kultur, on the contrary, was based on the authority of the state over

the individual. It was a closely organized system of education and discipline, scholastic, social, political, and military, specifically designed to produce obstinate adherents and obedient servants for distinctively Teutonic ideals and ambitions.

I happened to be a student in Berlin, about 1878, when the so-called *Kulturkampf* was in progress. It was a struggle between Rome and Prussia for control of the educational system. I felt as the woman in the classic story did about the fight between her husband and the bear. It was important, perhaps, but not interesting. Bismarck won.

It was at that time that one could see clearly the cleavage between Culture and Kultur.

The professors whom I most frequented, Dorner, and Weiss, and Hermann Grimm, belonged to the liberal Germany of the brief past. But the popular idol of the university at that moment was Heinrich von Treitschke. In order that you may understand the significance of this man and his followers in German Kultur, I give a few quotations from their writings.

“The German is a hero born, and believes that he can hack and hew his way through life.” (H. v. Treitschke, “Politics,” vol. I, p. 230.)

“The appeal to arms will be valid until the end of history, and therein lies the sacredness of war.” (*Ib.*, p. 29.)

“No state can pledge its future to another. It knows no arbiter, and draws up all its treaties with this implied reservation. . . . Moreover, every sovereign State has the undoubted right to declare war at its pleasure, and is consequently entitled to repudiate its treaties.” (*Ib.*, p. i, 28.)

His disciples and followers, Bernhardi, and a nameless crew of generals, university professors, high-school teachers, and preachers, went far beyond this.

Take a few words from General Bernhardi:

“The proud conviction forces itself upon us with irresistible power that a high, if not the highest, importance for the entire development of the human race is ascribable to this German people.” (General Bernhardi, “Germany and the Next War,” p. 72.)



"*World-power or downfall!* will be our rallying-cry." (*Ib.*, p. 154.)

"War is a biological necessity of the first importance, a regulative element in the life of mankind which cannot be dispensed with." (*Ib.*, p. 18.)

"Might is the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war. War gives a biologically just decision." (*Ib.*, p. 23.)

Take a few more words from German preachers and instructors of the young.

"What does right matter to me? I have no need of it. What I can acquire by force, that I possess and enjoy; what I cannot obtain, I renounce, and I set up no pretensions to indefeasible right. . . . I have the right to do what I have the power to do." (M. Stirner, "*Der Einzige und sein Eigentum*," p. 275.)

"Our belief is that the salvation of the whole Kultur of Europe depends upon the victory which German 'militarism' is about to achieve." (Manifesto signed by 3,500 *Hochschullehreren* [professors and lecturers], quoted by Professor U. v. Wilamowitz-Mollendorf, "*Reden*," part II., p. 33.)

And take as a final specimen this extract from the *Weekly Paper for Young Germany*, January 25, 1913:

"When here on earth a battle is won by German arms and the faithful dead ascend to Heaven, a Potsdam lance-corporal will call the guard to the door, and 'old Fritz,' springing from his golden throne, will give the command to present arms. That is the Heaven of Young Germany!"

But it may be said that I am quoting private writers, personal teachers, to condemn the German education which led to the late abominable war and lost Germany the friendship of mankind. Well, then, let us quote a late imperial authority, the Wilhelm Hohenzollern himself.

He was a voluminous speaker, sometimes good, but always copious. In 1890 he assembled a so-called educational conference at Berlin. To this conference he said that "*the School ought first of all to have opened the duel against Democracy.*" To this conference he declared: "*Gentlemen, I am in need of soldiers—we ought to apply to the superior schools the organization in force in our military and cadet schools.*"

Well, the Emperor Wilhelm got what he wanted. He got a government system of education which blotted out the old German love of liberty and produced the new German adoration of autocracy. He got a system of education which impregnated the soul of his fold with the superstition of an almighty state, above morality, beyond responsibility, supreme over humanity—a state not founded on the people's will, but absolute in power over the people's life—a state not answerable to other states for its conduct nor to the conscience of mankind for its actions—a state whose sovereign law was its own necessity, whose great destiny was the empire of the world, and whose highest function was war. He got a system of education, wonderfully organized and coordinated, marvellously perfect in routine and detail, and completely designed to produce in the German mind as the result of science, philosophy, and literature misapplied, two monstrous false convictions, two fetich-faiths. First, that Germany is over all — *Deutschland über Alles*; second, that the Kaiser is the All-Highest — *der Allerhöchste!*

Here are these fetich-faiths announced in his own words:

"Remember that the German people are chosen of God. On me—on me as the German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His vice-regent."

The effect of such a Kultur on literature and the other arts was lamentable. The architecture of modern Berlin, the sculpture of the Siegesallee, the alleged poetry of Hauptmann and Süderman are not things of beauty, but pains forever. The distance from Kant to Nietzsche measures a vast downward slope. Lessing and Goethe and Schiller have no posterity; they were all caught and devoured by the Ogre Kultur.

But while the effect of this system on letters and the fine arts was such as to leave the stage free for the display of the Kaiser's own talents, it also gave him what he said he most needed—soldiers, millions of them! Soldiers ready to sink their conscience in their obedience to the Almighty State, and the All-Highest Kaiser. Soldiers ready under orders to violate all international pledges, all civi-



lized rules of war, all restraints of humanity. Soldiers ready to invade neutral territory, to devastate and ruin peaceful lands, to burn villages, to poison wells, to attack hospitals and kill Red Cross nurses, to shoot old men and women and priests, to sink merchant ships without warning and drown helpless passengers and crews, to butcher little children, to rape women, and to carry away girls into white slavery. Soldiers who answer to the words which the Kaiser spoke to his guard: "You have given yourselves to me body and soul. For you there is only one enemy, and that is my enemy. It may happen—I pray that God avert it—that I order you to shoot down your relations, your brothers, nay, your parents; but then without a murmur you must obey my commands."

We may see, then, without any academic obscurity, what German Kultur—a narrow, selfish, immoral organization of education, means. It had an ingrowing mind, and a barbarous spirit. It has been beaten, absolutely, on its chosen field of battle. Now the question is, what shall be the fruit of victory?

Shall it be a relapse into the ancient chaos of international antagonisms based on mutual hatred and mistrust? Or shall it be an advance into a society of free nations pledged to maintain and enforce the pacific settlement of quarrels between nations on the basis of reason and justice?

We should hold fast to the ideal of Culture, the knowledge and application of "the best that has been thought and said in the world." As we have approved the call to arms against barbaric Germanism, so we should approve the effort to establish a better understanding and a wiser co-operation among the nations. Americanitis should be as repugnant to us as Germanism. The power of our Republic should be dedicated to the good of the world.

"It will be worthy," said George Washington in his Farewell Address, "of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence."

Patriotism we believe in. Patriotism we abjure and despise. We devote our efforts in art and letters not to any system of narrowing nationalist Kultur, but to the broad ideal of humane Culture, with its four aims of joy and power, sweetness and light.

The light of seeing things clearly and truly. The sweetness of imaginative vision by which we behold things old and new and enter into other hearts and lives. The joy of free and sane thinking for ourselves. The power of resolutely choosing, out of all that knowledge and experience bring, the best to love, admire and follow.





# MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA

THE KINGS AND KERN RIVER REGIONS

BY LEROY JEFFERS, F. R. G. S.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



EXTENDING for over five hundred miles the great range of the Sierra Nevada of California offers the mountaineer and the lover of nature an unsurpassed variety of beautiful and wonderful scenery. No other mountains of the continent are so exquisitely clothed with light, and nowhere is there greater charm of lake and waterfall, of tree and flower; while the multitude of polished granite domes, serrated ridges, and cathedral peaks offer fascinating work for the mountaineer. Unequaled are its marvellous canyons, its foaming streams, and its power to awaken in all the true spirit of joy. Range of light, of beauty, of wonder, destined in time to be known and loved by the nation!

Year after year the mountains and the flowers have called me westward, and I have wandered and revelled amid their glories in pure delight. As one enters California from the north, over the wooded Siskiyou, he catches far-away glimpses of the glistening, snowy cone of Shasta 14,162 feet in height. For hours one winds back and forth with ever-increasing views of this glorious peak that rises in volcanic slopes and ridges above the forests at its base. Presenting no especial problems to the mountaineer, it is a comparatively simple though somewhat tiresome journey from Sisson to the summit.

If one approach the Pacific by way of a central route, as he journeys across the desert in Utah, he is ever in view of distant mountains etherealized in the heat and blending with the white and purple cloudlands of the sky. Nearing Salt Lake City, the snowy Wasatch refresh him with their pure elixir of mountain air. Leaving the deserts of Nevada we climb

the Sierra, pausing to visit Lake Tahoe, and to ascend Mount Tallac for its beautiful view; or we surmount the divide by another route and follow the fine scenery of the Feather River Canyon for hours before we reach the great central valley of the Golden State.

No true lover of the beautiful can ever tire of the views of hills and sea which surround San Francisco. From the summit of Twin Peaks the city and the bay lie mapped beneath one in the sunshine, flecked here and there with passing shadows of the clouds. Again of a summer morning I have struggled up their grassy slopes barely able to stand against the gale that swept in from the Pacific laden with whirling mist.

Enticingly the hills gather around Berkeley, calling us to wander over their flower-strewn summits. Crossing the bay from San Francisco, we journey through streets lined with masses of scarlet, white, and pink geraniums, while climbing roses embower the homes and luxuriant sweet peas and heliotrope everywhere delight the eye. Within the grounds of the University of California the pungent odor of eucalyptus pervades the air, and we reluctantly leave the shade for steep brown grassy slopes that burn in the sunshine. As we surmount ridge after ridge the waters of the bay broaden and lead the eye through the Golden Gate to the ocean, while the Marin hills loom purple and high upon the horizon. From the summit of Grizzly Peak we look eastward across wooded canyons and sunny hills toward Mount Diablo. On smooth, grassy slopes affording scarcely a foothold we fairly slide into Strawberry Canyon and follow it down to Berkeley.

To leave San Francisco for the East is to part from a friend. Crossing on the





Mount Shasta, 14,162 feet, Northern California.

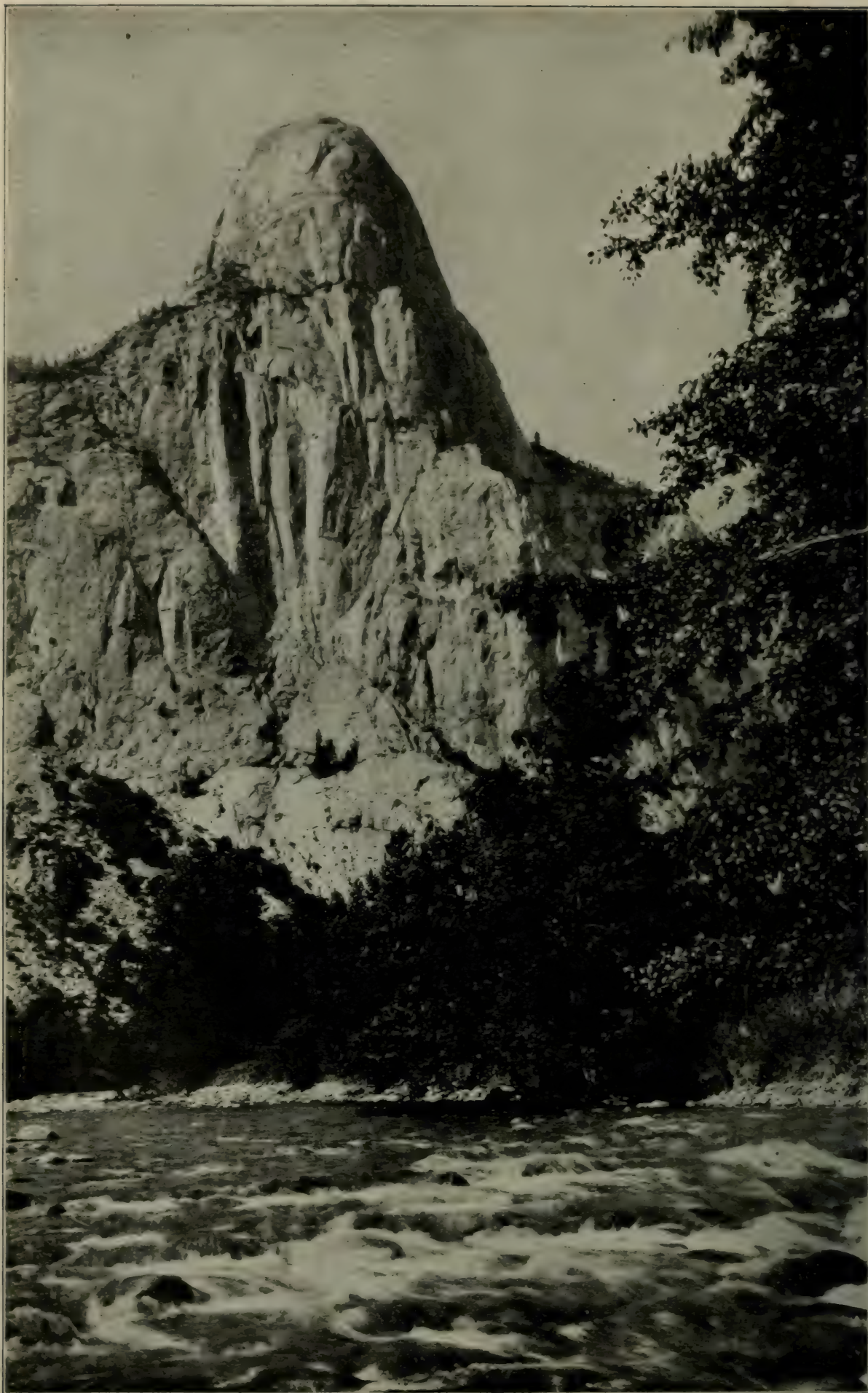




Mist Falls, South Fork, Kings River.

*From a photograph by S. H. Mearns.*

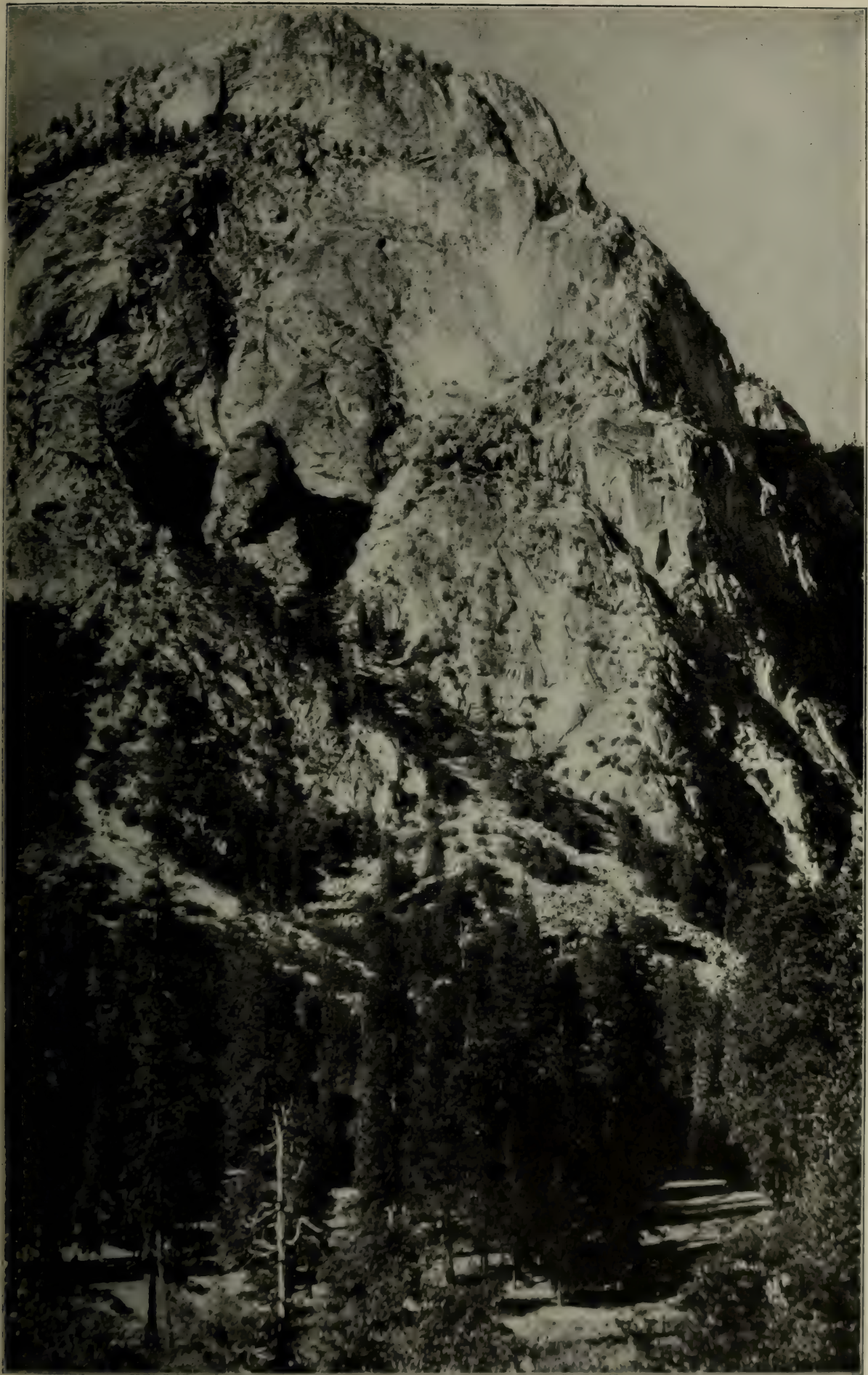




*From a photograph by J. N. Le Conte.*

Tehipite Dome, 7,713 feet, Middle Fork of the Kings River.





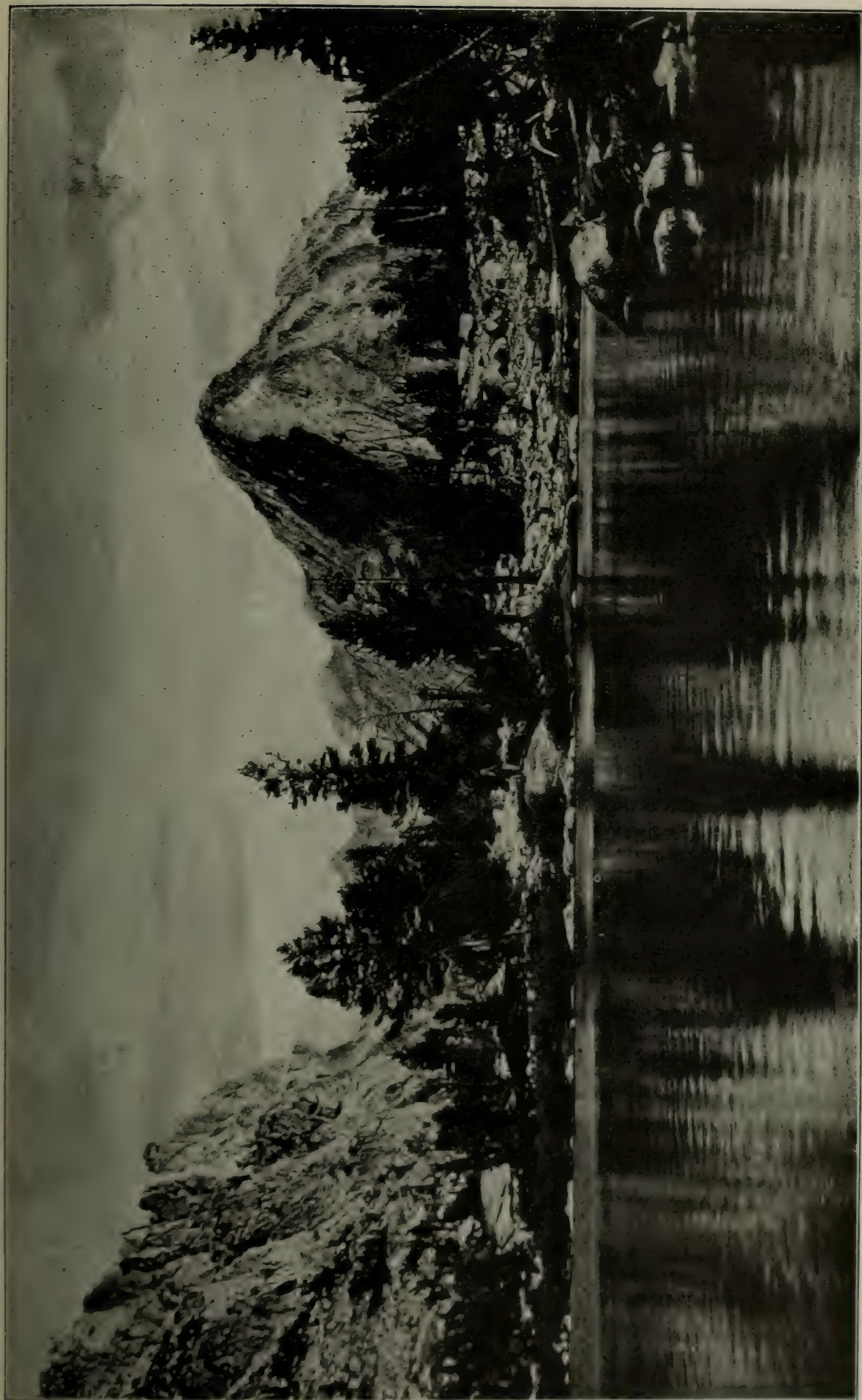
*From a photograph by W. L. Huber.*

The Grand Sentinel, 8,514 feet, Kings River Canyon.









From Bullfrog Lake looking toward the East Vidette.

Bullfrog Lake and the East Vidette, 12,742 feet.

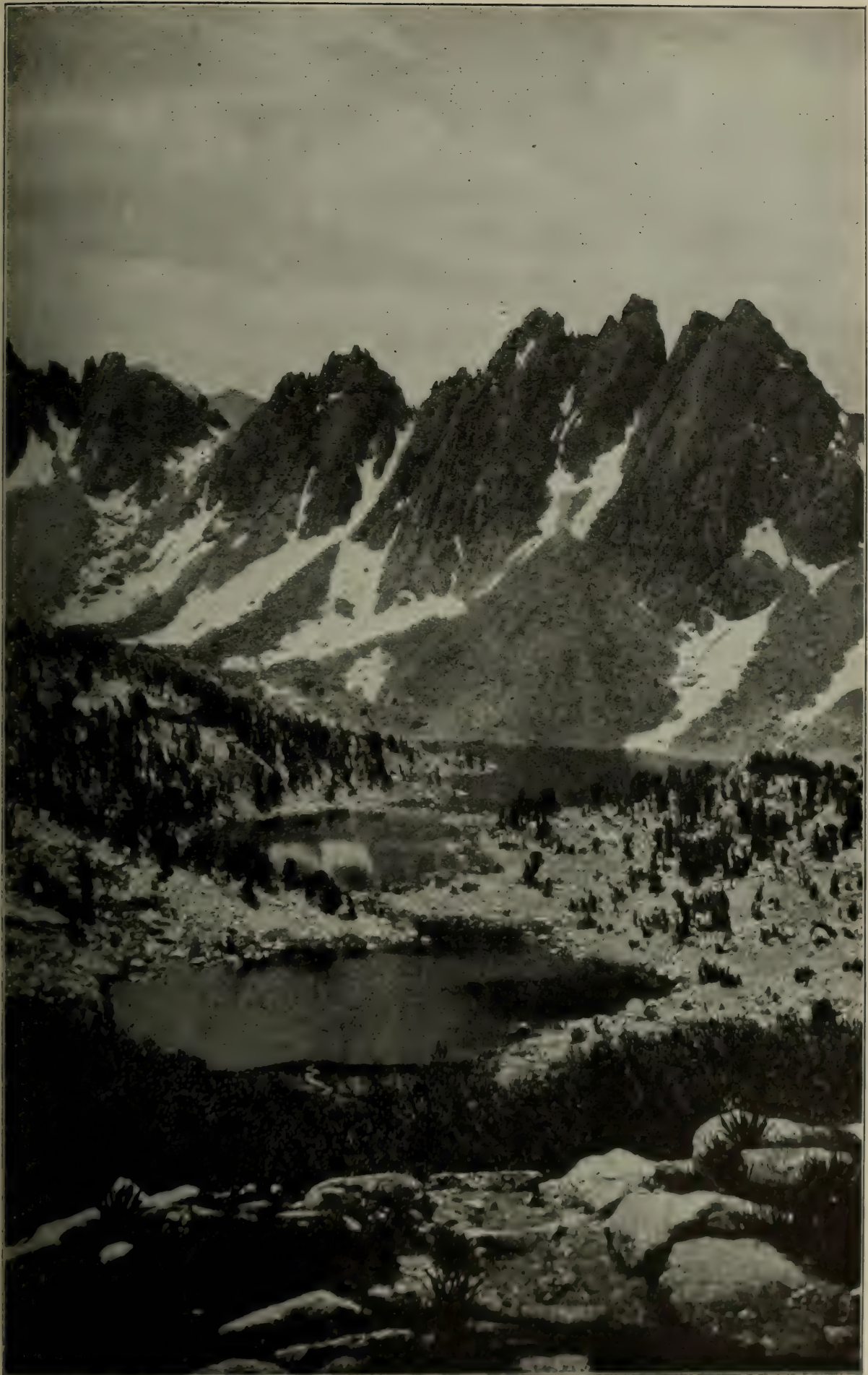




*From a photograph by W. L. Huber.*

*Deer Lake and Mount Bisford*





*From a photograph by Edward Gray.*

**Kearsarge Pinnacles.**





*From a photograph by A. H. Allen.*

Mount Tyndall, 14,025 feet, from the cliffs of Mount Williamson.





*From a photograph by G. R. Bunn.*

Moraine Lake and the Red Kaweah.





*From a photograph by G. R. Bunn.*

Sunbeams amid the Sequoia, Giant Forest, Sequoia National Park.





*From a photograph by C. I. Mott.*

Juniper, or Red Cedar, on Wildcat Point, Tuolumne Canyon.

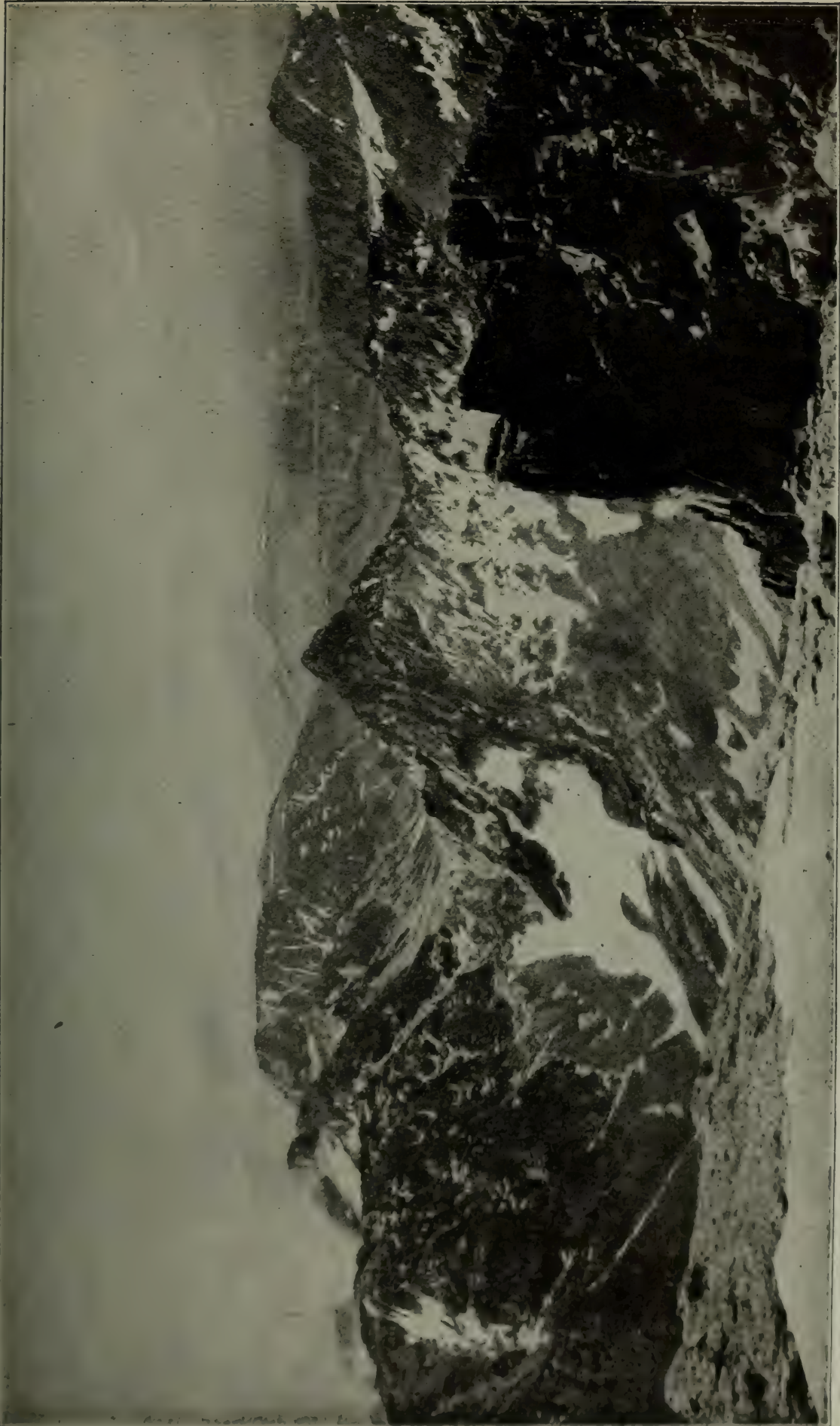




*From a photograph by C. T. Mott.*

Summit of Mount Whitney, 14,502 feet.

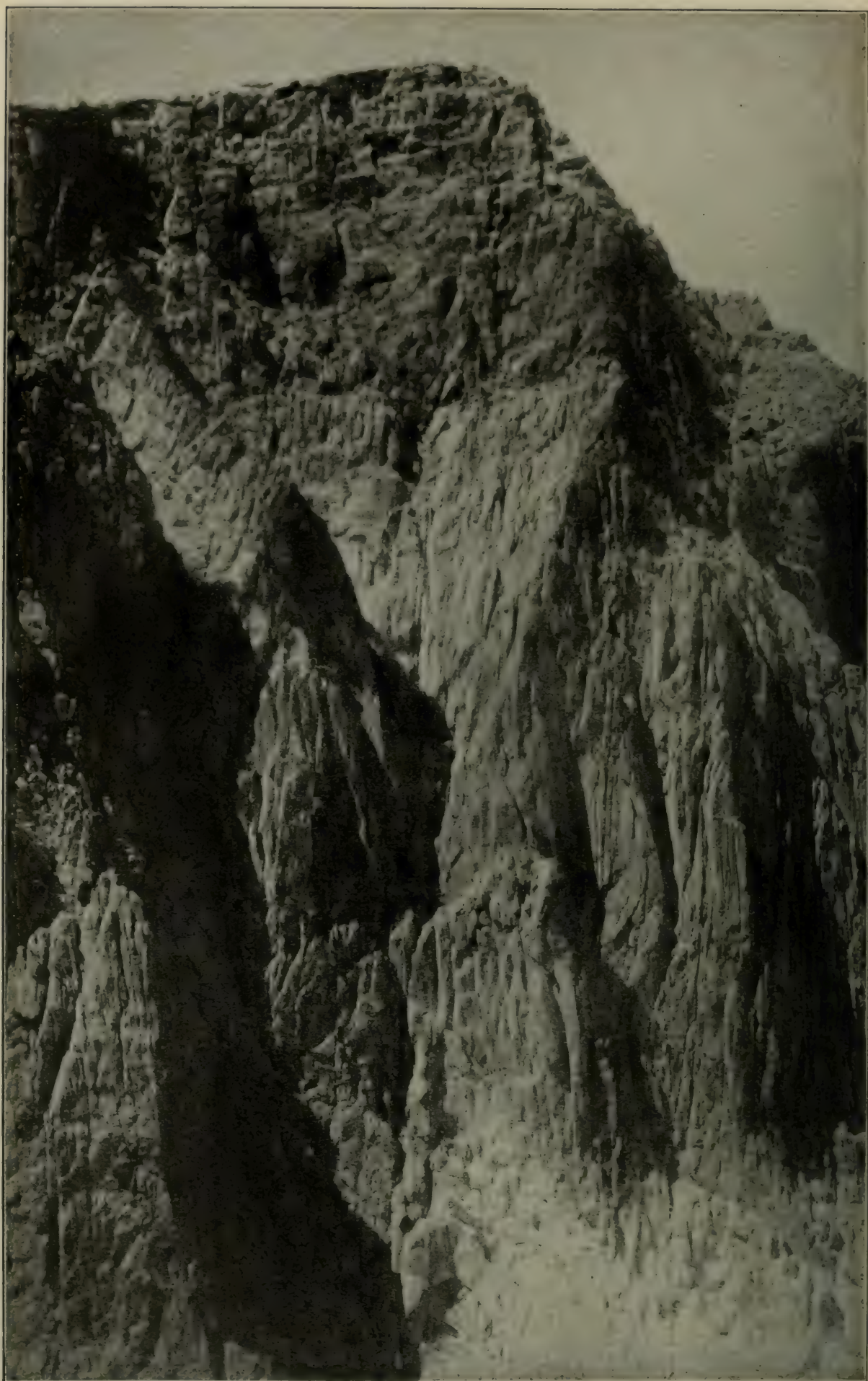




*From a photograph by C. T. Mott.*

Looking south from the summit of Mount Whitney.





*From a photograph by J. N. Le Conte.*

Eastern Cliffs of Mount Whitney.



ferry in the evening the myriad lights of the city outline the summits of its many hills and form sparkling pathways in the dark waters of the bay. Taking the train for Sanger I arrived in the morning and started by auto stage for the great lumber-camp at Hume, about sixty-five miles distant. Travelling upward over the foothills of the Sierra through oaks, manzanita, and chaparral one enters the great forest belt of the range with its magnificent sequoia, sugar-pine, yellow pine, and incense cedar. This road passes through a section which has been lumbered and where only the gigantic stumps of the finest and noblest guardians of the forest remain to give one a sense of desolation like none other in nature. If people in general could see the result of indifference, adequate support for the creation and protection of our national parks and forest reserves would be assured. Stopping at the General Grant National Park I found a group of people gathered around the largest tree—thirty-five feet in diameter—singing ragtime! How impossible for them to understand the life experiences of sequoia!

We reached Hume by evening, seeing in the distance the great Tehipite Dome on the Middle Fork of the Kings River. This is one of the most remarkable of the glacier-polished domes of the Sierra, and will be visited by many when the region becomes more accessible. Starting with a horse at moonrise after ten o'clock, I travelled all night over steep ridges, frequently walking to keep awake, but was repaid by the long moon shadows of the sequoias and the fragrance of many azaleas. At four A. M. I had covered sixteen miles, reaching Horse Corral Meadow, where I left the horse, shouldered my thirty-five-pound pack, and strolled on through groves of silver firs and giant yellow and sugar pines into the Kings River Canyon, climbing Lookout Peak, 8,547 feet, on the way. The view from this point is very comprehensive, extending from the tree-covered floor of the canyon 4,000 feet below to the snow-capped high Sierra of 13,000 to 14,000 feet. Deserting the winding trail and dropping rapidly down the precipitous slopes of the canyon, I reached the foaming river and crossed to its northern side.

Following the sandy floor of the canyon for mile after mile between increasingly wonderful walls that reflected the sun was warm work, but I arrived at Camp Kanawyer for lunch, having come fourteen or fifteen miles since morning.

The various forks of the Kings River leading into the heart of the high Sierra comprise much of the grandest and wildest scenery of the entire range. In the South Fork or main Kings River Canyon the surrounding mountains are considerably higher than in the Yosemite, but for the most part are not of as striking appearance, while its falls are generally in the form of magnificent cascades. Most impressive of the rock walls of the canyon are the North Dome, 8,657 feet, with its sheer white precipice, and the tremendous mass of the Grand Sentinel, 8,514 feet, which lifts the eye and holds it with its vastness of detail, while at the head of the valley Glacier Monument, 9,903 feet, rises majestically with a multitude of sculptured forms. Tumbling into the canyon from the south through a narrow cleft in the wall comes the white torrent of Roaring River. Following up the South Fork beneath 3,000 to 5,000 foot walls, we pass Mist Falls with its thundering clouds of spray, and finally come to Paradise Valley with its wild luxuriance of flowers.

On this trip I intended to join the Sierra Club in the Kern River Canyon, so I left Kanawyer's in the afternoon and crossed the South Fork on giant logs which took the place of the bridge that had been washed away. Winding back and forth in the sun on the zigzags of the Bubbs Creek trail as it climbs to the summit of the range, my pack seemed to increase in weight; but I had only to look back at the charmingly forested floor of the canyon and up at its mighty walls to receive new inspiration. What temptation for lingering long by the foaming cascades of the creek, resting beneath its fragrant azaleas, watching the happy water-ouzzels diving amid its spray! By evening I had covered a dozen miles and was ready for sleep, as I had journeyed continuously for three days and nights with only three or four hours' rest the first night on the train. Amid the glorious scenery, air, and water of the Sierra one feels little fatigue.



Early in the morning I found myself near Kearsarge Pass in company with the giants of the range. In the distance loomed Mount Brewer, 13,577 feet, while near at hand the great pyramid of the East Vidette guarded the entrance to the new John Muir trail, which I was soon to follow. Just beyond Glen Pass lies Rae Lake at an elevation of 10,560 feet, perhaps of all Sierran lakes the most beautiful. It is surrounded by a magnificent company of snowy peaks, while tiny tree-clad islands seem to float upon its placid surface.

Until 1916 no route existed from the upper Kings River region to the headwaters of the Kern, save one, impossible for animals, over Harrison Pass. But now a section was nearly ready of the great trail named in honor of John Muir, which is to open the very heart of the highest Sierra. Following up the stream toward Centre Basin I passed the Kearsarge Pinnacles, whose summits are so picturesquely serrated that the mountaineer may hardly hope to traverse them. The basin shelters a chain of exquisite blue and green lakes whose water lies so clear upon the glacier-polished rock that it remains invisible until one unexpectedly steps into it. As one approaches the forbidding wall of Junction Peak the wild grandeur of the surrounding mountains grows upon him. University Peak, Mount Bradley, Mount Keith, and others unnamed are all between 13,000 and 14,000 feet in height. Junction Pass, over which the trail is lost amid the snows, is about 13,200 feet, while Junction Peak is 13,903 feet. From its summit a wide expanse of rugged peaks stretches far to the north, while close at hand is the sheer precipice of Mount Stanford. Down through the snows the long trail drops into the moraine fields of Shepard Canyon, where a thousand-foot wall of snow must be surmounted to gain the summit of Shepard Pass.

Desiring to climb Mount Williamson, 14,384 feet, reputed to be the most difficult to ascend of any in the region, I approached its forbidding cliffs by way of Tyndall Basin. Here was the most wearisome travel imaginable, for great ridges of loose granite blocks were mingled with snow-fields filled with deep cups whose

edges failed to support me. Anchoring my sleeping-bag behind a rock in an unsuccessful attempt to escape the incessant wind that came from every direction, I studied the inhospitable cliffs for a possible method of attack. At daybreak I was on my way over slopes of shale, and up a long, steep gully of loose rock and hard snow that ended at a thirty or forty foot chimney which proved to be the key to the mountain. Finding possible hand and foot holds it was soon conquered, and I surmounted precipitous granite blocks and snow to the twin cairns upon the summit, arriving at about 7.30 A. M. The view from Williamson is particularly impressive, as the peak rises to the east of the main crest of the Sierra and commands a view to the north of wonderful extent and sublimity. Five miles to the south the giants of the range culminate in Mount Whitney, 14,502 feet. In the west are the jagged Kaweahs, red and snow-patched; while to the east tremendous canyons cleave the heart of the mountains, carrying their melting snows to the desert. In the foreground the lower peak of Williamson, 14,211 feet, which is said not to have been climbed, invited my attention. Its smooth, beetling crags appeared impossible, but, on crossing the arête leading to the peak, I was able to force a route to the topmost gigantic block of granite. Almost overhanging the Owens Valley, more than 10,000 feet below, I felt as if I were viewing the landscape from an aeroplane.

Returning to the head of Tyndall Creek, I followed it toward the Kern River Canyon, finding the Sierra Club camped upon its banks. That night at the roaring fire I told the story of my trip; and early the next morning retraced my steps to Shepard Pass and followed down the creek to the desert. Although the canyon walls were grand, I fear a greater impression was made upon me by the merciless sun and the interminable trail that almost climbed a mountain to find its way out by another canyon. No one will ever forget his experience who has travelled afoot with a pack across the California desert, struggling through its deep, burning sand with only the lizards and the cactus for companions, longing for a cloud or a tree to dim the white fury of the sun that far exceeds 100°, praying



for strength to endure the weary miles to life-giving water. In this way I came at last to the oasis of Independence in Owens Valley.

The Kern River Canyon extends from north to south, and draws its water from the highest summits of the Sierra Nevada. Frequently the Sierra Club has visited it by way of Springville, Nelson's, and the trail to Little Kern Lake. On this route are many remarkably fine individual sequoias which gladden the heart of the traveller. On one occasion I joined the Sierra Club in the canyon, journeying by way of Lemon Cove and the Middle Fork of the Kaweah to the base of Moro Rock. After viewing the Indian pictographs I ascended the steep trail to the Giant Forest, finest of all the groves in the Sequoia National Park and comprising the most wonderful trees that are known to man. The sequoia selects the clear mountain air of 6,000 to 7,000 feet in which to live for thousands of years, and here reaches its greatest development in trees that are nearly 300 feet in height and from 30 to 36 feet in diameter. In the Giant Forest are 500,000 trees, over 5,000 of which exceed 10 feet in diameter. Here and there a lofty tree has grown over the trunk of a fallen sequoia whose wood remains undecayed. Beneath one's feet the centuries have laid a rich brown carpet embroidered with ferns and with mosses. Even the birds respond to the silence of this mighty forest, and the sunbeams filter softly through its shady aisles, while into the soul of the weary traveller sequoia breathes the spirit of peace.

Taking the trail to Alta Meadow, a grassy flower-strewn mountain slope at 9,000 feet, I forced my way through thickest thorn-bush and manzanita into the depths of Buck Canyon, climbed out, and continued by starlight to the great trees of Redwood Meadow. In the morning I ascended the long slope of Timber Gap, and then dropped suddenly down to the little hamlet of Mineral King. The most interesting route into the Kern is over Franklin Pass, as it leads one rapidly upward to a high, snow-covered wall near the summit of a 12,400-foot peak. This is the Great Western Divide, which overlooks a wild, untravelled region of rugged

mountains and snowy lakes. After resting overnight on the rocks at the head of Rattlesnake Creek I followed it down past miles of striking walls that tower above its flowery meadows. After the cold and the loneliness of the mountains I was quite ready to enjoy the summerland of the Kern Canyon, and I strolled along its beautiful river to the lake where the Sierra Club was encamped. Kern Lake is fast being filled with islands, which will some day change it into a valley floor.

One of the most remarkable views of the canyon is that from Tower Rock, 8,512 feet. From this height its great trees seem small and its river like a silver thread. Near by is Golden Trout Creek, bordered by volcanic cones and lava flows, and filled with the most wonderful trout, that glisten in the sun with hues of red and gold. The Sierra Club has transplanted these to some of the high mountain lakes, and I have seen a golden trout weighing eight and one-half pounds caught in Moraine Lake. Journeying up the Kern Canyon, which is unusually straight for twenty miles, the walls become increasingly high, and are sculptured and colored most interestingly. We leave the canyon to ascend Chagoopa Plateau, pausing at Sky Parlor Meadow to admire its flowers surrounded by dark pines, and its inspiring views of Mount Needham, Sawtooth, and the many-colored Kaweah Peaks. We camp at 9,500 feet, on the shore of Moraine Lake, and wander up to the rim of the Big Arroyo for its wonderful views of snow-clad cirques and of the vast canyon below. On the rocky, inhospitable slopes of these mountains the foxtail pine lives in perpetual struggle with the winds and the storms. Among the last outposts of the forest, at nearly 10,000 feet, is the juniper, diminutive and stunted of form but indomitable in courage, often overcoming the utmost difficulties of existence for more than a thousand years.

One morning I left Moraine Lake for the summit of the Red Kaweah, 13,816 feet, climbing its steep granite blocks that are tumbled together at every angle. Members of the Sierra Club had made the ascent by the longer slopes, and we all gazed in silence at a wilderness of moun-



tains extending in every direction. What wonderful blues and purples and violets were in the illimitable spaces about and above us! Often in the afternoon the grandeur of the Sierra Nevada is immeasurably heightened by white clouds high-flung like surf above their summits.

No one in search of wild and beautiful scenery undisturbed by man should omit a trip up the Big Arroyo and down the Kern Kaweah to Junction Meadow. At first one fairly tumbles down the tangled slopes from the Chagoopa Plateau into the Big Arroyo; then up its stream to polished granite pavements, tiny lakes, and the high walls of its ancient glacier cirque. There is no evident route over the divide to the headwaters of the Kern Kaweah, but I found a comparatively easy one for the active mountaineer which I traversed alone in 1912. After reaching the river I climbed out of the canyon to the north and ascended an unnamed mountain of 13,350 feet, forming the westerly wall of Milestone Bow. The northern face is a sheer precipice of several thousand feet, over which I tumbled blocks of granite. From this a jagged arête leads to the curious tower of Milestone Mountain. Rapidly I journeyed down the Kern Kaweah Canyon, through thick tangles and past unforgettable walls that increase in magnitude as they approach the Kern River. Descending by the side of cooling falls; I came at last to the mariposa and tiger-lily fields and to the restful forest at Junction Meadow where the Sierra Club was camping.

On the following afternoon I started alone for the summit of Mount Whitney and the desert. At first the trail goes up the river, and then winds back and forth on the canyon wall, affording glorious views of the surrounding mountains. Then for mile after mile it wanders upward to over 10,000 feet at Crabtree Meadow, where I spent the night. At dawn I followed Whitney Creek for five miles to the mountain, climbed some of its western cliffs for the exercise, and reached the top in time for a late breakfast. Mount Whitney, 14,502 feet, is the highest point in the United States, and from it one looks down on the region of

Death Valley 280 feet below sea-level, which is the lowest in the country. The summit is strewn with granite slabs and snow patches which allow unhindered views in every direction. To the west rise the wild Kaweahs; to the south the rounded mass of Sheep Mountain, first climbed by Clarence King, who supposed it to be the highest of the Sierra. Extending far to the north, a multitude of 13,000 to over 14,000 foot peaks form the backbone of the Sierra, and a galaxy of giants clusters around the headwaters of the Kern and Kings Rivers. Fascinating beyond description is the view to the east, for the eye leaps from the snows about one to the burning desert shimmering in richest purples, reds, and browns nearly two miles below. On the far side of the valley winds the green thread of a river, pausing here and there at a cluster of trees before losing itself in the opalescent waters of Owens Lake. Across the valley are the mystical, richly colored Inyo Mountains, while beyond are desert ranges rising ethereally in the sky.

Traversing Mount Muir, 14,025 feet, I came to snow-covered Whitney Pass, and glissaded down an exceedingly steep and long ice-gully into the amphitheatre of Lone Pine Canyon. Here are magnificent rock walls, the majestic eastern face of Mount Whitney being a perpendicular cliff of about 2,000 feet. Working my way down amid the gigantic desolation, and skirting beautiful little lakes, I was welcomed by the venturesome foxtail pines and by charming clusters of mountain flowers. In the twenty miles from the summit of Mount Whitney to Lone Pine one descends about 11,000 feet, passing from snow-banks through all the zones of tree and plant life to the tropical desert. Through luxuriant meadows, by foaming falls, under the shade of Jeffrey pines and red and white firs, always in view of the splendid walls of the canyon, I pressed forward. With backward glances at the mountains, over which a thunder-storm was raging, I struggled across the hot sands of the desert, found my way through the dark-brown labyrinth of the Alabama Hills, and rested at last at the oasis of Lone Pine.



# SOME CHINESE LETTERS OF WILLARD STRAIGHT

By Claude Bragdon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES IN MR. STRAIGHT'S LETTERS, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WILLARD STRAIGHT died of pneumonia in Paris on December 1, 1918. In his thirty-eight years of life—or rather in the final fifteen years of it—he achieved distinction in various fields: art, diplomacy, international finance. His brief, brilliant career abounded in amazing antitheses and dramatic contrasts. He steeped himself in the magic and mystery of the East, thereafter to immerse himself in the social and financial vortex of Western civilization. He was in turn an illustrator, a newspaper correspondent, our consular representative in Manchuria, a member of America's most famous banking-house, an exponent of more enlightened trade relations, and a major in the American

Expeditionary Forces, attached to the staff of the First Army. He was equally at home in Buddhist monasteries and at London dinner-tables, yet through it all he preserved an utter simplicity and directness—he was never guilty of an assumed emotion or of an heroic gesture.

I first knew Straight as an architectural student in Cornell University. One of the requirements in order to graduate was a certain number of months of actual experience as a draughtsman in an office. Accordingly, he applied to me for a position during the long summer vacation.

These negotiations led to nothing in that direction, but established a relation which soon became a friendship. I remember him as a modest, charming boy, with a clever knack for sketching. At that time

the art aspect of his manifold talent was uppermost and covered his whole sky.

Straight was born in Oswego, New York. His father, who was a professor of zoology, died when the boy was six years old, leaving the mother to provide for the two children. She bravely carried on her husband's work of teaching, and being offered a promising position in Japan, at the Girls' Normal School in Tokyo, she went there with her children, remaining for a period of two years.

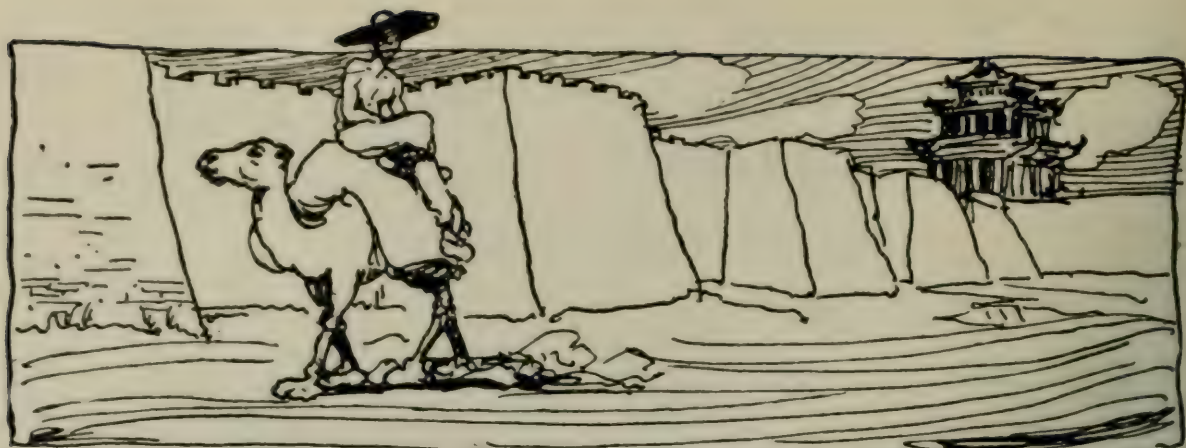
He thus experienced the seduction

of the East when he was very young. He woke up, as it were, in a wonderland of sights, sounds, odors, from the sweet tyranny of which he was thereafter never able to escape. A born artist, the most powerful appeal the East made to him was the æsthetic appeal. As this happened to be mine also, I encouraged him in his ambition to go to China after leaving college, and there render the perpetual pageant of the Oriental world in terms of paint; for he saw the world at all times as the painter sees it—multicolored, coruscating, in the camera obscura of the eye.



Last picture of Major Straight. Taken just before he sailed for France in 1918.





## THE WALLS OF THE TARTAR CITY.

Not long after his graduation I began receiving letters from him from China, where, a clerk in the Chinese Imperial Customs under Sir Robert Hart [1902-4], he was soaking up the life around him like a sponge, and squeezing it out again in the form of pen-and-ink and water-color sketches of a charm and distinction which can only be characterized as rare. The following letter, adorned with spirited pen-drawings, well indicates the quality of his reaction to the spirit of the East.

"MY DEAR MR. BRAGDON,

"As you'll see, again, by the above" [a sketch of the walls of the Tartar city], "I am in the Northern Capital, Peking, most rudely torn away from Nanking and its steaming summer. But in this case I pardon the impoliteness of the Inspector General in ordering me away from my Chinese studies in the south, for he has very considerably put me at them again up here, and with a better house, better climate, and what's more to the point, better teachers.

"Then, too, I am well pleased because the place in itself, so many years the seat of empire, and latterly of the Boxer horrors, is full of ancient monuments, and, unfortunately, modern ruins. There are temples of all sorts and descriptions, tombs, and monasteries. At any time as one wanders through the crowded streets, one is likely to come unexpectedly upon some new wonder.

"Then, too, the streets themselves are great unworked mines, from an artistic standpoint. The contrasts one sees there-

on: rumbling Peking carts, rattling slat-sided rickshaws, great lumbering goods wagons drawn by three or four mules, or shaggy ponies—or both, and then again, winding in and out, a string of camels, dirty, reeking with their own peculiar odor, blinking, as they pad softly along the way.

"Legation quarter itself is a veritable fortress, surrounded by a glacis on three sides, and the Tartar City wall on the other. The weary diner-out, wandering homeward in the wee sma' hours, is halted every now and then by a sentry, and must answer 'Friend,' and be told in Russian, or Japanese, or Italian, or whatever else it may be, to 'advance and be recognized.'

"The streets are policed by the troops of all nations; the duly appointed native guardians of the peace being by their own firesides, and the breakers of it everywhere throughout the Chinese City. The Russians are great, hulking fellows, bronzed and hardened by exposure and much vodka. The Japanese and English are smart and natty, our own men a bright-looking crowd, the French, undersized, dirty little beggars, the Italian and Austrian sailors a fine lot of men, but the Germans! Ai ya! Such a bargain-sale crowd I have never seen. Worse fitting clothes couldn't have been especially designed for them. Stupid and heavy, they are absolutely the worst crowd in Peking, and, for that matter, in all China.

"I am following your advice, and sketching incessantly. I spend many of my afternoons wandering through the streets sketching and gossiping with the



people, and on Sundays nose in and out among the temples, and about the country which hereabout is charming.

"There is a Spirit of the East. I feel it, all the time, and the feeling grows in me. It is indefinable yet, but there is something overpowering, crushing in its terrible strength, its disregard of human life. Here, where one falls and a hundred take his place, the Divine Spark is but a cheap commodity. There is not the Individual, rather, there is the Mass. This Essential Being is wild and ghostly—like the music, now low, now soft, thrumming, now shrill, screeching up and down the scale. It is full of self-abnegation, of fanaticism, of demoniacal cruelty, and Divine Pity, and there is a mist about it, a mist that swirls and eddies incense-laden, thinning for an instant to unveil the vision that is wrapt again, ere one can realize its full portent. And the colors are gorgeous, yet subdued and softened, the light is dim, there are the passing reds of human blood, tainting now and then the heavy incense-perfume, and there are wild bursts

of song, and the wailing of stringed instruments, rising in a

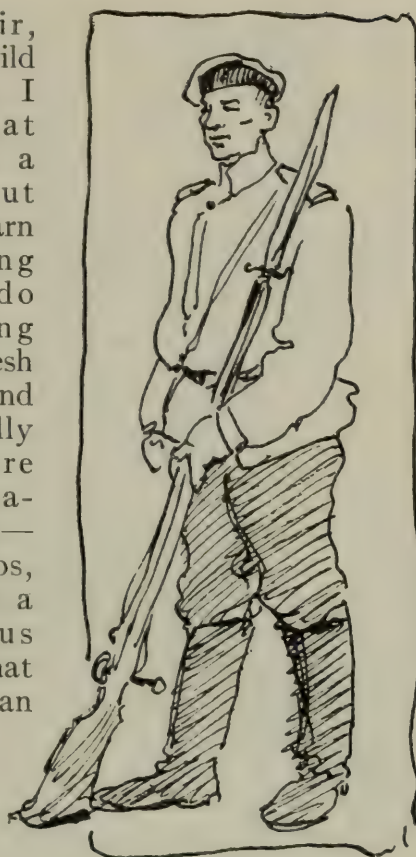
heavy air, and the wild music too. I know that there is a chance out here to learn something and to do something but the flesh is weak, and occasionally—yes, more than occasionally—one slumps, and needs a strenuous kick. That kick you can administer if you will, for as I said before, you started me off some

time ago when you told me to work at the Japanese side of it all. So if you would make a good finished product of the rough material, you must stir the clay a bit now and then, and I assure you, the clay will appreciate the stirring, and the stirrer. . . ."

pran that is yearning, yet full of an awful, irresistible power.

"It is thus that I am beginning to feel it. I can't describe it really, but some day I want to paint it. Yet even that would be a meagre rendering, for it needs the

The next letter (also illustrated) opens in much the same strain of confidence mingled with that natural self-distrust of lonely youth craving reassurance. In his own form of words, and confronted with his own æsthetic problem, he gives voice to the ancient plaint of every sincere artist: *Ars longa, vita brevis est*. Then follows an extended description of a temple ceremony which shows his extraordinary susceptibility to the purely visual appeal—to color, light, sound, movement. His knowledge of the Chinese language, together with his sympathetic and engaging personality, enabled him to penetrate deep below the surface of Oriental life, and the temple priest, so amusingly described, who served him both as a model and as a purveyor of ancient scrolls, was only one of

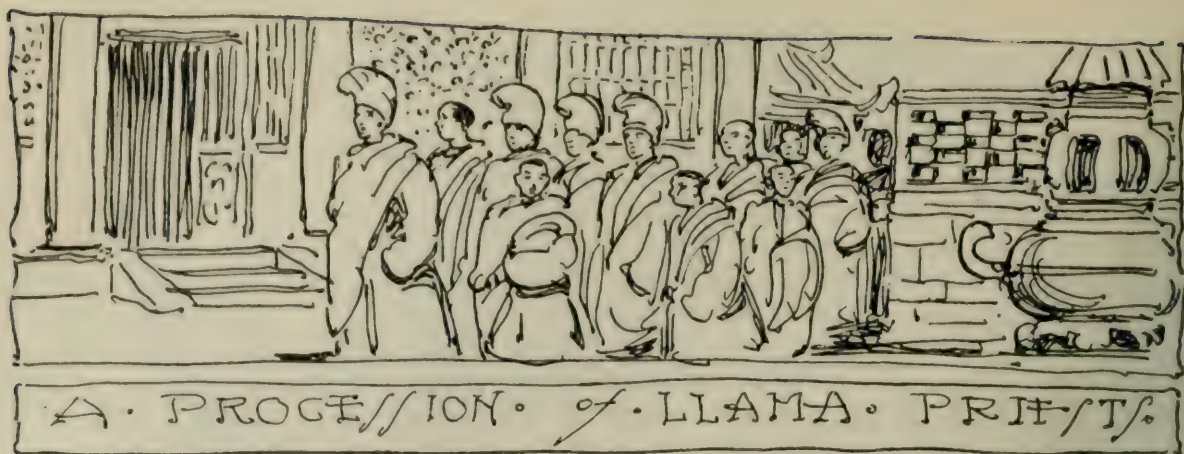


The Russians are great, hulking fellows.



But the Germans!





an almost endless procession of picaresque characters fixed by Straight's clever pencil and sensed by his impressionable and ever-curious mind. Years afterward he entertained me with the recital of adventures as preposterous,

amusing, and dramatic as those of Haroun-al-Raschid himself. I remember in particular one tale about the effort of himself and a friend to discover, by means of Eastern magic, the author of the theft of a valuable photographic lens. The commonest method—the questioning of an adolescent under hypnosis—having given no satisfactory result, a veritable high priest of the art of necromancy was persuaded to make the attempt. In semi-darkness, amid the most outré surroundings, after the performance of all manner of magical rites, the necromancer succeeded in evoking before their eyes a flat image—a picture—of a man with averted head. Straight affirmed to me that to his amazement and that of his friend this pictured head was then made by the magician to turn—hesitatingly, as though unwillingly—half toward them, and that it revealed a profile which they recognized as that of the particular Chinese official whom

they had suspected of the theft from the first.

"MY DEAR MR. BRAGDON,

"It has been some time since I received your letter, much longer, in fact, than I had supposed, and I trust that you will not consider my tardiness due to any lack of appreciation on my part, of your kindness in writing me so promptly. As I wrote you before of your first letter, your second was very helpful in that it started me off with an idea that there was something to be done, the goal to be reached by steady work ahead still within the range of the Possibilities, at least, and not to be considered absolutely unattainable. That is the great thing out



Long, flowing, purple, with the embroidered ribands down the back.

here in the dozing East. One forgets the constant striving that is apparent everywhere at home, and is tempted to let matters run their course more or less, trusting to luck. 'And when they ain't pretendin', they are good.' Flesh is weak, and some weaker than others. In this particular case, a rather constant prodding would be most beneficial, not to say absolutely necessary. You have kindly consented to assist in the pricking proc-



ess, and I assure you, I am very greatly indebted.

"There is so much to see, so much to paint, and to think about, that the immensity of the task is almost appalling. One wishes for a lifetime of bright blue days, and even then it would seem hopeless, for it could be done so well, and the technical difficulties are so hard to master and overcome. However, these may be a bit accomplished even 'in the ride,' and there's a deal of pleasure in trying.

"Of late I have been Llamaizing, I suppose you might call it, lurking about in Buddha-decked nooks and corners in the great Mongol monastery, listening to the droning, chanting, mumbling voices of the priests—some of them rumbling in heavy bass, others giving their clear little boy-notes to the Song of Praise. There is a continual dum-dum-dumming of drums, the rising and falling notes of the trumpets, the squawking of flutes, the clank-clank of the cymbals, slower at first, then all finishing the measure with a terrible clash of sound. The service finished in one side-chapel, the Llamas file out, in their flowing crimson mantles, and their old-gold felt caps, like the horse-

hair plumed helmets of the ancient Greeks. These men gather about the doorways or scurry through the courts to their cells, and the never-ceasing hum passes on to the next chapel. It is strange how very like the robes of the Catholic priests the garments of the Tali-llamas are—long, flowing, purple, with the embroidered ribands down the back.

"One Sunday morning I went early to the temple. They were preparing for a feast, for the courts were full of orange-robed priests; their crimson scarfs were fresh and clean, and they wore fur caps with yellow tops and red buttons of twisted silk. Friends of mine, from other temples outside the city were there, looking cleaner and

more respectable than I have ever seen them look before, and beside them were many white and blue button men, magistrates in the city. I went in past the great bronze lions at the gates, on into the inner temple courts, and into the first great hall. Here was a yellow silk canopy, covering a great map-like affair. Six or seven men were sifting colors, red and blue and green and yellow, in lines and scrolls and broad fields. 'Twas the map of heaven, they said, and showed me the Palace of Lord Buddha in the center thereof. Moving in towards the other side of the room, I looked back over the group squatting and working. Around them were a crowd of onlookers, priests in purple, officials in silks and embroidery, laymen in the omnipresent blue. A shaft of light came slanting through the doorway, bathing them in yellow splendor, and deepening the shadows. In the full light several orange-clad men were standing, and their gowns shone and whitened. Beyond was the shadow, the green-gray, picked out by the glint of gold, or a bit of red, in the garments of the painted Buddhas on the walls. Rows of idols massed themselves dimly, scarcely losing themselves in the twilight.



A priest of the temple.



Mongols, skin-clad, heavy-shod, unwashed



"Then as I stood there, drinking in the color, two mongols, skin-clad, heavy-shod, unwashed, came slouching in, their as-trakhan caps in their hands. They threw themselves on their faces before the great smilingly impressive image, and prayed, their voices rising and falling, while from the chapel without came the low hum of the chanting priests. It was a picture to be painted, if there ever was one.

"Today I have been doing an oil sketch of a priest of the temple. A most disreputable individual he is, a thief and a blackguard—but useful. Already he has brought me four splendid scrolls, two of them from Thibet, painted in a sort of oils, on canvas, faded and worn and dusty. Two of them are of Buddhas, on silk, dating back two hundred years and more, for the date is written on them in Chinese. The colors are mellowed and blended and softened by time. When I come across a good one I will send it on to you, trusting that it may be honoured with a place in your brown and orange and blue room. . . ."

The following brief letter was written at the moment when Straight was just about to forsake forever the Primrose Path of art for one more dusty and adventurous, leading finally into high places and among great figures. Thereafter, he was to become an actor rather than a spectator in the world-drama of West and East. He makes me his executor, as it were, in the matter of disposing of six charming water-colors of Chinese types. These suffered the fate which so often attends things beautiful and rare: though much admired by connoisseurs they found no purchasers. Whether the series was ever completed or not, I do not know, but in any case this letter marks the end of his absorption in the East as material for art and the beginning of his absorption in its political, economic, and financial problems.

"MY DEAR MR. BRAGDON,

"It has been a very long time since I have written you how the Far Eastern world was turning, and as a matter of fact, any letter that I might have written would have been more of the nature of a political treatise than a bit of respectable

correspondence. Our minds have been wholly wrapt up in the wonderment which the rapid course of events must have caused anyone who followed them, and which to us who are out here, of course, has been absorbingly interesting. And now as a result of this mental development, or deterioration, whichever you choose to call it, I have burned my bridges—whist!—and am off to the wars as a correspondent for Reuter and the Associated Press, with a sketch book in one hand and a pad in the other and a telegraph wire around my neck. I am off to the front in high fettle, for I see chances for much exciting experience, and many real sketches.

"I am therefore sending you six drawings of as many different sorts of Chinamen; the series I started was to consist of twelve, but some have fallen into the hands of friends and some went as Christmas presents. If you could do so, and think the subjects and the execution worthy of such a distinction, I should like to have you have them suitably mounted and framed, and sent to the American Water Color Society's exhibit or any other. My original idea, when I had hoped to go to St. Louis as Secretary to the Chinese Commission, was to have taken them there, but that now hardly seems worth while. However, I put them in your hands for better or worse, and if you could exhibit them or sell them, or both, I should be greatly obliged. Some day I shall finish the task I was forced to drop in its more or less initial stage, and the final results may be more deserving of your consideration. But such as they are, I will turn them over with many prayers for their successful venture into the public gaze.

"I trust that you are well and are finding the life of a Benedict all that the poets have claimed for that blissful state. I cannot write at greater length for I am off at a moment's notice and frightfully rushed. Thanking you in advance for your trouble, and trusting that you will not find the task a perfunctory one, I am with kind regards,

"Sincerely yours,

"W. D. STRAIGHT."

The next is written on the somewhat





Picture of Willard Straight [centre], taken at the American Consulate at Mukden in 1908.

florid letter paper of the Hôtel du Palais (L. Martin, Propriétaire) at Seoul, Korea, and bears the date of June 4, 1904. Straight is now a seasoned and accredited war-correspondent "in charge," as he says, of Korea, and contributing despatches on the Russo-Japanese War to the leading newspapers of the West, and sketches to the *London Graphic*.

"MY DEAR MR. BRAGDON,

"Many thanks for your kind letter. I was extremely glad to hear from you again, and to know, also, that you approved of my pictures. Your approval quite braced me up. Now this can scarcely be called the Front, though it's much nearer than most people have been able to reach. I have been here for the past



three months, and if you've been reading the papers you've probably seen some of my stuff. Bare cable messages can scarcely be called literary efforts. However, it means something to have been 'in charge' of Korea.

"I am now off on the most wonderful expedition ever arranged by any government. The Japanese are sending members of the House of Peers and the House of Commons, officials from the Foreign Office, the Foreign Naval attachés and several military men, with ten European and American correspondents to see the theatre of the war. The expedition goes on the 'Manchuria,' formerly of the Russian Volunteer Fleet, and captured in Nagasaki by the Japanese at the outbreak of hostilities. The humor of the situation is tremendous. Think of running a naval picnic in wartime, sending out sightseers by a government steamer timed to arrive at Port Arthur as the Japanese land and sea forces make their final attack. Isn't the situation attractive?"

"Up to date I have done very little drawing—some sketches in the *London Graphic*, and that's about all. One's time is very much occupied in chasing from Legation to Legation in a wild hunt for the desired news item. However, the experience has been most interesting and I have enjoyed every minute of it. Korea is more like a comic opera than anything I have ever seen. Some day I will write you of it—some day when I have a little more time. Just now I am busy packing Korean chests and other truck I have laden myself with during my stay here.

"I am glad to hear that architecture and magazines are booming—that's fine. One of these days I shall drop in on you again. Till then, believe me,

"Sincerely yours,

"W. D. STRAIGHT."

An interval of three years appears to have elapsed before I heard from Straight again directly. The ever more swiftly flowing current of affairs in the East absorbed his attention and his energies. By this time he had attained to the position of consul-general at Mukden, an office in which, by reason of his intimate knowledge of Eastern affairs, his tact, his ability, his scholarship, he performed

distinguished service. The tone of this letter, dated May 12, 1907, from Mukden, is noticeably different from that of the others. It is more mature and reflective. His attitude toward art has changed from that of a participant to one of interested, critical observation. He has glimpsed the truth that art cannot flower in any community torn by war and trade rivalries, and he has now definitely foresworn his earlier ambitions in order to do his part toward bringing about needed adjustments. In an article on Straight, published in the *New Republic* shortly after his death, he was characterized as pre-eminently a pioneer, and this is a true characterization. Yet how few pioneers are called upon to make just his sort of a renunciation—not of a country in which life has become intolerable, but of a sweet demesne in which his spirit was perhaps more at home than in any other.

MUKDEN, May 12, 1907.

"DEAR BRAGDON—

"Now that is temerity indeed. I wonder if you know the feeling that one has when one wonders about tacking on the tail to a name, or letting it drop in a desire not to be thought too formal—yet regretting the amputation as possibly an over-hasty claim of familiarity. However, I should have written you long ago, for I want to congratulate you on being a father. It must be a rather strange and yet a very wonderful thing to look such a problem in the face. For it is the making of one cannot foretell how much that is in one's hands, and the benefit of all manner of experience that should be given, and which one would so wish to impress upon the growing mind, but which will, I suppose as long as we are human, be disregarded by Youth who prefers to learn from nature and not from a parental text-book. I've often wondered whether a boy ought to be taught to fight, and I rather think he had. Don't you? Don't you believe that beautiful instincts will come with age—control and regulation—while if the natural, primitive manifestations of a desire to excel or to conquer (which in the human male as in the other nobler animals must be exhibited in physical strife, more or less) are suppressed and discouraged, isn't the



result more apt to be a weakling? And isn't it easier to control strength than to virilize weakness? If I ever have a boy I think that I should make it a point that he should never fight in a wrong cause, or without reason, but that if he did he would have to win! Is that Christian, or not?

"I have just re-read your letter in which you speak of Maxfield Parrish's decoration for the Knickerbocker hotel. I should like to see it. One admires his work tremendously—though as you say, it is too literal, in a way—there's no sweep of action. His people are all mural decoration people, and not of real flesh and blood. Yet after all is it not possible that as decoration they are more honest and frank admissions that they are decorations—color schemes embodying natural and human forms as the patterns?

"I should like very much to see your designs for the leaded windows. Haven't you a rough sketch thereof that you could send me? You've no idea how barren one becomes in this part of the world—how much a machine—or an ambitious sponge-like being, dipping into Treaties, and Regulations, and questions of procedure, or policy, or trade, with never an instant hardly in which to think even of the better things—they are higher you know for they are enjoyed by those who have won the right to do so after having passed through all this travail which we are watching now—commercial readjustment. I mean of course from a broad point of view.

"In Italy the Renaissance came, didn't it, at a time when there was a great commercial prosperity, where the tradal relations between cities were fairly well regulated, and when war had been reduced largely to a matter of the purchase and repurchase of mercenaries. Things were more or less adjusted, and people could stop a moment to think or to paint. Am I correct? They couldn't have done these things if they were all clustering around one market, clutching at one another, squabbling and pulling over taxes and freight rates, preferential treatment, and the confusion of political design with commercial ambition—could they?

"In Manchuria, many times, it is fascinating to think of it all in the abstract, but so frequently it becomes such a real-

ity, so near and intimate a part of life, that it is impossible to secure the necessary perspective. In a way, therefore, you who at home have your plays, and above all your music, and your telegraphic connection with all parts of the world, are in many ways more blessed than we who are way at the end—the nerves far away from the center of intelligence and sensation.

"The political problem is a fascinating one, and I wonder what you would think of the fellow-countrymen of Hokusai and Hiroshige if you knew them as diplomats, soldiers and merchants, in a land where they were preceded by folk who had little sense of the finer distinctions between *meum and tuum*. I make no comments.

"What China is going to be able to do in these troubled parts I do not know, but it will at least be interesting to see, unless some sudden changes take place in the capital, which is not unlikely. We are to have a new Governor here—a person who has graduated from Columbia—who speaks English perfectly, who has passed through the Boxer trouble, and is as a result bitterly anti-foreign—but not in the old blood-curdling style—intelligently so, I mean, with a stern resolve apparently to wound them in their tenderest spot—their pocket—by refusing any form of mining or railway concession. He is reputed to be the cleverest diplomat in China and has stood the Russians off in good stead for some months in Peking. What will happen after his arrival, I do not, as I say, know, but that something will happen we all feel quite sure.

"I am sending you some foolish pictures that may interest you. With kindest regards, and hoping to hear from you,

"Yours sincerely,

"WILLARD STRAIGHT."

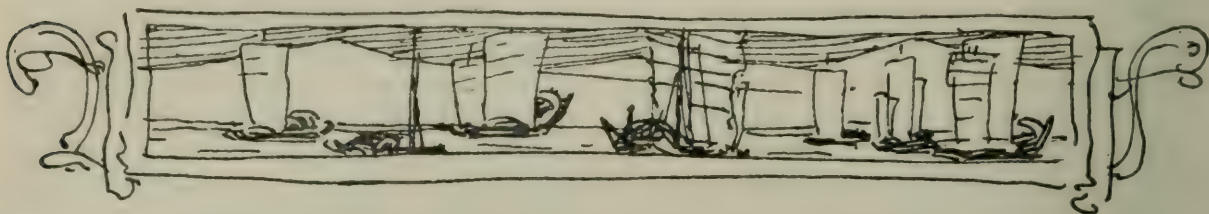
The latter part of Straight's life, concerned as it was with large affairs both in America and Asia, is beyond the province of this essay, since the letters which portray this earlier phase end here. Few men touched life at so many points, and with such insight. But greater than his achievement in any field was the spirit behind that achievement, and these letters, written at a time when he had that leisure and liberty which is the



precious prerogative of obscure and untrammelled youth, perhaps portray that spirit more adequately and truly than others written amid the dust and heat of the arena in which his greater battles were fought. He died young, and his career was meteoric, but he was captain of his soul—the bow and not the arrow—and the aloofness from those passions which commonly muddy the wills of men who mould the lives of other men was held by him to the end.

To me he always seemed to be one of the vanguard of that younger race which

is yet the elder, by reason of its greater wisdom, detachment, artistry in life—a race destined to unite not alone the East and the West, but continents not geographical: those hemispheres of thought and feeling indifferent, or actually hostile to one another now. Straight's work in promoting a better understanding between America and Asia was only the outer symbol of a reconciliation of ideas and ideals which he in his own person represented, and these are coming more and more into acceptance by free spirits everywhere throughout the world.



## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WALT WHITMAN

By William Roscoe Thayer

Author of "The Life and Times of Cavour," "Life and Letters of John Hay," "Germany vs. Civilization," etc.



FIRST came to know Walt Whitman in 1885, when he was sixty-six years old. I had been living for several years in Philadelphia, where Whitman, who had a little home in Camden, across the Delaware, was a conspicuous figure. One used to see him of an afternoon shuffling down Chestnut Street, a man so unusual that even if he had not dressed to attract attention, you would not have passed him by unnoticed. Although he leaned somewhat sideways owing to his crippled leg, he must have stood nearly or quite six feet tall. His shoulders were broad, and neither age nor infirmity had broken down the original robustness of his frame. But what impressed you most was his face, with its fresh, pink skin, as of a child, and the flowing beard, white and soft and patriarchal, like that of one of John Bellini's saints. He wore a gray suit—sack coat, waistcoat, and trousers—which might have been of homespun—but was not, and a white unstarched shirt with collar care-

fully turned over on either side and unbuttoned, so that you saw his sinewy throat and a span below it of his chest, which also had its fledge of whitening hair. The broad brim of his soft, gray, felt hat shaded his eyes so that you were not sure whether they were light blue or gray, but you could not miss seeing the perfect arch of the brow over each of their sockets.

And so Walt made his slow progress down the street, dragging his lame foot along with a shuffling sound, and supporting himself on his stout stick. This was his parade. Nearly every one knew who he was; many nodded or said, "Hullo, Walt!" and now and then some pal or acquaintance would stop and speak to him. He answered all salutations cheerily and looked at the throngs which swept toward him with the same searching interest with which in earlier days he had scrutinized the crowds on the Brooklyn ferry-boats. His eyes were dimmer now, but his heart kept its old zest. Occasionally, he would stop to peer into a win-



dow or to make a brief call at some shop where he had a crony. Sometimes you ran upon him at the little musty old bookstore of David McKay, on Ninth Street above Chestnut. McKay, an enterpris-

street-car—they were horse-cars then—and went down to the Market Street Ferry, which carried him back to Camden.

From the first, I looked at him in these casual sidewalk passings with much curi-



Walt Whitman.

From a photograph presented to Mr. Thayer by Whitman.

ing Scot, had undertaken to publish Walt's books after the attorney-general of Massachusetts declared them to be unfit for the readers of that Commonwealth, and Osgood, the Boston publisher, had hastily thrown them over. McKay, I think, would have welcomed further persecutions as an advertising asset.

Having finished his outing and received his homage for the day, Walt got into a

osity; for I have always been eager to see the very form, complexion, and bearing of persons who for any reason have won notoriety if not greatness. In Walt's case there was something of the added piquance of forbidden fruit. I had grown up in the belief that he was a strangely dissolute man who, unlike most of his tribe, shamelessly spread the records of his debauches on the printed page. Nobody



had forbidden me to read him; and at college I had dipped into "Leaves of Grass," but in the spirit of one looking for confirmation of an unintelligent prejudice, and I found the uncouthness of Walt's so-called verse intolerable. The utter openness of the passages which had stirred the attorney-general were, I had sense enough to see, not deliberately erotic, but physiological, an offense against taste rather than morals.

It happened that I spent an August Sunday down at Wallingford with Dr. Horace Howard Furness, an old friend of mine, or at least one whose human kindness was so genuine and so winning that it made even a young fellow like me feel that we were friends. At any rate, so far as expressing opinions went, I spoke quite freely, and he listened with a wonderful courtesy to what must have often seemed to him—with all of Shakespeare's characters for interlocutors—crude if not callow.

Dr. Furness himself was one of those rare persons who produce an impression on those who know them that cannot be communicated in writing—an impression immediate, sweet and yet vigorous, almost elusive at the moment, but indelible in memory. He was then a man of fifty one or two, short, with rather a large head already bald, a smooth-shaven face, except for the closely trimmed mustache, a Roman nose, and scholar's brow. Through his gold-rimmed spectacles he looked at you hospitably with that expectancy common to the deaf, and his mouth, too, serious when in repose, quickly lighted up with a smile when he welcomed you, or listened to your talk. He used to sit astride of a chair, leaning his left elbow on its top, where he had contrived a box with a lid for his pipe and tobacco—and having placed you as near as possible in front of him, and lighted your pipe and his, he would hold toward you his beaten-silver ear-trumpet. And then the talk would begin, and as you listened, you took little note of time.

That Sunday we rambled for hours among many fields of literature, he leading, I following, in that unpremeditated way which is one of the conditions of delightful conversation. By chance Whitman was mentioned. "Do you know

Walt?" Dr. Furness asked. "No," I replied; "I've often seen him on Chestnut Street and I have dipped into his 'Leaves of Grass,' but the stuff isn't poetry, and I don't like his dirt and vulgarity." "That is only a part and not the most important part of it," said Dr. Furness, in substance. "In his way, Walt is the most remarkable old creature alive. There will not be another like him in five hundred years. Go and see him. Talk with him."

Dr. Furness got up, went to a shelf, took down a volume, came back and opened it.

"As for poetry, my boy, listen to this." And then he read to me from "Leaves" a dozen or fifteen lines beginning:

"I am he that walks with the tender and growing night."

When he finished, he paused a moment, waiting for the rich sounds to soak in, and then said: "Whether you call it poetry or not, that is great."

Dr. Furness was a reader of such magical power that I believe he could have made you laugh or cry at will over a time-table. His voice was not massive, nor had it in high degree the ventriloquizing quality which enables dramatic readers to feign different parts; but there were in it certain notes of surpassing tenderness and pathos and others of passion, which fitted it perfectly to express the mingling of personal desire and cosmic emotion in that passage from Whitman.

A few days later I took the ferry to Camden, a town which, so far as one could judge from its water-front, was an unlikely abode for even a minor poet. A few minutes' walk across railroad-tracks brought me to Mickle Street, on which Whitman lived. It was a street of small, cheap houses, some of them serving both as little stores and dwellings, with here and there a larger building and, at a street-corner, a beer-saloon. An occasional tree, lean and starved and homesick-looking, threw a feeble shade on the sidewalk and gave the only hint of nature to that scene. Poor but respectable, with a suggestion that unrespectability was just round the corner, is the impression I recall of Mickle Street. Number 328 was only a few blocks away. I still remember the trepidation with which I approached it, for I



have always felt shy at breaking in uninvited on a celebrity. At the last moment, before ringing the bell, a sense of the absurdity and of the impertinence of the situation came over me. What had I to say to him? I could not flatter him. It would hardly be polite to admit that I came out of curiosity. I certainly did not go merely to boast afterward that I had shaken his hand. My real motive was that of the naturalist, who wishes to see with his own eyes a unique specimen of mammal, but I could not with delicacy intimate to him that I regarded him as if he were a freak in our fauna. Afterward, on knowing Walt, I saw that he was the last person in the world to justify such hesitation, for he laid himself out to be a show, and he would have been disappointed if he had failed to draw. He did not ask why you came, if only you came.

So I rang the bell and prepared to take the consequences.

Soon afterward, fresh from the adventure, I wrote to a friend the following description of it, which has at least whatever merit may attach to very vivid first impressions. I reprint it as written, with the signs of haste and the youthful effort to draw a speaking likeness upon it.

UNION LEAGUE, PHILADELPHIA,

August 2, 1885.

While the recollection of it is still fresh I want to give you a description of an hour I spent one day last week with the most singular personage among American writers. Do you guess whom I mean? or shall I tell you?—Walt Whitman. The afternoon was hot and bright and as I crossed the Delaware by ferry to Camden and walked along the straight, level streets I wondered what I should say in explanation of my intrusion, but as soon as I reached the house I lost my perplexity. Even the exterior of Whitman's home, situated at 328 Mickle Street, is simple and friendly enough to dispel formality. The house, or rather cottage, is only two stories high and less than five paces wide. It is of wood, and is shaded by a tree on the sidewalk. The front door was open, and when I rang, a comely housekeeper opened an inside summer door, through the slats of which I had already seen her ironing at the end of a corridor.

I asked if Mr. Whitman was able to see visitors—he had had a slight sunstroke a few days before—and she said: "Certainly." Having seated me in the little parlor—a sort of double room, the back part of which does service as a chamber, being furnished with a bed and a few wooden chairs—she disappeared, and presently I heard rumbling as of slow movements overhead. I looked at the things about me—all simple, neat, and cosey—and felt half-ashamed to have disturbed the old man. Soon I heard shuffling steps and the regular clacking of a stick on the entry floor, and in a moment Whitman moved into sight through the doorway. Very cordial was his handshake, and ere I had made a short apology for interrupting him, his "Glad to see yer" put me quite at ease. He sat in a wicker-bottomed rocking-chair near one window, and I about six feet from him near the other.

I wish I could draw him for you, because if there be to-day a patriarchal-looking man, it is he. His hair and beard are long and very white. His head on the top is egg-shaped, and a not very high forehead stretches down to the bushy eyebrows, in which white and black hairs struggle for prominence. His nose is large, straight, and rather flat, with perhaps a Roman tendency which is buried in the drifts of fleecy hair that cover all the lower parts of his cheeks and face. His eyes are blue, clear and kindly, set in thin almond lids which are so narrow that barely half of each iris is seen. Beneath, the flesh grows in little folds and wrinkles, which are never deep and stiff like those made by suffering or worry. His skin is rosy and as healthy as a child's. He wore a starched cotton shirt, whose broad collar was not fastened at the neck but was left open, exposing his chest. Trousers, that might have been of homespun, and stockings were of his favorite gray color; and worsted-worked slippers completed his dress.

His expression has benignity, tranquillity, and contentment. You miss the deep-set eyes and the aggressive manner that you associate with men of passionate or profound genius; but you have the embodiment of the kindly, receptive nature, which is placid, observant, and inter-



ested in whatever person or subject is before it.

We soon fell into an easy conversation, in which he showed no wish to take the lion's share, or to utter wise saws. He spoke deliberately, often waiting for a word or a clause, and without any affectation, so far as I noticed.

He asked me whether I had not written him two years ago in regard to a letter which he had received from Sidney Lanier. I answered yes, surprised at his good memory. He said that he had never replied because when my letter reached him he was ill, but that he had found Lanier's letter and marked it to send to me, but that it got displaced again among his disorderly papers. Lanier, he said, wrote "a florid, gushing" letter, and Whitman evidently did not put a high value on him.

After a while we talked about Whitman's own work. I told him frankly that while many parts of his "Leaves of Grass" had given me pleasure, I did not agree with him as to the propriety of publishing in a volume of poetry certain passages that belong in a handbook of physiology. He listened carefully, and replied: "You may be right. Many excellent thinkers hold your opinion. I, however, have always believed the contrary. Now, among the Arabs, if any man should suggest that the absurd custom of veiling the faces of women be abolished, he would be denounced as immoral or as mad. I believe in unveiling. This is the age of *exposé*. Darwinism makes *exposé* in everything necessary. When I think how Darwin was abused before the world came round to his side, I see that it is possible that I may live long enough to behold a similar result in my case. And what makes me hopeful is the fact that of late years there has been an increasing number of pure, fine women, old and young, among my warmest friends. You know when doctors can bring a disease to the surface they are satisfied, but if it remain hidden inside, the prospect is very bad. Still, I recognize there are grave objections. But my doctor forbade me to get into a critical or fatiguing discussion."

So I changed the subject—not wishing to induce a stroke of apoplexy—and mentioned that I hoped some time to write a history of the struggle of the Italians for

independence. He seemed interested: asked many pertinent questions, about the character of the Italians, the pope—whose influence he thought was slight—and about Dante. He had read the "Divine Comedy" in Carlyle's translation and in Longfellow's, but he could not quite understand Dante's great position among poets and in the history of Italy. "But I feel sure," he said, "that the trouble lies with me. I haven't got the right clew. If I knew more it would be clear to me." This was his attitude through all our talk. He made no hasty conclusion, but habitually spoke as if he had not yet sufficient data for arriving at a decisive judgment.

I asked him if among the younger brood of writers he saw encouraging symptoms. "I hardly see anybody to tie to," he answered. "But there's plenty of time. America knows what she's about. We must first clear up the farm, and put things in order—the rest will come later. I can't help thinking that in the past, too, America knew what she was about. If I were a young man, I probably should not go preaching to mankind that they are a good deal better than they've been taught to believe—but as an old man that's my firm belief. In old times the idea was that humanity couldn't be trusted. Perhaps the disparagement acted as a sort of spur to make men do better than they would have done otherwise. Now, however, I put my faith in humanity. Even unconsciously, the great bards seem to teach this same truth. America will produce what she needs in good time. We mustn't be too critical. We're critical of the weather, for instance, but at the end of the year the weather has done its proper work. I don't value the poetry in what I have written so much as the teaching; the poetry is only a horse for the other to ride."

Before I left, he promised to send me Lanier's letter as soon as he should find it. I might repeat more that he said—although his ideas and not his words remain in my mind, and what I have given rarely represents his actual words—but I have already furnished you a fair report. What I have not furnished is the patriarchal look, the simple manners, the placidity which bespoke the genial character.



This old man, partly paralyzed, very poor, lives undisturbed on the edge of a busy world, which he watches, and has a fellow feeling for everybody. I shall long remember him with his white fleece, pink complexion, and friendliness. If he has not taught others wisdom by his disjointed, *devertebrated* effusions, he has certainly found wisdom for himself.

I soon called on Walt again, and although I quitted Philadelphia that autumn, I frequently returned there and never missed going over to Camden for a chat with him. I kept no notes of our talk, but much that he said remains vividly in my memory, and I will set it down here in the miscellaneous fashion which was particularly characteristic of his conversation.

One could not talk with him for five minutes without being struck by two qualities—his rare gift of discerning natural objects, and the ease with which he seemed to improvise opinions on intellectual matters. Except for a few fundamental ideas, which form the substance of his "message" or doctrine, he was not an orderly thinker at all. His mind was like a barberry-bush which catches wisps of wool from every sheep that passes, as Lowell somewhere said of some one else; and at times it seemed to me that Walt was no more able than the barberry-bush would be to assimilate the stray catches. He was unconcerned to hunt for an opinion, if one did not come readily to his mind, and he announced frankly his lack of knowledge or interest and changed the subject.

Walt did not always care to admit the sources from which he borrowed freely. One day, for instance, he talked about Shakespeare's historical plays, which, he said, showed that Shakespeare was at heart a democrat, and that he had written the plays in order to discredit monarchy and kings and the robber barons, and all that other old feudal nonsense. I discovered afterward that he had appropriated this fantastic notion from his own stanch champion, William D. O'Connor.

On another occasion he criticised Ruskin quite in the manner of one who had read widely in Ruskin's books; but when my eyes caught sight of a small

paper-covered "Ruskin Anthology" on the little table beside me, I knew what had inspired him.

Once I said to him: "Walt, in 'Leaves of Grass' you have the air of a rough-and-tumble fellow who despises the well-to-do, mannerly people, and especially the learned and the literary. And yet your writings are sprinkled with foreign words (somewhat Whitmanized) and with unexpected references to scientific and other subjects which we don't at first associate you with."

"The fact is," Walt replied, "I used to read all the quarterlies and magazines I could lay my hands on. I read 'em straight through; and so I stored up in my memory all sorts of odds and ends, which I pulled out and used whenever they came in handy."

Being myself already saturated with Emerson, and persuaded that the essence of Walt's gospel of Americanism, and democracy, and, above all, of the supreme value of the individual had been proclaimed by Emerson in imperishable pages long before Walt began his "Leaves of Grass," I was curious from the outset to see whether he would acknowledge any obligations. My own theory was and is that somewhere in the late forties Walt came upon Emerson's "Essays," devoured and absorbed them, found in them a revelation which interpreted American life to him, and deliberately adopted the teachings as if they had been original with himself. When he came to write, he put them in his own language, laying emphasis on this or that particular which most appealed to him, and giving free rein to his wonderful pictorial talent. And just as the disciple usually exaggerates or distorts some non-essential in his master's teaching, so Walt, bent on glorifying the individual, no matter how insignificant it might be, glorified rubbish as if it were the finest gold of the spirit.

At one time, when I was wrestling with the old serpents of fatalism and evil, it occurred to me to go over and consult Walt. Ought not he, if any one, with his genial poise and his apparent acceptance of whatever fortune brought him, to solve these insistent questions?

I attacked him rather too suddenly, in the stand-and-deliver fashion of a much-



perplexed visitor at the Delphic oracle, craving an immediate reply. I asked him how he explained this terrible reality of evil, when the burden of every page of "Leaves of Grass" and of his other writings and sayings was: "Life's all right." And I began to cite the misery—whether of body or of soul—the pain and sorrow and sin and injustice—from which nobody escapes.

He did not let me go on long, but showed a little impatience, and replied almost testily: "Oh, you can't tackle it that way! This ain't a matter to be settled by yes or no. What you call evil is all a part of it. If you have a hill, you've got to have a hollow. I wish some one—I've often thought of doing it myself—would crack up the good of evil—how it helps us along—how it all fits in."

"That is just what Emerson once said," I interrupted.

"Did he?" said Walt, with what seemed to me unexpected interest. "Did he? Where did he say that?"

I told him the essay which contains the well-known passage, and I think I also quoted the familiar "Evil is good in the making." It seemed to me that Walt was uncomfortable, as if I had unwittingly startled him into furnishing the clew to his inspiration; and whenever in subsequent talks I referred to Emerson's ideas, I thought that he feigned ignorance of them. In early manhood, he made no secret of his discipleship to Emerson, whom he called "master" in a famous letter. He sent one of the first copies of "Leaves of Grass" to Emerson, violated common propriety by printing in the *New York Tribune* Emerson's commendation and by stamping a sentence from it on the next edition of the "Leaves." Later, when he came to be accepted himself as a prophet, I suspect that he was glad to forget that he had ever called any one "master." In my frontal attack on the problem of evil, I made no further progress with Walt that day or later. He was neither a philosopher nor a theologian and I doubt whether he had ever felt the problem poignantly. For practical living he found it wise to turn away from or to dodge the grisly questions which challenged too rudely his pantheistic optimism.

"Music helps better than argument,"

he said to me; "music soothes us, and, like a mother, draws us to her breast, and we fall asleep and we forget our difficulties."

Then I began to perceive that morals, in the deepest sense, did not exist for Whitman. In deifying the Individual, he made each person his own standard to do and think what he chooses; with the result that the Whitmanesque world is made up of its hundreds of millions of individuals as independent one of another as are the pebbles on a beach. They touch but they do not really merge. But human society must be based on the mutual interdependence of its elements; and the corner-stone of social life on every plane above that of the savages is the family. Whatever compliments Walt may have paid to the family in theory, he showed in practice that he neither understood its supreme function nor respected it. The relations between the sexes on which the family depends, meant for him no more than the gratification of appetite. He felt no obligation, no duty, either toward the women with whom he formed a temporary attachment or toward the offspring they bore him. It has been proved, although I did not know it at the time of my acquaintance, that he admitted being the father of six children\* by two mothers, but he rejected all responsibility for their care and bringing up, casting the burden upon the women whom he abandoned. Nothing can be baser than that.

When, therefore, Whitman's uncritical zealots rhapsodize him as the prophet of a new life and the proclaimer of a higher morality, they do him no service. What is admirable in his poetry and in his message lies in a different field. He can never be a help; on the contrary, by his example he must be a stumbling-block to every individual, man or woman, who is struggling for that standard by which alone the sacredness of the family—and with the family the amelioration of the race—can be safeguarded.

In this respect Whitman dwells at the opposite pole from Emerson, his master in

\* Walt himself stated this in a letter dated August 19, 1890, to J. A. Symonds: "My life, young manhood, middle age, times South, &c., have been jolly bodily and doubtless open to criticism. Though unmarried I have had six children," &c. See E. Carpenter: "Days with Walt Whitman," New York, 1908, pp. 142-3; Bliss Perry: "Walt Whitman," Boston, 1906, pp. 44-5.



the gospel of individualism. Emerson takes it for granted that each individual to whom he addresses his auroral call, "Trust thyself!" is already living the life of the spirit, instead of lagging behind in the lowlands of the flesh. Emerson urged perfection on the individual, not that he might enjoy himself for himself, but that he might be the better fitted to play a noble part in society, and to receive and obey the faintest intimation from the soul of the world. He never tolerated the thought of a community made up of units who, having known the higher moral standards, deliberately chose the immoral.

So we can no more adopt Whitman as a model for our life than we could Rousseau, whom he resembles only too closely on the ignoble side. Under promiscuity alone, the system which proposes to make utter selfishness the ideal of society and its members, could Walt and Jean Jacques be accepted as guides.

So much I must say here, because it explains why Walt could not enlighten me as to the problem of evil. The more I saw him the more I recognized that he looked out on the world without any moral prepossession; but he was wonderfully sensitive to some of the deepest emotions. Who better than he has expressed the bewildered surprise, plaintiveness, the sense of unreality, and then the anguish of bereavement? And how nobly, as if he were welcoming an imperial guest, he goes to the threshold to greet death! There was much more than the cant phrases in praise of universal brotherhood, in his allusions to cronies and camerados, and to the thrill he felt when his hand rested on a pal's shoulder or as he looked into responsive eyes of a comrade. The genuineness of these characteristics also was confirmed by acquaintance with him.

However he may have been in earlier days or was then among his intimates, he never, as I knew him, indulged in coarseness. I remember that one morning I asked him why he would not consent to issue here such a volume of selections as William Rossetti's, brought out in England in 1868. That volume, omitting some of the most flagrant and physiological passages, and sparing the reader some of the tedious, long, prosaic, and repeti-

tious lists, had given Walt his vogue among the intellectual élite in Britain, and I believed that one like it would reach ten times as many American readers as his unexpurgated editions had reached.

He paused a moment, barely shook his head, and said: "That's just what Emerson suggested. Years ago we spent three hours on Boston Common walking up and down, he urging and arguing just as you do, and I listening and thinking and sometimes trying to reply. I couldn't match his arguments, but always something in me kept saying: 'Stick to it, Walt.' And at the end I said to him: 'I can't answer all your reasons, but I guess I've got to hold on to the stuff you don't like. It's all part of the whole; and I can no more honestly cut out that part than any other.'"

\* A snap-shot of those two on Boston Common that day would be among the most precious literary relics we Americans could have.

Walt was equally firm in standing by his form of verse—if that be verse which form has none. He had been attacked so often that I suppose he took it as a matter of course that every new literary "feller" should take a shot at that target. It seems to be pretty well proved now that he developed his Whitmanesque metrical scheme from earlier models and by deliberate experimentation. Until he was thirty or over, he wrote rather platitudinous poems in ordinary iambic metre and rhymes and published them in newspapers. On the little table between the windows of the front room on Mickle Street was a thick quarto volume of Scott's poetry, printed in double column (if I remember rightly), with pencillings on the margins. This, he told me, had been his favorite book in the earlier days, and I suppose that Scott's versification was his pattern before he found the requirements of regular prosody too fettering. His general doctrine that metre, which had sufficed for poets in countries more or less despotic, ought not to be tolerated by a chosen bard of this land of unlimited democratic freedom, has its allure for the very young in years and for all those who, no matter what their age may be, never grow up to understand that all art is discipline, and that the supreme artists—



Sophocles and Phidias, Virgil and Dante, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael and Rembrandt, Shakespeare, Milton and Molière—were supreme for the very reason that the discipline of their art had become instinctive in them, the necessary medium by which they expressed themselves, as water is to the swimmer.

Walt's other argument for his verse form was even more naïve: our versification ought to match in amplitude the boundless sweep of "these States." If accepted seriously, this would mean that even a minor poet in Texas would employ lines of fifty or sixty metrical feet, to keep his relative distance, so to speak, over the Rhode Islander, who ought to be thankful with an allowance of four. Of course Walt himself would have seen the absurdity of this deduction; but as he relied on his emotions and on intuition, and neither would nor could think, he would conclude this discussion, as he did the other, by maintaining his position without wavering.

Once I tried a flank movement on his theory.

"You profess," I said, "to make nature your guide and to be satisfied with nothing less broad and free and infinitely varied than you see in her. But the one lesson which nature teaches above all others is form. She takes care that everything from Sirius to a grain of sand shall have its own proper form. She doesn't strew a lot of rose-petals on the ground and call them a rose; she puts them together in a beautiful form. Many of your poems, it seems to me, are like heaps of petals, not always of the same flower, even, and intermingled with other irrelevant things. Their formlessness is contrary to nature."

This argument carried no weight with him. How many hundreds of times he must have heard similar ones! He said simply but without petulance, and as if he rather pitied my intelligence: "Of course my poetry isn't formless. Nobody could write in my way unless he had the melody singing in his ears. I don't always contrive to catch the best musical combination nowadays; but in the older pieces I always had a tune before I began to write."

Those tunes doubtless account for the haunting music of many of his first lines, and of other separate lines interspersed in

the poems; but the metrical inspiration rarely continues for more than two or three lines at the most.

As a parting shot I added: "Shakespeare's blank verse doesn't consist of a series of lines each of five rigid metrical feet; but it runs on over more or fewer lines, as the case may be, according to the sense. Hamlet's soliloquy, for instance, if printed in your way, would look very different on the page. The metre runs through it just as in musical composition there is a given key and beat. And, after all, in "O Captain! my Captain!"—the most popular of your poems—you showed that you could use effectively an accepted metre and even rhymes—although you balk at making the rhymes satisfactory throughout." But Walt took no further interest in the matter.

Indeed, it was plain enough that Walt regarded me, as a college graduate, with a certain suspicion and lack of sympathy. His self-appointed mission being to break down all conventions and to shout his "barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world," he naturally looked upon a college as the last citadel of convention and therefore as his special enemy. Although in England his readers came mostly from the university and literary circles, over here the colleges, partly from prudery and partly from pedantry, had been very slow even to mention him. At Harvard, in my time, for instance, a professor might casually refer to "Leaves of Grass," but when the student went to the library to consult the book, he found that it was catalogued with two blue stars, which meant that it was kept under lock and key in the "inferno" devoted to obscene productions.

No wonder, therefore, that Walt eyed the academically educated with some distrust. I seemed to him a young man who came out of the university with a little stock of approved formulas, with which I was attempting to make a breach in the Whitmanesque cosmic theory, constructed by him to supplant all others. In truth, however, I had no such ambition; I was moved, as I have stated, by an insatiate curiosity, and by my desire to get from this prophet of a new order some solace for my own perplexities. But to the end I was marred for him by the aca-



demic attachment. Yet he felt a sort of pity, too; and once, before going to Europe, when I bade him good-by, he urged me, with some ardor, to stand on my own feet, to think my own thoughts, and not to go on repeating what I had read or heard. What he wished, although he did not suspect it, was, that I, like Mr. Traubel, and one or two other unlimited disciples who passed much time with him in those last years, should give back to him *his* own thoughts as nearly as possible in his own language.

One day after I had been warmly praising Walt's poems on the Civil War, I said that I thought what he had written about Lincoln would stand along with James Russell Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" as the highest poetic tributes to the martyr President. He surprised me a little by saying that he had never read Lowell; that he supposed that he was one of those academic "fellers," who breathed the fetid air of college lecture-rooms and gave it out in his poems; that he was not a "critter" for us. I replied that although Lowell was a bookman, he was much more; at the very top of our writers for humor and a splendid force for patriotism before and during the war. "You ought at least to read the 'Ode,'" I said emphatically, "and you would see that he isn't the anæmic fellow you imagine. Much of his other poetry also is fine, some of it very good; and although he isn't a poet of the first class—who is in our time?—he stands well in the second class."

"You wouldn't persuade me to eat a second-class egg, would yer?" said Walt. "I don't care for second-class poetry, either."

In spite of his avowed ignorance he may have looked into Lowell's poems, and dismissed them long before as having no worth for him. Completely lacking humor himself, even "The Biglow Papers" must have been lost upon him. Walt had, in fact, read most of the American poets who were his contemporaries. We are told that at one time Poe attracted him, and we know that he absorbed Emerson; but I recall only one of whom he spoke with some enthusiasm—Whittier, who had a "fine vein, narrow but deep and fiery, of the Scotch Covenanters in him." I remarked that E. C. Stedman's

essay seemed to me the best any one had written till then on Walt himself, being free from prejudice and rich in appreciation.

"Yes," said Walt, "Mr. Stedman is a very hospitable"—he waited a moment for the word—"critic and a good friend." Once or twice Walt mentioned Tennyson, ranking him as a real poet, but I have forgotten which poems he had in mind. He took pride in telling me that Tennyson had invited him to go over to Freshwater for a visit, but that his health was too feeble. That the apostle of formless poetry should be elated over the sympathy of the chief master of poetic form in modern English literature struck me as interesting; but I think that Walt's elation came from the fact that Tennyson was a great poet. Although he was thoroughly democratic in his love of appreciation, he knew the different varieties of incense at a sniff.

Looking back on our chats I perceive now, better than I did then, how much in his talk with me Walt repeated what he had already written down in his prose fragments. That description of his meeting with Emerson on Boston Common, for instance, or a long account of his last visit to Emerson at Concord; or the story of Elias Hicks and the Hicksite schism among the Quakers, bringing in his own boyhood and his recollections of his mother and of going to the annual meetings—all these he has told in print. But even though, owing to his failing vigor, they lacked something when he repeated them by word of mouth, they gained much in reality. The tone of the voice, the patriarchal look of the man, the slight gesture or the hesitation, and his permeating placidity can never be conjured up by those who only read his reminiscences. Walt kept a certain interest in current affairs, but his opinions had been made up long before, and his chief interest then and always was himself. The casual visitor like me might let in a whiff from the world outside, but this was fleeting in comparison with the steady influence of the little group of idolaters who echoed his thoughts, confirmed his delusion that literary "fellers" were everywhere joined in a conspiracy against him, and so tended to hem in and narrow his vision. The more unrestricted the wor-



ship which devotees pay to the founder of a cult, the greater the risk he runs; and the freedom which such a founder expects to enjoy by throwing off the fundamental conventions of civilized life and posing as a "rowdy" or a cowboy is an illusory emancipation which shuts more doors than it opens.

But I find that I grow critical, whereas my purpose is rather to call up from time's oubliette Walt's speech and aspect as I knew them thirty years ago. As Dr. Furness said, the old fellow himself was what really mattered. Having seen him once, you never forgot his presence. On a summer afternoon he sat by the right-hand window and you at the left, with the little table covered with half a dozen books between you—the volume of Scott's poems most conspicuous; and he nodded to passers-by on the sidewalk and kept up his not-rapid chat with you. A newsboy would hand in the evening paper and Walt took a penny from a little pile of change on the window-sill and handed it to him with a "Thank yer, Billy," or other cosey greeting. In colder weather Walt settled into his rocking-chair, over the back of which was flung an unusually large and fine silver wolfskin. Whistler himself could not have achieved a more beautiful blend of grays and whites than Walt did when he leaned his fleecy head against the gray fur.

I talked with him frequently about Lincoln, whom I took it for granted he must have known well; but he surprised me by saying that although he "loafed a good deal around the White House," he never ran across the President but twice, and he heard Lincoln speak only twice—once of an evening from a balcony about some battle news. "He had rather a high voice with carrying power, but on the whole pleasant and impressive."

Recently, in looking over John Hay's Diary, I was amused to come upon the following entry for October 29, 1863: "I went down to Willard's to-day and got from Palmer, who is here, a free ticket to New York and back for W. Whitman, the poet, who is going to New York to electioneer and vote for the Union ticket." So Walt's loafing around the White House was not wholly unremunerative.

I heard him say nothing that can add to his well-known and, in their way, unsurpassed descriptions of hospital scenes; but he made one characteristic remark which may be worth repeating.

"The human critter," he said, "has become too self-restrained. He thinks it isn't manly to show his emotions, and so he tries to keep as hard and mum as a statue. This is all wrong. The Greeks howled when they were hurt and bawled with rage when they were angry. But our soldiers in the war would clench their teeth and not let out a sign of what they were suffering, no matter how badly they were wounded; and so they often died because the surgeons couldn't tell where they'd been hit."

Walt, himself, according to those who knew him in early and middle life, was preternaturally emotional and never attempted to check or to disguise the expression of his feeling at the moment. His disapproval of discipline, which has been one of the chief gains made by normal, civilized men since the Homeric age, harmonizes, therefore, with the rest of his philosophy of unrestraint.

Of references to passing political affairs, I recall only one, bearing on President Harrison: "I guess he is the smallest egg ever laid in Uncle Sam's basket."

I never saw him show resentment, even under unusual provocation. Thus, when Swinburne recanted in his customary vitriolic language his former bombastic laudation, I ventured to ask Walt whether he had seen the ferocious article in the *Fortnightly Review*. "Yes," he said with a tranquillity more effective than sarcasm; "yes, and I rather guess Swinburne has soured a little on me."

Professor Bliss Perry, by far the best of all Whitman's biographers, has analyzed subtly a streak of slyness which ran through Walt's nature. At the time of my acquaintance I could not lay my finger on any more definite example of this than his apparent endeavor to escape from avowing his obligations to Emerson; but I did recognize in him a poseur of truly colossal proportions, one to whom playing a part had long before become so habitual that he had ceased to be conscious that he was doing it. His offhand, hail-fellow-well-met manner was undoubt-



edly genuine with him in earlier years, and then, after he had adopted his pose, he saw to it that that manner should not be rubbed away by conventional attrition. So he was almost fussily careful to have his costume attract as much attention as possible; and in his talk he stuck to certain illiterate forms—like “critter” and “feller”—in keeping with the character he had assumed. We must remember that he was a contemporary of P. T. Barnum and agreed with that master-showman’s views of publicity; so he chose a style both in prose and verse which at once arrested attention; he did not blush to write for the newspapers puffs of himself and his works; he craved notoriety even of the flimsiest sort. “The public,” he said to me, “is a thick-skinned beast, and you have to keep whacking away on its hide to let it know you’re there.” Such egregious self-conceit has afflicted men much greater than Whitman, and, thanks to that quality which makes the artist a magician, the product, literary or artistic, of these men need not be insincere, for they write or paint or compose through their talent and not through their conceit.

On one occasion, when I tried to get him to sum up in definite terms his creed—a thing which he avoided doing for half a lifetime, because he instinctively felt that vagueness was of the essence of it—he took a copy of the original edition of “As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free,” and turning to the advertisement at the end he marked the margin of the third page. “There,” said he; “I suppose you’ll find the gist of it all there about as well as anywhere.” He gave me the slender volume with its green-cloth cover, and wrote my name in it, adding two or three photographs of himself. One of these, an unusually beautiful portrait of him, represents him as seated in a grape-vine rustic chair—the kind once common in photographers’ studios—and on the forefinger of his outstretched right hand a butterfly has just alighted, with wings still outspread. “I’ve always had the knack of attracting birds and butterflies and other wild critters,” he said. “They know that I like ’em and won’t hurt ’em and so they come.”

How it happened that that butterfly

should have been waiting in that studio on the chance that Walt might drop in to be photographed, or why Walt should be clad in a thick cardigan jacket on any day when butterflies would have been disporting themselves in the fields, I have never been able to explain. Was this one of the petty artifices by which Walt carried out his pose? It doesn’t matter; the picture is delightful and it has served ever since as the frontispiece to the precious little volume. Turn to page three of its advertisements and you will find his own interpretation of himself and his works.

A less venial form of slyness consisted in Walt’s lack of candor in regard to his money affairs. During the last six or eight years of his life he allowed a few kind-hearted gentlemen—Dr. Furness and Mr. George W. Childs among them—to subscribe an annual sum for his upkeep; and when he grew too lame to walk, they supplied a horse and phaeton and paid a young man to act as his driver and valet. He even allowed some of his youthful admirers, who were earning a bare minimum wage themselves, to contribute a dollar or two a month apiece toward his support. Such a willingness to receive might be pardoned on the ground that he was affording his well-wishers the superior blessedness of giving, but all the while, unknown to them, he was building out of his own resources a four-thousand-dollar mausoleum for himself at Harleigh Cemetery. Apparently Walt doubted as to the value of the monument which posterity would raise to him, and so he took no chances.

And yet, I had the feeling that if Walt had had much, he would have given lavishly; not having, he accepted without stint. Very likely he believed that, as he had bestowed upon the world something beyond all price, the world owed him a living. His tastes were so simple that he would not have known how to spend much wealth; but that four-thousand-dollar tomb remains as an unpleasant evidence of his slyness.

The last time I saw him was, I think, in December, 1891, a few months before his death. His housekeeper, Mrs. Mary Davis, told me at the door that he had been pretty feeble and was staying upstairs, but she would ask him if he could



see me. He sent down word for me to go up. I climbed the short flight and went into the front room, which took up most of the second story of the small house. There stretched out in a long chair, propped with pillows and well wrapped up, with the gray wolfskin thrown over his knees, lay Walt, a broken, helpless, pathetic figure, who seemed hardly more than an antiquarian wreck in a dingy and disordered old curiosity-shop. The room was filled with the accumulation of years: bundles of newspapers, piles of books, printers' proofs, letters, bric-à-brac, some begrimed and chipped bedroom crockery, statuettes in plaster of Paris, a trunk or two, and a chair and stool long past the time when they could be sat in without caution. Boards strung on trestles made a sort of long table such as paper-hangers use, and this afforded a resting-place for other heaps of letters, documents, and junk. Of the two windows, one was darkened by the shutters being closed, and through the dirty panes of the other I saw the wretched buildings opposite, and the bleak, wintry sky out of which snow-flurries blew intermittently. Seldom have I had so complete an impression of cheerlessness.

And there amid his sordid belongings, apparently deserted, the old man lay dying.

He greeted me with his familiar "Glad to see yer," but in a feeble voice, and I took his hand, which he could hardly move. He said that he'd been sick; very sick; that the doctor told him he mustn't do anything, nor talk much, nor think much; but he liked to see old friends. Naturally, I started no discussion, but tried to suggest cheerful possibilities, though I knew there were none, and kept fearing I might be outstaying "the little while" which Mrs. Davis had warned me was all that the doctor allowed.

To turn his thoughts away from the dismal present, I asked him what he had been doing before his illness. He replied: "I went through the whole of my poems; read 'em all from beginning to end; and for the first time I had some doubt whether they're going to last."

The pathos of that confession moved me through and through. For what

could be more tragic? Here was a man who believed he had made a new revelation to mankind—a prophet, who had borne mockery and neglect, and had at last persuaded a band of followers that he was indeed the true and only prophet—a poet, who in spite of the whimsicality of his poetic forms was recognized throughout the world as a poet—an arch-egoist, who honestly supposed that his personality was and would be immensely precious in human progress—and now, at the end of his life, he expressed a doubt as to the validity of his message or the permanence of his fame.

I told him I believed that the genuine poetical parts of his works would long be read, although what he had written to support his theory of composition or to preach his gospel would probably be gradually forgotten. "Posterity cherishes the poetry in poets," I added, "and not their theories. That is what has happened to Wordsworth and to many another doctrinaire poet. But the true gold lasts—have no fear, Mr. Whitman—but it often takes more than one generation to sift it from the dross." And I mentioned some of the passages in "Leaves of Grass" which seemed to me golden.

Whether my words comforted him or not, I cannot say. Possibly, the doubt he expressed was born of a flitting mood, or perhaps of his lifelong craving for sympathy and acclaim; he could not have doubted seriously, for habit, if nothing else, would have enabled him to play his part through unflinchingly until the curtain fell.

We talked a little more. Then I got up to go—probably the watchful Mrs. Davis was already signalling me from the entry—and I asked Walt whether I could send him anything, some fruit or wine, but he said that he had all he needed and more, and that the doctor didn't let him take much, anyway. His "Good-by, come again," was uttered feebly, because of his physical weakness, but without the slightest suggestion that he had lost courage or was even surprised at the defection of life—life which he had caressed and sported with and glorified, and which now, like a fickle mistress, had abandoned him. Neither that day nor earlier did I



hear him whisper a complaint against the weariness which old age and incurable disease laid upon him.

I turned at the door and looked back upon him, a gray wraith amid the shadows of that dismal room. Walking to the ferry, I wondered whether, after what

he had experienced, he would still sing, if the strength and will to sing should come back to him for a moment:

"I have said that the soul is not more than the body,  
And I have said that the body is not more than the soul."

## THE GIFT

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

"**H**ULLO, there, Carew!" Jim Bolton tumbled from his taxi and strode, beaming, across to Carew, who stood by the warehouse door, sheathed to his ears in a huge furred coat. "Sa-ay, but you've done yourself proud, with all that mink! All dressed up, ready for hero stunts in Siberia, hey?"

Carew nodded, shrugged deeper into his furs. His lean face colored a trifle. As usual, Bolton had shouted, rather than spoken, his greeting. He glanced impatiently around him.

It was nine o'clock of a freezing winter morning. The wind poured through the great warehouse, an icy flood. Not forty yards away lay their steamer, bound in an hour for France. But both men owned an unspoken wish to stand on their own soil to the last minute.

"One thing certain," Bolton beamed on, with breezy cheer, "we fellows will get mighty few bouquets for our volunteer service. Now that the Greatest Show on Earth is over, our modest labors will be an old story. Though we'll be giving just as hard and necessary work, and running just as big risks."

"I dare say."

"However, fatalities now average only five per cent, I'm told. Of course, I've made my will and all that, but it was a waste of time. S'pose you've arranged your affairs, too? Though you haven't anybody to provide for. I forgot."

"No." Carew shrugged again. At

the club Bolton was invariably addressed as Tactful James. No wonder.

"What's struck you to volunteer all over again, Carew? Lord knows you've done your bit. Eighteen solid months on railway construction in France was no small chore. And you're needed, badly needed, on this side. Can't see how Tresscott Construction ever held together without you. Everybody knows the old major is only a figurehead."

"Thanks for the kind words."

"That ain't answering my question. Anybody can see why I'm beating it across. I missed out on the Big Thrill, thanks to my smashed knee. But now it's in commission again, I'm out to find a few left-over thrills, if our Bolshevik friends will oblige."

"No doubt they will."

"Just now I'm collecting chills instead. Come along aboard."

"Go if you like. I'm staying ashore a bit longer."

"The more fool you." Bolton executed a shivering jig-step, then raced away. Carew strode up and down the great cold, clamoring space, his gloved fists clinched, his gray young head bent. Queer, how Tactful James's prying had struck home! For the second time Carew was giving himself and all his powers to war, in the grim hope that, this time surely, his services would be accepted in full; that this last dragging hour ashore would be his last hour of his own country for always.

He was bleakly ashamed of himself.



He writhed under the praises which his friends had showered upon him, for this his double gift to his country. If only they knew how sick he was of his life, with what a coward's eagerness he was snatching at this chance to throw it away with honor!

Upon him, the solid, able citizen, had fallen the deep and terrible loneliness that falls too often upon men and women of isolated middle age. He had everything—and nothing. He had won it all, money, prestige, high esteem. He had not one beloved creature of his own with whom to share. Not only the hunger of fatherhood tormented him; it was the sick sense of futility, the grinning futility of all his years of driving effort, of sturdy, profitable toil. Bolton was right. He was a valuable citizen. But he was valuable only to other men, never to himself. The joy of life had slipped from his grasp. All his clear, just, able dealings were broken shards in his lax hands. He went from his country as one who turns away in loathing from the ashes of his days.

Before him glimmered his forty long years. He saw himself, a boy of twelve, in the tiny home his mother and he had made, their short precious time together. His father's young imperial portrait on the wall, the handful of flowers set always before it; his mother's room, fire-lit, scented of lavender, her books and her sewing scattered about, the cosiest chair drawn always for him close to her own; his mother herself, slim, arrow-straight, her amber-gold hair folded in a great gold wreath on her little head, her gay brook-voice, her gray merry eyes. Curious. Little chap that he was, he'd always realized his mother, so to speak. He'd always known what a queen she was alongside of the other fellows' mothers. He had brought home more than one black eye, penalty for bragging about her to the gang. He'd been just fourteen when she died. Queer, how pluckily he'd bucked up and lived through that, and the long cruel loneliness afterward. He looked back with a curious sore pity for the blundering, dazed kid he'd been those first years without her. What a brave, gay, lovely heart she was; how vivid, how gloriously alive! How could such a very

flame go out, leave not a gleam behind! If she had lived on for him, if she were living now——

He drew a hard breath. Only a night or so ago he had dreamed of her, a dream so real it might have been her very presence. She had entered his room with her fleet, airy step, her gray eyes greeting his with their eager sparkle. As he had scrambled up from his chair she had stripped off her gloves with her own impatient little snatch, then put up both soft, cool palms and caught her boy's face in the frame of her hands, and pulled it down to give him her "four kisses," forehead, eyelids, lips. That was her own special caress, a tenderness that was her secret gift, that she never gave to any other creature.

"I made it up for you myself the day you were born," she told him once. "Four kisses, to keep you all mine, your thoughts, your eyes, your lips. Mind you stay mine, sonny boy!"

Well, he had stayed hers. Even the first year of his married life, with its stormy raptures, its swifter, harsher storms of quarrel and reconciliation, had not blurred her dear merry image to his sight.

He was twenty-two when he had met Georgiana, beautiful, wilful, as solitary as himself, a vague uncle, "out West," her only tie of blood. He had loved her their first hour together, married her within the month. In her he had seen the perfection of all women. She would be all that his mother had been, and more—ten thousand times more.

Georgiana herself had shattered the magic, torn away the rainbow veils.

"The very first time we met, I saw you had the makings of a real business man. But you aren't making good like I'd expected. Major Trescott promises you another raise by January? But what's a raise? What's a salary, anyhow? If you'd only borrow a few thousand and go into business for yourself! You owe it to Major Trescott to stand by the business? H'm. Where do I come in? I don't mean to be tied down like this my whole life long. If you had any real spirit——"

Carew would stand that gaff as long as he could. Then, either a blaze of re-



crimination or a slinking flight. When the baby came it was worse still. Georgiana, fiercely maternal, found the baby a bludgeon to her hand.

"She'd be the loveliest child ever, if I could afford to dress her like she ought to be dressed. And we ought to be putting money away for her school and her coming-out party this minute. But you will dawdle along with the major. What's the use of my hoping, even!"

Taunted, overworked, straining in every nerve to carry twice his load of the huge ill-managed company affairs, Carew struggled on. He learned to hate his girl-wife with a hatred that held venom. The baby, Dorothea, a little, soft, cooing thing, held his heart in both her hands. She had not a trace of Georgiana. Instead, she bore a wonderful resemblance to his mother. Her wide gray eyes, her amber-gold hair, her gentle, gay little ways, were to Carew an endless enchantment and delight. Yet he would look at her and wonder. Was all this lovely winsomeness hers to keep? Or would she grow with years to her own mother's stature, nagging, ruthless, mean?

He never solved that question. One night, when Dorothea was eighteen months old, Georgiana met him at the door, ablaze with excitement. She waved a letter before his eyes.

"Say, you'll never believe this. You *can't!* It's from Uncle Steve out West. Here he's been living on that lonesome little ranch, poorer'n' Job's turkey, all these years. Last month, didn't the oil men come along and strike a gusher right alongside his kitchen door! They've paid him two hundred thousand dollars for a year's lease—think of that! 'Most a quarter of a million. He wants me to come keep house for him this winter. Says he wants to live in some style. I'm going to take the baby and start Saturday. You can rent the flat and board while we're gone."

Carew had wheeled on her in a fury; but he could only stand, open-mouthed, speechless. Hard on his rage another thought had crashed down. If Georgiana went away for the winter—he would have three months to himself. Three months—think of the peace of it! The heaven of being alone!

Utterly silent, he eyed her. Georgiana fidgeted.

"Oh, you needn't look so grouched. I'll wager you're glad enough to see us go. It'll give you all the more time to spend on your precious Major Trescott's concerns. And I'm glad to go. For once in my life I won't have to pinch every nickel. If I like it well enough in California, I may stay right along. So there!"

Stay she did. Carew wrote and sent money regularly. She never acknowledged his letters by a line. He worked like a Trojan through that winter, torn between the shamed comfort of this respite from Georgiana and his sore longing for his baby girl.

Early in May came one letter from his wife, her first and only message.

"You needn't send me any more money. Uncle Steve has been coining money all winter. He's settled a hundred thousand on me and the baby, and says he'll will us the rest if I'll stay with him the rest of his days. He's up in the seventies, and feeble at that, and I'd be a fool to turn down such a chance. And I don't plan to come back to you. Not ever. I don't want to be married to you any longer. You can't support me and the baby the way we'd ought to be. I'm going to get a divorce, for incompatibility, just as soon as I can. With best wishes, and hopes that you won't hold any hard feelings, I remain,

"Sincerely yours,

"GEORGIANA CAREW."

Carew read that letter three times before his stunned brain grasped its meaning. When at last he understood, he started West on the first train. Twelve hours later the train struck a defective rail. For two months Carew lay in the hospital at Buffalo. When at last he crept back to New York he found the Trescott Construction Company toppling on the verge of bankruptcy. With the downfall of the business went every dollar that Carew owned.

This calamity blocked every road. He could not go to California and, penniless, force Georgiana to return to him. Neither could he fight her divorce suit.



For that matter, he felt no desire to fight it. The thought of his baby girl ached in his breast. But even that ache counted little against his shame and dread at the thought of facing Georgiana. Old Major Trescott, his father's kindest friend, was pitifully broken by misfortune. If he could do nothing more, surely he could stand by his old employer. Numbed by long suffering, dulled in every nerve, he shouldered the monstrous task of reorganizing Trescott Construction and let his own life go by.

The next two years spelled grinding toil. He was so tired that the news of the divorce hardly stirred him. Four more years; then, with arch irony, came the turn of the wheel. A forgotten patent was discovered to be of great value. Trescott Construction stock leaped up. With its rise Carew's own fortunes rallied, and swiftly. Year after year heaped up his measure of golden fortunes. To-day Trescott Construction was counted one of the huge solid pillars of the world's market. Carew, its vice-president, was reckoned its ablest executive. Yet, to his eyes, his life stretched before him as barren as a desert, as lifeless as a painted scene.

In 1917, urged by that deep inward weariness, he had offered himself to the government. He had been sent to France. There he had done invaluable service, whether in the safety of base ports or in the very teeth of bombardment. He had made himself and his methods notable, even in the face of the splendid achievements of thousands of his fellow workers. With the signing of the armistice he had returned to America, unscathed—and, more than ever, a soul un comforted and alone.

To-day, all that he asked was the chance once more to fill his hollow hours with work for his country. Then, if it pleased the fates, to make his exit with as little splutter as might be.

"Excuse me, sir." A petty officer barred his way. "You're Mr. Edward Carew? Sailing to-day?"

"Well?"

"The young lady yonder. She's waiting to see you, sir."

"A lady? To see me?" Carew

scowled. No ladies, young or otherwise, would be thus honoring him. "It's Bolton she wants. Have him paged. He's gone aboard."

"Beg pardon, sir, she says, 'Mr. Carew. I must see him.' She seemed very particular, sir."

"Well—" Puzzled, Carew swung across the wide floor toward the figure waiting near the entrance. A very small figure, indeed, against her broad cluttered background. As he approached he saw that she was a young girl, slender and small, erect as a little birch-tree, dressed with the rigid simplicity of the very rich. Her blue-serge skirt reached the tops of her sturdy small shoes; her little face was submerged between the close, small tam and the huge furred coat-collar. But from under the tam glinted a ripple of curly hair, warm amber-gold.

Quite nonplussed, Carew lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon, madam. You wished to see me——"

The girl flinched, started back, then looked up at him, quivering in a terrified shyness. Her little narrow delicate face turned white to the lips, her gloved hands shook. But her eyes, wide gray eyes with curling black lashes, lifted steadfastly to Carew's face. Something in that dark, clear, steady gaze caught at Carew's heart.

"If I can help you find the person you wish to see——"

"Oh," she faltered, bewildered. Then she took a step toward him. It was as if she took her courage in both hands. "You don't know me! I thought you'd recognize me, the very first minute. I—I'm Dorothea."

"Dorothea!"

Carew gasped aloud. A curious thrill shook him. Dorothea! Not his daughter, his own little girl! It couldn't be. Why, the last time he'd seen her she was a chubby mite in pink rompers, dragging a green-flannel elephant by one ear!

"Dorothea!" Suddenly an immense embarrassment descended upon him. His skin prickled, his tongue swelled, his ears burned like live coals. The urbane official, the keen man of affairs, stood and blundered like a schoolboy before this terrified small girl. Then through him



poured a tide of warmth, a tremendous heartening glow. Dorothea, his own little daughter, his baby chum! She could not possibly remember him. Why, it was all of sixteen years! Yet she had come, the one human creature who cared, to see him on this desolate journey, to bid him Godspeed!

He stooped and kissed her awkwardly. Her cheek was as satin-cool as a petal. She did not return his kiss, but her fingers gripped tight on his arm. She began to explain, still a bit tremulous.

"You see, when—when you went to France more than a year ago and helped build railroads for the army, I read all about you in a newspaper. And I was as proud as Punch of you. And I wanted to tell you so. But I didn't know where to write. Nor just how to—to say it. And I was away out in California, with mother. I—somehow I couldn't manage to say things, nor write them, either. But I'm a freshman in Vassar now. In yesterday's *Times* I read all about your new plans. How you'd no sooner gotten back to America than you were 'offering yourself again to the government, for any service whatever, in Russia.' Oh, when I read that, I was so proud, all over again! I just all but blew up!" Her voice broke in a quivering laugh. "I wanted to tell all the girls, I wanted to shout it. But—I couldn't." A soft red burned to her temples. Her child mouth trembled. "But I made up my mind I was going to tell one person how proud I was of my own father. That one person was you.

"First, I planned to go to your office, but I telephoned, and telephoned, and they kept saying: 'Mr. Carew will not be in till later.' Finally I got excited, and came into town and saw your secretary. He didn't want to tell me one word of your plans. But when I said I was Miss Carew, he was so surprised he blurted out: 'Miss Carew! But how can you arrange to see him? He sails early tomorrow morning!'

"That was just what I wanted to know. I posted straight back to Poughkeepsie and hunted up our English professor. She's my adviser, and she's awfully quick on the uptake. I told her the whole story. Of course she said, 'Wire your mother for permission,' and wire

we did. But we couldn't get in touch with mother to save us. She's stumping Imperial Valley for the new bond issue, and the operators couldn't find her. I stayed up all night, waiting for news. Not one word came. At six this morning I was so blue, I couldn't stand it. I bawled *and* bawled. Then Miss Keith said, 'This once I shall use my own judgment,' and she hustled me into my clothes—I'd howled till I hadn't wits enough to find my shoe-buttoner, even—and she called a hack and bundled me down on the first train. She's waiting yonder in that taxi now."

Carew did not glance toward the taxi. But gratitude choked in his throat and misted hot before his eyes.

"So here I am. I—I just couldn't let you sail without telling you, daddy. How splendid you were, to go over the first time. And twice as splendid this time! If just you don't get hurt!" Her soft little fingers tightened on his arm. "You'll be sure to come back—daddy? You—you don't mind my calling you daddy?"

"No," said Carew briefly. "I don't mind."

"I've always called you that, to myself. I have your picture. It's on my desk this minute. It's a perfectly stunning big one. I had a photographer copy it for me from the little one that was in the *Engineering Continent*. I wish I had one the way you'll look now," she added wistfully. "In your uniform, you know. You'll be simply great."

"I'll have myself shot off for you the minute I hit Paris," promised Carew. "Diked out like a drum-major."

"Will you? Honest truly? Oh, won't I make the girls sit up!" Her wistfulness turned to sparkle. She fairly pranced. Then all the prance melted out of her. She drooped, whitened. "B-but—there isn't so very much danger, is there? I don't believe one word about people starving, and freezing, and storehouses being blown up, and troop-trains dynamited! I daren't!"

"Nonsense. No danger. Barely five per cent of fatalities, according to statistics," said Carew briskly. "Now, I shall write you from Paris, and I'll send you a line from each stop as I go east-



ward. And I'll send you some pretty things, too. Surely there are a few pretties left in Paris! And you'll write to me, Dorothea—dear?"

"Won't I!" Her eyes glowed. "I'll stuff your mail-bag! I've such loads and loads of things to tell you, dad. Yearsful!"

"I know. I've no end of things to tell you." Carew's throat tightened. Things to tell her! Couldn't he unpack his very heart to her! "When I come back we'll go to my Westchester place—I have a house in the country, you know. We'll both talk at once."

"A house in the country! What fun! I'll come for all my vacations, and I'll bring some of the girls from school. I want to know your friends, too, daddy. Every last one. Somehow I don't know anybody."

"I'll have to brush up and meet people again, dear. I've shut myself up pretty close, this long time." What a fool he'd been to cut himself off from his kind! He'd have to turn in and build up friendships, and be quick about it. But, at least, there was nothing he must tear down. "We'll do all sorts of things together. I've always meant to lay out a terrace garden. And there's plenty of level ground for tennis. And I'll put in a swimming-pool——"

"Won't that be sumptuous! 'Specially the tennis. Jimmy Perkins says that, with a few years of practice, I may cease to be such a sickening spectacle with a racket."

"Now who," inquired Carew, with a thunderous brow which masked a most absurd and stabbing jealousy, "now who, in the name of all your saints, is Jimmy Perkins?"

"Jimmy? Why, he's my very best friend, dad. He and his father own a bean ranch in Ventura County, right alongside of ours. He has sort of carrot hair, and he says himself that his feet don't track. You can't hire him to one-step, even. But he certainly can tear your heart-strings with a ukulele."

Carew chortled at the portrait evoked. Although even carrot-heads have been known to triumph.

"Jimmy Perkins is always saying I need a man's advice. After this, I'll

show him." She slid comrade fingers into Carew's own. Suddenly she drew herself erect; upon her fell an enchanting gravity. "I dare say I am sort of behindhand. I haven't even decided on my life-work yet, dad. You'll have to help me plan. Mother thinks I might be good at public speaking, like her. But I'm terribly scared of people. I'd rather be a creative person, seems to me. A novelist, perhaps. Or else a playwright. A really great playwright."

"Suppose you put off that decision till I get back. I'm only a business man, but I may be able to make a suggestion or so."

"I know you will be." She leaned a docile moment against his shoulder. He looked down at her. He felt himself shaken, pulse on pulse, of profound unspeakable delight. So this was his own child, this precious thing was his own flesh! This rose in his desert, this darling responsibility, his to shield and guide and treasure! One instant, he wished he had not volunteered. That he must leave her, when she had been only this moment his! Then shame lashed him. Double traitor, to the very act that had given her back to him!

"Dorothea, tell me. How are matters with you and your mother? Have you—have you everything you want, my little girl?"

"Oh, yes. Mamma is a wonderful business woman. And she and I have dandy times together. When she has the time, that is. But usually she's so busy, with her ranches and clubs and charities, that she can't find many free minutes for me."

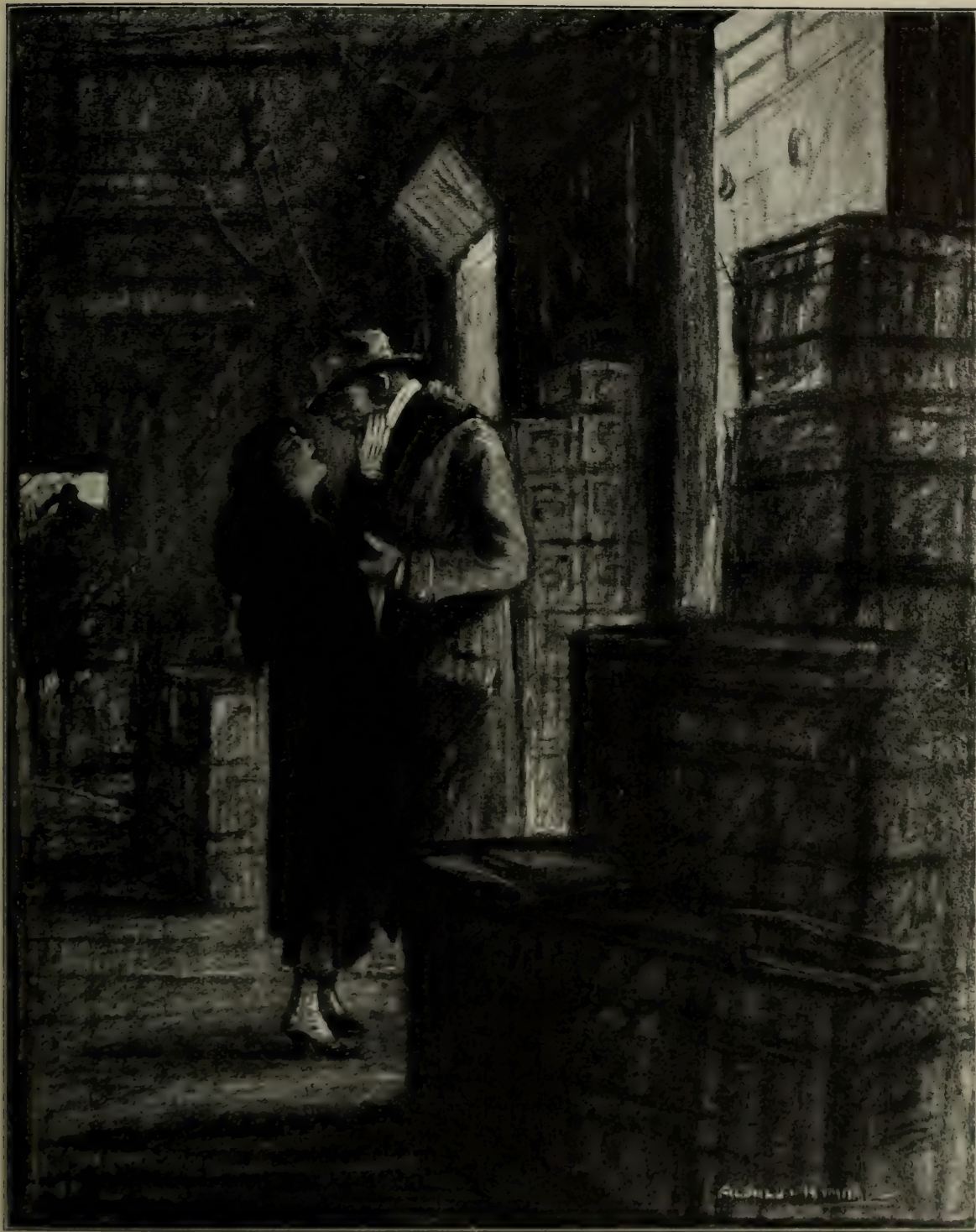
"When I come back I'll manage to find time for you. Whenever you can spare some for me."

"Spare it! I'll live in your pocket, see if I don't. And, oh, dad, will you take me camping? And teach me to sail a catboat? Mother was always afraid to trust me with anybody. But I couldn't be afraid with you."

"Yes. I'll teach you all I know."

"Won't it be fun!" She glowed. "Oh, if just I was going to Russia with you, this minute! Listen, daddy." She paled, flushed, paled again. "Take me with you. Oh, please, please! I won't





Instead, she did a strange and lovely thing. - Page 694.

be any bother. Truly, I won't. I'll be a Red Cross nurse, and you can have me appointed to one of the field-hospitals near where you're at work. Then we can see each other every day, and have all our evenings together."

For all the darling eagerness of her, Carew choked back a helpless laugh. This little soft unformed body, thrown

into the maw of a field-hospital! Then he shivered. He set his teeth on a bitter word. A cruel vision flared before his eyes; the straggling endless file of the wan girl-children of Russia, as they wandered through the empty streets on their piteous, endless search; patient, starving, silent. Why, indeed, had he volunteered "for service in Russia"? Why



hadn't all his sleek successful generation given themselves, body and soul, to this anguished need? How could they live and bear it, to hold back?

"Honey, I'm afraid a field-hospital wouldn't be the thing. Your mother might not like it, either."

"Maybe not." But the disappointment in her eyes hurt him to the quick.

Then from the deck beyond rang a long echoing call; a sinister cry:

"All ashore! All ashore!"

Dorothea started, trembled; her wide eyes filled. Carew, his own eyes dim, took a step toward her. But she did not go into the arms he held for her. Instead, she did a strange and lovely thing.

Her gray eyes fixed on his own, she put up both slender hands. She caught his face in both soft little palms; so she held his face tight in the frame of her hands. Then, lips quivering, but her brimming eyes held steady as stars in his own gaze, she drew his face down to her own. Four times she kissed him, his forehead, his eyes, his lips. His mother's own kisses; the exquisite gesture, the

dear secret heritage of a woman dead long years before her own sweet life was born.

Then, with a little sob of pure grief, her arms went around his neck and she was clinging to him with all her pitiful might. Then he was hurrying across the gangway, already swaying beneath his feet; and from the rail Tactful James was waving a cheery hand.

"Hullo, old man. I'd begun to wonder whether you'd concluded to crawfish. Decided the risk was too great, after all."

Carew, silent, leaned against the rail.

"But there's little danger for us fellows if we stay by the construction work."

Carew a little hoarsely laughed out, a boy's laugh, defiant, utterly content. The world was his, and the love of life, and the pride in his nation, and the royal will to win, all given back to him by his own child's hand. "I'm not going to stay behind with the construction gangs. But I'm not going to get killed. I'm coming back to America, when the job's done. Because—I've got something now to come back for."

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## THE PRICE O' DREAMS

By Alice Rollit Coe

WE dream; and the mounting vision,  
Freed from the reek and stain  
Of sin-bound cities, is lifted  
To skies that are clear again—  
Homes redeemed from the spoiler,  
The child at his happy play;  
But for every dream we win to fact,  
With blood and with tears we pay.

There kindled a dream of freedom,  
It burned with a holy flame;  
When, slowly, with lips that trembled,  
We spelled out that awful name,  
Down in the dust of the battle  
Our best—our dearest, lay.  
We dream, and the dreams come true at last,  
But we pay, we pay, we pay.





Bokhara. Leaving the mosque.

## SAMARKAND

By Nikolaki P. Zarokilli \*

**F**ORTY years ago the unfurling of the green flag at Constantinople would have seen all Mohammedans, from Algiers to the confines of Asia, rise in a body against the infidel; but to-day conditions have changed. When the Sheikh, Ul Islam, called out the believers in the name of Allah, the world turned anxious eyes toward India and Central Asia, but in spite of their coreligionists in Turkey and much to the disappointment of Germany, who underestimated the work of Russia and England in the Orient, the Mohammedans of mysterious Asia cast their lot with the armies struggling for liberty and civilization and contributed their quota to the cause of humanity.

Of all the cities of Central Asia, Marakanda, as the Greeks called Samarkand, in Turkestan, has been the most important at practically all times. Upon this city and Bokhara for ages the covetous eyes of the various Khans, Khakans, or

Amirs have been focussed, and as the waves of invasions came from east or west, north or south, these two cities suffered partial or total destruction.

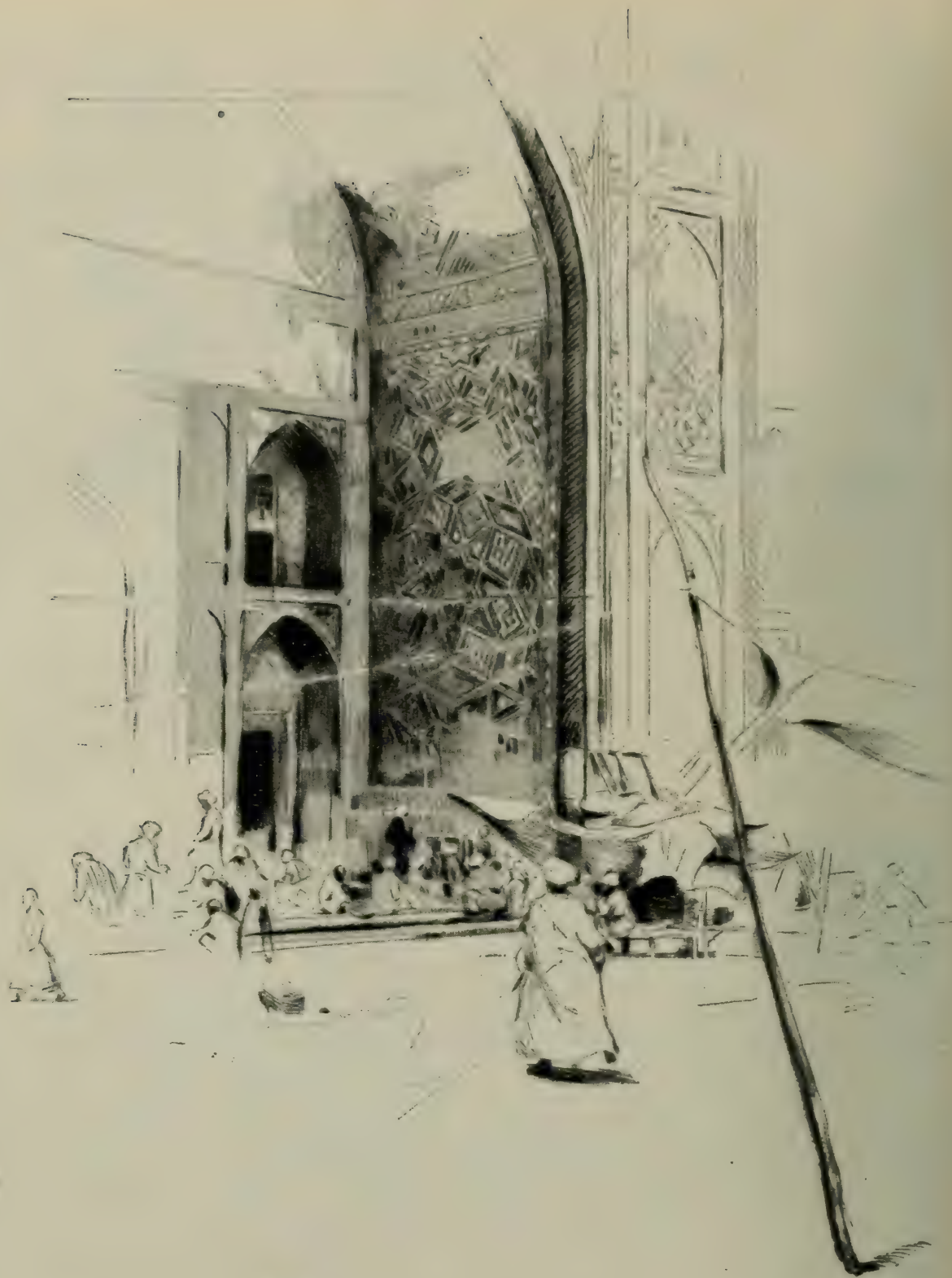
Under Timour Samarkand became the capital of his vast empire and was the centre of Asia and the Mohammedan world. This ruler was responsible for most of its monuments, which have survived to the present day, and which may be justly acclaimed as the masterpieces of Islam. To Samarkand he sent architects, scientists, and artisans from conquered cities, and his army, when not engaged in war, he used for building.

Conditions in Bokhara and Samarkand, once the greatest slave-markets of Asia, where at times a slave could be bought for about twenty-five cents, the same price as that of a measure of grain, so improved under Russian control that these cities are as safe to visit and inhabit as were Moscow or Petrograd before the war.

The town of Bokhara is to-day exactly as it was in the days of Timour. The streets, the shops, the habits breathe mediaevalism. Samarkand abounds in

\*The etcher, and author of these notes, Mr. Nikolaki P. Zarokilli, is a Greek, a native of Trebizond, who for the greater part of his life has been a resident of Asia.





Samarkand. Main entrance of one of the three Medressés of the Reghistan.









Bokhara. Street scene.





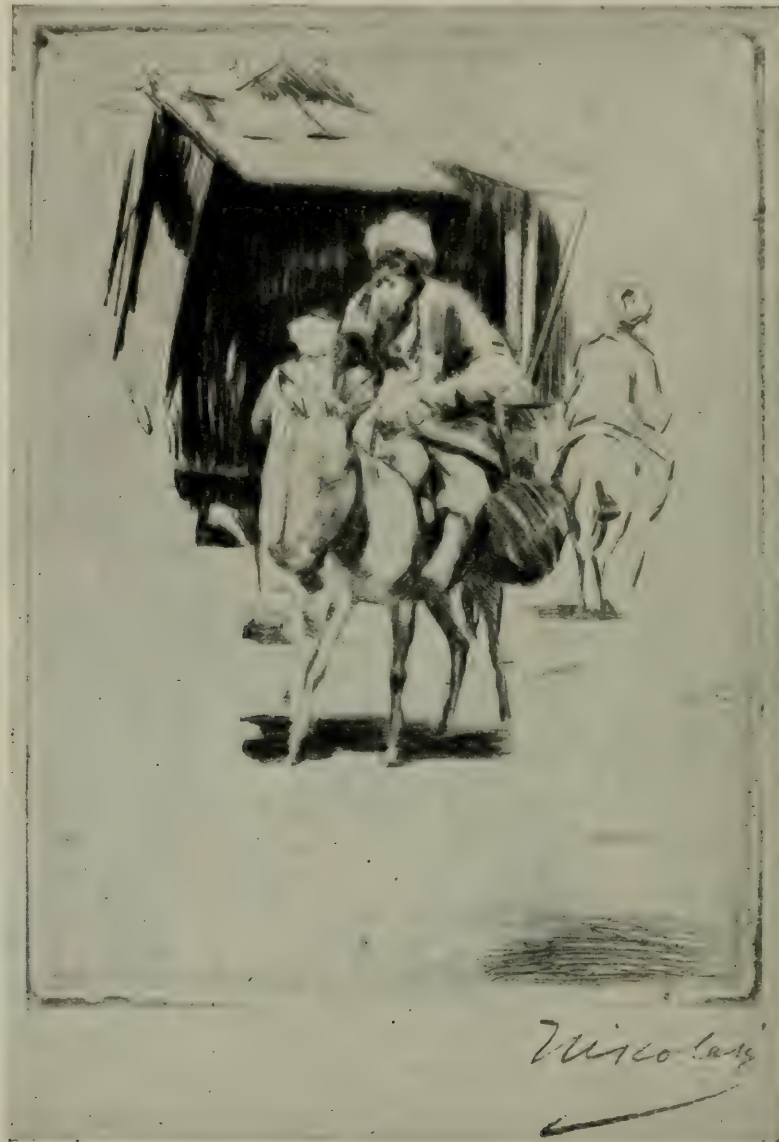
Samarkand. Medressé court.



Oriental interest. Particularly imposing is the scene of the Reghistan and its three monumental Medressés (colleges). Their façades, covered with beautiful multi-colored tiles of blue, green, and yellow, discreetly relieved by a little black, set a fitting background to the small shops under white or striped tents, where the

white turbans. Their nonchalant movements, as they walk in the hot sun of Asia or sit in the purple shadows of their tents, crouched on benches lazily conversing, all go to make a picture that cannot be forgotten.

These Asiatics are gradually becoming occidentalized, and fanaticism is slowly



Bokhara. Returning from the fair.

merchants are displaying their wares. The fruit-seller's yellow melons individually harnessed and hanging from horizontal poles (in which state this wonderfully fragrant fruit is supposed to keep for a whole year) remind one of Japanese lanterns. The whole place teems with stately sartes, Jadjuks, Oezbecs, or Daghis in their striped khalates of vivid colors and embroidered topis (bonnets) or

giving way to reason. That this fanaticism has been coincident with gross ignorance the following incidents will show:

In the war of the Daghestans against Russia, Shamil, the Daghestan leader, carried off many nobles during a raid. Negotiations were opened for an exchange of prisoners, and an ambassador despatched to Shamil to offer one million rubles for the prisoners. The Daghi chief-



tain, whose knowledge of arithmetic was rather meagre, persisted that fifteen thousand rubles and not a kopeck less would he accept. Needless to say, this offer was readily accepted by the Russians.

I recall another instance of the prevailing ignorance, when about thirty years ago a notorious bandit was captured and brought to Trebizond, where he was sentenced to death. Upon hearing the verdict the criminal protested, claiming that he should be set up in a palace with forty servants and enough gold to live happily ever after, for while he murdered a few human beings he also killed the devil—or, at least, one devil! He went on to explain that when on a certain highway at dusk he saw the devil speeding in the direction of a village, he killed him and put him in a cave, the entrance of which he closed with a huge rock. The credulous governor sent him with a few soldiers to the spot, and they brought back the re-

mains of Satan—a human skeleton and a rusty bicycle. This is the sinister history of the first American who ventured on a bicycle into that country.

The delicate task of handling fanatic Orientals, who would sooner give their lives than be contaminated by Occidental culture, has been handled very masterfully by the Russians. The people of Turkestan felt that while they were not disturbed in their religion, habits, and customs, they were well guarded by a powerful neighbor, and apprehensive at first, they soon became reconciled to the new system; the success of this system was made evident in the Great War, when there were, to my knowledge, thousands of examples of Central Asiatics who not only joined the Russian army and society, but remained loyal to them to the end, even when the test of their loyalty meant an expedition against their own kind.

## PLACES

By Sara Teasdale

PLACES I love come back to me like music,  
Hush me and heal me when I am very tired;  
I see the oak woods at Saxton's flaming  
In a flare of crimson by the frost newly fired,  
And I am thirsty for the spring in the valley  
As for a kiss ungiven and long desired.

I know a white world of snowy hills at Boonton,  
A blue and white dazzling light on everything one sees,  
The larches and hemlocks and maples sparkle,  
Their ice-sheathed branches tinkle in the sharp thin breeze,  
And iridescent crystals fall and crackle on the snow-crust  
With the winter sun drawing cold blue shadows from the trees.

Violet now, in veil on veil of evening,  
The hills across from Cromwell grow dreamy and far;  
A wood-thrush is singing soft as a viol  
In the heart of the hollow where the dark pools are;  
The primrose has opened her pale yellow flowers  
And heaven is lighting star after star.

Places I love come back to me like music—  
Mid-ocean, midnight, the waves buzz drowsily;  
In the ship's deep churning the eerie phosphorescence  
Seems like souls of people who were drowned at sea;  
And I can hear a man's voice, speaking, hushed, insistent,  
At midnight, in mid-ocean, hour on hour to me.



# PEACE BY PUBLICITY

BY DAVID LAWRENCE



WE were sitting in an upper-story suite in a Paris hotel, a half-dozen American newspaper correspondents and a European premier, having a heart-to-heart talk—most of it not for publication—which meant things were discussed as they were and not as they might be permitted to appear in the daily news. Suddenly one of our number asked: "What do you really think of a league of nations? Will there ever be one—and, in your opinion, will it work?"

"There *will* be a league of nations and it will be a success if"—and here he paused to emphasize his answer—"if the United States becomes a member of it."

We knew by his manner he had not said this merely to please us—he was not given to flattery, and, besides, we were talking candidly about people and issues. His next remark was proof both of earnestness and sincerity.

"You see," he added, "after all, you come from the only disinterested nation; we—all of us in Europe—have some special interest. You have none. Yours is a mediating influence. So long as you exercise it the cause of peace will be advanced."

Not many days later several hundred correspondents from the Allied countries gathered at a sumptuous palace in Paris which had been set aside by the French Government for an international press club. The usual speeches of compliment were passed. Next to me sat the editor of perhaps the most independent of the French newspapers.

"How many American correspondents are in Paris?" he inquired.

"About one hundred and fifty," I replied. "Is that too many?"

"No," he said, "there never can be too many. The more eyes we have—American eyes, especially—the more we shall know of the peace-making, the more the people shall know. You in America

believe in publicity. Your people can set the pace for the whole conference."

I mention these two conversations—the one with a European premier and the other with a leading European journalist—simply to illustrate the attitude of expectancy with which Europe received America at the peace conference. As for America's mediating influence in making a just treaty of peace or an effective league of nations, that cannot be assessed at this writing. As for the influence which the United States exerted and applied to make the conference of 1919 unlike any other in the world's history—an assembly of people's representatives—that is already measurable. For the whole course of the conference—so far as the public's knowledge of what was going on therein was concerned—was shaped by the President of the United States and a press delegation whose innocence of continental news methods was a virtue and whose mandate from their many editors to find out what was happening and cable it *ad lib* across the Atlantic was as scrupulously cherished as if given directly by the American people whom they sought to serve.

Their experience at the outset affords an insight into the workings of the peace conference; indeed, the skirmish over the method by which the public was to be advised of the debates and conclusions reached had as much to do with the final decision on procedure and organization as any other factor of outside opinion at Paris.

There ever will be controversy, no doubt, as to how much the public was permitted to know, as to what interference or restraint grew out of the potential censorship in Paris, but if we start from the axiom that instrumentalities for making peace are no more perfect than instrumentalities for waging war, we can inspect the affairs of the conference impartially and make allowances for the fact that nothing like it ever had happened before



and that results were largely evolutionary—they had to take form on the spot without rule or precedent. If, for example, public opinion of the world had insisted that all the conferences be held on the public square in full view of the multitudes, they would have been so held. Because public opinion recognized some restraint as necessary, some privacy for discussion, so that views might be aired without requiring the principals always to pick and choose words that would not offend or rile political constituencies—because public opinion wanted the Paris conference to reach conclusions as quickly as possible and with the minimum amount of debate—the methods called for partial secrecy and partial publicity. It was the proportion of each that caused differences of opinion and many an irritable moment, but what most of the principals failed to realize was that it did not matter how many rules were adopted or how many restraints were imposed—it was literally impossible to keep a secret long at the Paris peace conference. There were too many reporters present, too many eyes watching. And behind each pair of eyes was the power to reach a mass of readers. Cables might be congested, delayed, interrupted, but wireless was available, and always the mails. And if any one had attempted to censor news at Paris, there was England near by—from London would go forth to the world the news of the peace conference. It would have been impossible to manage the Paris meeting on any other basis than it was, no matter how stringent the rules.

All the more reason why the fight for an open peace conference and the way in which the question was finally resolved has an intimate relation with the diplomacy of the future. It marks an epoch in international intercourse—the end of the old style of peace-making which prevailed at the Congress of Vienna a hundred years ago, when peoples knew very little of the proceedings and practically nothing of the great forces that lay behind the agreements that were reached. Just a handful of men made that peace treaty, as they had many another. True, a handful of men have been guiding the conference at Paris, but they derived their power from their sense of the public wish, their divina-

tion of the popular will. In other words, they were able to dominate because some of them were ready at any time to have the things they were saying thrown open to public debate, to the ears of the world. They did not always make public their views, but they acquired potential strength in the knowledge that they could often rally peoples, indeed world opinion, behind them by a simple statement of the proposals they were championing.

Frequently extreme suggestions were made. In any gathering of national spokesmen the political personality will be found. Always there will be those who feel they can gain favor with a large or influential following in their own countries by proposing an extension of territory or an acquisition of resources for the exploitation of their own nationals. How were influences like these curbed? Publicity—with all its subtle turns—better known, perhaps, in the parlance of newspaper writers as “leaks”—these were means of protection. Many a troublesome proposal was squelched at the outset by being made public. Anything that could not stand exposure to the air of public opinion was promptly dropped by its proponents—dropped when the public learned of it, and usually somebody made it his business to acquaint the public through newspaper correspondents. Thus the great number of press correspondents performed a function at the peace conference the true value of which may only appear in retrospect to those who were intimately identified with the happenings at Paris.

The story reverts in the telling to the happy November days of 1918 when the first armistice had been signed with the Germans, and the Allied diplomats in Paris were trying to reach an agreement on the place where the great peace conference should be held. The Belgians naturally urged Brussels. Premier Lloyd George wanted Geneva or Berne, and some of the Italians were inclined to agree with him. Colonel House was non-committal. Premier Clemenceau appealed for his vote in favor of Paris because it had been the centre of the Allied struggle. It was eminently fitting, he argued, that Paris should witness the closing scenes of



the peace. What more striking lesson to the Germans than a peace treaty signed at Versailles where but a half-century before the Teuton had so arrogantly imposed his will on vanquished France?

"We will agree to Paris," said Colonel House, "on one condition——"

"Name it," said Premier Clemenceau eagerly, "and it shall be satisfied."

"That a status of neutral territory be reproduced for the purpose of the conference," remarked the American representative, "and that censorship of all press messages relating to the peace conference shall be abolished."

"Agreed," answered the aged executive of the French Government. The combination of Colonel House and Premier Clemenceau forthwith won the British prime minister and the Italian premier. So the palace at Versailles where the supreme war council had sat throughout war became the meeting-place for the great council of peace.

It was on the strength of the above conversation that President Wilson announced to the Congress of the United States in December that the censorship out of Paris had been lifted, and with that understanding in mind the American correspondents went to the peace conference. The American mission said frankly that evidence of any contravention of this pledge would be viewed as the vital business of the mission. Technical difficulties there were at first—it was hard to abolish a war censorship quickly. Telegraph-operators would not send messages unless they had a censor's stamp, so accustomed was the whole government machinery to official approval of press despatches. The French Government maintained its censors at the telegraph-office to distinguish between messages relating to the peace conference and those describing internal affairs, of a military nature unrelated to the conference. Thus on the occasion of a reported mutiny at Brest of French troops who were supposed to have refused pointblank to go to Russia, the French censors stopped all despatches relating to the incident as not within the limits of political correspondence or peace-conference occurrences. Similarly the American army censors were stationed at the cable-office

to stop any unauthorized despatches referring to movements of American troops or articles relating to the morale of the American army. There were very few cases of direct interference with any kind of press messages, and while articles labelled "peace conference" and referring plainly to international politics may have suffered inexplicable delays occasionally, they got through to destination intact.

So much, therefore, for the restraint upon the correspondents. Both the governments of Great Britain and France carried out their pledged word to the United States Government, and the attainment of an open line of communication to the American people was a distinct fulfilment of the promise given by the President to Congress.

But it was apparent to most of us on arrival in Paris that the lifting of the censorship at the cable-office was valueless if another censorship—many times as important—were voluntarily imposed by the principals upon themselves. The point arose at one of the very first meetings of the famous Council of Ten, consisting of two representatives of France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and the United States. The suggestion was made that publicity of all proceedings should be limited to an official *communiqué* daily. Both President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George thought this would be insufficient and unsatisfactory to the press and the people generally. Moreover, it was proposed by the French that the principals should agree not to discuss with the press what occurred in their conferences. Against both these rulings the Americans and British protested, and the meeting ended without a definite decision on the subject.

That night—in fact, within an hour of the adjournment of the Council of Ten's meeting—an interesting thing occurred. Sir George Riddell, intimate friend of Mr. Lloyd George and official representative of the whole British press, summoned the English correspondents and told them what had occurred, with the immediate result that resolutions of protest were formulated for presentation to the peace council on the following day. Sir George Riddell telephoned to the American correspondents what the British newspaper



men were doing, and promptly a meeting of the American writers was called wherein a similar protest was adopted unanimously. True enough, neither the British nor American correspondents needed any inspiration or hint, but plainly their action was exactly what President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George wished. They voiced a protest on behalf of their respective constituencies—the British and American peoples. The French, Italian, and Japanese delegates had seemed willing to adopt a rule which would suppress knowledge of the council's proceedings beyond the official *communiqué*, but the British and American spokesmen, armed with protests from the press of their countries, checkmated the effort. It took some plain talking to persuade their colleagues of the dangers involved. Finally, it was unanimously agreed that the press of all the Allied countries should be invited to present a formula of publicity for the peace conference. Several hundred correspondents representing newspapers in the United States, Canada, Latin America, China and Japan, Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Serbia, and Greece, gathered at the international press club in Paris. The American correspondents held a caucus just before the big meeting and adopted a set of resolutions demanding admission to the peace conference and a verbatim account of proceedings. The newspaper men of the different nationalities expressed their views and a committee of fifteen was then appointed with plenary powers to return an answer to the peace conference. The British, Italian, and American correspondents on the committee found themselves in agreement, but the French vigorously opposed what they regarded as excessive publicity. They argued in much the same way that the French delegates had argued in opposition to the ideas of President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George. So after an all-night discussion, majority and minority reports were presented. The American correspondents had refused to compromise in any sense on the principle of full publicity, and the British and Italian press representatives were unwilling to adopt the extreme position in favor of suppression which the Frenchmen had championed. Two days

later many French newspaper writers held a meeting, at which they declared the spokesmen at the interallied conference to have been selected by the French Foreign Office and in no sense representative of the French press, which, they added, had no hesitancy in aligning itself with the liberal position adopted by the British, American, and Italian writers. But it was too late. The Council of Ten had adopted a compromise proposal written by Premier Lloyd George in collaboration with President Wilson. That proposal provided for the admission of the press to the plenary sessions, where all delegates were present and the final conclusions of the several committees were presented, but declared that privacy must necessarily prevail at the meetings of the Council of Ten, which, it was averred, were analogous to those of a cabinet. Indeed, it is gratifying to record that President Wilson was ready to agree to the presence in *all* conferences, however informal, of ten correspondents representing all the Allied nations. These men were to hear everything, secret, private, or confidential, that might be said informally, formally, or otherwise. They were to agree in advance, however, to publish nothing except those subjects on which a mutual agreement between the delegates and the ten press representatives would be reached as to the facts and discussions to be revealed. This would have given the peace conference the benefit of the disinterested judgment of newspaper men as to what the people of the world would like to know and, at the same time, would have protected the conference against publicity on questions admittedly so complicated as to cause friction between nations if published in piecemeal and without an adequate presentation of all sides. But while the President's proposal was a tribute to the integrity of the press as he viewed it and a record of his willingness to have somebody besides government officials listen to every word spoken, the suggestion was rejected as impracticable. For one thing, it is doubtful whether in these days of news competition an agreement could have been reached in all countries on the choice of ten men who should be given the enviable privilege of listening to all the private and in-



formal discussions at the peace conference.

So the peace conference admitted the press to the plenary sessions, which all delegates attended, and limited their own expression of what occurred in the private conferences of the Council of Ten to a daily *communiqué* stating briefly the progress or result reached.

But the American newspaper men—being newspaper men and not diplomats or officials—felt it incumbent upon themselves to go on record as against acceptance of any restriction. They would not take the responsibility for any secrecy or suppression. The official delegates to the peace conference might do that, but the majority of correspondents, while individually sympathizing with the decision as finally announced because it seemed the only workable way to get results quickly, nevertheless adopted resolutions of dissent. They felt this necessary to warn the delegations against too much secrecy in the proceedings of the Council of Ten and to minimize the number of so-called executive private sessions of the full conference of delegates.

As to what happened to the rule that the principals in the Council of Ten should not communicate with newspaper men on the subjects of their discussion, nobody was able at the time to learn. Certainly, it became a dead letter as the peace conference developed. In fact, M. Pichon, the French foreign minister, soon afterward instituted a regular conference with the press representatives of all countries on Sunday mornings. Premier Lloyd George met the British correspondents regularly, and Foreign Secretary Balfour received both the American and British writers. Colonel House and Mr. Lansing occasionally gave audience to the British newspaper men, and altogether the contact between the reporters and the delegates became very useful. Whenever large groups of correspondents were invited by the different principals at the peace conference, an important announcement was forthcoming or an explanation of some point in the policy of the interested country. Conferences became so numerous that newspaper men frequently found four or five scheduled for the same day, which led one of the Amer-

ican correspondents to remark that whenever anybody wanted anything printed or exploited, there were plenty of conferences, but when a conflict in view or friction occurred—in other words, when what was termed as “real news” was in the air—reticence was the order and silence the mandate.

But this did not last long—an edition or two might be missed but at the end of a few days of persistent investigation, the truth would be discovered. No rule forbidding discussion of the various points of view expressed within the Council of Ten could be effective so long as it was to the interest of some delegate or some delegations to make such view-points public. Nobody professed to know how the newspaper men got hold of inside “secrets” on such occasions, and not infrequently the members of the Council of Ten would look accusingly at one another as they resumed their sessions with big head-lines staring them in the face telling the world exactly what had been discussed in the morning or on the night before.

Old-fashioned diplomacy was impossible in such an atmosphere. Even gentlemen's agreements to withhold certain questions from the press could not be observed, however willing or anxious may have been the principals to do so. Secrets could not be kept with so many people acquainted with them and with no censorship to restrain their despatch on the cables or telegraph. Too many individuals knew these “secrets.” Every mission at Paris had a personnel of several hundred. The correspondents of the several countries knew these men intimately. Some one remarked in Paris recently that the easiest way to get something printed in a hurry was to mark it “secret and confidential” and distribute it through the different delegations at the peace conference.

Thus the principals discussed peace with a consciousness that they were being watched. The eyes and ears of hundreds of alert correspondents were on guard. Out of this self-consciousness on the part of the delegates grew a tendency to try out various proposals on informal and social occasions. “Feelers” were tossed from one delegation to another. President Wilson, for example, was invited to



lunch with the members of the French Senate. The President of the French Senate sat beside him and devoted much of his conversation to the necessity for pooling the cost of the war so that the United States might conceivably bear a proportionate share of the financial burden, even though she had not been a belligerent during the first two years. The President received the suggestion rather coldly. Certainly, no correspondents were eavesdropping. Also the President is not in the habit of repeating conversations he hears at tables where he may be a guest. But the best of plans sometimes go awry, and more than one person knew of the carefully laid scheme to have the subject broached to Mr. Wilson on the occasion of that luncheon. Subsequently the French dropped the whole idea. There is, indeed, no record now that they ever formally proposed that America pay for two years of the European War in which she did not participate. Premature publicity either killed the idea or satisfied the French that they could not afford to make such a proposal and stand the consequences of a public refusal on the part of her allies.

There were many such instances in which the possibilities of publicity lurked ominously. Secret combinations to vote for or against certain territorial cessions were frequently talked of, but the danger in trying to make a trade was the ever-present, one might say pestiferous, corps of correspondents. They might find out, and then all that was sought might be lost. Secret agreements of an informal character between individual statesmen at the conference were by no means impossible, but they were rendered difficult by the presence of the press. It was not merely that a delegation advancing an imperialistic or selfish claim might be held up to the scorn of other countries, but that opposition political elements could make political capital out of departures from the generally accepted principles of equity and attack the party in power. In other words, the press watched not simply for the peoples of the world but for the different domestic political factions of each country. Because while the United States has been concerning itself chiefly with the speeches of Democratic

or Republican senators in opposition to President Wilson's programme, much more vital to the European peace delegations was the activity of the opposition parties in the different parliaments in Europe. Opposition forces in the United States could not unseat the President because of his fixed tenure, but elsewhere, if given a popular cause, could overthrow a premier and his cabinet and bring about a change in the personnel of a peace delegation.

Naturally, this led to the closest intimacy between certain delegates and the representatives of those newspapers which at home were outspokenly in support of the government party, while correspondents of so-called "opposition" newspapers preserved an attitude of critical aloofness. These alignments proved a most vital factor in securing dispassionate accounts of the proceedings. If, for example, the correspondent of a newspaper known to be unfriendly to Premier Lloyd George showed in detail how the prime minister had brought about a compromise over a delicate point, the English-reading public would not hesitate to credit Mr. Lloyd George with a signal achievement. On the other hand, any attempt to prove that the British prime minister had adopted an attitude favorable to the interests of Great Britain when, to the eyes of the disinterested correspondent, he had not championed the particular principle in question with an ardor sufficiently conclusive to all observers, would invariably form the basis for opposition criticism. It was the same in every country, and the correspondents representing publications, daily, weekly, monthly, of all shades of political opinion, acted in a sense as a check on one another. Frequently their debates among themselves furnished as heated controversies as the arguments of the principals. On questions of fact there were rarely disagreements—these could usually be resolved by individual verification. But on the interpretations of fact many a divergence of opinion occurred, which accounted to some extent for the differences in the daily cable despatches. Many great newspapers for that reason secured the services of several correspondents and printed various versions of the same happening—in order



that their readers might make up their own minds based upon all the information available on the spot.

Only in a few cases—and, fortunately, most of these were not American—did it seem that delegations were able to color the reports in ways to which individual correspondents might have objected if the proprietors of their newspapers had not been politically affiliated with the peace missions of their respective countries. There were two or three instances in which governments obviously used certain editorial writers as a medium for the expression of ideas which it would not have been discreet for them to mention in the peace conference itself. This sort of subtle attack often touched proposals which a delegation might be anxious to oppose but which it might not feel disposed to criticise because of possible ill-feeling that might be created or because an atmosphere unfavorable to another problem under discussion might be produced. Thus an “inspired press” was sometimes used for affirmative as well as negative purposes—to convince public opinion of the merit of a claim or to condemn it by ridicule or an appeal to passions of nationality. These manoeuvres were among the most vital of the whole peace conference, and it was not unusual to find President Wilson wondering at the origin of certain attacks in a French or British newspaper, and at the same time analyzing their contents because of the hint or trend of future policy contained therein.

All the peace delegations read newspapers with avidity. Moreover, the American mission received every day a cabled summary of what the newspapers of the United States said editorially—a pro and con assortment. Also the American delegates were apprised by telegraph or wireless daily of what was being said in the leading editorials in Switzerland, Holland, Spain, and the Scandinavian countries, as well as in the newspapers of China, Japan, and Latin America. Protests from the people were bound to be heard that way. It is no reflection on previous conferences in world history to say that no meeting of diplomats followed public opinion as closely as did the gathering at Paris this year. Facilities for such a

study of world opinion were not available a hundred years ago. Cables, telegraph, wireless have brought peoples together only in recent years, and means of news communication have been particularly advanced by the Great War. But the facilities themselves would have been of little consequence if the delegations had not felt inclined to use them—to keep abreast of public opinion. No doubt the precedent established at the preliminary sessions in Paris of the league of victors will become the basis for action at the future meetings of the league of nations, or the international secretariat which is designed as a clearing-house for the foreign affairs of all nations. Notes, petitions, protests, and representations of every sort will come to the seat of the league of nations. Publicity will be the important factor behind them all. If they can be pigeonholed, they will avail little to the cause of international reconciliation. But at the Paris conference few communications escaped the eye of the press. Even the informal conversations were more or less comprehensively reported. Many of these were not considered “interesting” from the view-point of correspondents in America, as they concerned territorial difficulties purely local to the nationalities affected. Only when broad principles were affected did the American writers feel it worth while to cable accounts thereof to American readers. And virtually the same principle was followed by the correspondents from other countries. On the whole, much of what was actually said in the conferences at Paris has been covered in the news despatches—the arguments for or against the proposals before the conference have in the main been published, however obscure the persons who stood sponsor for these arguments have preferred to remain. None of the principals cared to have himself projected as dictating to his colleagues or as “winning victories” or “scoring points” over his fellow delegates. These were among the inevitable costs of publicity—the appeal to personal jealousies and vanities and national pride. But much of this was offset by the attitude of those who phrased their articles with discretion and tact and with a sincere purpose to advance and not obstruct the cause of



peace. The disadvantages of publicity were insignificant compared to the advantages.

The armistice ending the greatest war in all history was made by publicity—open covenants, openly arrived at. Notes were exchanged by the belligerents and published as soon as formally sent. And to any one who has watched the process by which conflicting national desires have

been reconciled in Paris by statesmen whose peoples bade them thrust aside petty jealousies and personal politics in the greater interest of humanity, there can be no doubt that diplomacy has undergone its greatest test—it has been carried on under the eyes of the people. Peace will have been made in 1919 by publicity, and peace will be kept by publicity.

## ARTILLERY IN A QUIET SECTOR

By Henry L. Stimson

Late Colonel, Field-Artillery, U. S. A.

“**T**HIS division believes that this is an artillery war. We believe that, given a thorough artillery preparation, good infantry can advance and take any German position up to the limit of the range of the guns. When that range is reached the infantry must stop and a new artillery preparation be begun.”

The speaker was the commander of one of the most famous British attack divisions, giving me a résumé of his tactics at the close of my first day of war in January, 1918. We were sitting in his hut in one of the ruined villages of Picardy. A few thousand yards in front of us lay the ridge over whose summit peeped the spires of Cambrai and along which ran the mass of wire and intrenchments of the Hindenburg line. Even then on the other side of that ridge German divisions were practising for the effort which was seriously to modify the general's tactics as thus laid down and to prove that under certain conditions infantry could push forward without waiting for a new artillery preparation. But in spite of this the essence of his statement remained true through all the varying fortunes of the coming months. The war remained an artillery war to the end of the chapter.

The two new weapons of the defense, barbed wire and the machine gun, had completely changed the terrain for attacking troops. Human beings, whether

mounted or dismounted, while struggling with the obstruction of the one could be almost instantly destroyed by the concentrated power of the other; and artillery, until almost the close of the war, was the only weapon which could beat down the one and search out and destroy the other. Even the tank, when it appeared on the scene to supplement and assist the artillery of the attack, only served to create a new demand for artillery on the defense. The very same division, in whose camp I was sitting, participated in the surprise attack on Cambrai in November, 1917, following behind the first tanks used in that way, and its assault was stopped for an entire day by the prompt courage of a single German artillery officer who pulled his guns into the open and potted the British tanks as, one by one, they loomed over the sky-line in front of him.

So when we came into the war it was of essential importance that we should create artillery. At that time the United States Army contained only 459 field-artillery officers, many of them with but a few months' training. At the end of a year and a half it contained nearly 25,000 field-artillery officers, many of them experienced veterans. At the beginning of the war we had only 11,000 enlisted men in the field-artillery. At the close of the war we had 400,000. These figures give only a suggestion of the size of our task, for they give no measure of the skill and



training required to produce an artilleryman, whether officer or man.

Fortunately, the traditions and methods of our American artillery were good. They had been developed for an entirely different country than Europe, a rough frontier country largely without maps or reference points, and our technic lacked the precision necessary for trench warfare. But the initiative and spirit of devotion to the service were high, and some of our best regular artillery officers, with a superb spirit of personal subordination, devoted themselves to the work of developing in America the necessary schools and training-camps at the cost of their own participation in the conflict.

Fortunately, also, we had for our foreign instructors the best field-artillerists in the world, those of the French Army, and American officers can never overpraise the generosity with which French experience was laid at our feet or the patient intelligence with which we were initiated into the mysteries of the technic which France for many years had been developing. There is a wide-spread notion among laymen that the secret of French artillery success is contained in the famous *soixante-quinze*—the French light field-piece. This is a very imperfect conception. The French 75 is a good gun; all things considered, perhaps the best of the various light field-pieces used by the different armies on either side of the western battle-line, but its superiority is not excessive or controlling. What gave it its superiority was the technical skill of the French artillery officer developed under a remarkable system of mechanical aids and mathematical instruction, all standardized according to the French passion for uniformity and system, until it had reached a level beyond that attained by any other nation. France had been measured and mapped until it was like a great artillery-range. Reference points and base points had been identified and marked. A system of precision fire, based upon the physical laws of dispersion, had been developed; methods for correcting errors caused by varying temperature, barometer, or wind had been evolved, and the French artilleryman had been trained to apply and use these with the same rapidity and accuracy with

which the skilful musician plays his instrument. And they had all been trained alike. There were none of the individual idiosyncrasies which we so often find in American artists, whether in war or civil life. An American regiment when transferred from one French instructor to another, would always find the same doctrine and the same art.

In the changing tactics of the four years' struggle on the western front this exquisite technic of the French field-artillerist held from time to time a somewhat changed position, but it was always an important one. Heavy howitzers and longer-range guns were developed and took their places behind. Trench mortars, tanks, and machine guns multiplied in front. The *soixante-quinze* remained, *par excellence*, the weapon which protected the infantryman, and wherever it was put, the Frenchman's ability to handle his weapon quickly, intelligently, and accurately was responsible for saving many thousands of precious lives. During the grim struggle of the last year, when the long, thin line was being hammered remorselessly, now here, now there, by the Boche battering-ram, the defensive barrage and the even more effective counter-offensive of the French light artillery was perhaps the main prop by which that line was held until the accumulating American tide made possible the final counter-stroke.

One of my battery captains was fortunate enough to see the first repulse of the Germans at Belleau Wood, and his account was dramatic. He had been sent forward on liaison duty, and reached his post at the infantry-battalion headquarters just as the attack began. From his observation-post in the attic of an old French farmhouse his view ranged over the broad meadows sloping down across the stream and up the opposite hill to the borders of the woods. Along the valley in front of him ran the thin American line behind such hasty shelter as could be found for the emergency. Just as he took his position the gray waves of assaulting German infantry emerged from the woods in apparently endless succession. They came on through the grain-fields, unchecked by the gaps made by the rifles and machine guns of the marines, but



suddenly, just as it seemed certain they would reach their objective, down upon them came the barrage of the French artillery. It was one of those perfect barrages where range and correction and adjustment have all worked together accurately, and it swept the grain-field from side to side with a cloud of high-explosive smoke, as the sirocco sweeps the desert. When it lifted, the attack had ceased. Nothing living moved in the foreground. All that was left of the assault had been swept back into the shelter of the woods.

When our own regiment reached the front it was in July, 1918. Nearly a year had passed since its organization and since the first raw recruits of the draft army had made their way from the railroad-station into the still unfinished barracks of the training-camp, sprouting up like mushrooms among the scrub-oaks of Long Island. The officers of the regiment had been at work even longer, nearly fifteen months. Under the intensive training system put into effect by our military authorities the pressure had been incessant during that period. First had come the keen competition of the officers' camp, then the long grind of drill and school at the cantonment through the weary months of the winter, and finally a third period, the most severe of all, at the French artillery-camp, where, day after day, on the target-range, on the drill-ground, and in the lecture-room, men and officers were welded together into a shooting machine by our French and American instructors. The news of German victories coming from the front had shortened our course and increased the pressure. We began shooting at seven in the morning and a steady round of instruction continued until nearly nine o'clock at night, when men's minds had almost reached the limit of saturation in new ideas and impressions. When at last the long strain was ended and the day came to put into effect the lessons we had so laboriously learned, the first impression upon the officers was one of relief and relaxation. Even the three days' journey across France by troop-train was a welcome change from the pressure under which they had been working.

The sector to which we were sent presented a very different picture from the

wintry, rain-soaked fields of Picardy, where I, who had preceded the division to France by several months, had obtained my first view of the war. It was one of the so-called quiet sectors in Lorraine. The country was rolling and great fields, golden with grain, alternated with the woodland. Behind us ran the valley of the Meuthe, not unlike some of the more beautiful valleys of central and northern New York. At our right began the wooded crests of the Vosges Mountains, and over all sparkled the radiant July sun. For most of us it was a veritable oasis, lying between the long tedium of the past year's preparation and the grim uncertainty of the months that were to come farther north.

Our troop-trains, each loaded with a battery, its men, horses, and vehicles, pulled into the stations in the valley of the Meuthe at intervals of a few hours, and the batteries were hastily unloaded and hurried into the sheltering protection of the great forests which lined the adjacent hills. For the Germans commanded the air, and even the railroad and the towns in the valley of the Meuthe were not free from their aerial bombs and long-range guns.

The infantry of our division, whose period of training had been shorter, had preceded us by several weeks, and up to the time of our arrival were being covered by the groups of French artillery which we were to relieve. Each of our two regiments of light artillery was to cover a sector occupied by one of our infantry brigades, a battalion of artillery covering the subsector of a regiment of infantry. Scattered along the entire divisional line were the heavy howitzers of our third artillery regiment. I commanded the first battalion of our first light regiment, and to me fell the position on the extreme right, part of my sector running through the open country in front of the abandoned city of Badonvillers and the remainder running into the deep forests of the Vosges, where the opposing picket-posts confronted each other in the woods and narrow ravines, and artillery protection to the infantry at best could only be imperfect.

Each day, after their arrival, the officers of a battery would go forward and



reconnoitre their positions under the guidance of the French officers then holding them. During the midnight hours of the succeeding night the guns of the battery would be pulled forward into their places. It had been the original intention, according to the programme of instruction outlined for our army, that the French artillery should then remain for thirty days as our instructors, teaching us the tactics of the sector and acquainting us with our duties in the field. But two days after our first units arrived the never-ending pressure from the north changed all this and our French friends received orders to pull out at once and leave us to our own resources. That made a very interesting situation for novices at the game of war, and when I shook hands with my predecessor and saw him disappear into the darkness of the road that led to the rear and reflected on how much artillery knowledge he was carrying away with him and how little was left behind, I felt much like a Crusoe on a barren island.

Fortunately, the Boche was quiet, my junior officers were keen, intelligent, and indefatigable, and gradually the situation presented its landmarks, and one could grasp and even enjoy it. It was the duty of the artillery-battalion commander to master the tactics of his position, to keep his head above the pressure of details, and to get firmly grasped what must be done in all the possible emergencies of his sector. He must not allow himself to be submerged by the ever-present paper work, or to be prevented by the constant necessity of battery supervision from learning the physical characteristics of his terrain, from getting his observation-posts in the best positions for future usefulness, and, above all, from keeping his head clear to meet the ever-present cunning of the wily Boche. Let him once get submerged in routine and he was lost as a competent group commander.

To make the game more interesting, the American line of defense in that sector had just been changed. The main line of resistance had been drawn back, and this involved radical alterations in the artillery plan of defense. Ordinarily, this permanent plan of defense is worked out beforehand in the careful, detailed

method of the French, and a *dossier* containing map plans and calculations for the various barrages is handed down to each successive artillery commander in the sector. The defense of each sector of the line is planned almost as carefully as the defense of a fortress.

In our case, owing to the change in the infantry line of resistance, new battery positions had to be chosen, new defensive barrages calculated, and new plans of action made to meet the chance that the enemy might force his way through and compel a retirement.

Far out in front of all ran the infantry observation-line. This consisted merely of isolated picket-posts, each containing four or five men situated several hundred yards apart. In front of them and between them and the German line ran our first-line barrage. In case the Germans left their trenches and advanced for attack across "No Man's Land," this first-line barrage was the place where the shells from the American batteries must instantly fall and stop them if possible. Day and night the guns must be trained on this line, and day and night a sentry must stand ready, on receipt of the signal of danger, to fire the first gun and call his fellows to begin the barrage.

In our sector, however, the line which our regiment of infantry held and which we had to cover with our guns was so long and thin—nearly five thousand yards in all—that no single barrage fired by a battalion of artillery could possibly cover it with sufficient density of fire to afford any protection against a determined enemy. Consequently, it was divided into three subsectors, upon either of which the guns of the battalion could be all turned simultaneously. One of these subsectors was carefully selected as the one where, from the character of the land and other known circumstances, any formidable attack must almost necessarily come, and this was called the "normal subsector." Upon it the guns were regularly trained. The two others were subsectors where a serious attack was not deemed so likely, and if a barrage was called for on one of them, the guns must be retrained before the barrage could open, a matter of some minutes.

Perhaps a thousand yards behind this



infantry observation-line lay the line where our infantry were to make their main resistance in case of a big attack. In front of this was to fall the second-line barrage. Naturally, our second-line barrage must not be fired until the artillery commander was certain that the infantry actually had fallen back, otherwise his fire would kill our own men. Finally, there was a third line, beyond which there must be no retirement. Here infantry and artillery alike must fight to the last, and to make effective resistance here the batteries, in case of such a contingency, must be moved from their emplacements and take new positions where they could best assist in this last stand.

These permanent plans must be decided upon and carefully worked out by the artillery command; each detail of procedure down to the separate batteries must be foreseen and provided for, and ranges and deflections for each gun in every contingency carefully worked out. Where a battery must move, its route must be carefully studied out, with a view to protection amid the vicissitudes of battle and its new position prepared. Most important of all, the observation-posts, the very eyes of the commanders, must be selected and means of communication provided, including substitutes which would stand up against a time when all telephone-lines were almost sure to be cut by hostile missiles. We were shooting in a country and at ranges where the variations of temperature, barometer, and wind would influence the flight of our shells from day to day by several hundred yards—an error the importance of which will be appreciated when it is remembered that in some places the opposing lines were less than three hundred yards apart. So-called "corrections of the day," therefore, must be made every few hours according to meteorological data telephoned us from the rear.

But, after all, these elements were merely the skeleton of the day's work, the permanent structure around which the daily game of battle was played. Every day we must harass the enemy, shoot him up wherever he was likely to be vulnerable, sweep his roads with shrapnel, pound his communication-trenches, tickle his sensitive points, and do it all without

giving away our main battery positions. For, in the language of the French adage, "A battery seen is a battery lost." Once let the Germans ascertain the particular spot which concealed any of our precious guns and it was a moral certainty that those guns would play no effective part in defending the infantry on the crucial day when the hostile attack finally came. They would not be destroyed at once, ah, no. After the few telltale shots by which the German guns registered upon their position they would be allowed to lie in fancied security for weeks or even months, but no event of fate would be more certain than that when the final moment came and the German shock-troops lined up behind their trenches for their assault, this assault would be preceded by a torrent of high explosive and gas falling upon the doomed battery which would effectively put it out of the game.

Every day hostile balloons were lining the horizon studying every movement in our area; every day hostile planes were flying over us taking photographs of all beneath them, and every minute hostile sound rangers were lying hidden in the distance to locate the report of an unwary gun and record its exact position. The game of wits involved in meeting and defeating these attempts constituted the joy of war. The patient grind of the past year had merely furnished the mechanics by which this game was to be played. Application of these mechanics was the game, and required fighting wits—the instinct for combat which recognizes the glint in the opponent's eye.

It reminded me of nothing so much as a good grizzly-bear hunt in my younger days. But it required that the same spirit should be inculcated throughout the command. The momentary indiscretion of a single man could destroy the safety of all his fellows; converging paths through the long grass, photographed by a hostile airplane, might betray an ammunition-dump; negligence in keeping fresh the camouflage over the guns, careless passing the sky-line in view of a balloon; any one of numberless errors was sufficient to destroy the labors of weeks. Right there the wit and intelligence of the American soldier showed at its best. You could take him into your confidence and



point out to him the reason, and you could be sure he would see it and act accordingly. I had some of our own planes take photographs of our positions from the air, and after I had passed them around among the men there was no more difficulty in enforcing camouflage discipline.

When it came to defeating the sound rangers more effort was necessary. We selected a "pirate" position out in front where strong emplacements and a good dugout of earlier days offered ample protection, and thither we sent out guns and crews selected by detail every few days to do our harassing fire. The position became perfectly well known to the Boche and was pounded by him at frequent intervals. But to go there became a great lark for our youngsters, as it furnished the main excitement of the sector. The first time it was shelled the lieutenant in command informed me of it by telephone. As there was no need, at that particular moment, for the crews to remain in the position, I directed him to take his men and move out of danger until the bombardment was over. "Oh, but please, sir, we all want to stay and see what happens," was the answer!

Our battalion headquarters offered little ocular evidence of the grimness of war. We were located on the side of a small valley in a thick grove of firs, an outstretching spur of forest from the Vosges Mountains. Below us in the bottom of the valley, through a bright, sunny meadow, ran a mountain-stream. Although dugouts were prepared as a refuge from gas in case of attack, we slept in our shelter-tents above ground. Under the branches of the firs camp-life went on with all the enjoyable surroundings of an outing in the Adirondacks. It took careful search to discover hidden away in the evergreens the stores of ammunition and the emplacements from which projected the slender muzzles of our 75's. A mile away to the left and right fronts respectively lay the other two batteries, and up on a commanding hill to the front was the main battalion observation-post. Every day's duties involved visits to each of them. An artillery commander who is worth his salt must also visit the terrain over which he is shooting, must learn the life of the infantry to which his arm is an auxiliary,

and must gain by personal contact the ability to see the character of his work through their eyes.

In my sector a visit to the front lines meant either a walk through the heavy forests on the right or a dash in a motorcycle over the roads through the open country on the left. These roads were usually shelled from day to day just enough to give the ride interest and excitement. There was one long open stretch in full view of the German observation-posts where my motorcycle driver, a youngster from the East Side, habitually put on full steam to a point that made me often wonder whether I did not prefer the risk of a shell. After we passed Pexonne there would be no traffic on the roads, nothing but a stray infantry soldier moving warily along in the shelter of the screens, and there was always the pleasant uncertainty as to whether some stray German patrol had not pushed its way between our isolated posts, as sometimes happened. Badonvillers, which lay just inside our pickets, was a deserted city. Even the infantry support-posts lay behind it, and as we rattled through its streets the exhaust of the motorcycle seemed distressingly loud, and one pondered whether it was safer to shoot through quickly or to leave the cursed machine behind and walk through in silence. Out on the right, on the other hand, progress was always peaceful. An enchanting air of serenity breathed through the arches of the forest, and one was tempted to go on and on, with nothing to remind you of war. In fact, it was here so difficult to distinguish the lines that there was danger of passing entirely through them, and on one occasion, when I was forward reconnoitring the locality of a raid which we intended to pull off, I accidentally passed between the picket-posts without seeing them, and nearly walked into the German lines. I was with a young French officer, and when we discovered our predicament it was interesting to see the difference in army training. I reached in my holster for my pistol; he reached in his pocket for a grenade. But we were undiscovered and soon hunted up our own picket-posts.

Modern war has preserved little of its glamour, but certainly such glamour as has



survived existed in the quiet sectors and was to be found most often when we came in contact with the officers of our gallant allies. When the artillery of one division relieved that of another in a quiet sector the ceremony called for an exchange of hospitalities. And the hospitality of the French artillery was a constant marvel. They carried far less baggage than we. But within a short time after their solitary little *fourgon* wagon had rumbled up and deposited its modest load, there would be spread out under the pines a delicious repast, admirably served, with cooking of a kind to which the American Army was a stranger.

When I took over the sector the headquarters of my French predecessor were in the town of Pexonne, in the house of the only remaining civilian inhabitant of that town. My predecessor, the gallant Captain N., had come only a few weeks before from the disastrous retreat at Soissons, where he had been obliged to abandon his guns, and had only saved his personnel by creeping *ventre à terre* for two kilometres under a sweeping hail of machine-gun bullets. But his spirit was as undefeated and his courage as dauntless as ever, and in Pexonne, in his own way, he was taking sweet revenge on the Boche. For when the Boche had occupied Pexonne earlier in the war he had committed the unpardonable oversight of failing to discover that the cellar of our civilian host was fully and admirably stocked. Providence must not be thus tempted twice. Consequently, all our conferences over the defense of the sector must needs take place at *déjeuner*, and the *déjeuners* were unusually delicious and fluid in character. At them I discovered that our civilian host and I were both schoolmates of Gifford Pinchot, the one at the Forest School in Nancy, the other at Yale, and it made the world seem smaller than ever. It was hard for the American officer, with his sober Puritan ancestry, at first to reconcile the buoyant gayety of the French officer with the steel-like spirit of invincibility which underlay it. But in this he only represented truly his people. Right here in the sector as I sped down the road to the front with occasional shell-bursts exhibiting their brownish puffs of high explosive on either side, looking out into the fields which bordered

the road, I could see French women and even children calmly going about the task of reaping the wheat that was ripening in those fields. Without heroics and simply as a part of the day's work, they were doing their bit under shell-fire to rescue their beloved France from the Boche.

As night would draw on at battalion headquarters the appearance of war would become a little more real. The last reports would come in from the liaison officer at the infantry posts in front, the batteries would be communicated with, the observation-post visited, and everything made snug for the night. The slumbers of the commander, with his telephone at his ear, were rarely unbroken. Some false alarm or some real one was very apt to come in to be dealt with, as the case might be. Sometimes the Germans would put up a false signal for our barrage, trying to tempt us into a disclosure of our battery positions, and one must listen sharply for the telltale beat of their airplanes overhead trying to spot the flashes of our guns if we were led to reply.

But at last a real call came. Under orders from headquarters in the rear one evening had been spent in the practice of signal drill with rockets, and rockets of various kinds and colors had been emitted from our lines until the Boche must have thought great things were in prospect. I anticipated an uneasy night, and was lying in my blankets with my telephone close at hand. The slender wires running out into the darkness of the forest in front seemed like very frail connections with our fellows. Shortly after midnight a message from the observation-post: "A red rocket has just gone up from the infantry front line." Now a red rocket was the signal for our second-line barrage—the barrage which, if fired prematurely and before our own infantry had fallen back, would mean destruction to them. Fortunately, my visits to the infantry front line had warned me of the danger of wrong signals being given in the excitement of an attack, and I had supplemented the regular rocket code which we received from corps headquarters with private instructions to my batteries that a signal for the second-line barrage was not to be answered without confirmation from me. Nevertheless, the anxiety of the moment



was keen until I had reached my batteries by phone, and found that while the signal had been seen it had not been answered, and that the men were standing to, awaiting further orders. By that time the telephone was clamoring again, and excited voices were heard from infantry advance battalion headquarters: "An attack in force is being made on our front lines; our pickets report the whole German army coming across 'No Man's Land.'" "Where?" "In the Negre sector. Give us a barrage at once."

Now the Negre sector was a front-line subsector over in the woods on the right, where a real attack was unlikely, and where the barrage could be only delivered after relaying the guns. "Are you sure it is not a feint and that the real attack will not come in the normal sector?" "No. Don't argue. Give us the Negre barrage." And at the same moment a messenger dashed in with word that the "blinker"—the supplementary communication—was confirming the call for a barrage. The order was at once given, although with doubt in my heart, and then the minutes were counted while we knew that the men in the distant positions were turning the guns, getting their new bearings on the right. It seemed much longer than it really was, and when finally the first gun boomed out into the darkness the relief from the tension was great. The three batteries had barely settled into a great anvil chorus when again the telephone: "We were mistaken. An attack is now coming in the normal sector. Give us a barrage there." Again the order to change was given, but this reversal was easier than the first change, and the guns swung back to their old positions almost as promptly as a well-trained pack of

hounds will swing in their course, and in a moment the shells were shrieking on their way over Badonvillers. Even in the seclusion of the command-post there is comfort in the roar of one's barrage, and out in the battery positions the relief to the men who had waited through long months of training for such a chance to get at the enemy was great, indeed. With fierce energy the shells were slid in, the lanyards pulled, and the cases snapped out until a rate of speed was attained which I fear considerably exceeded the rate which French instruction had prescribed as the maximum for such occasions. After the ten-minute barrage had been given and then repeated, the guns were slowed down and we listened for further news of the conflict. The rifle-fire out in front had stopped and in a few moments the telephone confirmed the news that the enemy's attack had ceased.

Thus little of the outward drama passes before the eyes of the artillery-group commander while the fight is on. Shut up in his command-post, tied fast to his lines of communication, which concentrate there like the sensory nerves of the human body, he makes a few quick inferences, bases on them an equal number of quick decisions, and leaves the rest to his machine. Thereafter success or failure depends upon that machine—upon the patient care with which it has been constructed and trained, the intelligence and loyalty of his junior officers, and the steadfast accuracy and courage of his men. That these requisite foundations for its future success existed in the case of the men and junior officers of the American artillery, even the modest experiences of a quiet sector were sufficient to demonstrate.







"If your men prefer our cities to your ship . . ."—Page 726.

## THE RETURN

By Harriet Welles

Author of "Anchors Aweigh"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

**T**HE executive officer of the American gunboat paused at the rail and looked thoughtfully toward the nearest shore off which they had just anchored. Between him and the bund—a high stone retaining wall pierced at long intervals by flights of steps to the water—the turbid Yangtze swept violently seaward; the ship tugged at her straining anchor-chains.

The executive was new to the China station as were most of the crew. The ship's doctor was the only veteran aboard, and he, crossing the deck, spied the executive and hastened to join him.

"Yangtze's beginning to tune up for the spring freshets," remarked the doctor casually, and pointed toward a drift-

ing mass of sodden blue linen. "That coolie probably miscalculated the distance between a sampan and the shore," he explained.

The executive glanced more attentively toward the floating lump. "Couldn't he swim? Why didn't some one try to save him?" he asked.

"Uneducated Chinese coolies believe that a man drowns because the river-god wants him; they wouldn't dream of interfering with the river-god's plans!" replied the doctor, answering the second question, and adding: "This is the most dangerous river in the world. There's a treacherous five-knot current always, except in freshet time, when it's seven or eight knots; and the queer tricks played by the undertow, whirlpools, backwater, and eddies are beyond any attempts at



logical explanation. This crew is new to the Yangtze. I think that you should warn them that if any of them fell overboard they'd probably not get the fighting chance of coming to the surface. And we'd be safe in looking for their bodies anywhere except up-stream."

The executive, scenting a joke, cautiously agreed; finding the doctor in earnest he promised to speak to the sailors before a liberty party left the ship.

"But I didn't come to lecture on the whims of currents. I came to ask permission to go ashore," apologized the doctor, adding: "They haven't a surgeon at the mission here, and my uncle, who is in charge, wrote me when he heard that I was coming out for another cruise. He said that there were a number of poor Chinese who needed attention. I'd like to help out the missionaries at this and any other port where I could be useful when I'm not needed aboard ship."

The executive nodded. "I'll speak to the captain right now," he said, turning away.

An hour later, seeing the doctor and a hospital apprentice embarking in the ship's launch, the executive cheered them on their way with: "Good luck! Don't leave a guilty appendix at large in the village, doc!"

To which the doctor retorted, "Your 'village' has a population of nearly three millions of people!" as the launch, with perceptible effort, started against the current for the landing-steps a half-mile away.

"Micky" Kalish and "Turk" Flynn listened tolerantly the next morning to the executive officer's short discourse on the dangers of the Yangtze. They were part of a liberty party who were to be allowed eight hours ashore that day, and they resented the executive's infringement on their time.

"Y'd think we was bay-bies or young lay-dies," growled Micky, sotto voce, to the men nearest him. "'Ang yer cloes on er 'ickery lim', an' don't g' near th' water,'" he supplemented. His neighbors grinned.

The executive, frowning, glanced toward him and met the usual look of

guileful innocence with which six weeks of transpacific journeying in Micky's company had made him only too familiar. Later, watching the duty boats depart, and meeting Micky's shifty eyes, he remarked to the chaplain: "If I had any real excuse for keeping those two men aboard I'd do it! They'll get into trouble ashore just as sure as they land. They are the only misfits in the crew, and give me more trouble than all the rest put together. They're a bad pair; all the other men avoid them!"

The chaplain soberly agreed. His cherished belief regarding the inherent good to be found in every man had died a lingering and painful death where Micky and Turk were concerned. Worst of all, they had trickily used his serious and earnest interest in them to enlist his assistance in helping to extricate themselves from some of their more vicious scrapes, and had openly laughed at the chaplain's abashed and enlightened horror at the part he had been beguiled into playing. "They haven't a vulnerable spot that *I* can find!" grieved the chaplain.

"Poor stuff—the scum of big cities," soliloquized the executive, then brightened. "Cheer up, padre! We'll have a day off! Our two afflictions have gone ashore," he said.

To Micky Kalish and Turk Flynn the day of liberty was proving a disappointment. There seemed to be a remarkably small field for sport of any kind; where, at home, the solitary Chinese laundryman, humbly and precariously located in more or less tolerant neighborhoods, could always be made to furnish entertainment through such mild devices as suddenly smashing his laundry windows or slinging the contents of a convenient garbage-can through his door, here, where there were whole crowded streets full of quiet, stolid, unsmiling Chinese, such innocent playfulness seemed inadvisable. Micky and Turk, like all bullies, were cowards.

"Where's there a bar?" demanded Micky. Careful search failed to reveal any place at all like the Chinese equivalent for a saloon. "This's a helluva town!" growled Turk. "Fine place t'



come to after cleanin' an' scrubbin' yer-self and yer cloes an' a ship fer weeks. That executive'd keep us washin' nights if he could stay awake to make us!"

"'Tain't my fault. I didn't come here 'cause I liked it," retorted Micky; "but there ain't *no* town but's got fun in it—if y' know how to find it!" and tried hailing likely looking pedestrians. Discreet questioning of hurrying, pidgin-

with keen disfavor. "Funny such a slow country has such a fast river," he complained.

Micky was not interested in the Yangtze. "Ain't there a place in this whole d—— town where a white man can get a drink?" he inquired plaintively, and looked toward the gunboat, dimly visible down-stream. "Never 'spected t' see th' time that that ole pile o' junk would look



"Get yer other oar, I tell yer!"—Page 720.

English-speaking messengers from the tea factories failed to reveal the existence of such haunts as their life in the slums of large cities at home had led them to expect. The few women going their way along the narrow streets looked neither to the right nor left. As for any response to Micky's or Turk's tentative advances, "All these female Chinks is deaf's well's blind. Anyhow, I don't like them linoleum pants they wear," remarked Micky critically.

The shops, filled with silks and embroideries, did not interest them. Their first day ashore in the Orient was proving a disillusionment. Bored, they sauntered forth from the Chinese city into the narrow strip of foreign "concession" along the bunded river-wall.

Turk eyed the rushing yellow water

good t' me," he commented aggrievedly. "I don't know but what I'd ruther have give m'self up to th' police as t' hide in th' navy," he added.

"Aw, well! Th' police will have forgot by th' time we get back," comforted Turk.

They strolled on, pausing at intervals to inspect the big houses facing the river, and conversationally attributing various Oriental depravities to the respectable English, French, and Russian tea compradores who lived in them. The early dusk had begun to fall, when in a back street they discovered a villainous hotel with a bar, which they hastened to patronize.

"What d'you call this stuff?" inquired Micky critically, tasting the wicked brown beverage served him.



The barkeeper, sniffing haughtily, disdained to reply.

"Smells all right—but it's strong enough t' take the hair off of a dawg," commented Micky.

Turk had finished his first glass. "It'd take th' linin' off of a copper boiler," he supplemented; "takes hold of yer insides like a monkey-wrench! Gimme another!"

The barkeeper, after collecting the price, complied. When, a half-hour later, the two sailors veered unsteadily into the darkening street they had shipped a full cargo and Micky carried an extra quart bottle in his hand.

They tacked an unsteady course back to the landing-steps and, after deciding to return to the ship, hailed a sampan and, indicating their destination a half-mile down-stream, climbed aboard. As the boat swung away from the steps Turk lapsed into slumber and Micky was about to follow his example when the actions of the sampan man attracted his attention. He watched him closely, then spoke. "Hi, you! Quit wigglin' that one oar off from the back of the boat! Get yer other oar and go t' work!" he commanded thickly.

The sampan man did not understand the words, but the tone seemed familiar. So all foreigners signified their desire for speed. He redoubled his efforts; the boat shot out into the current.

To Micky this seemed intentional defiance. "Get yer other oar, I tell yer!" he snarled, lurching to his feet.

The sampan man made a stupendous effort. Micky's anger flared up; he looked for a weapon with which to emphasize his commands and spied the whiskey-bottle. With a yell he lifted it high, and before the cowering coolie realized his intention, brought it down on the sampan man's head; then with a frantic effort tried to regain his balance.

He was too late. The sampan man, twisting the boat sharply about, went overboard clutching, with the frenzy of desperation, the heavy oar. The sampan overturned. There was no time for an outcry or a disturbance. . . .

A few seconds later the only visible objects that showed through the misty darkness were a sampan, bottom side up,

and a bleeding, shivering coolie clinging to a spar and drifting swiftly down the rushing river.

The executive officer, scanning the report the next morning, noted without surprise that Kalish and Flynn had overstayed their liberty, and were still absent. "I should have been more astonished if they'd returned 'clean and sober.' I only hope they haven't raised trouble ashore for all of us," he said to Rooney, the veteran master-at-arms.

"Two law-breakers like them can pizen the town against a whole ship's company of decent men! These is queer times, sor; every quarter, when I strikes the bell, a voice answers back from the riggin'," answered Rooney with sepulchral intensity.

The executive had been shipmates with the master-at-arms on former cruises. "Of course! Every sound echoes against that stone-walled bund," he agreed cheerfully, and reverted to the absentees. "They'll be back by night with some cock-and-bull story," he said. Rooney, sighing funereally, shook his head as he walked away.

But the executive officer's gift of prophecy failed him. Micky and Turk did not return that day or the next. The executive questioned the doctor, who, with the apprentice, was spending long and busy days in his improvised operating-room at the mission in the Chinese city.

"No, I haven't heard a word about them," answered the doctor. "I'll ask them at the mission to send one of their students on a still-hunt, if you like," he offered, and added: "I performed nine operations yesterday, and my reputation for giving something for nothing has gone forth! Late in the afternoon a poor wretch came in and wanted me to present him with a sampan. He was quite insistent! I told him I hadn't one handy at the moment, but as a substitute I'd sew up a big cut on his head—the poor devil's scalp had been laid open and the cut was full of glass. We had quite a time detaching his mind from the sampan he wanted long enough for me to fix him up."

The executive was not listening. "Guess I'd better go ashore and see the authori-



ties. I don't want those two men to make shopkeepers. But this city was too far trouble," he said. from the coast to have developed a pidg-

The chaplain interrupted. "May I in-English trade; the grave Chinese help find them?" he asked. "I'm not busy, and perhaps if Flynn and Kalish are in some scrape I could be of assistance. Up to now I've failed in everything I've tried to do for them."

The executive nodded. "Come along, padre," he said hospitably.

An hour later, accompanied by an orderly, they disembarked at the landing-steps. The chaplain did not want any one with him. "I'll search through the long street nearest the river," he planned. The executive officer and the orderly started for the tao-tai's yamen.

The river street which the chaplain had chosen proved to be a poor hunting-ground. Mat huts, occupied by large families amid squalor and direst poverty, were so open to the gaze of chance passers that the chaplain soon gave up the thought of them as a hiding-place and turned back into the city, where, to his unaccustomed eyes, every street and every house looked exactly alike. The chaplain, very much at a loss as to how to start on his search, began by wandering into the shops and trying to question the

clerks eyed him blankly. Only at an embroidery shop did his request for information about two sailors strike a responsive chord; there, the proprietor, very proud of his intelligence, produced a square of pale-blue linen exquisitely embroidered in plum-blossoms, which the chaplain, not having the language of refusal, paid for.

But in the silk shops, the jewellers' shops, the jade-cutters' shops, the medicine shops, the smoke shops, and the provision stores an uncomprehending stare was the usual answer to his timid questionings. The chaplain spent two unprofitable hours before he came upon a clew. A stealthy, loitering Eurasian, listening to his attempt at questioning a ricksha coolie, sidled up and spoke with a cringing attempt at ingratiating.

"What you want-chee?" inquired the Eurasian.

The chaplain disliked his appearance and manner. "I'm looking for some one," he answered.

The Eurasian's face brightened. "You not find?" he demanded.



He had the assurance of the languid Eurasian lady . . . that she knew nothing of the . . . sailors — Page 722.



"No," vouchsafed the chaplain, moving away.

The man laid a detaining hand on the chaplain's arm. "I know where," he asserted. "How much you pay me?"

The chaplain paused. "Why didn't you say so before?" he asked, and added: "My government pays fifty dollars each for deserters. That will be one hundred dollars in this case."

The Eurasian's eyes shone. "Come!" he commanded, leading the way. The chaplain followed, down five long squares, around three devious turns skirting a temple compound, across a little creek, through several evil-smelling alleys, and up a steep flight of stairs. The chaplain never willingly discussed the details of the very few minutes which elapsed before, flushed and scandalized, he hastily descended those stairs. But he had the assurance of the languid Eurasian lady at the top of them that she knew nothing of the malingering sailors.

The chaplain, hurrying toward an intersecting street, came out on a narrow, deserted alley and, stopping to get his bearings, realized that he was lost, and looked helplessly about. The crevice-like streets ran, without seeming rhyme or reason, in every direction, and the blank walls of the stone houses looked formidable and lonely. "There isn't a soul within a mile," was the chaplain's panicky thought. He was wrong. Through the peep-hole in a door almost in reach of his hand he was being very carefully observed, his hesitation noted. After a few seconds, while he still stood deliberating on a choice of directions, the door cautiously opened. "Eccellenze!" whispered a voice.

Startled, the chaplain turned and faced a Chinese servant, who beckoned him toward the dark hallway dimly visible beyond the narrow door. The chaplain, remembering his recent experience, frowned and shook his head. "No," he said sternly.

The servant nodded. "Yes!" he affirmed. "Al' ri! Here is! Have got!"

"Are they in there? Did they ask you to call me?" asked the chaplain with relief.

The servant acquiesced. "Catch-ee to-day," he said, and after closing the

door, led the way to a small room at the end of the dark hallway. An old Chinese man, sitting by a table, hardly glanced up. "Not again will I do!" he asserted with aggrieved emphasis in a high-frightened voice.

"I suppose they've given you a lot of trouble!" agreed the chaplain; "we've had a hard time with them for three months. Where and how did you find them?" he asked.

The old Chinaman eyed him with stony distaste. "Where and how are no your concern," he said angrily; "but first—" From a concealed pocket he produced a small packet wrapped in a dirty rag, which he unwound. Inside was a smaller package tied up in a piece of white silk, which he turned carefully back and disclosed a double handful of pearls, so large and so perfect that the chaplain, to whom all pearls—like all Chinese streets and houses—looked alike, blinked with amazement and wondered if they were genuine.

"In scores of cities . . . through all the world . . . men hunt, and watch . . . for these! Pearls of a great queen!" gloated the old Chinaman; then added, with sharp fretfulness: "Not again will I do! Even now I fear!"

The chaplain, puzzled, wondered uncomfortably by what combination of circumstances Micky and Turk had come into connection with the pearls. "You're very kind to show me these," he commenced; "but I wish you'd tell me how our men—" The door swung back. A Portuguese woman stood in the opening and glared furiously at the chaplain.

"What do you want here?" she demanded fiercely, and the chaplain saw that in her clinched hand she carried a revolver. He spoke with soothing definiteness: "I am looking for two sailors who have overstayed their liberty from the American ship anchored in the river. I am the chaplain of the ship," he said.

She stared at him. "How did you get in here?" she asked.

"I had lost my way. Your servant opened your door and led me to believe that our men were here. Am I to understand that you know nothing of the sailors?" questioned the chaplain.

The Portuguese woman turned vio-



lently to the servant cowering behind her and broke into a choice assortment of mixed and vivid profanity, some of which the chaplain recognized as English, before she wheeled and faced him again. "Get out of here!" she shrieked. Then, as he was being hustled toward the door, the chaplain heard the whimpering servant

steeled him to new effort. "If Kalish and Flynn are being detained here they *need* help," he decided, as an unexpected turn brought him out on a crowded street lined with shops. Two lepers, nearly naked, begged by a door-step; the chaplain, shuddering, stopped to give them money.



"Eccellenze!" whispered a voice.—Page 722.

blubber: "You say . . . man will stand by door . . . not speak-ee. Him do!" And the woman's furious answer: "I told you the man'd wear blue glasses! *I'll kill you—you—, —fool!*" as the door banged shut behind him.

"This is no work for me," soliloquized the chaplain, hurrying aimlessly up the alley and deciding that he had better return to the ship. But calmer thought

"Poor souls!" he ejaculated aloud. A coolie, leaning with the discouraged weakness of hunger and suffering against an opposite wall, looked up and stiffened at the sight of the chaplain's uniform. Quickly crossing, he laid a detaining hand on the chaplain's sleeve. "Sampan!" he demanded. "Me—sampan!"

"Not until later," said the chaplain, noticing a half-healed gash across the



man's scalp. "I don't want to go back until I've located my men. Have you seen two American sailors anywhere around?" He hesitated, then launched experimentally into the vernacular: "Two men! All-ee same-ee blue suits? Have see?" questioned the chaplain.

The sampan man nodded. "One dollar! Me!" he demanded. "I take-ee you where."

"You mean that if I give you one dollar you can take me where there are two men with clothes something like mine?" questioned the chaplain, and produced the money.

The coolie seized the dollar. "Can do!" he promised, and started off. The chaplain followed; they went for about ten minutes. Then the sampan man, indicating a door, stopped. "In there—you catch-ee," he promised, and disappeared before the chaplain had time to knock.

For some seconds there was no answer; the chaplain, with vigor, knocked again. There was a sound of muffled movements, and a pause. The door opened and disclosed a clean bare room. In the centre the ship's surgeon bent over a still form to which the hospital apprentice administered the anæsthetic. The doctor glanced hastily up. "Hulloa, padre! Can't talk to you now," he said. The chaplain was backing away when the doctor called to the Chinese servant: "Ti! Take this gentleman around to Mr. Farron's room!"

Mr. Farron was the missionary in charge. The chaplain spent a pleasant quarter of an hour with him and described, without details, his futile search. Mr. Farron was immediately helpful. "Ti, the boy who let you in, knows many people in the city. He can go with you as an interpreter," he said.

Ti was full of resource. He took the chaplain to the fan shop of a friend and explained the situation. The friend had, unaccountably, not heard any gossip about the missing sailors, but he could guarantee to direct the chaplain to the one person who would know. "I'll send my number-one boy, and the gentleman can command his services until his sailors are found," the friend promised Ti, who bade the chaplain a satisfied farewell.

The number-one boy was produced and instructed; they started off. Ten minutes later the abashed chaplain again faced the Eurasian lady, who greeted him as an old friend and waved his apologies aside. "There was another of you here a while ago," she said. The chaplain was wondering if Micky and Turk had quarrelled and parted company, when she added: "A gem'man frien' of mine says he has saw your two sailors three times. He says they stays hid all day—then comes out mornings and evenings. I can tell your boy where to take you, but when you gets there don't knock! Force the door open before they has a chance to make their getaway." She spoke in Chinese to the boy, then turned again to the chaplain. "Good-by. Come again!" said the Eurasian lady cheerfully.

The number-one boy and the chaplain, following her directions, proceeded this time in rickshas, which after a ride across the city they left at a corner near their destination, taking one of the ricksha coolies to assist in storming the door, which after many whispered instructions they rushed in approved formation. Unfortunately, the door was not fastened, and the superfluous force used by the raiders carried them well into the apartment before the chaplain realized that he was again intruding on an operation; this rendered him too abashedly speechless to answer the doctor's startled exclamation: "Great guns, padre! Just because I can't fasten that door is no reason for you to tear it off the hinges!"

The number-one boy and the ricksha coolie, after a glance at the operating-table, miraculously disappeared. The chaplain, attempting no explanations, got himself quickly outside and around the house, where, in a warm corner, he came upon Ti dozing in the sunshine, and persuaded him to take a new interest in the case.

Ti reluctantly acquiesced, and pondered on the available purveyors of information, then brightened. "Al' ri! Can do!" he promised sleepily. Again the chaplain fared forth into the city. This time their haven was a porcelain shop, presided over by a lady of enormous girth and unguessable nationality who spoke fluent English. The chaplain





"I told you the man'd wear blue glasses!"—Page 723.

relaxed unconsciously under her expansive friendliness.

"Glad to make yer acquaintance," she welcomed, and listened to his questions. "Sailors? No, I ain't seen but one. He was here about an hour ago—bought a vase to take to his wife in America before he left— What do you want, kid?"

The chaplain blinked astonished eyes. Through an open door behind the woman a small girl of six or seven had come shyly into the room—a delicate, frail little fig-

ure with too white skin, golden hair, and appealing, wistful gray eyes, which she lifted to the chaplain's kindly face.

"How did this child get here? Who is she?" he asked sternly.

The woman laughed with disarming good nature. "That first question is the easiest," she answered, and added: "My sister-in-law's a stewardess on a trans-pacific liner; she brought the kid to me from San Francisco when the kid was just six weeks old. Who her folks are I



don't know—or care—so long as they pay well and reg'lar. I take her down to Shanghai when my sister-in-law's liner is in, so's they'll know she's alive and they ain't payin' fer nuthin'. But about your sailors! There's just one person I can think of to send you to. . . ." She spoke in Chinese to Ti. "You got that straight?" she finished. Ti nodded. "Al' ri'," he acquiesced.

The chaplain was talking to the little girl. "Then it's settled?" he asked. "I'll arrange that you shall go every day to the mission school and learn to read and write." She smiled joyfully up at him. "I will ask Mr. Farron to talk to you about the little girl's schooling," he told the woman, who agreed amiably, and watched him depart to follow the impatient Ti back to the house of the tolerant Eurasian lady. After this the chaplain entered upon what the executive officer used later to describe as his afternoon of licensed depravity.

Before the afternoon was over he had, with triumphant eagerness, descended eight times on the mission operating-room and had faced the amused Eurasian lady six more, besides adding a number of interesting but unprofitable side trips to his experiences. But the missing sailors were still unapprehended when, late in the day, he met the executive officer at the landing-steps, and sank exhausted onto a seat in the ship's launch.

"Any luck?" asked the executive. The chaplain shook his head.

"I went up and powwowed with the tao-tai," volunteered the executive. "Told him, through an interpreter, that he'd have to produce our men. He wanted to know my reasons for suspecting foul play, and I asked him what else I could suspect when the men were gone. He was very bored with my arguments!"

The commander reflected a minute. "I travelled around in circles like a bird-dog," he said, and laughed.

The chaplain, rousing himself, asked: "Just where did you go?"

"Well," commenced the executive, with a rueful attention to details, "I really didn't go to so *many* places, but I went to those few often. I dropped in on our doctor nine times—each time I was certain that I'd located Kalish and Flynn—and flung the operating-room door nearly

off its hinges. Doc was sore the last three times! Then I pranced in on a tan-colored lady seven times. I was so tired of bringing up there that, finally, I tried to flag myself by marking the steps, but it didn't do any good! The place had as many entrances as an ant hill. I never went in the same door twice—What?"

"Oh! Then *you* were the other sailor she spoke about!" exclaimed the chaplain unguardedly.

The executive officer stared in stupefied amazement at the chaplain, then broke into unrestrained laughter. "*You!*" he gasped. "I thought she—" and laughed again. "This is too good!"

The chaplain eyed him disapprovingly. "You've a queer sense of humor," he said, then lapsed into a rueful grin. "I won't tell if you won't," he bargained, mentally picturing the hilarious mess-table.

The executive sobered as the launch swung alongside the ship. "We haven't even a clew that will help us to locate our men," he said anxiously, as he mounted the gangway ladder.

There followed five days of careful searching in augmented numbers. Inhabitants of the Chinese city, never much interested, grew indifferent to the sight of the navy uniform and the sound of unintelligible questions, as the men strolled aimlessly about the streets or paused in front of houses which, they were sure, harbored the missing two.

The ship's captain, as a last resort, visited the viceroy and demanded the safe return of his men, the viceroy meanwhile eying him with impassive tolerance.

"You know the ways of your cities and have facilities for conducting a search. Unless you direct the officials under you to locate these sailors and notify us, I shall report you to the authorities at Peking," warned the captain sternly.

The viceroy's face was serenely impassive. "If your men prefer our cities to your ship. . ." he suggested through the interpreter.

"I have spoken," said the captain, turning away.

The search went on. By the fifth day the doctor had ceased looking up from his work when the operating-room doorway framed for a second a shipmate's





*Drawn by O. F. Howard*

"He's hollered 'sampan, sampan' at me on every street in the city." Page 728.



abashed, exasperated face. As for the Eurasian lady! The chaplain had unwittingly called upon her so often that on the last afternoon he stayed and, at her invitation, enjoyed a much-needed cup of tea.

"She's a very friendly, pleasant person," he assured the executive with serious justice.

The commander's sense of humor was still working; he made a few appropriate remarks and visualized the chaplain's teaparty, then added: "The only persons who haven't enjoyed our performance are that everlasting coolie with the sore head and the old master-at-arms. That coolie is the lineal Chinese descendant of Poe's raven—he's hollered 'sampan, sampan' at me on every street in the city. And that infernal nuisance, Rooney! If he doesn't quit telling me of the ghostly voices that he hears answering the ship's bell I'll get him a chaise longue and a lace boudoir-cap, and doc can stop carving his initials on those mission Chinese and spend his time aboard ship holding Rooney's hand! I've explained the echo from the bund wall just as often as I intend to! Rooney knew me when I was a midshipman and he treats me as if I was the original Lord Fauntleroy," grumbled the executive.

On Saturday morning unexpected orders arrived. The ship was directed to proceed immediately to Changsha, where incipient riots were reported by the frightened foreigners.

There was a flurry of preparation; extra food and provisions were bought and brought aboard; sailors ashore were recalled; the doctor closed his operating-room at the mission and returned to the ship; an admonitory message regarding the lost sailors was sent to the tao-tai; the ship's launches were hoisted and secured. By noon they were ready to get under way for the voyage up-stream.

The chaplain—the only person not busy with the details of embarkation—leaned against the after-rail and looked toward the dark huddled mass of buildings comprising the Chinese city. His face was grave. Somewhere there, down a foul, narrow alley, Kalish and Flynn were perhaps imprisoned and tortured. The chaplain had read of the torturing of

prisoners—long-drawn-out agonies of *almost* intolerable suffering, where each harrowing detail had received such minute attention that the net result was an Oriental masterpiece of calculated misery. . . .

Or possibly, after the kind of rough-and-tumble fight which would be their most natural form of aggression or defense, Turk and Micky had been overpowered and thrown into some isolated dark building and left to starve. "Starvation," mused the chaplain, "is a slow and unpleasant procedure." Unconsciously he began to wonder if—all the time those stolid, inscrutable people in the Chinese city had been sending the searching-parties on wild-goose chases—they had known where the sailors were imprisoned?

"Kalish and Flynn may deserve it, but it seems cruel to leave them to their fate," worried the chaplain. Trying to think of something pleasant, he pictured the malingerers, from some safe vantage-point, watching their ship prepare for departure and laughing with jeering exultation. "If so, the Chinese will soon be sorry that we didn't find them," prophesied the chaplain, moving away as a squad of sailors came to hoist the anchor.

The ship's siren, announcing immediate departure, sounded, and echoed with eerie uncanniness from the walled bund. Clustering sampans scurried to places of safety; orders were given and obeyed with the ease of habit and discipline; the anchor came up and was swung to its place. Slowly . . . the ship moved hesitatingly forward . . . against the strong current. . . . The chaplain, leaning against the after-rail, looked down at the turbid water as the screw churned and the engines gathered force; then, with an exclamation of horror, he started back.

From beneath the slowly moving vessel two bodies in sodden navy blue floated clear and turned gray faces to the sky. The chaplain, unbelieving, stared at them with a dumb and gruesome fascination. . . .


By some strange whim of swirling whirlpools and lawless currents, Micky Kalish and Turk Flynn, capsized and drowned eight days before a half-mile upstream, had returned to their ship.



# THE LIMITS OF FEMININE INDEPENDENCE

By Robert Grant

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“O more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face dead, with a bullet through his heart.” So it was written in “Vanity Fair,” as everybody knows, and even the generation who “no longer read Thackeray” are familiar with Captain George Osborne’s and Amelia Sedley’s Georgian romance, which ended at Waterloo. Rather one-sided romance from the angle of the modern woman; yet vain fop and egotist as he figured, George Osborne was both brave and good-natured, breaking with his purse-proud father in order to marry her—the most insipid, however estimable, heroine in fiction. When the world war began, the century since Waterloo was almost complete. Is not the contrast wrought by one hundred years in the size of armies and the deadliness of implements of warfare rivalled by that of the revolutionized relations between the sexes, especially husbands and wives? Indeed, if we could translate ourselves back to 1815, which would seem stranger, the tin-soldier aspect of the battle-fields or the monumental suberviency of woman?

Either contrast is striking enough, whichever way we decide, and either is so patent that to elaborate would be tiresome. “Why, then,” I hear some champion of the old order demur, “single out as a prototype poor Amelia Sedley of all persons? She was so deadly dull, so intolerably constant. One almost forgets whether she married big-hearted, ungainly, persevering Dobbin in the end or not, she took so long about it.” Quite so; the only justification is that Amelia was a war-bride, and we hear so much of war-brides just now. She crossed to Flanders, too, not as a hospital nurse or canteen worker, but as a camp-follower, for the wives of the officers of the English

army of occupation were allowed to accompany their husbands to Brussels. Was it the fashion of that day for girls to marry on briefest acquaintance the men going off to the wars, with only a week-end for a honeymoon before they sailed? Whether they did or not, they would have been ready to, for woman’s nature has not changed, she has merely ceased to wear hobbles. I remember hearing in England in the summer of 1916, a little under the rose as if a disillusionizing phenomenon, that the widows of men killed at the front were marrying again. The psychology of this appeared to be something in the air, a by-product of the carnival of war, which, if apologized for at all, was tagged as woman’s “bit,” done because she was so sorry for the men. Dame Nature is never at a loss for devices by which to repair the ravages in population, but whatever the scientific key to this particular idiosyncrasy, no one would attempt to ascribe the superb devotion and self-sacrifice and the infinite tenderness of woman during the great war to a mating instinct. Moreover, her display of just these precious qualities has spiked forever the guns of defamers of either sex who wished us to believe that the new woman would renounce the old emotions which have made her, for eternally contradictory reasons, not always clear to herself, the slave of man from the beginning of time. Out of the welter of world agony, and because of it, she emerges the same old ministering angel with the identical stock in trade. But henceforth she purposes to “wear her rue with a difference”; the war has demonstrated this if nothing else. She is demobilizing, and though she may still don her emergency uniform, she is giving up or retiring with good grace from her emergency occupations. Her net social gain appears in her having broken in the course of four years no end of hobbles—hobbles both of body and soul, hobbles that she has thrown off forever. And the net gain resulting to



man is that she still aspires to remain fundamentally what she was before. She recognizes her inability to compete with him in physical strength and that a feminine philosophy not animated by tenderness and self-sacrifice would make her utterly miserable.

If this be only another way of saying that she cannot help remaining what she is—the weaker vessel—she would rid the epithet of obloquy, not repudiate it. The new self-respect of woman is so far virile that it draws the line, and a hatpin or pistol on sundry masculine privileges which used to be regarded, however mournfully, as part of her lot. When a woman testified before me in court the other day that her husband had dragged her round the room by the hair of her head, I looked at her, not with horror, but with a mixture of suspicion and incredulity, it sounded so old-fashioned. "Describe what happened," I said, and pressed her for particulars. The wife-beater is by no means obsolete even in this country, but, except among the foreign-born and the lowest classes, he is a far less frequent figure in court than formerly, if only for the reason that his wife refuses to live with him on those terms. Indeed, the policy of marital brute force may be said to have become so discredited that courts, vigilant to protect proper victims, have to be a little inquisitive as to what really took place when wives seek separate support on the score of being pinched, slapped, or shoved. Nevertheless, as one ascends in the social scale an irascible flip in the face or pinch of the arm becomes no less intolerable than a vicious blow that really hurts, and husbands who indulge in the practice have only themselves to blame if their wives depart. Not only is the wife-beater on the wane, but that arch-enemy of domestic happiness, the male skinflint, who insists on holding the purse-strings and administering them on the theory that his wife must ask for what she requires, needs far less to eat than he does, and that more than one dress or hat a year is vanity. It is, perhaps, still a part of the consciousness of sophisticated courts that chiefly at afternoon tea do women eat with gusto; but why elaborate the list of obvious male tyrants? Only the other day, as it were, woman's self-

respect was so timorous, and her economic channel of escape from thralldom so undeveloped, that her reluctant appearance in court was tantamount to a certificate that she had suffered infernally. It was part of her creed that a nice woman will not litigate her conjugal troubles until her cup is running over. When she could endure no longer, she solved her self-respect by asking: "What else was I to do?" And a nice woman was rather expected to endure dragging round by the hair of the head, provided her husband did not do it too often, and was what was termed "faithful to the marriage tie."

So much for yesterday. To-day faithfulness to the marriage tie in any spiritual sense excludes so many things which husbands used to do (and utter) with domestic impunity, that the law does not attempt to provide for them. Indeed, so zealous are both priest and lawmaker to preserve the institution we call the family, that the arbitrary tests which they impose for the guidance of nice people remain deliberately conservative. Most churches still forbid the remarriage of divorced persons, discountenance divorce except for flagrant infidelity, and are lukewarm as to that, and look askance at legal separations (which do not sever the marriage tie) until the limit of human endurance has been reached. If the offense be nothing worse than constant invective (the various synonyms of harlot, for instance), or physical violence resulting from occasional as distinguished from chronic sprees, the sanction is apt to be accompanied by advice to stick it out a little longer. When we turn to the laws governing divorce and take as a text the proposed model statute urged by the State Commissions on uniform legislation, who, except from sheer religious scruples, will claim that adultery, habitual intoxication, conviction for crime (with imprisonment for at least two years), or wilful desertion (for two years) are causes too flimsy to justify the severance of the marriage tie if the injured party so elects? In this connection it is edifying to note that though national prohibition has been ordained with such despatch that an agonized minority is agitating the establishment of floating saloons outside



the three-mile limit, or a peripatetic cruiser, to be known as "Der Fliegende Holländer" (with apologies to Alice Brown's striking war-story, "The Flying Teuton"), only three States have thus far consented to subordinate local idiosyncrasies as to what should or should not justify divorce to a national consensus of opinion. This suggests a latent but unpatriotic distrust by the individual States of extraneous interference with what the most divorce-ridden people in creation except Japan are fond of styling the "sanctity of the home"; and yet a constitutional amendment that would prevent divorce in one State from resulting in bigamy or adultery in some or all of the others, would seem quite as imperative as the dethronement of John Barleycorn. But, however this may be, it is indisputable that the legal grounds for divorce in this country, when judged by the modern standard of what men or women have a right to expect of a partner for life, are, with rare exceptions, almost compulsory.

In other words, in this instance as in others, law defines the least, not the most, which the conscience of human society insists on. The statutes regulating crime cease to concern most of us individually for the reason that theft, embezzlement, and arson seem utterly remote from our social sphere. Similarly the likelihood of landing in the divorce court, though less inconceivable than standing in the dock, is associated in our minds with unpleasant or, at the best, very unlucky people. Just as the law sentences the house-breaker but is powerless to deal with envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, so the court of domestic relations will set free the wife of a dipsomaniac but turn an inexorably deaf ear to the plea of incompatibility. And yet the world over, and especially among nice people, the true test of wedded happiness, the test which breaks or binds, is ability to get along well together. While theoretically this has always been the test, it has become significantly so with the progress of woman's emancipation. Divorce laws at their inception were passed primarily for her benefit, and at least two-thirds of the proceedings for severance of the marriage tie and all proceedings for legal separation continue to emanate

from her. Yet in order to be convinced that the inhibitions on conduct laid down by the statutes as safeguards to wedlock are primitive when measured by the present standard of what marriage demands, it is only necessary to consider whether it seems strange that a woman, provided she has ceased to love, should try to cut loose from a spouse who beats her, gets drunk habitually, or commits serious crimes for which he is imprisoned. Would it not seem stranger if she continued to live with him? And the corollary to this is the inquiry: should the modern woman's love, deep-rooted though it be from instinct and tradition, be expected to survive such an ordeal? Unquestionably, between the barrier against masculine behavior of this sort and the basis on which married couples purpose to live in a world made safe for democracy, there is a no man's land of tolerably wide dimensions.

What are the limits of this no man's land? The so-called survival, notwithstanding she had been beaten assiduously, of the old-time woman's love, was partly due to her inability to help herself. Apologists for the old-time order of things have been known to claim that she rather liked it. Nevertheless, in case she left her husband and carried off her children, he could recover them even though she disputed their possession in court, and all access to economic independence was closed to her. Unless she could make out a desperate case, she had to grin and bear it under the conjugal roof, or starve. It is not necessary to specify the avenues, one should perhaps say alleys, to income-producing employment open to women to-day, which, tortuous though they be, are widening and straightening out so rapidly that the menace of inability to make both ends meet, if she departs, no longer confines the housewife as in a bag, with the strings drawn. Not only is the self-respecting woman freed to-day from marrying for purely economic reasons, but, if ill-treatment prove her matrimonial lot, she is often resourceful enough to be able to say to her husband: "I can stand it no longer, and can look after myself." In this event the children go with the wife unless she has been meretricious, and their father must support them (if not her) will he, nill he, which gives her the whip-



hand even in a literal sense. So also will the courts prescribe if she is forced to appeal to them. In fact, from the angle of refusing to live with a man after he has become intolerable, nice women with any appreciable earning power are virtually protected to-day from airing their grievances in public; they have only to leave the key of the flat under the door-mat and go. Indeed, so fast and so far has the pendulum of readjustment swung in her favor, that the crucial inquiry of the modern marital situation has come to be: at what point does a husband cease to be intolerable? Or to phrase it a little differently: how poor a sort of man is it a woman's duty to put up with?

The latest statistics of the National Census Bureau (1916) are said to show 1050 marriages and 112 divorces to each 100,000 of the population, in other words one divorce to every nine marriages, a considerable increase since the previous tabulation in the ratio of divorce to marriage in the United States. Over against these figures is to be set the judicial consciousness that eight women out of ten, provided their husbands are kind, affectionate, sober, and faithful, will stick to them through thick and thin, because such is woman's nature, which, as I have already indicated, has blossomed afresh with buds of efficient tenderness in the forcing process of unconventionality occasioned by the war. And yet, especially among nice people, who would no more expect to become associated with the statutory causes for divorce (unless infidelity or desertion) than with shoplifting or arson, there has been a swift growth of the doctrine that it is incumbent on a man to retain his wife's affection, and that if he fails to do so he must not be surprised or unduly annoyed if she likes some one else better. This has been the prevalent note in Anglo-Saxon fiction for some time, especially and more openly in Great Britain, but also frequently here, the distinction being that the British heroine is apt to burn her bridges, whereas her American sister, who has told her husband that she is tired of him and has become attached to another man, prefers to motor back to quasi-respectability over the causeway of a collusive divorce. Here is a tendency over

which both the courts and the church have ordinarily little control. A husband was always free to leave his wife if ready to pay for the luxury of supporting her apart. To-day the privilege is nearly reciprocal in that there is no bar except public opinion to prevent a wife from forsaking her husband if she can maintain herself or get some one else to maintain her, and, provided she mend her fences (sometimes even if she does not), public opinion, before condemning her, almost invariably inquires: why did she have to? Indeed, the radicals would persuade us that to be merely hopelessly bored by a man—out of conceit of his countenance and sure before he speaks what he is going to say—is sufficient justification for a change, and that the marriage of the near future will be ethically dissoluble if a husband cannot pass the test of being plumbed to the depths and yet found interesting.

After discounting the audacities of fiction as a guide to the philosophy of wedlock, we must not ignore the residuum of truth responsible for this ferment—namely, that if men persist in their old methods, it will be more and more in the power of wives to get rid of them. But the economic power of woman to enforce this quasi-threat involves the gravest of responsibilities, for it makes the stability of the marriage tie largely dependent on her reasonableness as to what she has a right to require. The European theory of marriage, as every one knows, was based on preserving the husk or shell of the family life at all costs, with the result that disaffected husbands and wives who endured each other in public and strayed on the sly were tolerated like the thief who returns goods on the assurance that no questions will be asked. The peccadilloes of the individual were winked at in order to preserve the social institution—to safeguard the rearing of children and the future of the race. Even clerical repugnance to the remarriage of divorced persons, though reinforced by holy writ, springs from the same theoretical loyalty to social order. What is to become of the world if the family perishes? What, indeed! And yet the sober sense of civilization has given the sanction of law to the severance of bonds which the victims



were expected to endure for the sake of conscience, or to palliate, if at all, by clandestine means, and this remedy has overspread the globe. Though designed for the relief of the individual—conspicuously the wife—it protects the social institution by serving notice that family life which is a festering sore precludes a suitable atmosphere for the children and helps perpetuate unendurable domestic standards.

In a previous article\* it was pointed out that responsibility for the well-being of children rests on women to a far greater extent than ever before, owing to the tendency of the courts in settling domestic disputes to make the wife their custodian, unless her conduct has been wanton. If a woman is free to pick up her baby and snap her fingers at her husband merely because she finds him less congenial than she expected, or, if there are no children and he palls on her, terminate their union to all intents and purposes by leaving a note on her pincushion and the wedding-ring pendant from the gas-fixtured, it is obvious that she holds the holy state of matrimony in the hollow of her hand, to protect or to play fast and loose with as she elects. The inviolability of matrimony in the past was bulwarked by the plausible dogmas that, human beings being born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, it is the Christian duty of all, and especially of the weaker vessel, to bear whatever comes and not to expect too much, particularly from wedlock; and that in return for providing shelter and support a husband is entitled to certain prerogatives, euphemistically linked in the prayer-book by the words love, honor, and obey, which put his wife's susceptibilities wholly at the mercy of his temperament. The church would still have wives believe that the sanctity of marriage forbids its dissolution for mere brutality enforced by a bludgeon or carving-knife; but so many women in the world refuse longer to subscribe to this tenet that we have in the United States (and to a considerable extent over the world) the anomaly of a great nation freely utilizing divorce in opposition to a church militant but legislatively powerless. South Carolina

abolished her divorce laws in 1878, but in which other of the United States would a bill repealing them or forbidding the remarriage of divorced persons have a ghost of a chance of passage? In which of the countries of Europe would not any change in the relief already provided by law for intolerable conditions be toward greater latitude rather than restriction? This obviously puts a quietus on the theory that woman should be expected to endure matrimonial misery to the bitter end, but falls far short of a certificate that she ought not to be expected to endure anything. Civilization by its laws has served notice on the church and all other social recalcitrants that a wife is justified in expecting more of her husband than he was ready to concede; but the consciousness of the courts detects a new social menace to-day in the propensity of some wives to expect too much.

This takes us back to the war-brides we left waiting on the pier, in comparison with whose returning husbands, the prototypes of a century ago, and George Osborne in particular, seem obsolete as the dinotherium. It may be that a scarcity of men will arrest temporarily among the European nations decimated by war the trend of women to be less long-suffering, but the ethical inquiry: what is intolerable from a wifely point of view? is unobscured for American women by a shortage of supply. Nor can the heroes safely build upon the hysterical whisper: has woman left at home kept pace spiritually? for who can doubt it if doing without ungrudgingly and helping bountifully with tireless hands be the test. Yet the main problem bristles with conflicting points of give and take due to changes in standards many of which have been accelerated by war liberty. Husbands and wives will return to their boiled mutton, but never again on exactly the identical basis as before, either from an economic or domestic angle. Nevertheless, the world agony and stress of the past four years has served to set once more in high light an old truth, one which, especially in the United States, was in danger of being lost sight of in the medley of other spiritual forces—namely, that man is a robust and a fighting animal. One of the effects of high explosive carnage has been the emphasis put on

\* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1919. "Domestic Relations and the Child."



the fundamental differences between the sexes which quasi-feministic propaganda had begun to discredit and confuse. When the tocsin sounded, they rushed to their preordained posts—the men to the trenches with their horrors of hell-fire and shell-shock, the women to the canteens and hospitals, even the ambulances and munitions works, or to the task of keeping home-fires burning and the pot a-boiling. In short, when overwhelming dangers threaten, society reverts automatically to primitive instincts and the habits of the tribe.

On this fundamental distinction between men and women which dictates to each sex its offices in the domestic partnership rests the stability of the family, a conception at the very root of the policy of both priest and lawmaker concerning it. Though their cast-iron dispositions have been greatly relaxed, they still hold fast because forged in nature's foundry, notwithstanding woman has lately demonstrated her capacity to perform at a pinch or from economic choice nearly all of man's work not requiring brute force or brute courage. How is the family to be preserved? Not surely by forbidding a wife to insist that the phrase "I sometimes take a glass of beer," the extenuating formula so often uttered in court, shall mean what it implies and not be a mere flimsy cloak to disguise the debaucheries of an habitual drunkard. Not surely by perpetuating the already challenged code of secrecy, which conceals from wives the ailments of their husbands in the name of professional honor instead of segregating or earmarking all afflicted with the virulent poison that makes the glory of maternity a cross. The menace from these robust vices is obvious; but turn about is fair play. The tastes and reactions of men differ from those of women, and no legislation will ever make them the same. Against abuses arising from the first the law, as has been shown,

affords ample relief and protection, but against the other only when they are glaring. This puts into the hands of woman a weapon which, if drawn capriciously or without great cause, imperils the preservation of the family no less surely than masculine tyranny or vice. It is a safeguard of the race that most women realize this intuitively; yet there is a prevalent and would-be superior breed—one fostered by modern fiction—who claim the ethical right to leave their husbands, and thus conclude the marriage relation, on grounds so slender and flimsy as to mock at the valid grievances for which the divorce statutes provide redress. Dislike of household duties, distaste for cohabitation, disillusion with their lot, an uncurbed consciousness that they do or could like some one else better—this last most frequently and insistently urged, especially by those economically free, as the oriflamme of a new sex dispensation,—these are the threads in the woof of current social conditions of which courts are increasingly cognizant, but of which few statistics can be kept for the reason that the malcontents are answerable only to public opinion. Against the view of the church, declaring the marriage tie indissoluble for any cause (except perhaps adultery), and that of the lawgiver, permitting it to be severed only for the weightiest reasons, is set the inchoate theory that it ought to cease to bind, so far as living together is concerned, from the hour when the sensibilities of the female are repelled by the conditions of the partnership. If this cannot be construed as license not to endure at all, it certainly constitutes her the sole judge of what she is expected to bear in the way of disappointment or dissatisfaction. Such a result, if widely sanctioned, would from the point of view of the family as we know it at present be only one step removed from a virtual nationalization of husbands.



# THE WAY OF THE BOLSHIEVIK

By Langdon Warner

Recently American Vice-Consul, on a Special Mission to Siberia



**O**f course pictures of ravaged Belgium had prepared one for something of the sort. But a single sight of the lair of the beast, a few hours after he had quit it, made an impression which no description and no picture could make. The sheer useless destruction was so unpicturesque and so unwarlike. The station-master's house, where Ivanova had come as a bride from European Russia, bringing her warm patchwork quilt and her gaudy icon, was split open by the enemy and defiled by his dung. Indescribable things had been done for the pure sport of riotous filth. High up on the wall, and out of reach of anything but the most deliberate and painstaking destruction, the sad face of the Christ in its glittering brass frame had been slashed across by a sabre. The quilt was ripped open and feathers from the mattress were smeared on the floor, mixed with honey from the great jars on the shelf. Outside, the bees were busy making more honey and filling in the bullet-holes in the hive that May day. But Ivanova was not there to gather honey or to patch another gaudy quilt. Ivan had been forced to stoke the trains for the Bolsheviks, and then left with a bullet in his skull near the track. Lucky for him he died before he knew what befell Ivanova. She was past caring if her pots and pans were smashed and her wool-work table-cloth, all magenta and mustard yellow with outlandish parrots, had been used to wipe a bloody sword. Ivan's best trousers that hung in the press had not fitted the beast, and they were slashed in ribbons. Ivanova's Sunday stays had hung beside them, but now were on that dung-heap on the bed, covered with honey and with feathers and bits of glass from the window that had been smashed inward. I had on high boots against the May mud, but I shrank to walk on the boards of that station-master's house.

I remember that, on the eve of Easter, I had stood at a little station platform where all the world seemed given over to the fight that was expected up the line a mile or so. At my back flat cars were shunted, and I could see by the lanterns where six precious three-inch guns were being cut out, to lie on the main track next the ammunition-cars which were about to move up with all possible speed. A hospital-car was behind me with lights at the windows, and a busy staff within attending to minor injuries. There was crash after crash in my ears as the cars were shunted. Now and then a shout was taken up from down the track, and signal lanterns swung wildly as the couplings were lifted and the trucks banged together. A hundred yards off was the village, barely a dozen families left out of three thousand souls from the horror which had just passed. Against the stars I could just see the church-steeple, but there were no lights. Then came the sound of unearthly song far off, and with a burst the church-door opened, shedding a path of warmth and light, down which trod women with flaring torches, followed by splendid priests. Out of the portals they came with slow song and measured steps. As I watched them, breathless, remembering that the morrow would be Easter, they turned in the churchyard and began to circle the church. The sad chant carried by the priests with a thin strain of women's voices changed, and the burden became clear and high, almost triumphant with the song of boys. *Crash!* The three-inch guns were coupled at last to their ammunition, and could be got off any minute now to the battle which would start in a few hours.

It was Mary Magdalene *come early when it was yet dark, into the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.*

The song grew solemn again with the anguish of the women, which no boy's voice can ever tell. Under it ran the bass of the priests.



*And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.*

The guns were away now, with shrieks from the engine and the grinding of wheels by my very elbow. The sound of singing was drowned, but the light was there from the open church-doors, and the little procession with its torches in the dark rounded the church, and came back again up the steps and into the chancel, and the doors were closed.

They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.

## II

It became increasingly obvious that the American Government was not and ought not to be interested in the little campaign of Simyonov, except as a single pawn on the great European and Asiatic checker-board. Certainly, Washington could make up its own mind with reasonable correctness on the feelings toward Bolshevism of the men who were in the field against the Bolsheviks. The question was: Are Siberians Bolsheviks? Further: Is this a world movement that will level the mountains and fill up the valleys or is it the noise of the next-door neighbor moving his furniture about?

The only way even to guess at the answers to the questions was to join the Bolsheviks themselves. It could not be done across that particular front after one had become to a certain extent associated with Simyonov and his fights. Back I went through Harbin to Vladivostok on the east coast, and thence up the northern Ussuri River loop, which skirts the edge of Manchuria, and was at that time in Bolshevik control. Of course Vladivostok itself was governed by a Soviet and was technically Bolshevik. But there were the British and American cruisers, and there were Japanese torpedo-boats, and there were foreign consuls. One felt instinctively that Bolshevism was not to be studied there. Most cogent reason of all for not trying to study Bolshevism at Vladivostok was the fact that the population was after all the only purely Bolshevik one in Siberia of any thing like considerable size. The railway-

workshops and the shipyards and the longshoremen are the only people in Siberia, except the miners, who have no stake in the land. It is something more than chance which has made them Bolshevik, and has made the peasant their enemy. This is a large class in Siberia; some enthusiasts say they are as much as 10 per cent of the population, and to this day they undoubtedly remain *in esse* or *in posse* Bolshevik; but the very ablest statistician cannot make them a majority. The other 90 per cent are peasants who after a taste of Bolshevik rule have repudiated these masters more emphatically than they repudiated the Tsar.

But that is getting ahead of the story. It was my luck to enter Bolshevik-governed country with recommendations from the commissars at Vladivostok, and as an accredited agent of the United States. Few accredited Allied representatives had passed that way for some months. The major with whom I travelled and I were eagerly met by people of all sorts who wished to get their views on the situation cabled at once to Washington and Europe. We had nothing but the most sympathetic treatment from the Bolshevik leaders, and it was their obvious wish to strew roses in our path and save us from any ugly or displeasing sight. It was not the fault of these gentlemen that we met an occasional group of a dozen peasants under heavily armed escort being led out to be shot, followed by their women with their aprons flung over their heads wailing. It was not their fault when we discovered that the peasants had been sentenced without judge or jury or court martial, and that their crime was to have been suspected of being unfavorable to the Soviet. Nor was it the fault of these hospitable persons that we were often unable to get food at all, never white bread and seldom sugar, except at their own kindly boards.

It must further be admitted that it was not the fault of the members of the Bolshevik Soviets, in any of the twenty-five or thirty towns we visited, that we were waited upon secretly by persons unfriendly to them, telling of horrors beyond anything an American permits himself to think of. Both these clandestine visitors and the honorable members of



the Soviets urged immediate aid from the Allies and from America in particular. Their reasons for this request differed.

If Russia under the Tsars suffered from espionage and threw off the hateful yoke of the secret police, it is not to be wondered. What did surprise the investigator was that the Bolsheviks should have restored the system of espionage with twice its terror. When I say twice its terror I ask to be taken literally. In the old days the suspect was visited, his house searched, a document (possibly planted there by the police) found, and the poor wretch dragged off never to be seen again by his wife and children. That was sometimes the fate of the rich men or even occasionally of the bourgeois; almost any public servant of the upper classes was liable to it. But it never happened in the house of the peasant.

Under Bolshevik rule the peasant is as likely to suffer as any one else. He too is dragged off without much ceremony, but he is more often shot than imprisoned—not that it makes much difference. Not only does he suffer, but his wife and his eldest daughter are outraged by the officers of justice, who lead off the cow and drive the pigs down the lane, and fill with bullet-holes the objects which are not worth stealing. Next day the neighbor who has lodged the complaint feels justified in taking charge of what is left, and in tilling the abandoned fields, if indeed he belongs to the class which tills.

Thus it came about that the peasants could not be called sincere Bolsheviks once they had tasted the bitterness. I saw many who dared not protest and who would not say a word against the Soviets, but even the Russian peasant does not always succeed in hiding his terror. Back in the country districts one got bread that was white, and sometimes good honey in place of sugar. But money could not buy that wheat or that honey because the shops of the town had no cloth to make Ivan's coat and no needles and no thread and no nails and no farm-tools for the money which was plenty or the love that was scarce.

Over and over again in the privacy of my car I asked Ivan, when he had dried his eyes and accepted tobacco, why he did not bring in the wheat that his fellow

countrymen in the towns might not starve. Invariably his answer was a variant of the same story. Ivanova had brought grain to be milled, but it was taken from her by the Red Guard, and so was the horse and cart. No, no, they had not killed her, though she had nearly died, and who was father to the little child soon to be born? Ivan Ivanovitch had brought to town potatoes at the command of the Soviet, and under its pledge of protection and fair prices. Marks of the knout were yet on his boyish face and back. That horse, the last one, had been taken and the potatoes carted off by the Red Guard. He who talked had made bold to come for redress at the advice of the elders learned in the lore of the Tsars. But some commissars had spit at him and other commissars had turned away with a laugh. Ivan wept and would take more tobacco.

But it was not always Ivan who came at night to my car or swung aboard at some side-track to travel a dozen miles and walk back. It was sometimes the old political exile, the revolutionary who had labored in the lead-mines and run an illicit printing-press of an evening. He had welcomed the Kerensky government as the millennium and had preached liberty and reform during its brief life. Then he had been trampled under foot by the Soviets, and his revolution and his freedom and all the God-given sunlight which for a moment had burst through the clouds was blackened. There seemed no balm for such hurt spirits.

To such men, and to the Bolshevik commissars, one could give but one answer when they asked my country to come to their aid. America would help Russia with tools and with loans of money, but America was not going to choose the form of government. Recognition would eventually come, but it would be slower to persons who did not represent majorities. It would be still slower to murderers and looters. It would be extremely slow to persons who failed to restore the courts of law and dared not put their principles to the test of the open vote.

It did not take long or a far journey into the country to find that, after all, it was not Siberia which was sick. Never



was finer land for the planting and the harvest of a crop of grain or a generation of men. Neither was it the Siberians who were misgoverning themselves; it was almost without exception the evil of foreigners. Of Soviet members whom I met, and they were considerably more than half a hundred, I can remember few who were not Jews. Abler far than the Siberian frontiersmen, these were foreigners after all, though for the most part their origin was Russian. But ten years in New York, seven years on the Clyde, or eighteen years in Chicago had not made them the better Siberians. It was perhaps the ablest of the lot who had elevated himself to the position of head of the Far Eastern Soviet and its commissar of foreign affairs. He told me that he spoke English better than Russian, and that he had been in Siberia some months longer than I had. Our intercourse was somewhat sympathetic. At his request I gladly cabled to my government my strong hope that the embargo on food-supplies would be lifted from the eastern part of Siberia. Apart from the humanitarian argument, he impressed on me the fact that it was desirable for a hundred other reasons, not least of which was the mere quelling of discontent among the townfolk. I was able to tell Washington, at his very able suggestion, that I was convinced a starving people would not allow a single grain of wheat to pass through their land into the hands of the Germans. This I gladly did.

I now regret that this gentleman's idea of courtesy, so admirably expressed by his reception of me and by the good fare which I enjoyed at his table, did not extend further. Perhaps it was lack of imagination on his part which made him print in his papers, after I was gone, long interviews in which I appeared repentant that my government had hitherto failed to recognize the Soviets, and promised to do all in my power to bring recognition about. Surely he was oversensitive on my behalf when he made me "confess to my government's lack of faith," and "appear much chagrined when taxed with it." The one bit of sincere joy that I got out of this gentleman's acquaintance was when his newspaper article brought to me a letter of almost fulsome praise

from the Soviet of Kamchatka, a country whose name I had been accustomed to take in vain as expressing the very ends of the earth. The Soviet of Kamchatka in a burst of generous enthusiasm sat down and wrote me the most flattering kind of letter, holding me up to the admiration of all the other Allies who had none of them seen so clearly the state of things in Siberia. None of them had done as I had done (according to the Kamchatkans) in welcoming the newborn Soviet Democracy of Russia. If I am correct in my impressions of where Kamchatka may be found on the ordinary school wall-map, its inhabitants are remote; on this occasion they were way, way off.

### III

THERE was another commissar, this time of the city of Irkutsk, with whom I became familiar. His name was Geitzmann, and he held the position of commissar of foreign affairs in the Central Siberian Soviet. He and I travelled many hundreds of miles together on the same train, crossing and recrossing the fronts—and there were sixteen of them—along the Trans-Siberian road. He led an existence that reminded me of the little pink lady of the German barometers, coming out in sunny weather and retiring when it threatened. If we crossed Czech territory, he was nowhere to be seen except when he was routed out by the officers who boarded the train. They wondered that an American should keep such company, but at my suggestion courteously refrained from hanging him. When Bolshevik lines were reached he was fairly hanging from the platform addressing crowds at the station.

It was my good fortune to be of service to this gentleman on several occasions. In the first place he was indebted to me for his life. Further, I had done my best to raise the food embargo for the territory that he controlled. It did not seem unreasonable that I too should beg a favor. When we came to three trainloads of Russian and Serbian refugees I escorted him among them and gave him the chance to observe their manner of life. I should add that political economy was his hobby. It happened that these



refugees had been too long in trains. There were few men among them, and those not of military age or capacity. The children had for the most part mercifully died already, and the mothers could not give suck. They had a small allowance of sour black bread, a wet dough encased in a stony shell. Though they starved they could not stomach it. Mr. Geitzmann and I stood by the grave of three of the more hardy children who were about to be buried by the railroad-track. They had withstood all the hardships up to that time. Near us were women who wept and one who fainted.

I explained to Mr. Geitzmann that permission had already been given by the Czech commander that I should use my engine to pull these refugee trains eastward, into country where white bread could be given them. I told him that the Czechs would go so far as to lend me an extra engine, though they were in need of rolling-stock and had small faith in any guarantee which the Soviets might give for their return. I went so far as to ask permission, as a personal favor, to be allowed to pull those trains, and I further humbled myself to the extent of mentioning to him the small favors he had received at my hands. It needed but a word from him and some seventeen hundred women and children and sick men would be saved. Mr. Geitzmann glanced at the graves which were being filled up with earth, and said, "I spit on them," and suited the action to the word.

Later I returned to the subject, which by that time was distasteful to me; but it was of no avail. I dwelt on the fact that such actions on the part of the Soviet would become known in Europe and America, and would work harm to the chances of recognition by our governments. His reply was that if I would wire my government advising instant recognition of the Soviets, he would consider the matter. But I noticed that his suggestion was in jest, and that he did me the honor to believe that I would not do this thing. After three-quarters of an hour of discussion, which I did not permit to become heated, I was forced to retire to my car for very fear of doing the man personal injury.

This man's record in Irkutsk was such

a stench that it is reported he was unable to escape when the crash came. It is believed that he was summarily hanged.

Single instances, it will be said, are of small value in obtaining a general average of conduct. In this I heartily agree. The reason that I submit this single instance is because by the end of eleven months I began to consider it typical of Siberian Bolsheviks. Consistent treachery is their record in Siberia. I have been eye-witness of cruelty and treachery beyond anything that I care to write in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. When I say that I have been eye-witness to cruelty of that sort I hasten to say in self-defense that I mean I have seen the after-effects of that cruelty, and that I have seen men marched off without trial to the brick wall and the firing-squad. That I attended the executions or saw any atrocities committed is of course not true. The Czech General Staff have, however, affidavits signed by me concerning the condition of bodies which I was forced to examine in the absence of any other Allied representative. I would gladly have avoided the task and protested that, not being a doctor, I could not determine whether the mutilation occurred before or after death in battle. Ten minutes' talk with a physician, however, convinced me that the blood, even from the heart of a magnanimous Czech or a Slovak, does not pump after death as that heart's blood pumped.

So far as one could gather from men hot from battle, the Bolsheviks of the Russian race were less often concerned in such atrocities. The executions, it is true, were more often than not ordered by Russian Jews. But the mutilation of wounded and of prisoners was commonly practised by the Magyar and German troops. For a long time the various European and American governments did not believe that the prisoners of the Central Powers in Siberia had actually taken the field in large numbers. It is probable that Washington was the last to believe it. But as early as June, 1918, Geitzmann threatened to arm every German and Magyar in Siberia if the Czechs persisted in their advance, and it was not a month before he carried out his threat as nearly as he could. I saw train-load after train-load of them pass my car. I saw them



lounging in the streets of the cities near their internment-camps. I talked to them where they lay in the sun with the red Bolshevik brassards around their arms, nursing their rifles between their knees. I was arrested by them and brought both to the Red Guard camp and the "Internationalist" headquarters. On one occasion it took considerable search and inquiry before a soldier could be found able to speak anything but German who should escort the American vice-consul back to his train.

When the Soviets indignantly denied that foreigners were allowed to bear arms under their banner they hoped that they told the truth, for large numbers of Germans and Magyars became Russian citizens before they received the bread issue and the rifle. And still larger numbers joined the "Internationalist" army which, from the very nature of its name, cannot be foreign to any land. But some whom I questioned had scorned such methods and remained true to their nationality. I asked the Danish colonel in charge of the Swedish Red Cross engaged in freeing prisoners to take up arms against the Allies how long it took for one of his protégés to become a Russian citizen. I shall never forget his answer because of his superb insolence in daring to tell the truth to an American. He said:

"Several hours, unless the commissar of the Passport Bureau is sober. Then it can be done in a few minutes."

By June it was obvious that central Siberia was already in the hands of the freed enemy prisoners. Everywhere we warned the commissars that to arm our enemy was not the way to obtain instant recognition from America. Everywhere they admitted it and said they regretted the fact. Occasionally a Soviet member would begin by denying that the Germans and Magyars were armed. But one could easily step to the door of his office and summon the guard in German and ask his nationality. It was all too thin to keep up for long.

#### IV

BUT the Russian Jews knew what they were about. If some Americans hoped that Washington would act, these rulers

of Siberia had little faith. Their sole hope lay with the enemies of America. That this hope was not realized is entirely due to the men from Bohemia whose conduct was so scrupulously correct through the year's campaign of consistent treachery and of intermittent fighting.

That Czecho-Slovak army, gathered from the prison-camps of Ukania and Siberia, without arms or food or clothes or friends, pierced the enormous inert mass of Siberia like a fencer's sword. Against their scattered sixty-five thousand they have had two hundred thousand at a time, with another potential two millions behind that. Bolshevism whispered in their ears, and they came upon Mr. Timorous and Mr. Mistrust, who told them of the lions which were in the path ahead. Mr. Worldlywiseman gave them of his counsel to settle where they were and to take up land that was not their own. There came in also three witnesses against them, Mr. Envy, Mr. Superstition, and Mr. Pickthank, whose testimony was duly recorded in the court presided over by that eminent jurist Judge Hategood, and published largely among the Allied countries. Finally "Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way."

*"Then did Christian draw, for he said it was time to bestir him."*

\* \* \* \* \*

"HEADQUARTERS,

CZECHO-SLOVAK NATIONAL ARMY,  
CHELIABINSK, SIBERIA

September 30th, 1918.

*"To the Allied Representatives:*

"The Czecho-Slovak National Council in Russia welcomes the decision of the Allies to come to the assistance of their advance-guard—the Army of the Czecho-Slovaks—who are fighting against the Austrians and Germans and their allies, the Bolsheviks in Russia.

"In the name of the Czecho-Slovak soldiers we ask for help at the front as soon as possible in order that we may not be compelled to abandon European Russia.

"After four months of laborious fighting and in consequence of their losses in killed and wounded and sick, the Czech forces are practically exhausted. To keep



the Volga front they must have not only the aid of supplies but the aid of soldiers.

"We shall be obliged to give up Sizeran and Samara, as we have already been forced to quit Simbirsk, Kazan, Volsk, and Volinsk. Thus we shall be prevented from connecting with General Alexiev's volunteers near Kuban and with the British troops in the Caspian district. Further, the retreat from the Urals will result in the loss of the one railway to Turkestan from Samara through Orenburg to Tashkent.

"On the northwest our troops are advancing slowly to Perm, and now Trotzky has declared that, Kazan being taken, it is the turn of Ekaterinburg. That is the menace to our hope of joining forces with the Allies who approach from Archangel, Vologda, and Viachta.

"To quit European Russia has another disastrous consequence—that the Bolsheviks will organize a new Red Army under German and Austrian instructors which, by spring, will be available on the west front as well as on the east. Already the result of co-operation between the

Bolsheviks and the Central Powers is obvious. The Russian people, demoralized by terror, will follow any leader who can organize them, whether he be German or Allied. This must be considered with care and must be acted upon with speed.

"We ask a categorical answer as to whether we can receive two or three divisions at the front that we may take the measures necessary to either consolidate the positions we have already cleared or else to withdraw our army into safety.

"The Allies have invited us to act as vanguard. This we have undertaken. Our troops have occupied the territory indicated to us on the Volga and in the Urals, but once again we are called upon seriously to give warning that if the main force does not come according to its promise, this vanguard must perish in vain or let slip what it holds.

(Signed)

BOGDAN PAVLU,  
*Vice-President Czecho-Slovak  
National Council.*

RUDOLPH MEDEK,  
*War Secretary Czecho-Slovak  
National Council."*

## A MARCHING SONG FOR ENGLAND IN THE EAST

By Rhys Carpenter

FROM Egypt into China they have builded them a wall;  
They have held the front of Eden from the Teuton and his thrall;  
On the snowy stairs of Elburz you may hear their bugles call,  
"Ye are safe! Be at ease! Ye are safe!"

There are gardens in the southland where the Tartar may not go;  
There is dewy corn in Babel where the desert used to blow;  
In the vineyards over Gaza you may see the grapes aglow:  
Ye are safe! Be at ease! Ye are safe.

You shall watch the ships adrift with the Tigris underkeel;  
In the crooked streets of Baghdad you shall see the camels kneel  
With the good things out of Persia that the robber could not steal;  
Ye are safe! Be at ease! Ye are safe.

In the brain of wounded England lay the silence for a span;  
Then she rose and wrought a marvel by the steppes of Turkistan:  
Oh, ye women-folk of Irak! Oh, ye children of Iran!  
Ye are safe! Be at ease! Ye are safe.



# THE FIRST COMMANDMENT WITH PROMISE

By Roy Irving Murray

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERALD LEAKE



It was strange how few changes the years had made. There was that curious intimacy of association about the very buildings of the little town, that inevitableness of grouping, as of details in some picture, known intimately, forgotten, and then seen again. The same uninteresting shop fronts lined the shaded street, almost, one would have said, with the same thin array of articles behind their dingy glass. Beyond the turn, the street would widen into a vista of branching elms, there would be a stretch of lawn, glimpses of mellowed house fronts, finally the little group of college buildings. Nothing had altered; it was as though time had stopped to wait for his return.

The man handed a coin to the boy who had brought up his bag. Then he drew a chair to the window of his sitting-room in the hotel and sat down. His eyes searched the line of trees, farther up the hill, until they found the red-tiled roof of a house set high above a terraced garden. There they rested.

Life has a way of forcing sharp decisions; the straight road branches, there must be no halting of the march until the journey's end. James Holden had decided which turn to take—had decided it instantly. It occurred to him, afterward, that all that he had wanted was the occasion for decision. That had come yesterday. Perhaps it had come too late—it happened so sometimes—a man awoke to the realization that life was to be one ache of longing for the thing which he had thrown away. Since yesterday, when the lawyer had made his final report and had bowed himself out of Holden's office, he had been pulling his mind resolutely away from that possibility. Now the thought of it came again, stronger than ever.

In the gathering twilight the red roof up the hill melted into the surrounding grayness. Holden turned from the win-

dow. He must think, must try to form some definite plan; the nearness of the issue was confusing. The room had darkened; it was long past time for dinner. He put the idea of food aside as incongruous—a man does not eat when life lies like wet clay in his hands waiting to be moulded finally. Once, as he sat there, a sound of singing floated through the open window. He looked out; a group of obvious undergraduates were loitering arm in arm down the street. The words of the song flashed into Holden's memory: something about "youth" and "hope" and "glowing visions." It was years since he had sung them, years since an arm had been caught into his in that sort of careless intimacy. Somehow, it was a symbol for all that he had missed—the trust of other men, the friendliness of intercourse, the confidence, the love. He was going to win them back now, hold them forever. He had come to do that. Or else—? The alternative was impossible. No, it would all come right, of course, once he had explained the whole hideous mistake; life would begin again—new, splendid. It was beginning now! The man got up from his chair. He walked the length of the room and back; then he caught up his hat from the table where he had laid it. After twenty years, the idea of another hour's delay was suddenly intolerable; he must know now—to-night! He walked heavily down the two flights of stairs and was in the street.

The trees made black shadows on the walk. Far back across lawns lights glimmered from open windows; there were blurred suggestions of figures on some of the steps—the thin sweetness of a mandolin; the June night breathed with intimate sound and movement. Once, a young woman overtook him, passed, and turned into a gate in the hedge bordering the sidewalk. Holden noticed the long lines of her frock, that she wore no hat. The college clock, close now, struck the



quarter—he recognized the same flat note of years ago in one of the bells. His real mind had stopped trying to think; these details were simply the fringe of things brushing the outer edge of consciousness.

Suddenly the mass of the house with the red-tiled roof confronted him, gray in the moonlight. There was no sign of life there; only the dull glow of the hall lantern through the open door. He turned down the short walk leading to the door. As he climbed the steps he heard music—low, modulated chords resolving into a vaguely familiar melody. From the door, he could see dimly a figure sitting at the piano which sprawled under a shaded lamp at the far end of the living-room. He stood there, in the doorway, until, as though conscious of observation, the player turned, leaving the tune hanging in mid-air.

"I didn't hear you come in." The voice came across low, resonant.

"Is this still the Omega House?" Holden questioned.

"Still?" A puzzled frown drew the other's brows together for a second; then—"Oh! Yes. Was there anybody you wanted to—?"

"I used to live here," the man cut in, "I'm Holden—James Holden, class of '88." He stepped toward the circle of light. The boy stood up—a tall, slender lad, in baggy corduroys and a Norfolk jacket.

"I'm sorry," he began. "I mean, I'm sorry nobody's here. They've all gone to a dance at the Country Club." He was dragging a chair forward. "You'll sit down, won't you? I suppose you're back for a class reunion? A lot of alumni are due this commencement." He fumbled in the pocket of his jacket. "I've got some cigarettes. I'm sorry everybody's cleared out," he said again.

It came to the older man that he ought to make some sort of reply.

"Thanks." He took a cigarette from the boy's case, and sat down in the chair suggested. "I was just passing—taking a walk. I turned in to have a look at the old House—it's twenty years since I've seen it. I wish you'd go on playing," he ended lamely, and instantly regretted the remark.

"Oh, that's not my stunt. I only do it

when nobody's around." He had sat down on the bench again, his back to the keyboard. "Mostly when I get low in my mind," he went on, as though to himself.

Holden glanced up sharply; the remark struck him as strange. The lad was looking absently down the long room. "You see," he said, "I'm especially low just now." He smiled. "Natural result of entering the business world. I got a job down-town to-day, and I've discovered that I can't add straight. It's a little awkward to find out, at the end of Junior year, that you can't add."

Holden laughed. "You're likely to run into a good many things that you can't do," he said. "I did. I do yet."

"I suppose college isn't really for that sort of thing, anyhow," the boy brought out after a silence. "And I have learned some things."

"Such as—?" the man prompted.

"Well, I've learned to care for the place a lot. I'm glad I didn't miss my three years here. Mostly I'm glad I didn't miss getting into the Society. You hear a lot of rot talked about fraternities, but it's that, mainly, I think, that gets hold of a chap—that feeling that he's got all those bully friends—that he can come back, and it will always be the same, no matter who's here." He smiled at the older man, rather an embarrassed smile. "My talking like this to you—right off the bat—that's partly what I mean; you're coming back—it's twenty years, didn't you say? It's largely the old feeling for the Society—isn't it? It makes us—well—not strangers," he ended, a trifle vaguely.

Holden felt himself lifted into an atmosphere of unreality. Possibly it was the boy's face which caused it. He liked the face, lean and brown above the soft white collar. The lamplight glowed down on the upstanding, fair hair; the boy was leaning back on the bench, his long fingers laced together around one knee, his eyes—frank, clear eyes they were—resting quietly on Holden's. No, it was not the face. Mostly it was the voice—something unusual in the rounded smoothness of it—something, too, in the simplicity, the straightforwardness, with which the boy was talking of things which touched him nearly. Suddenly Holden felt himself caught in the inevitable whirl



of one of those familiar experiences where the details of a situation seem to have been lived through before; he knew what he would say, in a minute now—what the answer would be. He hesitated; then: "You haven't told me your name."

"Oh—Ashton. I thought I mentioned it—Baily Ashton. Mostly you don't get your real name here, of course. The fellows take any handle that seems to fit. But——"

When the room stopped spinning Holden shot a glance at the other. Evidently it had lasted only a second or two. He got up.

"Could we"—his voice sounded unnaturally loud—"it's a little close in here——"

"I was just going to suggest outside." He stood aside to let the man pass through the door into the veranda. It was the darkness that Holden wanted. Astonishing, he reflected confusedly, how things bowl one over. This thing that had been at the centre of his thoughts—one felt a fool, not standing up to it better.

"I think, sometimes, that the garden's really best at night—when you have to guess at most of it. Still, you've got to have seen it before, I suppose."

"Yes," Holden said, "you can't imagine what you haven't known."

"Those white things," he was pointing to a gray stretch against a hedge, "are lilies. Was there a garden in your time, Mr. Holden?"

"Oh, yes," the man answered, "it's an Omega tradition."

The boy was sitting on the wide rail of the veranda, talking about gardens. "I know God walks in mine"—a line of the poem came into Holden's brain. "God," he whispered, "walk here, in this place—now! God, walk here!"

His mind was a haze of confusion. Suddenly it cleared, like the abrupt stopping of some hideous noise. It left a blank, as though he had fainted. Then, somehow, he knew—knew exactly. He picked up a book from the table at his elbow, then placed it carefully back.

"I've been thinking," he began, "of what you said a moment ago. I mean," he explained, as the other drew a chair across the porch and sat down opposite, "I mean—about one's not being wholly a

stranger. There is something in the old place—something in this old Society of ours—I know I must have missed a lot of it—still, it's there."

The boy leaned forward in his chair. "Yes," he said, "it's there. You feel it—it catches you. It's one of the big things."

"It's *the* big thing—touching other people, like that, without the muddle."

A sudden breeze brought a wave of fragrance from the terrace below, stirred the trees into soft rustling.

"There's a good deal of muddle, first and last," Holden went on, almost absently. "It's worth while keeping clear of that—trying to, at least." Then, abruptly: "Wasn't your allowance big enough?"

The boy started. "Big enough?" Astonishment rang in the words. "What do you—? Oh!" he laughed, "I see! It's what I said about getting a job."

"Yes, you did say something about going to work. People don't leave college at the end of Junior year like that for nothing. You see, it interested me. You won't mind, I hope? It's what you said—one isn't entirely a stranger, after all. I wondered if possibly you'd let me—help you, perhaps?"

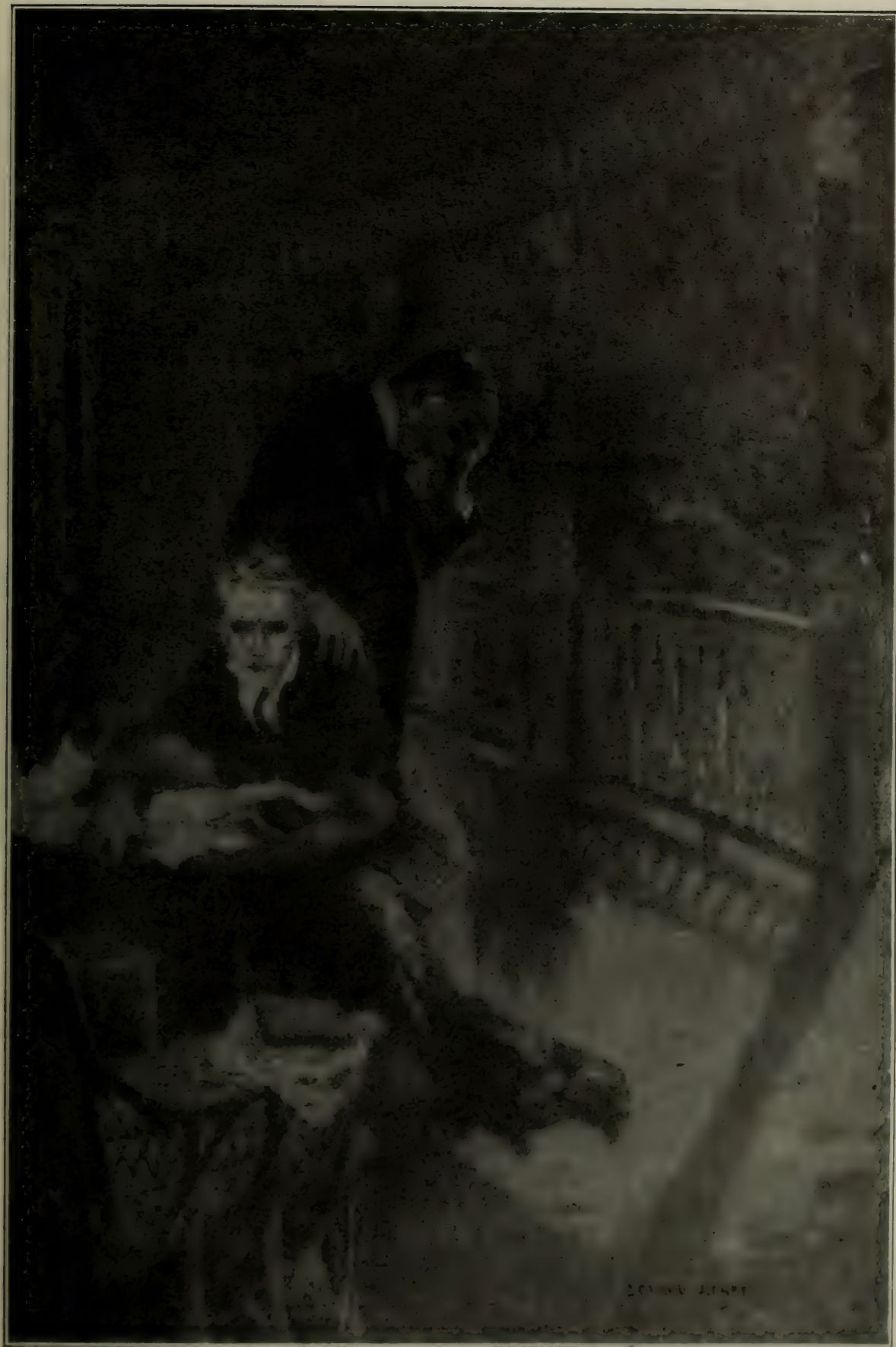
"It's a little odd," the boy cut in. Then, all at once, he smiled again. "I mean," the quiet voice went on, "of course, you'll think it's absurd; I suppose it is. But, you see, I knew something was likely to happen to me to-night. That's largely why I didn't go to the dance. It's a sort of second sight that I've got. Besides, you've hit the very middle of the thing that's bothering me."

"Look here." Holden's hand went out toward the other; he pulled it back with an effort. Not time for that yet. "It's only this," he said, after a moment; "I'm older, and if there's anything—that is—well, if you've got yourself into some kind of difficulty——"

It was senseless, fumbling it like that. He sat back, waiting. The boy had twisted his chair out of the moonlight; Holden could not see the face, but he knew that the grave eyes were searching his.

"Yes," the words came finally, as after some deliberate effort at decision, "I've wanted to talk to somebody. I need that. I'd like to talk with you, I think—if you'd let me?"





*Drawn by Gerald Leake.*

Twice, in the long hour that followed, the lad spoke, in monosyllables.—Page 749.



"It isn't that"—again the man's hand went out. "It's if you will. People don't, as a rule. But—I'd like to have it to remember that you—that somebody—wanted to."

The unconscious loneliness in the words cut the last barrier of the boy's reserve.

"It's odd," he brought out again, "but I *do* want that. I'm in a good deal of a mess, really. Likely you'll know how to advise me. I don't know much about business—I told you I couldn't even add!"

The lad had gone back to his seat on the railing.

"It's about money that I owe. A lot—I've got to pay it back." Holden sat up straight at that.

"It's rather unusual—the whole thing," the words went on, "but, you see, there's nobody to pay it back *to*. That's what makes it all so much worse—I can't get his name even; the lawyers keep putting me off about that. And I want him to know what I'm going to do." Holden started at the abrupt change in the voice—a sudden, choking hardness. "I want him," the young features stiffened, then blazed into a flame of anger, "I want him to know that I'm going to pay it back—every cent—that I've cleaned myself of his filthy charity. I want to get where he is—where I can——"

Holden leaped from his chair; it was automatic. Instantly the rage died out of the boy's white face.

"I've never said it to anybody before—like that." Holden had half-carried him to the chair. "It catches me—I'm a beast then. It's—it's——"

"It's human nature," Holden finished quietly. The lad sat for a moment, his head between his shaking hands. Holden waited until the face lifted. "Now," he said, "tell me. Of course," he went on after a silence, "if you'd rather not——"

"After that rotten exhibition?" Incredible hung in the words. "You'll still listen?"

"I've hated people pretty thoroughly myself," the man said in a detached voice, as though to himself. "Sometimes, lately, I've thought that if I could have told somebody—if I could have talked it out— But that didn't happen. It poisons you, hating people. It poisoned me.

It wasn't worth it, boy." He put a hand on the other's knee. "You see," he smiled, "I know, and I'm telling you."

"Yes," the slow word came, "it burns up something—something inside your soul."

The two sat so, in the silence. Holden lost track of time. He was looking down across the garden. The moonlight had found the row of lilies against the hedge; it was so still that he heard the wash of the lake, far down below the garden. The peace of night—it was that—something almost definitely personal watching, calmed, the gray shape of a fear that stole nearer, nearer. It must not cross the line that was the border of his real consciousness—he set his will against that. The boy was talking again—he would listen presently, after he was sure the gate was shut and barred against that threatening presence.

"—and I read it"—Holden's mind gripped the end of a sentence—"I read the whole thing, at a glance, before I realized." The voice was changing again. "Then, in a flash, I knew. Of course, I had to think it through. It didn't seem true. Nobody would have believed it—that's partly why I couldn't tell anybody. Besides, you can't tell a thing like that. I don't know why I'm doing it now—to you. Somehow, it's mixed me all up. I'd taken things for granted—just gone on without thinking. There was always money—he'd arranged for that. I suppose he thought it was all that mattered!"

Holden was listening now; the gray shape had withdrawn a little. The lad's face, full in the moonlight, turned eagerly to his. He talked rapidly, jerkily, as though in the effort to get it through. Obviously he had been keen to tell somebody—it happened to have been himself who had drawn it out, Holden thought. No—it was because the boy liked him—felt attracted to him. He caught eagerly at that—it was what the lad had said—a casual sympathy between two personalities, meeting by chance at a time of crisis. Perhaps he ought to wait; give it space to strengthen—the slight bond between them.

"I'd supposed, always," the words went on, "that he was dead. They told me that. It was always impersonal, right





*Drawn by Gerald Leube*

Then, into the whirling darkness that was closing about him, James Holden reached out his eager arms.—Page 751.



from the start—nurses and guardians and tutors. And a child can't realize—not at first. It's like being alone—you don't mind, until you notice how it is. I don't think I noticed, much, until I went to school—then it began to show. Even then I didn't mind—for a while—not having any place to go vacations—nobody who took an interest, like the rest of them had. You see, my mother—well, I can just remember her. Of course, everybody was decent; but a kid does get to see things."

The voice trailed off into silence; the eagerness had faded from the face.

"I used to try to imagine," he went on presently, "what it was like to be going home—where one had people and dogs and ponies. The rest of them were so keen about it, for weeks before holidays. Once I went, for Christmas, with one of them. I was twelve years old. Kids are sensitive—people asked me questions. I never did it again."

The man's quick imagination began to fill in details.

"And that's about all." Holden forced himself to turn again toward the vague figure across the table. "Then I found out—a month ago—I told you: part of a letter that had got slipped into some papers from my guardian. One typewritten sheet—something about increasing my allowance." It was coming again, that surge of insane fury—Holden saw it sweeping across the face like a sudden, devastating tempest. "He'd known—all along he'd known—everything. It was that"—the boy was pulling at his collar with a shaking hand—"it was his leaving me—his own son—like a package you'd check—dodging the whole business after he'd put me into the world—all the years that I'd needed him—when I hadn't anybody—Why, even dogs look after their puppies—even swine—A thing like that for a father—" The boy's lips twisted incoherently. Holden, hypnotized into immovability, watched the two hands shoot out and grasp the table's edge as he stood up, then bent, glaring with unseeing eyes into his face. "Does he think I'd go on—taking his money—after that? That I'd live off him? That I wouldn't beg or steal or starve first? Even the name I've got isn't my own—isn't his.

He can't hide where I won't find him—God won't let even the dark cover a man like that! And when I find him—when I get where he is—when I—when—" The voice sank into a whisper, light died out of the eyes, the taut body sagged, face down, across the litter of books and papers on the table. Holden reached out timidly and touched the fair hair with fingers that trembled. Fear had stalked unchecked across the fragrance of the sleeping garden and laid a hand on James Holden's heart. Then it passed.

"Fight!" The word flamed into his consciousness. He stumbled to his feet, his face bent low over the dim brightness that was the boy's inert head.

"Don't—for God's sake—don't let yourself go like that! Nothing—not anything is worth—that. You can't"—he shook with the intensity of the effort—"you can't hate a man like that. You don't know—it's death!"

It seemed to him that he was shouting—that he must shout. Sometimes, in moments of crisis, instinct snatches the reins of conduct from the cool hands of reason: men do strange things then. When James Holden returned to the world of conscious action the boy's shoulders were bent into the gripping hollow of his arm; he was shaking them savagely. The echo of words repeated with rough insistence hung in the still air.

"You must listen to me—you must listen—you must——"

Somewhere, inside the house, a door slammed shut. A handful of rippling chords rang through the windows of the veranda; then, clear and sweet:

"Au clair de la lune,  
Mon ami Pierrot,  
Prête-moi ta plume  
Pour écrire un mot."

"Quick!" Holden pushed the boy into a chair. "Yes, that's right," as his face went down between his arms on the table. Holden struck the sweat from his forehead with a hand.

"Ma chandelle est morte  
Je n'ai plus de feu—  
Ouvre-moi ta porte  
Pour l'amour——"

"Oh, Baily!" the words cut across the song. "Baily Ashton! Where are you?"



Then, from the doorway: "Wake up, you— Oh!" as he caught sight of Holden—"I didn't see!" With that, instantly, he was gone.

The boy's face lifted.

"No," Holden said quietly, "don't talk—yet." Then: "It's all right. You went to pieces a bit, that's all. It's all right."

Twice, in the long hour that followed, the lad spoke, in monosyllables; for the rest, James Holden talked—sometimes with a rushing eagerness of argument that rose almost to entreaty—sometimes in broken sentences whose pauses made for the emphasis of the words that he did not say. After the first effort to cover the boy's collapse—the stinging embarrassment of that momentary loss of self-control—the man's quick brain, the whole strength of his will, pointed into a goad of persuasion, insistent, relentless.

Surely there was something behind what the boy's father had done—some real reason—some motive—adequate, justifiable. Not caprice; no mere lazy desire to shift responsibility. It would have been simpler to have cast the boy adrift, and the man had not done that certainly! These things happened. And they explained themselves, of course, eventually. Patience—always life needed that. Things worked out, in the end. Mostly one must stumble to those final explanations through the dark: it was so with all of life. Meantime, to refuse the man's money—it was childish. Besides, it was the least—the money was—the lawful least that the man could do. And he had done that, hadn't he—*hadn't* he? Again and again Holden came back to that question, each time with a sicker realization of futility. It was as though he were a spent swimmer whose weary limbs move ineffectually under the dying stimulus of the instinct of self-preservation. The boy's stubborn silence—it was like a gray waste of water—choking, heavy.

Clouds had shut out the moonlight; there was a spurt of rain—the rising wind blew a handful of drops into the veranda. The boy's face was a blur against the blackness. The man's sentences fell, short, broken, across lengthening spaces of silence. He had finished what he had to say. Once, toward the end, there had been laughter—the jeering, youthless

laughter of disillusionment. It came when Holden was fumbling with the point of duty.

"Yes," the flat voice said across the darkness, "I know! They read it out to you in church. 'Honor thy father and thy mother'—I've got it off by heart. They call it 'the first Commandment with promise.' I don't know what it is—the promise—but I don't want it. Not if it costs—that!"

Failure—it meant failure. The full realization of his incompetence had touched James Holden at last. Always he had known it—been grudgingly aware that it stretched across the utter fiasco which had been his thin existence. Now it lay before him—incorporate in the aloofness of this young life which he had tried to touch. It was ended, of course—all over. God was a hard creditor. Always, at the last, one paid.

"I'm afraid I've kept you pretty late?" The freshness had come back into the boy's voice. "And it's raining."

"It doesn't matter." Surprising how easily one snatches back the decent shelter of the commonplace, the man reflected. "It was good of you to listen so long. Only," he hesitated, "I see I haven't helped you any. I wanted to." A note of wistfulness crept into the words.

"Oh, you have! Not in the way you meant—but you have! It's never the same afterward, when people—well, when they talk about—real things." Holden felt the boy struggling with his shyness. "I've come to feel," he went on bravely, "that, somehow, you're my friend; that you—that you—care. And I need that—somebody, like you—older—to tie to. Balance—I haven't got much of that. You saw."

Holden pulled his chair away from a gust of rain that swept around the corner of the house.

"Yes," he said. "And it's about just that—" He stopped. Then: "I'm going away, in the morning; likely I'll never see you again. No—wait!" This at the other's quick exclamation. "I'll tell you—in a minute." He paused, groping for a strength which he felt to be near, a strength which he must have. There was no sound beyond the steady, soft surge of the rain; the wind had fallen; the sweet-



ness of the garden hung in the wet air like a perfumed curtain.

"There is one thing—a hard thing"—courage was coming now—"I want you to promise to do it—to try."

"Not——"

"Yes—that. The hardest thing of all—not to hate him." He laid a hand on the boy's arm. "I see how it is; I don't condemn you. But don't let it spoil your life—hate. It spoiled mine—killed it!"

"Yes, but you——"

"I know. Money. I used to think what you are thinking now. But the other thing was all that ever mattered." His hand fell back along the table. "Love"—he said the mighty word quite simply—"twice I've known what that means. Some day you'll know. It means life, boy, and hate—kills it."

The words were coming slowly now.

"I want to tell you, before I go—make you see. I wasn't much older than you are when it—happened. Even then it seemed unbelievable, transfiguring. Lately I have come to think that it must always be so with a man. It lasted for a year. Then I found out the truth. Another man—" Across the waste of years the anguish of that disillusionment echoed in James Holden's voice. Then, in the silence that had fallen, the lad's manhood woke, as he listened, into a rush of half-comprehended sympathy. He stretched out a hand, instinctively, in the darkness.

"Even before we were married; afterward, when the child came—my child, she swore to that; always. The woman I loved—I drove her out, the baby in her arms—in the night. And then—then I—died."

Again the boy's hand went out—found Holden's, clung to it.

"And you can tell—*me*?" he whispered.

"Yes—I want to tell you. I want to make you know how it burns up your life, how it kills your soul—how it's damnation to hate as I hated her—as you are beginning to hate. I want to make you break it, now, before it gets too strong—before it chokes you and turns you into stone. Can't you see—don't you know that nothing is worth—that? Can't you see that you're never going to trust anybody, or help anybody—that you're never going to believe in anything—that you're

going to get hard and cold and bitter? I can't watch you walking into hell like that, lad—I *can't*!"

The boy's fingers ached in the crushing grip. He bent toward Holden, across the table, in an agony of dumbness.

"I'm worthless," he stammered finally, "but if there's anything—ever—if you needed—wanted—*me*——"

"Wanted you? *Wanted* you! God!" The word was a wrenching sob. Holden dropped the boy's hand; stood, swaying, at the table's edge. "Don't you see—my wanting you—that's the price I've paid—the price I'm paying now?"

"I told you—in the drawing-room," the brakeman insisted. "You'd better see about it. Hasn't got any baggage—or ticket. Looks like the old man's been making a night of it."

The conductor pulled the collar of his rubber coat closer and swung himself up the steps of the Pullman. In a minute he was back, astonishment in his narrowed eyes.

"That man don't need a ticket," he said shortly; "he owns the road."

Inside, a man watched, with sodden eyes, the rain-drops slanting across the window of the stuffy compartment. It did not occur to him to take off his dripping hat. Those who sit amid the ruins of life are unmindful of the grotesque inadequacy of costume in which they play their parts. His brain was clinging to those last few minutes before he began stumbling through the rain. The June dawn had crept across the garden in time to show him the boy's face—the look in the eyes as the head turned away—the utter condemnation. He must tear his thoughts from that, somehow.

It was curious how the rain-drops hurried across the window-pane—gravity and surface tension were the cause of it.

If only the daylight had waited! Then he might remember the face—clear-eyed, smiling—as it had welcomed him when he first stood in the doorway.

When the train started the drops on the window would slant more—it depended on the speed—one could almost calculate the angle.

He had said that he could not add! He had stood there—last night—slim and



straight, pointing at some lilies in the garden.

The train was moving now, not fast at first, because of the wet rails. Somebody came running after it, down the platform. That was dangerous—running so close, on the slippery boards. He was trying to get forward, of course—forward to the day-coaches; he could catch the steps there, unless he slipped. It would be death—to slip—crushing death—under the wheels——

The train stopped with a sudden grinding jerk. There was a confusion of movement at the far end of the car; some one came stumbling down the aisle.

A shadow fell across the rain-swept window; Holden looked up dully. Instantly, the figure in the doorway of the compartment shut out the universe. Above the clamor that was the beating of his own heart the man caught a single, breathless word—the word by which first we learn to call on God, which, at the last, we hope to whisper, when night shuts down finally across the twilight of our little lives:

“Father!”

Then, into the whirling darkness that was closing about him, James Holden reached out his eager arms.

## THE LAND OF HIS FATHERS

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

“**D**E map lie!”



The old Ojibway turned from the slab counter of the trade-house at Jackfish Lake, a lean forefinger still resting on the engineer's

map of a section of the preliminary survey for the new Transcontinental Railroad. There was a glitter in his black eyes as they met the surprised gaze of McDuff, the Scotch engineer.

“What d’you mean, David?” queried Cameron, the factor, peering over the Ojibway’s shoulder at the map spread before them.

“All dees lak’,” replied the old Indian, pointing to a chain of lakes along the shores of which ran a trial line for the contemplated Right-of-Way, “lie two—tree day travel to de sunset from de Flaming Riviere. Dey not flow dees way; beeg heel shut dat valley from de riviere.” The speaker indicated with his finger.

“De man who mak’ map; I know how he travel,” the Ojibway continued. “De freezing moon was near; he was starve an’ in great hurry, an’ he listen to half-breed. He mak’ bad map, for de half-breed lie.”

The Indian drew a long breath as his

narrowed eyes bored into the engineer’s questioning gaze.

“You know this country pretty well, David?”

The Ojibway straightened to his full six feet. A flicker of a smile played at the corners of his set mouth.

“Many snows I hunt dat country. My fader hunt dat country, an’ hees fader. I know eet lak’ I know my tepee out dere on de lak’ shore.”

“There ain’t a lake or hill in the Kabenakagami country that David don’t know,” broke in the factor. “He was born there and his ancestors were born there and hunted it. You can depend on what David tells you about the Kabenakagami and Flaming River country.”

The eyes of the old Ojibway softened.

“Well, the man who made this flying survey knows his business,” grunted McDuff to John Gordon, his assistant, “but if he was close to the freeze-up and had to get out in a hurry, he may have guessed at these lakes flowing into the Flaming River, when he worked up his notes with the topographer. The Agricultural Survey sure made a mess of their western Ontario map, but they hardly made a compass



survey and plotted a great deal by hearsay."

"I should say so," nodded Cameron; "the man who follows the Nepigon Trail to the Albany with that map will sure leave his bones in the bush. It don't show half the network of lakes you travel through, and water running two ways out of 'em at that."

The government engineer turned to old David, who had been an interested listener.

"David, I want you and your sons as guides until the freeze-up. Will you come with us?"

"To-morrow I tell you." And the erect figure of the treaty-chief of the Kabenakagami Ojibways disappeared through the door.

Later McDuff and Gordon sat smoking after-supper pipes in the factor's quarters.

"There's no doubt in your mind, Cameron, that old David is the best man you've got for our business?" asked McDuff.

"There are others trading at this post who trap the Kabenakagami country above and below David's hunting-grounds, but if your map is correct the preliminary survey runs through the country he has travelled all his life. He's the man you want and he's the most intelligent Indian that trades at this post. That's why he's treaty-chief."

"I guess you're right, but it don't seem possible that Stevens could have made such a bull on the Flaming River survey. Why, it may mean running a new line thirty or forty miles."

"I don't care," maintained the factor. "If David says your map is off, you can gamble your life that it is."

"Well, we've got to go and find out."

Down on the lake shore across the post clearing where already stood scattered tepees of Ojibways in for the spring trade, the occasional laugh of an Indian girl or yelp of a husky dog alone broke the hush of the June twilight. Each day, now, from north and east and west, would bring to the post the canoes of fur-hunters, freighted with noisy cargoes of children and dogs, and the winter catch of pelts. Soon the trade-house would swarm with swarthy trappers, redman and half-

breed, bartering fox and mink, lynx and otter, for powder, flour, and cloth, or lounging about, smoking Company nigger-head as they gossiped of winter camps and winter trails in the silent places.

Beyond the tepees, where the cleared ground rose to a miniature sand-cliff above the lake, sat a motionless figure silhouetted against the waning western light. Throughout the hours of the long twilight he had been there, as if carved from stone, chin in hands, gazing across the sleeping lake to purple western ridges. But his eyes had not seen the timbered hills of Jackfish, for they looked on a green, northern valley, where swift streams sang through forests of spruce and birch and fir, seeking lakes shimmering in the sun.

It was a valley that had been the hunting-ground of his father and his father's father. For generations, by the law of the north, it had belonged to the family of the Makwa—the bear. For forty miles none but the Makwa trapped its ridges and streams or netted its fish-filled lakes. In the Ojibway tongue it was called Gwanatch Tawadina, The Beautiful Valley, and there David had been born, and as a boy first learned to snare the ptarmigan and snow-shoe rabbit, and later hunt the moose and caribou. In the outlet of these lakes his father had taught him the art of running the white-water and poling the swift current in a birch-bark. There, as a child, he had lain when the camp was asleep, gazing in awe and wonder at the myriad stars while he listened to the voices of the forest night. Not a spruce ridge, or swift brook, or wild meadow, with its dead water above the beaver dam where the moose came at sunset to eat the roots of lilies and the sweet grasses, but was a loved and familiar sight to the one who brooded in the dusk.

From the largest of the lakes of The Beautiful Valley, called the Lake of the Islands, lifted sheer a rocky mass crowned by a forest of ancient spruce and jack-pine. There for generations had the dead of his family found their long rest. There lay the mother of his tall sons, his father and father's father with their kinsmen, sleeping the endless sleep beneath the murmuring jack-pines and spruce of the Island of the Dead, the sacred ground of the Makwa.



The last light in the west had long since died. Deep the lake slept at his feet, mirroring the stars. Down among the tepees the voices of the women were hushed. From the opposite shore drifted the hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, of a gray owl. But the lone figure on the cliff kept vigil far into the night with his vision.

At sunrise the government engineers with their assistants, canoemen, and packers, started north for the summer survey of the Kabenakagami section of the Transcontinental. In the bow of the big birch-bark carrying McDuff and young Gordon paddled the grizzled treaty-chief of the Kabenakagami Ojibways, David Makwa. A hundred miles north, down river to Stevens's flying survey, then months of line running east and west, seeking an easier grade among the hills, around the swamps and along the wild rivers of the intractable wilderness, awaited them.

All summer McDuff and Gordon with their chain-men and voyageurs, red, half-breed, and white, toiled in the Ontario "bush," tormented by the forest pests, the midge, black fly, and bulldog; at times, when the packers failed to bring up their supplies, living on the fish and game of the country, in order that some day the deep voice of the Iron Horse might thunder through the solitudes of the Ontario hills.

Late in August, the trial lines having been run east to the Missinaibi section, the survey-party returned to its base cache on the Kabenakagami and pushed west. Here, in circling ridges and horsebacks, dodging lakes and bottomless muskeg, the skill of that old wheel-horse of the Transcontinental staff, Donald McDuff, was taxed to the limit to find a better grade than that shown by Stevens's trial line, or even maintain the required seventy-three feet per mile.

In the arduous toil of the past weeks the woodcraft and ability as a canoeman of old David had received the acid test at the hands of the gruff Scotch engineer, ruthless in the treatment of his men in the pursuit of his end and aim. And so great was the respect with which the old Indian came to be held that he started west from the big river as head man of the voyageurs.

In September the survey reached the

Flaming River, having found no glaring mistake in Stevens's lines. Here, to the west, paralleling the stream, a succession of high ridges barred the way, requiring a wide bend in the line either north or south. Stevens's line dipped south.

One evening in his tent, with the help of two lanterns, the chief engineer and John Gordon were comparing the Flaming River country on Stevens's map with those of the Agricultural and the Geological Survey.

"Well, I guess there's something in what that Injun says about this proposition, Gordon," rasped out McDuff at last. "This country west seems all cut up with small lakes and if the Geological survey wasn't made by blind men, it's some rough."

"Compare these lakes off here to the southwest on Stevens's survey with this map," said Gordon, pointing with sinewy finger. "They don't look much alike, do they? David told me to-day," he continued, "that we couldn't find a break in this ridge to the south for twenty miles. He says it turns and dips southwest."

"If that's so, Stevens made a bad guess then," growled McDuff.

"I got to the top of it yesterday with one of David's boys," went on Gordon, "and the glasses showed nothing but rolling horsebacks. I'm satisfied we must swing north past this big shoulder."

"Call David!" commanded McDuff.

Shortly the old Indian entered the tent.

"Mr. Gordon tells me that you've been clear to the headwater lakes of this river and that the ridge over there holds without a break for twenty miles?" queried McDuff.

David looked the engineer steadily in the eyes.

"Dees heel run many mile' to de sout', den turn wes'. You get no trail tru' flat country for day travel. To de nord you get 'round een leetle piece."

"You say that the outlet of these lakes runs northwest and don't flow east into the Flaming. This map says it does. Are you lying or telling the truth?"

At the insult the Indian's breath quickened. His hands clinched convulsively as he faced the factor, but choking down his anger, he answered:

"Dees lak' run far nordwes' many day



travel. Dees map ees bad map!" The veins stood out like whip-cords on the old man's temples and neck. His dark eyes blazed defiantly into those of the engineer as he hissed:

"Eet lie!"

"Well, maybe it does; maybe it does; we'll see soon enough."

The Indian's resentment was lost on the thick-skinned McDuff, who turned to the map before him, but there flashed through the brain of Gordon the impression that something more than the error of a surveying-party lay behind old David's vehemence. At Jackfish he had turned like a trapped wolverine to utter in that tragic manner the same words: "Eet lie!"

There was something behind all this, but what it was he could not guess.

Again David assured McDuff that he had been the length of the Flaming and only to the north could they maintain the required grade for the road. When he had gone McDuff turned to Gordon.

"Well, I'm stumped. Stevens gets through this ridge not ten miles above here and he don't have to dig much either, if his altitudes are right, and David, who is about the best bushman I've ever knocked into, swears it's north, not south, we've got to swing."

"To-morrow," he continued, "you take David and an outfit and go up-river a week and see what you can find. I'll swing north. I'm inclined to believe that we've stumbled upon the first bad blunder Stevens ever made. He was in here when the country was freezing up, and starved out in the bargain. That may account for it."

While the engineers still argued the pros and cons of the problem before them, a swarthy face appeared in the tent-opening.

"Meester MeecDuff, I wesh to spik somet'ing wid you," was whispered.

It was one of the half-breed voyageurs.

"Well, what d'you want? Haven't I ordered you to keep away from this tent? If you've got any kick to make, take it up with David. He's your boss!"

The half-breed waited until McDuff finished, his beady eyes wandering from the maps on the rough slab table to the faces of the white men; then he said in a low, insinuating tone:

"Eet ees about Daveed dat I spik. He lie to you. Dees heel over dere," waving his hand to the west, "a beeg river come tru, a day polin' up de Flamin'. I have travel to de headwater. I know dees countree."

McDuff looked at Gordon. Over John Gordon swept a sense of disappointment—of regret. If the half-breed's tale was true, David, whom he trusted, whom he had made his friend in the strenuous weeks behind them, was deceiving them. If the tale was true, the Indian surely had a powerful reason for insisting that the location of the road must swing north.

That the old Indian with whom he was accustomed often at night to talk in Ojibway of the life and folk-lore of his people, whom he had found the whitest Indian he had ever known, should lie to them, was incredible. And yet—there were suspicious circumstances.

"You say that a river breaks through the ridge a few miles above here?" asked McDuff.

"Oua, yes! To-day I hear you have talk wid Daveed an' I cum to tell you he lie."

The half-breed seemed nervous. He turned to the tent-door and peered out into the darkness, then waited for McDuff's reply.

"When were you on this river?"

"Four—five year back. I come up here from the Kabenakagami for to hunt fur."

"Um-m." The Scotchman scratched his bearded jaw. "All right, Jean! We'll soon know who's wrong. That's all—get out!" The engineer pointed to the tent-opening.

As the half-breed left, a dark form noiselessly arose near the rear wall of the tent and was swallowed in the gloom.

"Well, what do you think of that for half-breed jealousy of the Injun boss, or——"

The silence of the night was broken by the sound of trampling in the brush down near the tents of the voyageurs, followed by an oath and rapid talk in the Ojibway tongue.

The two engineers hurried outside, but the camp of their men seemed hushed in slumber.

"There was somebody in the bush out



there just now. Hello, down there!" McDuff bellowed. "What's all that noise about?"

Shortly one of the white chain-men appeared.

"What are y' having down there, Andrew, a row?"

"All quiet, sir, now! There was a little noise over near the Injun's tents, but no trouble. Somebody yellin' in his sleep. I looked in and they all had their heads under the blankets."

"All right, turn in, then; but I won't have any rows in this camp, understand? Report anything you see!"

"Yes, sir," and the sleepy chain-man returned to his blankets.

Next morning, when the returning supply-boats started back down-river for the Kabenakagami, the half-breed voyageur, Jean Nadeau, reported sick and asked to be sent home. Although he showed no signs of illness, he was allowed to go.

"Looks to me, Gordon," laughed McDuff, as the canoes pulled out, "as if that half-breed who knows so much about this country got cold feet. I guess he wanted to rub it into David, and then lost his nerve."

The same day, with David and an Indian crew, Gordon started up-stream to reconnoitre the country, while his chief followed the ridge to the north on a flying survey.

Towering in the bow of Gordon's big Peterboro canoe old David piloted the craft up the quick-water of the swift river with a skill that only those born to the game possess. As they slowly bucked the current, driven by the setting-poles of David and the five voyageurs, Gordon's eager eyes followed the great ridge to the west searching for the opening that might mean a way through for the line. But in the middle of the morning, when he landed below a long stretch of white-water to get a better view-point for observation, it still loomed far to the south, hemming in the river.

"Can you pole this rapid, David?" asked Gordon.

"I pole it in small canoe, in dees boat, maybe."

"Those shores look pretty rough; where's the Indian portage?"

"Injun portage all dees water 'cross

leetle lak'. You no see hill from de portage."

"I don't want to lose sight of that ridge. If you can pole it, go ahead."

There was murmuring and shaking of heads among the crew, but a few words in Ojibway from David served to reassure them, and he turned the nose of the canoe into the boilers below the white-water.

Up the first chute slowly moved the boat driven by the poles of the iron-backed crew—the voice of the tall bowman rising high above the roar of the waters that flung them back. Now they hugged the shore, where ran a deep channel, now shot across current, seeking a way through between ugly ledges white with foam, huge boulders over which piled high the racing torrent, and pinnacle rocks which thrust upward sharp teeth that could slash the bottom of the boat into ribbons. Here, skirting destruction to canoe and supplies by a hair, dodging an upset there by the breadth of a hand, up the rapids the voyageurs fought their way, throwing their weight onto the long spruce poles at the command of the bowman.

They had not got far into the long white-water when John Gordon regretted having made the attempt. His supplies and canoe were too valuable to be recklessly imperilled.

"I think we'd better get out of this, David, and carry around," he shouted.

"Up dere a piece we can land," replied David, leaning on his pole.

Again at his signal the crew thrust the boat forward, sometimes gaining feet, sometimes inches, on the weight of hurrying water. Then, as the bowman pried the nose of the craft off the current to avoid a rock, his pole snapped in his hands. Unable to recover his balance, he plunged head first into the rapids, while the canoe swung broadside on.

Before the crew behind regained control of the boat it was lifted and dropped on a jagged ledge; while, tossed and buffeted by eddies and cross-currents, the Indian was swept below them, his arms clasped about his head, as a protection from the rocks.

Frantically the crew struggled with their poles, finally swinging the canoe off the ledge, then swiftly snubbed down-



stream on the road they had come and landed half full of water below the rapids.

There on the shore stood David wringing out his clothes.

"Dees rapeed no good for beeg boat," he volunteered to Gordon.

"Are you hurt, David?"

"Naw, not one leetle rock bite me."

The bottom of the canoe was badly slashed and most of the flour wet. The flying survey must be made without delay. No excuses were accepted by McDuff.

"Patch her up the best you can and drop back to camp, boys," he told the crew. "David and I will take a few days' grub and strike into the bush. I want to see what the country looks like from that big hill up-river."

As Gordon spoke the eyes of the old Indian narrowed and the muscles of his lean face set hard, but he said nothing.

That night, miles above the rapids, Gordon and David sat smoking in front of their camp-fire.

"I thought you knew this river pretty well, David?" Gordon essayed after a long silence. But the Indian smoked on with eyes averted, as if he had not heard the question.

As they ate their supper, Gordon's mind had been full of the events of the last few days. In vain he had struggled to throttle the suspicion which was steadily gaining strength—that this silent old Indian sitting there across the fire was playing a deep and subtle game. But why?

In the eastern survey lately completed they had camped together many nights on a flying reconnaissance of the country, as they were then camped. Born in a Hudson's Bay Post where his father was factor, Gordon as a boy had become familiar with the Ojibway tongue, and it was in Ojibway that he talked to David when they were alone. This knowledge of the language of his fathers had been the means of drawing out the proud old Indian as nothing else could have done, and of speedily cementing a warm friendship between white engineer and red voyageur.

Night after night they had burned much tobacco discussing the ways of the furred prowlers and horned wanderers of the Ontario forests and muskeg. David had

spun many a tale of his journeys to the great salt bay of the north where the geese and duck swarm in myriads for the fall migration. Gordon had spent two years in the British Columbian Rockies and his talk of that land of summer snows and glaciers, lying far beyond the sunset, enthralled the imagination of the Indian. But for the most part it had been David who taught and Gordon who listened. The old man's knowledge of woodcraft, his many winter trails with the dog-teams and summer journeys in the boats of the Great Company through the Ontario silent places, his love of the mystic in nature, had been a source of interest and delight upon which Gordon never ceased to draw.

And now, as he sat there by the fire, his doubts had at last crystallized into a deep suspicion of his friend. Well, a day or two would tell the story, he mused, and with a "Good night, David," turned into his blanket.

It was the afternoon of the next day. They had climbed to a shoulder of the big hill Gordon had seen far down the river, and sat for a space smoking. North and south at their feet ran the winding valley of the Flaming River. Low hills of spruce and fir splashed with the yellow and gold of birch and poplar rolled to the eastern horizon where the pale blue of the watershed ridges of the Kabenakagami merged in a hazy sky. In places, where silver reaches of river met the yellow birch forests, the stream seemed suddenly to burst into flame.

"Now, I know how the river got its name. It looks afire down there, David!" exclaimed Gordon. "It's certainly a rare country."

"I show you one at sunset," said the old Indian, whose brooding eyes were blind to the beauty of the valley.

Then something impelled John Gordon to ask:

"David, why did you take me into that swamp yesterday and lose me?"

For an instant the Indian did not answer; then, turning, he rested his hand on his friend's knee and said in Ojibway:

"Because, one sleep ago, the face of the sun was hidden, and when it died behind the hills the sky would not hang with the





*Drawn by Frank E. S. S. S. S.*

Again at his signal the crew thrust the boat forward.—Page 755.



colors of the flowers of the forest over The Beautiful Valley."

"The Beautiful Valley?" Gordon's eyes widened in wonder. "What do you mean?"

"My son," continued the old chief, "the country you look upon gladdens your heart, for the great Manitou has given you eyes to see the rivers and the hills. In a little while when we stand on the bald head of this mountain above us as the sun dies in the west, you shall behold a land as fair as the Happy Hunting-Grounds that lie at the end of the last trail, for you shall look upon The Beautiful Valley."

Thrilled at the words, Gordon vaguely sensed what he was about to hear.

"One sleep ago, if you had been the Big White Boss who has no heart you would now lie in the black swamp down there and no white man would see your face again—for the black swamp keeps its dead. But you have the soul of an Ojibway; your heart loves the lone lands; your ears hear the voices of the rapids and the talking wind in the birches. To me you are as a son."

Held by the tragic face of the Indian, Gordon listened to the dramatic confession. The old man rested his saddened eyes momentarily on the valley, then faced the engineer with a gesture of hopelessness.

"But it is no good! Others would come some day and find the break in the hills and bring the Iron Trail to The Beautiful Valley. The white man is strong. It is no good!"

"You mean, David, that you have been trying to keep us out of your hunting-grounds—this valley you call The Beautiful Valley? There is, after all, a break in the hills above here?"

"Yes, my son; the map does not lie."

For Gordon the situation had cleared.

"I thought yesterday when you led me into that swamp—that you were trying to lose me," Gordon said, half to himself. Then he reached out impulsively and gripped the hand of the heart-broken old man.

"David, you know we are sent here by the government. We are ordered to find a trail for the road by the Fathers at Ottawa. If we make a bad trail, others will follow and find a good one. If I could—

if I could keep the Transcontinental out of your valley, my friend, I would. You know I would do it, don't you?"

"Yes, you would help me, my son, for you have the soul of an Ojibway. You love the clean waters and the green forests. The burned lands sadden your heart."

To John Gordon the despair of the old man who stood with averted face to hide the play of emotion on his twisted features was a pitiful sight.

"You will know when we stand at sunset and look upon The Beautiful Valley, why David, a chief, has lied to the White Boss that the Iron Trail might not come to the land of the Makwa."

For a time the two sat in silence, then Gordon asked:

"You scared that half-breed Nadeau into going back with the supply-boats?"

"Yes, he knew this river. I followed him to your tent and heard what he said. Then I told him to go back with the supply-boats, for he fears the Makwa."

"And you broke your pole in the rapids and risked drowning yourself to keep us from finding the break in the hills?"

"Yes, but it was no good, no good!"

"Will McDuff find an easy grade through to the north?"

"No, there are many hills there and high; they must come this way after all."

"David, my friend, if there was a good way north, I'd try to help you. But other engineers follow us this winter on the snow. We are only a flying survey. They are sure to find the easy grade through the hills above here."

"Yes," assented the old man sorrowfully, "the white man is strong; he will find The Beautiful Valley."

At sunset they climbed to the bald brow of the mountain. Gordon followed his guide up out of the thick scrub to the rock face of the summit and stood thrilled at the panorama rolling away for forty miles to the west.

With a sweep of his long arm, David said proudly:

"Look, my son, upon The Beautiful Valley."

Flanked by high ridges to the north and south, the lower levels broken with undulating hills of jack-pine, spruce, and fir





*Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover.*

Long the enchanted Gordon drank in the beauty of the picture.—Page 760



shot with the maroon and gold of the hardwood, the hunting-ground of the Makwa faded far into the sunset. Here and there—like silver islands studding the sea of endless forest—shimmered a hundred lakes. And out of the nearest of these the bright thread of a river, now lost in emerald depths, now emerging, flashed off to the southeast.

Far at the head of the valley loomed a range of purple hills, over which in wondrous hues the sunken sun painted the canvas of the sky with magic brush. Not a blemish of burned country or barren marred the perfect whole.

Long the enchanted Gordon drank in the beauty of the picture.

"God, what a country!" he finally sighed.

"You know now why David lied?" wistfully the old man asked.

"Yes, I don't wonder you fought for it."

Then as the two watched the deepening splendor of the sunset, the Indian began:

"Often I have journeyed to the south in the boats of the Great Company. Once, many long snows ago, far by the Big Sweet Water I saw white men, like ants, cutting a wide trail through the living forest. Again, when the mail-canoe went south we met the smoke of forest-fires, so thick that it hid the sun, two sleeps from the great trail. There we found men, as many as there are midges in a swamp, digging holes in the hills like the foxes, and shooting the rocks and ledges with gunpowder, following those who went before. North and south for a day's journey stood blackened ridges burned by the fires these men had made. Later they laid small trees on the naked earth and over them made a trail of iron that ran into the east, without end.

"And then one summer we saw the Iron Horse, fed with fire, come out of the east following the Iron Trail. And with the Iron Horse came the free-traders to barter for furs the burning water which the Great Company would not give the Indians. Here I saw Ojibways sell in one day for this devil-water their winter hunt of fur, while the women wailed in the tepees where there was no tea or flour. The young men, no longer men but slaves to the traders—and not ashamed—begged

for the bad medicine that filled their veins with fire and stole their manhood. Here I looked on starvation and misery among my people brought by those who followed the Iron Trail with their camps.

"All this I saw when I journeyed far south to the Big Sweet Water.

"When I learned, two long snows ago, that the white man would make another Iron Trail, my heart was saddened. It was in the freezing moon before the last long snows that white men came to The Beautiful Valley. I was south at the post when my sons found them, so they gave them their lives."

On the old man's face was written the torture of his thoughts. Shortly he continued:

"You have the soul of an Ojibway, and understand. Look down there at those forests untouched by fire; those lakes, clean as the springs which feed them; those hills without a scar. In that big lake far up the valley—we call it the Lake of the Islands—lie the bones of my people. For many, many long snows, since the big battle when we took the country from the Crees, it has been the home of the Makwa, and now the Iron Trail will come through the break in the hills and The Beautiful Valley will vanish. What your eyes see to-night will be hidden by the smoke of the burning forests. The thunder of the white man's powder will echo among its hills and its lakes lie befouled by the camps of the wood-choppers. And later the traders will come and corrupt my young men and women with their poisoned water.

"But it is no good. I am old and the white men are strong."

With a gesture of despair David turned his tragic eyes from the land of his fathers and covered his face with his hands.

Gordon tried to explain how the government had made laws for the building of the new road; how there were to be no forest-fires started by careless workmen; how the whiskey-trader would be banished from the Right-of-Way; but in his heart he knew that David was right. The magic of The Beautiful Valley would vanish at the coming of the Iron Trail.

Slowly the riot of pagan color faded from the western sky, and twilight followed. But not until dusk masked the



valley did the watchers on the mountain stir.

In the middle of October, when the leaves of the hardwood yellowed the floor of the forest and the first stinging winds from the north gave warning of the freeze-up, the flying survey through the land of the Makwa was completed. In the last weeks old David had seemed to Gordon, who tried to cheer him, somewhat reconciled to the inevitable, but the heart of the proud Ojibway was broken.

One afternoon the canoes of the party, having run the outlet of the lakes on their way to the break in the hills, were nearing the portage which skirted the steep cliffs of the gorge through which thundered the river. In front, in a sixteen-foot birch-bark, David paddled McDuff. Close behind, Gordon and five voyageurs followed in a Peterboro, with the remaining canoes in their wake. The large boat had already turned in to the shore at the head of the rapids, when suddenly the Indian rose to his knees, and calling to Gordon, "Bo'-jo'! Bo'-jo'!" paddled like a demon out into midstream.

Off his guard, McDuff at first took it as an attempt by David to frighten him, but when the grim-visaged Ojibway, heedless of the engineer's shouts to turn in-shore, drove the light canoe into the broken water toward the suck of the first chute, he knew that it was a madman who paddled in the stern. Then, for he was no coward, McDuff plunged into the river, attempting to reach a ledge jutting from the shore. But, though he fought desper-

ately, the swimmer, together with the canoe, was swept into the flume.

Stunned by the swiftness of the tragedy moving before his eyes, Gordon fancied he saw, as the canoe took the plunge, a smile light the swarthy face turned toward him and a hand raised in farewell as the doomed craft was sucked into the riot of wild water.

Far down the break in the hills they found the battered bodies of the drowned engineer and the Ojibway. As Gordon lifted the broken clay and looked at the face of the old chief, he knew that it had been a smile of triumph his fancy pictured lighting the dark features in that last look back at his friend. For from the face of David sorrow and despair had vanished, and in their place, was peace.

While the rest of the survey continued on down the Flaming River with the body of the chief engineer, Gordon, with David's sons, brought the old chief up the valley to the Lake of the Islands. There, on the Island of the Dead, they laid him beside his forefathers for his long sleep beneath the talking pines he loved.

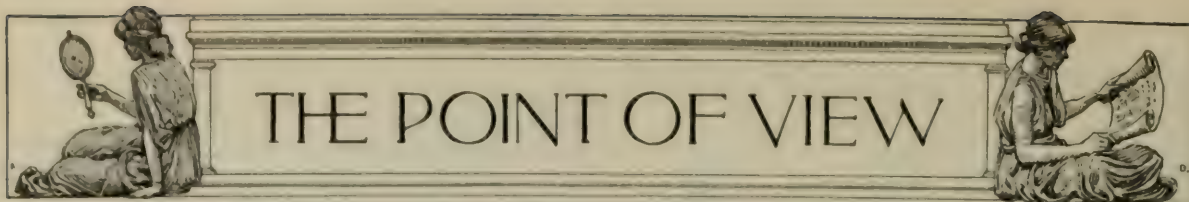
Gordon stood by the grave at the head of which they had erected a cross of hewn spruce, and repeated what he could remember of the burial service. Then, in personal tribute to his friend, the engineer cut in the white wood of the arm these words, in English:

HERE LIES DAVID MAKWA, OJIBWAY CHIEF, WHO, RATHER THAN LIVE TO SEE THE IRON TRAIL DESECRATE HIS BEAUTIFUL VALLEY—CHOSE DEATH.

HIS WAS A GREAT SOUL!







## THE POINT OF VIEW

Thoughts at  
Commencement

IT is an obvious contradiction in terms that a prolix legal argument should be entitled a *brief*, and it is equally anomalous that the exercises which mark the end of four years of college should be called a *commencement*. But there is never any

profit in combating the vagaries of the vocabulary; and by any other name a commencement would remain what it is—the door through which thousands of young men and young women pass every spring on their way from their pupilage to their independence. While they are still lingering on the threshold of the outer world, they are copiously besprinkled with advice, with monitions, and with exhortations. They are told what to do and how to do it; they are solemnly warned against the evils of the outside world to which they are about to be exposed. They are asperged with precepts—which probably pour from off them as speedily as the water from the duck's back. As a professor of Yale once put it pithily, "The capacity of the human mind for resisting the introduction of useful information cannot be overestimated"; and its capacity for rejecting advice is at least as immeasurable.

But if the baccalaureate sermons and the Phi Beta Kappa orations do as little good as they do harm to the young folks who sit under them restlessly, these addresses serve to relieve the feelings of the pastors and masters who stand and deliver them. They afford a superb opportunity for letting off steam and for expressing opinions on things in general and on the world at large. More particularly is commencement felt to be the fittest occasion for calling attention to the manifold defects of our educational system. Regularly every June our mind focusses itself firmly on these manifold defects; they are catalogued and they are deplored and they are objurgated until we are almost persuaded that these defects really are manifold. On the whole, our educational system seems to be fairly sound; but as it is a human institution, it cannot be perfect. There is profit, therefore, in any discussion which may point the way to-

ward an ideal perfection, never to be attained and always to be longed for.

The common school, the high school, the college, the university, the several technical schools are always under attack; and they go on doing their work in their own fashion—not to the complete satisfaction of everybody concerned but fairly well, all things considered. They are doing their work more satisfactorily than they would be doing it if the host of educational reformers were allowed to have the final word—those educational reformers, who, in President Butler's delightful phrase, believe that "education is the art of conducting the human mind from an infantile void to an adolescent vacuum."

Perhaps it is in consequence of the manifold defects of our educational system that it has been supplemented of late by what is known as University Extension and by what is known as the Correspondence School. University Extension may be defined as an educational department-store, with a bargain-counter in the basement; while the Correspondence School is an educational mail-order house. From one or the other of these organizations, with their up-to-date business methods, any one of us can get instruction in any department of human endeavor; he can be guided to the acquisition of the art of playwriting and to the mastery of the science of plumbing. Reading and writing may come by nature, as it was once maintained; but nowadays playwriting and plumbing come by parcel-post.

We are assured that if we subscribe for the course in self-mastery and self-expression, we can at once raise the contents of our pay-envelope from five dollars a week to five hundred. We are allured with a promise that we can be taught by a familiar epistle how to approach a "prospect"—I believe that is the correct term to designate the person from whom you propose to extract an order; and we can be instructed as to the precise psychologic moment, when we are to tell the prospect to "sign on that dotted line, please—just here. Thank you; that will be all to-day." When we have absorbed the attractive advertisements of



these benevolent institutions we wonder how it is that anybody can resist their fascinations and how it is that everybody isn't a plumber or a playwright, with five hundred a week in his pay-envelop. The door of opportunity yawns widely before us. Every man can be his own university and get culture while he waits.

**S**TANDING by the side of University Extension and the Correspondence School is the Teachers College—which is the normal school in a dress coat. The Teachers College not only teaches almost everything, but it also teaches how to

teach everything. In the catalogue of one Teachers College I find one course on how to teach

the "History of Husbandry as Social Control," and another on how to teach "Field Work in Household Arts in Rural Communities," while yet a third course is on how to teach "Costume Design for Dress-making." Here is food for a diversity of creatures; and digestible food, no doubt. If these subjects are to be taught—as to which there is, of course, no question—then the teachers of these subjects ought to be trained to teach them as skilfully as may be.

What is even more admirable is that there are courses in this Teachers College not only to teach teachers how to teach but also to teach superintendents of schools how to superintend. This is as it should be, since the art of superintending is obviously different from the art of teaching. Superintendents are always teachers who have shown fitness for administration. But when these teachers are taken away from the teaching they have learned how to do, they need to learn how to superintend. Whatever has to be learned can be taught; that is to say, the learner can save time by taking instruction in the new art from those who have acquired experience by practising it.

Yet even this most comprehensive catalogue of this most progressive Teachers College does not proffer two courses which seem to me to be as necessary as those which teach superintendents how to superintend. After diligent search I failed to find any course intended to teach college presidents how to preside; and, what is an even more lamentable deficiency, I was unable to discover any course intended to

teach college trustees how to discharge the duties imposed upon them by their trusteeship.

Both these courses ought to be established at once. Just as the school superintendent is a promoted teacher, so the college president is a promoted professor—at least, he usually is, and when he isn't he is a failure, more often than not. Now, the job of being a president is very different from the job of being a professor; and the president is called upon to do a lot of things entirely outside of the professor's field of activities. He has to pass from the comparative obscurity of the scholar's study into the spot-light of publicity. He has to be the mouthpiece of the college; he has to be the connecting-link between the students and the alumni; he has to be interpreter of the faculty to the board of trustees and of the board of trustees to the faculty. He has to respect the traditions the college has inherited from the past, to guide its activities in the present, and plan for its enlarged duties in the future. And for these multitudinous tasks he has not been fitted by his experience as a professor; and there is not even a five-inch shelf of text-books from which he can acquire the elements of his new profession.

Perhaps the need is even more imperative for a course teaching trustees how to trustee. They are not promoted professors; they are often not even alumni; they are sometimes rank outsiders, innocent of culture and even of education. What a beneficent thing it would be if there was a Teachers College course, a University Extension course, or a series of Correspondence School lessons which might impart to the ambitious trustee the information he needs as to his exact function in the educational organization—a function most useful and yet often strangely misunderstood. By the mere fact that in many colleges the powers of the board of trustees are unlimited—sovereignty must reside somewhere—the individual trustee ought to learn the precise limitations which the board, individually and collectively, must place upon these powers.

It may be going too far to insist that every man who is elected president or trustee of a college should be required to take one or the other of the courses I have here suggested; and that he should not be al-



lowed to preside or to trust until he has passed an examination in the work of these courses with a grade not lower than B—. I am not sure, however, that it might not be advisable to require every candidate for a presidency or a trusteeship to take one of the psychological examinations which are now so popular, to discover whether he possesses the inherent qualifications which would justify the hope that he might fit himself for the post to which he aspires. I make no doubt that the expert psychologists who have devised the trying-out tests for army aviators could be counted upon to arrange a proper sequence of experiments and inquiries to gauge the capacity of the applicants. With the hope of persuading as many as might be of all candidates for a college presidency or a college trusteeship, it would be well to conceal from these candidates that the soldiers in our various cantonments were so disrespectful as to designate the psychologic experts as "nut-pickers."

THERE is one week in the year to which I always look forward with a feeling of irritation and annoyance—the week in which the representatives high in authority of the great insurance companies of the country meet in order to warn the

The Unpopularity of Economy and Thrift

public at large of the consequences of the great American sin of extravagance and waste. For, in the first place, human nature is such that few things are more exasperating to a person of moderate income, than to be lectured on the sin of extravagance by a man whose salary is four or five times larger than his own. Then again one is reminded that it isn't so very many years ago that the predecessors in office of several of these very men were brought sharply to book, by an investigator who has since become famous for the exes which are now attached to his name—ex-governor, ex-associate justice of the Supreme Court, and ex-candidate for the Presidency,—for this very sin of extravagance in its extreme form in the management of their huge trust funds.

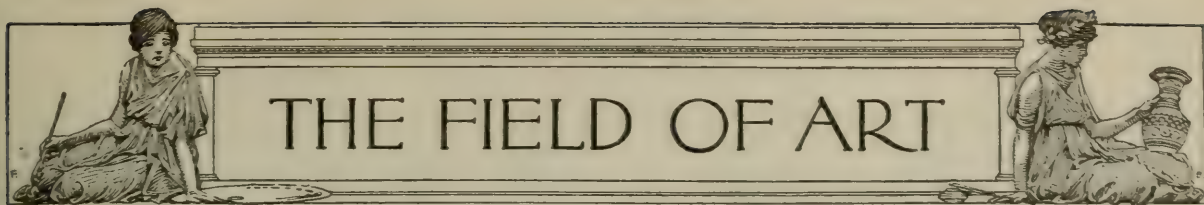
The truth, I suppose, is that economy and thrift are not popular in America. Under Mr. Hoover's guidance, and Mr. Vanderbilt's, with his War Saving Stamps, they made some headway. Since the Civil War we had almost forgotten how to acquire

the habit of thrift or how to practise the virtue of economy. Except under the direst necessity these baleful words were by tacit consent tabooed in the domestic circle as almost sure to result in discord. "There are three words," said my cynical friend, as he dropped into his easy chair at the club, "that I never want to hear again—Reform, Uplift, and Jane Addams." Many American men and, I think, all American women would, if they were asked, express themselves in the same way about the words Economy and Thrift.

To the casual observer of affairs it does seem as if this love of extravagance were a national trait. It reveals itself everywhere. Nowhere is it more conspicuous than in the willingness, nay the reckless eagerness, with which representative bodies, from the small board of selectmen in a New England town to the Congress at the national capital, spend other people's money on all sorts of projects, bad and indifferent as well as good. And the surest way in which to bring abuse and obloquy upon one's head is to begin to preach upon the sin of such wasteful public expenditures and the necessity for economy. The real hero of to-day is not the man who courageously points out the dangers that lie in the pathway of such extravagance, but the man who is ingenious enough to find additional sources of revenue by taxation.

Occasionally it is possible to arrest for a moment the attention of the individual who is given to extravagance by those always tiresome things, statistics. The apostles of thrift take peculiar delight in delving into the records of the surrogate's courts and the probate courts, and in confronting you with the grewsome facts which they find there. They will tell you, for example, that as Americans are living to-day, out of every one hundred men who die three leave estates of more than ten thousand dollars, fifteen others leave estates of from two thousand to ten thousand, while the remaining eighty-two leave no income-producing estates at all. But the only reply that you are likely to get from any man of extravagant tastes to whom, in a moment of reckless confidence you may repeat these facts, is that "figures can be made to prove anything," and that he is more interested in deciding upon the color of the new motor-car he is planning to buy!





## KENYON COX

By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

TO estimate the personality of a man with whom one has had relatively short acquaintance may seem impertinent. Yet any criticism is perforce an estimate of personality, and that of Kenyon Cox was too masterful not to have a public character. When hardly out of the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*, a struggling young artist in his late twenties, Kenyon Cox began to be a legend and a portent. People admired him and feared him; in his regard, no one thought of being lukewarm. He was one of that group of modernly trained young men from Antwerp, Munich, or Paris who perturbed and eventually dominated the old National Academy through the transient rivalry of the Society of American Artists. The treatment these honest reformers received is one of the mysteries of the history of American taste. Without difficulty they got social and critical approval, everything but purchasers. For a generation, under the tactful coaching of the dealers, the collectors of New York had bought dearly the "conscientious nudes" of Lefèvre and Cabanel, not to mention Bouguereau. Why they should have ignored the equally able academies of Cox is not easy to fathom. Why the critics should have cavilled at these very skilful exercises of Cox, while applauding the precisely similar achievements of his Parisian exemplars, is again mysterious. Perhaps it seemed right for Frenchmen to indulge a taste for the academic nude, but wrong for an American. Or with a subtler epicurism the connoisseurs of our by no means naughty nineties may have felt that a conscientious nude, like a cask of sherry, needs a sea-voyage to make it desirable. However that be, Cox, like most of his artistic contemporaries, was driven back on teaching, writing, lecturing, illustrating, meanwhile laying in neglect the solid foundations for future success as a mural painter.

In neglect but not in obscurity. As a

teacher in the Art Students' League and committeeman or official of the Society, his influence carried far. He was an embodied conservative conscience, a stalwart and dreaded champion of the great traditions of painting, a dangerous critic of successive new schools and fads, a formidable foe of every sort of sloppiness. The times were fairly sloppy, so he was not popular. It was a lot which he accepted, because he was thoroughly honest and fearless, and because it was the condition of his loyalty to what he believed the great tradition. His death must have caused relief if not rejoicing among the wild-eyed inspirationalists of Greenwich Village. For them he was an uncomfortable person to have around.

Cox came of extraordinary ancestry. His mother was the daughter of Doctor Finney, the great evangelist, and first president of Oberlin College. His father, Jacob Dolson Cox, had an amazingly various career. He was a Civil War major-general in the field, and later one of the best historians of the war; governor of the State of Ohio, as he was senator and congressman; secretary of the interior for Grant, forced out of his place for resisting land-grabbing; president of the Wabash Railroad and of the University of Cincinnati. As if that were not enough, he was a lawyer, an admirable book reviewer for the *Nation*, a renowned microscopist, and had an uncommon knowledge of cathedral architecture. With all this versatility, he was a man of most stable competence and of highest integrity. To be born of such a father is a patent of intellectual nobility.

Kenyon Cox was born in Warren, Ohio, in 1856. The rich and pleasant scenery upon which his eyes opened was the subject of one of his rare landscapes, a beautiful picture called "Passing Shadows." His formal education was much hampered by illness, though in such a family as his the training of home was the best of educations. His



chieftain father came back from the war to find the tall lad in bed. From his ninth to his thirteenth year he was bedridden, at times in peril of his life, and periodically under the surgeon's knife. To this deprivation of the usual activities of boyhood one may ascribe a sort of bodily ungainliness, oddly contradictory of the robust pattern of his mind. On acquaintance this paradox worked as a charm.

From early childhood his calling as a painter was manifest, and from his fourteenth year he was allowed to take drawing lessons. At twenty he sojourned for a rather unprofitable year in Philadelphia, at the Academy School, and at twenty-one, 1877, he sought the land of painter's promise, and Paris. Beginning with the master most in vogue, Carolus Duran, he left him in a year for the severer atelier of Gérôme. From 1879 to 1882 he was an exhibitor at the Salon. He returned to New York in that year, being twenty-six years old, was immediately elected to the Society of American Artists, and soon became prominent in its schools and councils. He had pursued with passionate conviction the academic study of the nude at Paris, and continued it in New York against the difficulties we have already noted. With the plain man's disinclination to hang the academic nude in his home, I have considerable sympathy. He is naturally offish toward what he suspects is an exercise or a show-piece, and at best a hussy without clothes. The New Yorkers of the eighties and nineties, perhaps, deserve less blame for their uncovetous admiration of Cox's admirable exercises than for the snobbishness with which they bought entirely similar and by no means better academies only because these were made by European artists. Cox was really preparing himself with dogged grit and intelligence for his ultimate work as a mural painter. One sees in these designs the struggle for freedom through discipline. And half a dozen of these sheets he hardly surpassed.

A discerning person might have inferred this from his delightful and too little known illustrations for Rossetti's "Blessed Damsel," 1886. Meanwhile he achieved a few figure compositions, such as "Moonrise," which will be more valued as time goes on, and did occasional portraits of character and distinction. In some fifteen years of purposeful effort, without attaining vogue, he at-

tained what is more difficult—personal authority. Then his chance came as a decorator, at Bowdoin College, in the Appellate Court, New York, at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, and in the Congressional Library. In this new phase, as he has himself written, his development was characteristically slow and thorough. The color he had learned in the Paris schools and the habit of representing the model rather literally had to be foregone in favor of colors and forms suitable for intricate compositions and great wall spaces. His whole practice had to be renewed in the light of the great masters of monumental design. Too robust to seek the solution of bleached tones, with the followers of Puvis, he turned to the Venetians, Titian and Veronese. Since Rubens and Van Dyck probably no artist has studied them more penetratingly. He believed that their richer forms and colors and intricate rhythms in depth were more suitable for our modern ornate buildings than the paler hues and simpler forms based on the primitive masters of fresco. In his practice, as later in his writings, he scouted the idea that mere flatness and paleness were in themselves decorative necessities or decorative merits. I have often heard him laugh at the current notion that Veronese or Delacroix or Paul Baudry lacked monumental quality in comparison with Giotto or Ingres or Puvis. In such a view Cox stood almost alone. Though the unobservant took him as a formalist, he really was the foe of too narrow formulas whether old or new.

From the year 1900 or thereabout Cox's decorative style assumed more urbanity and sureness in design while his color grew richer and more unified. I have not had the good fortune to see Cox's best decorations in place, but I did see the growth and promise in such works as the lunette "The Light of Learning" at Winona, Minnesota, when it was being finished in New York. Its beautifully calculated rhythms are both easy and noble, its color resplendent. Even more ingratiating are the little lunettes for the Iowa State Capitol. There are fine decorations in the court-house of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and mosaics and wall paintings in the State Capitol at St. Paul. For these learned and gracious designs I doubt if Cox ever got approximately due credit outside of the pages of this Magazine. It is fair to say



that the few competent newspaper critics are naturally embarrassed before the necessity of judging a mural decoration in the studio. The appraisal naturally belongs to the art critics where the decoration abides. Unhappily, regions that can very well afford mural decoration cannot afford critics, so many of our most noteworthy mural decorations never receive adequate criticism at all. Kenyon Cox had even worse luck in the grudging character of the mention he did get. He had been too long an Aristides, and the critics usually slurred him without intelligence. I present with only the comment of my own italics a passage which illustrates the journalistic formula for judging a Cox. It was written, by it doesn't matter whom, on Cox's "Marriage of the Atlantic and Pacific" at St. Paul. "One might have wished, *despite the beauty of design inherent in his work*, that Mr. Cox had chosen a less formal method of treatment."

Kenyon Cox was an art critic himself for a matter of twenty-five years, and it is safe to say that in all that period of work, and often of hack work, no sentence like that ever slipped from his pen. He early won his spurs as a writer by becoming a reviewer for the *Nation*. To this Magazine he was a frequent and welcome contributor. From 1905 begin his remarkable books collecting his periodical essays or embodying his lectures: "Old Masters and New," "Painters and Sculptors," "The Classic Point of View," "Artist and Public," "Concerning Painting." It was an unusual type of criticism—forthright, clear, emphatic. It drove straight to main issues, avoiding subtleties and by-paths. It was so clear and accessible that it was easy to underestimate its literary merit. I have heard the work dismissed as obvious. Such a judgment misses entirely the athletic compactness of Cox's English as it does the fine energy of his thought. There never was a greater error than to dismiss him as a cold person; he loved and scorned tremendously. Right-mindedness was a passion with him.

On the positive side Cox has left us unsurpassed appreciations of Veronese, Corot, Millet, Holbein, Saint Gaudens. These essays seem to me already classics in a field in which classics are few. The various studies of Rembrandt and that on Michelangelo add something to these well-worn themes. Whatever theme he touched he enriched.

Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Vermeer of Delft, Puvis—much bewritten as these masters are, Cox supplied fresh points of view. It is not safe to neglect even the shorter essays and notes, most of which were taken over from the *Nation*. On Whistler and Burne-Jones, for instance, no one has written with more justice and discrimination.

Again, on the constructive side, Cox treated the whole matter of the education of the artist and of the right relation of artist to public. Here, against the headlong individualism of the day, Cox took his stand on the side of a traditional and social art. The idea that the artist could find all necessary warrants in himself he rejected as sure to lead to eccentricity. To such barbarous self-assertion he opposed the Classic Spirit. "It is the disinterested search for perfection; it is the love of clearness and reasonableness and self-control; it is, above all, the love of permanence and of continuity. It asks of a work of art, not that it shall be novel or effective, but that it shall be fine and noble. It seeks not merely to express individuality or emotion but to express disciplined emotion and individuality restrained by law." Such doctrine was naturally poison to young people who with neither knowledge of the past nor vision of continuity nor respect for law were trying to slap their souls rapidly on canvas. What could they make of the great half-truth, "the only study that has ever greatly helped the designer is the study of design as it has been practised before him"?

On the all-pervasive Impressionism, the success of which within its proper limits Cox generously acknowledged, he wrote: "Impressionism, which makes light its only subject, and ruthlessly sacrifices clarity and structure in the interest of illusion, is acceptable in inverse proportion to the essential beauty and interest of the objects represented." For the rest he felt that the handling of the Impressionists was often brutal and ugly and hindered the attaining of a modern technic.

To note the limitations of Cox's manly and pondered criticism is, perhaps, to repeat the error of the scribe who at once admitted that one of Cox's decorations was beautifully designed and in the same breath wished it quite otherwise. Cox necessarily missed certain finesses of appreciation which one finds in such all-viewing masters as



Mr. Brownell and the late John La Farge. Being almost impeccably right, as it seems to me, he was sometimes right on terms of an artificial simplicity. His intense perception of general principles sometimes colored unhappily his particular judgments. He so loathed muddle-headedness that he insufficiently admitted that irony of life by which a quite wrong-thinking person may act rather well, while an artist with wrong ideas or none in evidence may do very beautiful work. He was so resolute in condemning what seemed to him subversive theory that he sometimes swept into the indictment rather notable works. Thus he did scant justice to Rodin's real greatness, it seems to me, largely because Rodin had unwittingly demoralized the young generation of sculptors. But with all these reservations the bulk of Cox's critical writing seems to me sound and hearty and permanent. To read contemporary criticism after fifty years is usually to thank God that we are not as other critics were. I don't think Cox will give much basis for this kind of complacency, say, in the year 1969. I believe his occasional reader then will rather marvel how so much fighting energy and conviction could be combined with so catholic a taste and so delicate an insight, and will marvel the more that these books with their fairly eighteenth-century ease and lucidity could have come out of the welter of the early twentieth century.

From the competent Cox never lacked honor. He was chosen an associate of the National Academy in 1900 and a full member in 1903. He was medalled by the Salon, the National Academy, the Architectural League, and at the recent world expositions. He had honorary doctorates from Oberlin and Dartmouth and was an early member of the American Academy of Arts and

Letters. He believed in organization and authority and worked indefatigably in conservative propaganda on the lecture platform or in the drudgery of art juries and committees. He had force and discretion, was a natural leader. No doubt, had occasion served, he would have led a brigade in the field as competently as his father did. His failure to gain from young students the confidence his contemporaries gave him was due to the fact that his teaching countered sharply the restless spirit of the times. Indeed, few of the art students of the nineties had historical background enough even to know what Cox was driving at. For this isolation there was balm in the fact that he was able to nurture a delightful painter's gift akin to his own in a wife and a son.

Dying at sixty-two, Kenyon Cox's career as a painter snapped in the years when an artist of his reflective type is just coming to his own. Every mural design was finer than the last, his practice was gradually measuring up to his high and arduous theories. Hence there is especial tragedy in his cutting off. What he had done up to his fiftieth year seems merely preparatory to great mural design, and it is only within ten years that he had been doing work that relatively satisfied his ideals for himself. Hence, considerable as the work is, it is fragmentary as compared with what it might have been had strength and long years been granted to him. His was a painstaking and gradual development like that of certain of the old masters—Dürer, for example—whom he loved. Such artists rarely give the full measure of themselves in their painting. So I feel it is with Cox. Whether in his pictures or in his writings, the future will have difficulty in realizing the massive and brilliant integrity of the man who is gone.













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